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Apollo Club 26

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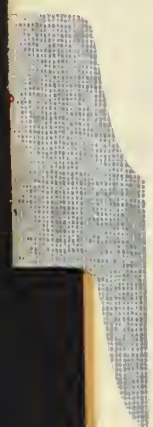
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## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

As we all know, pugilists have graced the stage for many years. One or two even won Shakespearian renown as Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It." We shall never forget John L. Sullivan in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" at the Old Howard, with the audience cheering his commendable sentiments about motherhood and his treatment of women in general. His lines were punctuated with approving shouts: "Good boy, John," "True for you," etc.

We do not recall this appearance of any famous tennis player in drama. There's a horrid French play called "Lawn-Tennis," in which the protagonists are two women. There is a ballet "Jeux" with music by Debussy, produced in Paris in 1913. The characters are two young girls searching for a tennis ball until they are surprised by a young man, tennis player, a part taken by Nijinsky. Mr. Monteux conducted this ballet. Before the production Mr. Nijinsky said that all the sports will in time lend themselves to the ballet; even football and boxing. But Mr. Nijinsky, although in "Jeux" he wore flannels and a red scarf, was never a tennis champion.

Now Mr. William T. Tilden, 2d, is champion; and he is going on the stage in Concord, Mass. He will be seen as Clarence in Booth Tarkington's comedy of the same name on the nights of April 12, 13, 14. He will undoubtedly get over the footlights, as over a net. The play will appropriately be in Veterans Building; a democratic affair as befits Concord, for there will be no reserved seats. Who persuaded Mr. Tilden to be an uplifter of the drama? Was it Mr. Samuel Merwin, novelist, and, on this occasion, "director of acting"? Or does Mr. Tilden yearn for fresh laurels? Will plays be written for him in which he jauntily wins the heroine, the prize at an international tennis tournament? Has Mr. Belasco already at least one eye on him?

A Spanish tenor, Mr. Ricalde, will sing in Symphony hall on Saturday night. When opera was performed in Mechanics building there were two Spanish tenors in the huge company, Vignas and Valero. The former had an industrious press agent. The latter, in 1892, played Turiddu when Mme. Emma Eames wore an elaborate costume as Santuzza, the poor and heart-broken peasant. Was not Olympia Guerola, a voluptuous brunette, who sang badly, also a Spaniard? She came here in 1894, and it was reported that a Brazilian of high official rank had said it, not with violets, but with diamonds. Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

In recent years we heard Maria Gay, Mme. Barrientos, Mr. Mardones. What has become of Maria? Mr. Mardones is a pillar of the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Barrientos was an accurate, a deliberate, coldly brilliant soprano, a woman of distinguished bearing, high bred in aristocratic parts. Unfortunately, when she was about to take a very high note, she gave fair warning by assuming a facial expression that reminded one of a cat on a roof, not certain of safety in reaching the ground.

Miss Prentiss, at 11 A. M. tomorrow, in Steinert Hall, will talk about Wagner's "Valkyrie" apropos of the performance at the Boston Opera House. She will also give musical illustrations.

Ashley Pettis, pianist, will play in Steinert Hall tomorrow night.

Raudelaire in particularly splenetic mood spoke of minor authors attending funeral services of great men and assiduously shaking hands with reporters to make sure that they would not be forgotten in the list of "among those present."

As soon as Sarah Bernhardt died ham-fatters and petty managers joined vociferously in the chorus of praise.

But here is an honest tribute from Mr. Wayne Constantine of Concord, N. H. He writes to The Boston Herald:

"I do so want to see Mme. Sarah buried where she wished to be, on her beloved Belle-Isle, but I know no one who could start such a movement. Once started by some well known person of influence I know enough money could be collected on both sides of the water to do it. Could you do something to start a subscription fund for her burial there? I am a working man, but will send \$10 toward it."

A New York playgoer proposes a questionnaire for the dramatic critics of that city. Here are some of the questions:

Who was the first dramatic critic? Name the Shakespeare of China.

Where was Opu Ollantay written and produced?

Who was the first dramatic critic to discover the words "Je June," "verve," "ingenuous"?

Who was the first dramatic critic to discover the golden rule of dramatic criticism: "Mention other dramatic critics as you would have them mention you"?

What was the performance Nero gave on the stage of his private theatre while Rome burned? No, he did not play on his fiddle.

Wistful, whimsical, dear little Jack! Elf-child of the silver screen—with power to make us laugh and hope and forget, the greatest gift that's ever granted mortal. Our words cannot thank you. Nor describe you. Nor pay tribute to you. But the feeling's there for you, Jackie, just the same.—An ad. addressed to Jackie Coogan.

This seems to us to prove our contention that a great deal of the uproar in the world of Ginger Cubes is really a form of Suppressed Wistfulness.—Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post.

The Harvard Glee Club assisted by Frieda Hempel will give a concert in Symphony hall tonight.

Mr. A. C. Nesdham took us seriously when we asked why a concerto for concertina and orchestra should not be played at a Boston Symphony concert. He writes that he wishes we might have the pleasure. "It is true that not often is this instrument heard when played by a performer who knows and can bring out the beautiful effects contained therein, and I can remember only three or four such players. Joseph Cawthorne, a good many years ago, used to delight his audiences with solos that were as much liked, I think, as his stagecraft, and at a later date, two performers toured the Keith circuit, one playing the violin and the other the concertina, whose music was of a very high order, and played with great expression and beauty.

"I have owned an English concertina for some years, which I have used with good effect in accompanying singers, and while its organ-like chords blend harmoniously with the voice, it lends itself particularly well to Italian music, which may be played as solo and accompaniment.

"It decidedly should not be confounded with the German instrument, nor, above all, with the many makes of accordions, the latest development of which is a loud, blatant instrument with piano keys, the case heavily ornamented, and the music more suited for an open field. The instrument I have was made by Wheatstone, London, who have been makers of this instrument since 1851."

Sir Charles Wheatstone was the inventor of the concertina, which he patented in 1829.—Ed.

## First Part of "The Ring" at Matinee—"Lohengrin" in Eve

Yesterday afternoon the German singers began a performance of "The Ring," the first apparently, that has been given here in its entirety since 1889. This, Edouard Moerike conducting, was the cast of the prologue, "Das Rheingold."

Wotan .....Theodor Lattermann  
Donner .....Benno Ziegler  
Froh .....Johannes Scheurich  
Loge .....Paul Schwarz  
Alberich .....Desider Zador  
Mime .....Harry Stieler  
Pasak .....Alexander Kipnis  
Fafner .....Erik Schubert  
Fricka .....Emma Basch  
Freia .....Marcella Roessler  
Erda .....Otilie Metzger  
Woglinde .....Editha Fiescher  
Wellgunde .....Meta Seinemeyer  
Flosshilde .....Otilie Metzger

The stage manager wisely made no attempt to follow accurately Wagner's stage directions when the scene changed from the bed of the Rhine to a mountain top; quite frankly he lowered the curtain. With real force of imagination, he suggested the green, dusky region beneath the Rhine. Skillfully, too, he had taught the Rhine daughters to convey the effect of creatures that swim. But soon the stage manager lost his hold. Clumsily he contrived the thrilling moment when the sun's rays light the gold to a blaze. The mountain top had little the air of high openness, the Nibelheim no dark hint of the bowels of the earth. Simplicity of setting is very well, but simplicity after all does no

necessarily put a bar in the face of imagination. And what, without imagination, becomes of the "Ring"?

The noble efforts, too, of Mr. Moerike, the stage manager failed to support. A tumult no less the orchestra raises when Alberich lays hands on the gold; Mr. Moerike did his part, but the Rhine maidens stood stolidly by. There is

rushing music for Freia's entrance with the giants close on her heels; what avails it if the goddess has not been taught to run? So did the clamorous appearance of Donner and Froh miss its mark, and the exciting point when the gods got their grasp on Alberich. These failures need not be.

For a mediocre orchestra, indeed, there may be excuse, the orchestra, nevertheless, with Mr. Moerike to direct it, did excellent work. It does not produce beautiful tone, nor, from the strings, sufficient tons, nor is the brass always in tune. Admirably, however, it does what Mr. Moerike demands of it—and Mr. Moerike demands much in the way of rhythm, tone varying from an amazingly soft pianissimo up to an overwhelming fortissimo, and slowly mounting climaxes, very subtly graded. A musician of excellent parts he showed himself yesterday, a man of force. More poetry there may well be in his soul than conditions allowed him to express.

For poetry on the stage was sadly lacking. So were beauty and expressiveness of pose, and nobility of song. The parts of the Nibelungs and the giants were well sung, in the old-fashioned declamatory style, and the Nibelungs in especial were vividly characterized. The gods and goddesses, however, had little about them god-like; Wotan, in truth, presented an amazing appearance. There was the Loge, though, of Mr. Schwarz, to raise the average, a picturesque, well planned impersonation of the slippery, voltaic creature, fertile in resource. Mr. Schwarz also sang remarkably well, with a good knowledge of the right Wagnerian way, and also with good voice. The Rhine maidens sang well, too, when they did not force tone. The audience was of excellent size.

In the evening came "Lohengrin." Ernest Knock conducting this. The cast:

King .....Alexander Kipnis  
Lohengrin .....Robert Hutt  
Elsa .....Else Wuehler  
Telramund .....Friedrich Schorr  
Ortrud .....Marie Lorentz-Hoelltscher  
Herold .....Benno Ziegler

"Lohengrin" fared better than "Das Rheingold." It would; it needs no such perfection of performances to make it tell. Plain people are there on the stage before us with a moving story to unfold, a story of wild romance but plausible; no high imagination is necessary to secure vitality. So, though poetic imagination was again not brightly in evidence, the performance could make its way.

The orchestra once more had the best of it. Under Mr. Knock it played as carefully and intelligently as under Mr. Moerike, and in "Lohengrin" it sounded far better than it did in "Das Rheingold." It sounded indeed exceedingly well, for the balance seemed more even than it had in the afternoon. Mr. Knock played the prelude with beauty of tone, and he was successful in making the unearthly quality felt that eludes too many conductors, and the procession to the cathedral he played superbly. With notable ability he built up great climaxes which still left the voices audible. This German company is blessed in its conductors.

He has some good singers too. Mr. Kipnis sang so well that he made the King by no means a bore. Mr. Ziegler sang the Herald's trying measures excellently. Mr. Schorr also sang well, though too constantly with all his might, and he acted the part of Telramund with vigor if not with any deep penetration. Mme. Lorentz-Hoelltscher suggested his baleful spouse reasonably well, but unfortunately she sang as though she must make her voice carry the length of Brabant instead of the opera house. Mme. Wuehler knew the approved way of playing Elsa; though a marked tremolo plagued her, and a habit of forcing her pretty voice, in this course of the evening she did some fine singing. Mr. Hutt also knows the conventions; very likely because he has not recovered from his recent hoarseness, he sang with hard tone. The chorus sang with delicacy at times, always with life.

The stage management, better than it was in the afternoon, might have been better still—and so easily. The swan, however, made its entrance and exit in the first act without mishap, and the noises of Brabant showed considerable interest in the unusual event. The audience, of good size, called the performers forward many times. The opera tonight will be "Tristan und Isolde," with Mmes. Alsen and Metzger, Messrs. Knote, Kipnis, Lattermann and Moerike. R. R. G.

## MME. JERITZA

Mme. Maria Jeritza, soprano, was heard in a concert at Symphony hall last night. Mr. William Wolski, violinist, was the assisting artist, and Mr. Walter Golde the accompanist. The program:

Larghetto .....Handel  
Gavotte .....Lully  
Aria, "Divinites du Styx," from "Alceste" .....Gluck  
Mme. Jeritza

Dein blaues Auge .....Brahms  
Song of The Lute .....E. W. Korngold  
Selt dem mein Aug' in Dohna schau, Richard Strauss  
Widmung (Dedication) .....Schumann  
Mme. Jeritza  
La Manole de Rosmonde .....Henri Duparc  
Beau Soir .....Claude Debussy  
Ah, Love but a Day .....H. H. A. Beach  
The Answer .....Robert Huntington Terry  
Mme. Jeritza  
Concerto in D-major .....Paganini  
Mr. Wolski  
Aria, "Salcido," from "La Gioconda," Ponchielli

Mme. Jeritza comes here sensationally heralded as successor to Geraldine Farrar in the Metropolitan Opera Company. Her first appearance then was surprising, for she is young and even a trifle self-conscious. She is a dazzling blonde beauty of goddess-like proportions. To applause, she replies with a swift inclination of the head or, rarely, with a sudden deep curtsy to the floor.

Possessed of a fine voice of great volume and power, Mme. Jeritza is the true type of dramatic soprano for the operatic stage. One can imagine her as a magnificent Brunnhilde. She has the dramatic instinct for opera that somehow seems undue exaggeration on the concert platform.

Of her songs in German, the "Widmung" of Schumann was most successful, lending itself well to dramatizing. Debussy's "Beau Soir" called for more restraint, and showed that the singer has both delicacy and subtlety at her command. Terry's "The Answer" gave her wider range and displayed her versatility. She was called upon for many encores.

Mr. Wolski, the assisting violinist, played with a beautiful tone and considerable technical brilliance. His wistful, almost sentimental style and simplicity gave the necessary relief from the dramatic intensity of the song program.

The well-filled house was most enthusiastic in its applause. E. V.

April 6, 1923

A negro with a perfectly white skin, brown eyes, and flaxen hair, has been admitted to the Egyptian government hospital at Port Said. "His father and mother were typical black Sudanese."

Here is confirmation of a line that some years ago excited discussion, but there was no dispute about the epic grandeur of the couplet:

Eternal silence laughs along the shore  
And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor.

We hear some one saying, "But you have already printed those lines." No doubt; possibly three or four times in the course of 30 years, and we may feel called upon to print them in 1924.

## SONNET

When you are come to three-score years  
and ten,

If, nodding in your chair, you dream on  
me

And wake to smile a little, wearily,  
Thinking, "For he was like as other  
men,"

I shall have been long dead, long buried  
then

(Haply beside some ever-sounding sea);  
But should you muse and sigh, regret-  
fully:

"He came and kissed and never came  
again!"—

Then think how, on the very lips of  
love,

The serpents' tongues we seek to kiss  
away

Grow ever sharp and deadlier, day by  
day,

Even as hearts grow older, aye, and old;  
And think how better is the loss thereof  
Than tenderness turned bitter and  
touch cold.

—The King of the Black Isles.

ADD "NATURE'S WONDERS"  
(From the Waukegan Daily News)

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey cow,  
giving milk, furniture and chickens.  
208 South Ash street. 306-4

## INFORMATION BUREAU

L. B. Carleton of Georgetown quotes from a letter of Walter H. Page published in The Herald of April 2:

"My dear House:  
"Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high"; and makes this comment: "As I have already heard it, the goose hanks high. Which is it?"  
We have always heard "the goose hangs high."

"Rapito" of Boston wishes to know the origin and significance of Napoleon III's nickname "Badinguet." The nation who helped Napoleon in escaping from his imprisonment at Ham was named Badinguet. The nickname "Badinguet" was also heard. Bonapartists were contemptuously called Badinguistes, Badingolins, Badingueards, or Badingouinards. A song was sung shortly after Sedan:

A deux sous tout l'paquet!  
L'pere et la mer' Badingue!  
A deux sous tout l'paquet!  
Le petit Badinguet!



## FATHER NEEDS A REST

(San Juan Mission News)

Mrs. Frank Hull is the mother of a fine baby girl which made its appearance last Sunday night at the Salinas Hospital, where Mrs. Hull is staying. She is getting along as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Editor Frank Hull is improving and is able to be around. He made his first trip up town about last Tuesday, visiting the News office. It is confidently hoped that he may recover, but a protracted rest is one of his great needs at present.

WE ARE AFRAID THIS IS PERSONAL  
As the World Wags:

Our old friend, "B. L. T.," once ran a little contest to see who could suggest the best way of disposing of old razor blades. Can someone suggest a good way of getting rid of that awful pest who is always messing up our radio concerts with his code stuff? We all know where this blot on the radio map is located: in that antiquated station within a short stone's throw (what is a short stone?) of the custom house tower.

I'd like to be the one to throw the stone.  
W. D. LEAVEN.

## THE VIRTUES OF "AND"

(From Hilaire Belloc's "On")

Even if "and" only pursued the function of letting the mind repose it might be welcomed as a bed; but it does much more. It introduces emphasis, as in the poignant sentence: "Their choice was turbot-and-bolled." "And" is also indicative. Thus a man whom you meet talks glibly upon one subject after another, rapidly, yet more rapidly, tumbling over himself, desiring to avoid your eye. But he must take breath. You seize your moment and you say: "And what about that five pounds?" The "and" makes all the difference. It makes the remark part of the conversation. A gesture, not a blow.

## FILMS AND EDUCATION

As the World Wags:

In your Notes and Lines March 29 you say: "It is a pleasure to note among the educational film comedies 'Winter Has Come.'" I am not much interested in educational film comedies, but if you could secure "Winter Has Wint" I might spring in for that cultural production, for it might revive my interest in the nature studies of my garden, other than parsnips.

Speaking of education, as the dog said to the bark of the tree, I am reminded of the quaint Englishman in Stratford-on-Avon. I paused to remark to this pedestrian that Shakespeare was a great man. "Yes," he replied curiously, "he got 'is name upon a bit!'" I was so enriched mentally by this retort that I passed on to laugh. But, really, or if you must have it from grand opera, "positively," "absolutely," is not this after all the measure of education in these times? The ability to get one's name upon a bit? Is not the practical use of culture advertisement, superiority over one's fellows for financial effect? The fine arts have a cash value. If not, the boys and girls in our high schools who lose their ambition to make fudge or take manual training, and in these departments receive polish to sweeten or work society, will quit the school and become chauffeurs or nurses, in order to be able to marry more quickly. Can you blame them, for the literary societies the older folks used to have are now whist clubs. Brains were needed and moulded in the literary societies. What is being moulded in the whist clubs? Who can blame the youth for wanting to get like their elders as quickly as possible? What are their elders like? But this is getting too serious for a humorous column. But, do you "positively," "absolutely," sir, think the revolutionists at Dartmouth are to blame? Where is there a chance for originality in youth with so much "say-so" in the class-room? If education does mean to lead out it need not be concluded that the really clever lads and lassies are to be led out or kicked out of school by theatrical pedagogues. There is much divinity in a dunce. Don't we need something more than new school buildings and high-salaried instructors? Can we in any way get back to nature in our schooling, as they are doing out in Dayton? Maybe we could then breed real men and women, and not culture snobs, exam-book-worms and professional mountebanks. Please let me know when that educational film is out on "Winter Has Wint." I have a ready to celebrate its winning. Here (at your usual rates):

Winter has wint,  
Winter has wint,  
What a wintling of winter!

Never a winter  
Need wint quicker  
Than this winter.

SOCRATES V.

Wrentham.

R. L. W. of Salem writes: "In the editorial column of The Boston Herald I recently saw a reference to the good enchantment of Don Marquis's lines concerning our friends, Noah and Jonah; the fishing story of Capt. John Smith; 'The Ahkoond of Swat'; and some dozen good things of Christopher Morley's, B. L. T.'s, F. P. A.'s, and Eugene Field's. 'Can you tell me, please, where these can be found, in whole or in part?'"

Mme. Alsen Is a Splendid  
Isolde

Last night the German singers gave a performance of "Tristan und Isolde." This was the cast:

Tristan.....Heinrich Knote  
King Mark.....Alexander Kipnis  
Isolde.....Elsa Alsen  
Kurwenal.....Theodor Lattermann  
Brangäne.....Otilie Metzger  
A steersman.....Johannes Schaurich  
Melot.....Benno Ziegler  
A shepherd.....Harry Steter  
A seaman.....Erik Schubert  
Conductor—Eduard Moerike

Either Mr. Moerike is a warlock or else one's judgment has so weakened that now the bad sounds good. At the first two opera performances of this week the orchestra by all accounts was far from excellent. In "Das Rheingold," only Wednesday afternoon, though the players did praiseworthy work, the sound was bad. Better Wednesday evening in "Lohengrin," last night in "Tristan" this same orchestra played so extremely well that reservations no longer need be made. The horns, strictly in tune, attained sonority, the wood-wind played with beautiful tone, and the strings seemed suddenly to have doubled their numbers. A wizard, no less, Mr. Moerike must be, in 24 hours to work so amazing a change.

A conductor of rare understanding he surely is. A noble performance of "Tristan" he brought to hearing, doing full justice to every individual bar of the marvellous score, but with never a trace of over-fussy detail. Wagner asked much of conductors who venture "Tristan," infinite tenderness and raging passion with many an emotion between these two, as well as sensitive feeling

for the varied aspects of out-doors, on land and sea, by day and the darkness of night. Mrs. Moerike met ably Wagner's demands. Need more be said?

The singers did finely too. If Mme. Alsen suggested only faintly the heroic side of the elemental Irish princess, the woman of grace and majesty whose very rages that shook the earth were not without their grandeur, she set forth with power an angry woman who loved with violence; she had her tender moments, too. Possessed of a splendid voice which she uses moderately well, she sang at times so beautifully that one could only wonder why she so often fell short of her best. Interesting, however, she always was, and never dull. Mme. Metzger also made skilful use of her dark beautiful voice, which contrasted admirably with Mme. Alsen's brighter tones. She acted well. Though sometimes stiff in gesture, Mme. Metzger showed a finer feeling for the plastic sense than any of her colleagues who have yet appeared on the scene; her poses often had both meaning and real beauty.

Mr. Knote proved himself a master of Wagnerian routine. Though not blessed with a voice of notable charm, he sang, on the whole, smoothly. So did Mr. Lattermann, who made a plausible attractive human being of Kurwenal. Mr. Kipnis sang the music of King Mark so well that for once one did not long for the monarch's harangue to end. The small parts, too, were very well sung, and the stage settings showed a finer imagination than some of those seen heretofore. The audience, of good size, applauded heartily. The opera tonight will be "Der Fliegende Holländer" with Mmes. Selnmeyer and Bassth and Messrs. Kipnis, Hutt, Schorr, Seheurich and Knoch. R. R. G.

## HARVARD GLEE CLUB

The Harvard Glee Club, Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor, gave its third concert of the season, assisted by Frieda Hempel, in Symphony hall last night. The program was:

Integer Vitas.....Flemming  
Arie, O Ye Servants of God.....Sweetnick  
Laudate Dominum.....Converse  
The Harvard Glee Club  
Aria from "Der Preischuetz".....Weber  
Miss Hempel  
Tout Vient al.....Ropartz  
Deux Choeurs.....Ropartz  
Hall, Goddess Ascending from the  
"Birth of Venus".....Faure  
(Soprano solo by Miss Hempel)  
Dirge for Two Veterans.....Holst  
Bedouin Song.....Footo  
The Harvard Glee Club  
Now Shines the Dew.....Rubenstein

Lullaby.....Humperdinck  
Canari Jalow.....Swiss  
Gavotte from "Manon".....Massenet  
Miss Hempel  
The House Among the Trees.....Ballantine  
Folk songs:  
The Hundred Pipers.  
Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill.  
Bonnie Dundee.  
Cum Sancto Spiritu, from the B minor  
Mass.  
The Harvard Glee Club

The program, while not especially dramatic or difficult, nevertheless contains enough to show that the club has gained materially, through practice, in the unity, strength and assurance of its work.

Miss Hempel, too, was in good voice and sang her numbers with great power and sweetness. She rendered everything into German, with the exception of one French selection.

The "Hall Goddess Ascending," by soloist and chorus, was an ambitious effort and well received, but the "Bedouin Song" lacked warmth. Miss Hempel's series of four short songs showed her at her best, the old Swiss song, with its "Cuckoo" refrain and the Humperdinck "Lullaby" being particularly attractive.

"The Hundred Pipers" had the real Scottish lilt and there was spirit in the rendering of "Bonnie Dundee," even though Dr. Davison took it at parade march time and not at a wild gallop. The concluding Bach selection was among the very best of the evening and left us all wishing that there had been more. Which was as it should be.  
J. E. P.

We are indebted to Mr. Byron Ross of North Attleboro for three old programs of theatrical entertainments.

On Nov. 1, 1869, at Whitman's Continental Theatre, we could have seen "Cinderella," with Fanny Davenport as the valet to the Prince of Poppett, played by Kitty Blanchard, Louisa Myers was the Cinderella, D. J. Maguinis, James Lewis and N. D. Jones were in this "fairy burlesque extravaganza." Names to conjure with in the sixties, but what to the younger generation in Boston is Fanny Davenport; what is Kitty Blanchard? Would honest Maguinis or the dry James Lewis be thought amusing by the young theatre-goers of today who emit noisy squeals of joy and beat their sides at even the sight of some "featured comedian"? Did N. D. Jones ever take the part of the spy in "The Daughter of Mme. Angot" when it was performed by Mrs. Oates's company? Mr. Whitman announced in this program "an engagement with the Wonderful Young Comedienne Lotta, without an equal on the American Stage, and who has attracted the largest and most fashionable audiences throughout the Union."

At Selwyn's Theatre in May, 1868, "Ours" was performing. The playbill said that this "original comic drama" was written by T. W. Robertson, Esq., and Artemus Ward. Mrs. Chanfrau was playing Blanche Haye, and she sang "If My Glances Have Betrayed Me," by E. Mollenhauer. The advertisements in this program, "L'Entr'acte," have a mournful interest today: ale pumps and lager beer apparatus, California wines were for sale, and at the Park House, 187 Washington street, the Park House, and J. H. Rand, one could procure a dozen dinner tickets for \$1.

The night of May 14, 1868, was the last but one of Ristori's "farewell appearance in Boston," at the Boston Theatre. The play was Schiller's "Mary Stuart," translated into Italian by Andrea Maffei. The stage manager was Cesare Ristori. He also took a small part in the play. Now, in Paris, in 1885 or 1886, a brother of Ristori, an agreeable person, used to recite monologues in the parlors of the French and Americans. He was fond of pulling the pathetic stop when we heard him. Was he Cesare? Again, the advertisements in the program, this time called "The Player," are a joy. Ladies were urged to buy "Balm of Eden" to make the skin soft and white. Tolu Anodyne and Eclectic pills were "truly reliable preparations," Mr. J. H. Bosworth advertised.

## "MORTON'S CARPEDIAM,"

The greatest discovery of the age for CURING the love of strong drink. Wives save your husbands and friends; You can give it secretly.

And the price to see the great Ristori in "Mary Stuart" ranged from \$2 (balcony) to 30 cents (gallery).

## FORAIN AGAIN

"Was I handsome when I was young? Magnificent, Madame, magnificent! The proof? On one occasion I engaged a model, and when she came to my studio for the first time I was engaged in some dumbbell exercises, attired only in trunks. I at once tried to steal a kiss from her, but she said—what do you think, Madame?—'Stop that! I never let models get gay with me!'"

## WHALER'S CHANTEY

We've said good-by to our dearies,  
We've laid tobacco in store,  
We're startin' a three-year whallin' cruise  
From Hell to Singapore;

The wind is over the quarter,  
The banks are under the lee—  
Heave-O! Tail on to a sheet!  
We're standin' out to sea!

Her fo'c's'le's painted with whitewash,  
Her hold is pumped out dry,  
There's empty barrels atween decks,  
An' the bouts are nested high,  
There's mebbe a thousan' fish to catch  
An' a lump of ambergree—  
An' the ol' tub carries a bone in her teeth,  
A-snorin' down to sea!

There's gals a-plenty in Boston  
Will moor you if they can,  
But seldom a gal can ride it out  
With a rovin' sailor-man.  
Oh, the wind is over the quarter,  
The banks are under the lee—  
Heave-O! Tail on to a sheet!  
We're standin' out to sea!  
—The King of the Black Isles.

WE COULD SUGGEST SEVERAL  
PERSONS

(From the Hamblin, Mo., Courier-Post)

WANTED—Some one to put in garden. Phone 2360-J.

## THIS IS A WORLD OF SURPRISES

As the World Wags:  
I am somewhat accustomed to the advertisement "Knickers for Women," but how about the spring announcement in The Herald:  
"Men's Wear Serge Skirts."  
C. B. E.

## AHI BURBANK'S STILL AT IT

(From the St. Louis Times)

Pups by "Treeless"

Dog, Winner First

Prize, Shock Show

## INTELLECTUAL WOLLASTON

As the World Wags:

I hasten to bend all my efforts toward the correcting of a false impression which, I fear, has crept its stealthy way into your column. No less—nor more, indeed—than twice has mention been made of the "Intellectuals of Wollaston"; once seriously; once, I doubt, lightly.

At all events, there seems to be an intention to set off a part of this our town from the rest; to effect an artificial allocation of the intelligentsia. Nothing could be more distasteful to us than the thought that any of us is less than what, for lack of a better term, is called an "Intellectual." We all bask and wallow deliciously together on a broad, level plane of conscious superiority.

The misunderstanding comes because we exhibit our several equal geniuses in diversified ways. Or mayhap we exhibit them not at all for a while, preferring that our mental fertility should react upon itself for a season—"stew in its own juice," as the heathen say.

The best of it is, our mental prestige is as immense as it is universal; truly we are blessed. Witness our famous men; statesmen and scholars; gaze upon our universities and seats of learning. Ah, but it's nice to be an intellectual!  
Wollaston. SOPHOCLES.

## A VENIAL SIN

As the World Wags:

As I was about to say when I stopped to compete for a mural design to be painted in one of our noble buildings (this design was to commemorate one of our best known officials of the commonwealth—one who had been removed from office. I was not the winner, and while I regretted the lost opportunity to become famous, what has completely cast me down is the fact that the loyal followers of the noted and commemorated official would have given me power to enter, search and sample). As I was about to say, I met William Spellbinder, you will remember William, our best known preacher-artist.

Said I, "William, I have bad news. One of the deacons of your church has been arrested."

"Arrested! Tell me, tell me what for."

"He has been arrested for cozening several poor widows out of their last dollars and their antique furniture."

"Thank heaven," he cried. "I feared it might ha' been for drinkin' and sky-larkin'!"  
PERCY FLAGLE.

## "FLYING DUTCHMAN"

Last night the German singers brought forward "Der Fliegende Holländer," Ernest Knoch conducting. This was the cast:

Daland.....Alexander Kipnis  
Senta.....Meta Selnmeyer  
Erik.....Robert Hutt  
Mary.....Emma Bassth  
The flying Dutchman.....Friedrich Schorr  
A steersman.....Johannes Schaurich

At the Opera House last night an amazing thing happened—after the end of the first act two singers were called before the curtain seven times—and these justly acclaimed singers were not far-famed prima donnas, nor even pop-



star tenors, but a baritone and a bass! Has the like of this ever been seen in Boston before?

These men, Mr. Kipnis and Mr. Schorr, richly deserved the honor done them, but of it others merited a share as well. For that whole first act was a remarkable instance of the beauty attainable given the needful wit, energy and care. Mr. Knoch, to begin with the factor of highest consequence, furnished an orchestral foundation of eloquence and loveliness; it might have been of Wagner in his riper years. Mr. Knoch, however, with all his fine skill, could not have made those players play well unless they so chose. Luckily they did choose to do their best; and their best is good indeed.

The stage director, too, put his best foot foremost. Though he did not try to obey all Wagner's instructions, he contrived to suggest, and vividly, too, everything that Wagner indicated. There was the feeling of night and the sea and loneliness; clouds and the wind; and when the mysterious ship appeared from out the gloom and glided in stillness close to the rocks, it seemed in truth a phantom. There was no great "scenic effect" mind; it all was very simple. But a man of imagination planned it.

So the first act went. The performers had vision; they had ability as well, so their visions were not in vain. Mr. Scheurich gave character to the small role of the steersman, and sang his charming song of the south wind delightfully. A good old soul Mr. Kipnis made of Daland, a neat genre picture, and admirably he sang. Mr. Schorr, too, sang nobly, with beautiful tone and with fineness of song not every baritone can equal. He had a part to play not so sympathetic to Americans today as it was to Germans not far removed from the romantic times of Hoffmann and Tiech. By his discreet action and lack of melodramatic extravagance he did much to make a sinister figure appealing. It was his duet with Mr. Kipnis, superbly sung and with a refreshing knowledge of the proper style, that fetched such warm applause.

The second act had its features, too. The stage was prettily set: The girls at their spinning wheels, attractively dressed, seemed no operatic chorus, but a gathering of rather giddy creatures, all individualized. Have the Germans, in the ways of their choruses, learned something from the Russians? These girls sang their chorus while they spun with an easy air of nonchalance, something quite new, and very effective, for which they sang it exceedingly well.

Then Miss Seinemeyer sang her ballad. She has a singularly beautiful voice, a pure lyric soprano that in its quality sometimes recalls Miss Destinn's lovely tones. For her voice Miss Seinemeyer should thank her stars, but for her skillful use of that exquisite voice the public should thank Miss Seinemeyer. Not without much intelligent hard work did she learn to sing as she sang last night, with unforced tone that carries, be it soft or loud, a smooth legato, and diction of unusual clearness and of singular nobleness. Intelligently, too, Miss Seinemeyer acted the trying role of Senta, but only a Terina can hold an audience's attention fast while she stands stock still for nearly 20 minutes. Mr. Hutt, on the other hand, acted better than he sang; his voice is probably not yet recovered. It was all in truth a notable performance, for all the performers, great and small, knew how to do their work, and they all were in a mood to do their utmost. This afternoon "Die Walkure" will be sung, and tonight Strauss's "Die Fledermaus."

R. R. G.

*April 8, 1923*  
We have before this invited the attention of our more thoughtful readers to the library at the Hippodrome, New York, for the young women that dance there or indulge themselves in aquatic sports. The latest bulletin published for the librarian, Miss Louise Owen, is reassuring.

"The catalogue has a catholic range, including all the steps from 'The Shell' (minus both covers) to James's 'Pragmatism' and Frazer's 'Golden Bough' (still in good condition)."

Mr. Burnside, the general director of the Hippodrome, will "Issue Show Girls' Guide." We thought at first that this might be in the nature of a directory for country gentlemen visiting the city. Then it occurred to us that a directory, for the gold coast would be published for the convenience of the Hippodrome young ladies, "many of them from colleges." We were wrong. The pamphlet will enumerate the requirements demanded of a successful Hippodrome performer. Who knows? At Vassar, Wellesley, not to say Smith, there may yet be a Hippodrome class, with good Mr. Burnside personally conducting the examination at the end of the college year.

#### FORAIN OF THE ACADEMY

"Some time after the death of the unfortunate Lantelme, whose tragico end we all remember (she was mysteriously drowned one night from a houseboat belonging to one of her friends, a man of great wealth and influence), Forain

chanced to meet this very man, accompanied by a new lady friend not less covered with jewels than poor Lantelme used to be. The man of influence at once presented Forain to the lady.

"If you only knew how sweet she is, and charming, and agreeable! She can do everything!"

"Ah!" queried Forain immediately, "Can she swim?"

#### BRASS TACKS

##### A Spasm of Life

(For As the World Wags)

I am the god of Housecleaning.  
I make women my servitors.  
They come before me in worship,  
And I bend their backs to my commands  
And their spirits to my will.  
They hunt out things from dark corners,  
And handle them,  
And put them away again.  
And they polish windows,  
And spatter paint and varnish.

Men also I make high priests of insignificance.  
I compel them to climb stepladders  
And separate pictures from their hooks.  
At my command they beat rugs  
In backyard fastnesses.  
They loathe me with a great loathing,  
For I set their desks in Perfect Order,  
So that they never find anything again.  
And I place inconsequential meals before them,  
And they endure a hollow emptiness.

Little children are sacrificed to me.  
They swallow carpet tacks, or sit on them,  
And lift up their voices in a bitter cry.

My breath is the vacuum cleaner and I eat up dust.  
I corrupt the paper hanger,  
So that the truth is not in him;  
And the painter,  
So that he demands a higher wage  
And gets it.  
And I chortle at the misery of mortals  
Who cannot enjoy the spring because of Me.

I am one great god.  
How many gods are you?  
Waltham. E. C. NORTHUP.

#### INFINITE VARIETY

Mr. Mitch ka Ditch writes from Oakland, Florida, that he saw the Boston Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Co. at the Boston Theatre in 1883. Apropos of a paragraph printed in this column, he says: "How well it brings back to memory the night I saw that show. Six of the young and care-free—I am the only survivor. For the last few years snatches of 'The Upper and Lower Ten' have come into my mind. The Arah's 'The Whirlwinds of the Desert'—were the first I ever saw. The Irwin Sisters made a hit. Miss Ida Heath made her changes of costume behind a screen on the stage. I thank you for giving me a little joy."

As the World Wags:

The newspapers ought to stop wasting cable tolls on the Prince of Wales falling off his horse. The story should be put on the standing galley and run Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays regardless. It might be that once in a while the prince would miss his schedule, but he would be sure to fall off next day, so that would put things right.  
H. L. R.

#### A GREAT BARGAIN

(From the Lake Forester, Lake Forest, Ill.)  
FOR SALE—\$275 buys my \$70 mahogany Kimball player piano if purchased prior to April first. Address C. W. A., care The Lake Forester. 34pd

#### A GOOD JOKE ON BILL

(The London Daily Chronicle)

The suggestions of various correspondents—that we have a cruel sense of humor—recall the story of the sympathetic friend who called on a brother workman incapacitated by an accident at the works.

After kind inquiries as to his progress and a few desultory remarks, he said, as he rose to go: "Lumme, Bill, you did fall awkward. The chaps at the yard haven't done laughing about it yet."

#### HEARD ON THE COMMON

First youth—Remember the old fellow who used to be here with the thing to look through, where you saw stars and the moon, etc. Guess he must be dead.

Second youth—Or else his thing—a magi wore out and it didn't pay him to buy a new one at the price he charged to look through it.

#### TREMONT PARK.

As the World Wags:

"How old were you when you first began to spoon?" is one of the inquiries in the questionnaire sent out by the bureau of social hygiene founded by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to college women all over the country. Two questions which were in the batch sent to married women and widows were: "Did you indulge

in the intimacies embraced in the word spooning?" "If so, how far did you go?" Well, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., if we were a respectable married lady or an unprotected widow, we would certainly tell you right straight out to mind your own business and leave decent people alone.  
L. R. H.

#### A DROP IN PORCELAIN

As the World Wags:

FALSE TEETH—Will the person who found the bottom set of false teeth between Vermont and Vine Sts. return to 199 East Haverhill St. Reward. Persons wearing store or tailor-made teeth should have their name, address and telephone number printed on their ivory forest or collection of tombstones.  
Lawrence. KIL.

## "DIE FLEDERMAUS"

Last evening "Die Fledermaus," comic opera in three acts, by Johann Strauss, was given at the Opera House. The cast:

Eisenstein	.....	Harry Steler
Rosalinde	.....	Marcella Roeseler
Alfred	.....	Paul Schwarz
Adele	.....	Edith Felscher
Orlofsky	.....	Emma Basst
Dr. Falke	.....	Berno Ziegler
Dr. Blind	.....	Josef Groetzinger
Frank	.....	Desider Zador
Frosch	.....	Erik Schubert
Ida	.....	Lotte Appel

Conductor—Otto Schwarz

It would be a difficult matter to know who enjoyed the opera last night the more—the singers, themselves, or the very enthusiastic audience. In fact, everybody was having such a fine time at the beginning of the second act that the Opera House cat evidently having heard the strains of a Strauss waltz, stepped out on the stage to take part in the festivities. He was gracefully removed.

A true Viennese comic opera is "The Bat." There is no plot to speak of, but plenty of situations presented themselves that gave an excellent opportunity for really tuneful music. The clinking of glasses is always sure sign of a lively air and last evening there were several such.

There was a great deal of dialogue, German, of course, and last night's audience were extremely responsive for the most part, and laughed spontaneously at the witty conversations.

The opera is based on a French farce and since it is a farce, one would have to know German to appreciate all of the conversations. It was hard to imagine the singers last evening as ever having taken part in the heavier and dignified Wagnerian operas. But they got into the spirit of the lighter roles and everything went off in comic opera style.

Two changes were made in the cast. Edith Felscher sang the role of Adele; and Marcella Roeseler who was scheduled to sing that role, sang Rosalinde. Instead, Miss Felscher was a charming, vivacious and flirtatious Adele and sang her pretty air in Act II, a sort of laughing song, so very well that she was forced to repeat it. Miss Roeseler was in good voice and had some melodious airs to sing as Rosalinde. Mr. Steler as Eisenstein did some high stepping in the first act that would do justice to many of our musical comedy male dancers. The rest of the cast sang agreeably. One of the attractive features of the evening was the dancing of the Braggiotti sisters, who interpreted the famous Blue Danube waltz during the second act.

## GERMANS SING SECOND PART OF WAGNER "RING"

Stir Audience with Enthusiastic Performance of "Die Walkure"

Yesterday afternoon at the Opera House Mr. Moerike conducted the second performance of "The Ring," "Die Walkure," with the following cast:

Siegmond	.....	Heinrich Knote
Wotan	.....	Theodor Lattermann
Sieglinde	.....	Marcella Roeseler
Hunding	.....	Erik Schubert
Brunnhilde	.....	Elsa Alsen
Fricka	.....	Ottile Metzger

These people at the Opera House, high and low, are marvels. For seven weeks they have been singing their exacting repertory in New York, so their present week in Boston is their eighth of active service. Even in German theatres it is thought not wise to produce the greater Wagner operas too often, for fear of a possible fall into routine on the part of the performers, and for the graver danger that the public, coming to take great events for granted, will fail to develop the proper spirit of elevation. The view is surely wise, since, say what one will, the grander operas of Wagner cannot be tossed off like "Tosca" or "Butterfly." To make the effect that in them lies, they must be approached by performers and public alike with a feeling something akin to reverence. Great symphonic music, for the matter of that, might well be treated likewise.

But the company at the Opera, though they have been busy with drawing the money

Wagner these eight weeks, brought the performance yesterday a freshness and enthusiasm that roused the audience to a high pitch of excitement. The orchestra played as vigorously as though they had not played for a week. Beautifully, too, they played, with the splendid tone they have all of a sudden developed, with exquisite fineness of phrasing and, most important of all, with a fervor that swept all before it. A superb conductor they have to direct them, but these players after all must have worked like dogs to acquire their present skill. All praise to them.

The same high enthusiasm quickened the performance on the stage. The stage settings were nothing extraordinary, and the singers and actors were of varying degrees of excellence, but every man and woman who had a hand in yesterday's proceedings must have been impressed with the fact that "Die Walkure" is a work worth doing well. If anybody failed, it was not from lack of endeavor. Nobody did fail, for that there was too much intelligence in play. There was wild romance in the air as well, and over all a sense of splendor. Once again, after these many years, it was good to see the "Walkure" rightly done. But even years ago, when better singers abounded, a performance like unto that of yesterday was no everyday occurrence.

There were individual performances of fine distinction. Miss Roeseler played Sieglinde with a wealth of poetic characterization, and she sang in many respects admirably, above all in the last act. Mr. Knote, despite many a handicap to overcome, brought to his Siegmond the spirit of exquisite romance that becomes it. Rightfully, too, he treated all his music as song. Mrs. Metzger, a singer of fine voice and superb diction, invested Fricka with rare dignity, and Mr. Lattermann made of Wotan a more godlike figure than he could compass in "Das Rheingold"; he sang far better, too—indeed, right well. Mr. Schubert, though not blessed with much voice, found the right tone for Hunding. Mme. Alsen, a Brunnhilde of many fine vocal and dramatic moments, too often made the mistake of forcing her voice. The Valkyries, full-voiced creatures, found a dramatic significance in their music not often brought to the fore, and their action, too, had unusual dramatic meaning, as well as picturesqueness.

There was wild enthusiasm when the final curtain fell, with many a recall for singers and conductor, and shouts and cheers to boot. Small wonder. A performance of "Die Walkure," so essentially "right," is not vouchsafed a public very often.

R. R. G.

## RAMON RICALDE, TENOR, HERE IN SONG RECITAL

Most at Ease in Spanish Airs—Shares Program with Soprano

Last night Ramon Ricalde, a tenor who came from Spain, gave a concert in Symphony Hall, with the help of Helen E. Connor, soprano, and Dorothy Curtis, accompanist. Mr. Ricalde sang the ariso from "Pagliacci," an air from "Tosca," four Spanish songs, "La Partida" and "A Granada" by Alvarez, "Preguntale a las Estrellas," by Hagué and the familiar "Mi Nina," by Gueary, and, with Miss Connor, a duet from "Bohème." Miss Connor sang the "Suicide" aria from "Gloconda,"

and songs by Mrs. Beach, Kreisler and Logan. Both singers added encores.

Mr. Ricalde has a light tenor voice of very pretty quality, a voice which he produces with great ease, if not flawlessly. Musically he seemed more at home in the Spanish songs than in the operatic excerpts. Miss Connor displayed a voice of vast volume and, in the lower and medium registers, of pleasant quality. Miss Curtis played the accompaniments fluently.

R. R. G.

#### PERSONAL

Harriet Cohen in London played the piano part in Bar's Quintet, a performance that convinced through sheer endurance. "It was an ascetic performance, such as Tibetan Pilgrims give when they measure their length along the ground for hundreds of miles, and it struck the same humility into the soul of the mere onlooker."

Walter Hampden has prepared a new play "The Ring of Truth," based on Browning's "The Ring and the Book." Henry M. Dunham's "Aurora," a symphonic poem suggested by Guido Reni's picture was played at the Capital Theatre, New York, last week, as "Symbolic of the Spirit of the Season." This tone poem was played in Boston in 1919 and it had been played in Los Angeles and New York before last week.



Otto Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," which was announced by a German company at the Boston Opera House for next Wednesday night, and, to the regret of many, has been withdrawn, was produced here at the Boston Theatre, in German, on May 6, 1864. Mistress Ford, Bertha Johannsen; Mistress Page, Marie Frederici, Falstaff, Joseph Hermanns; Page, H. Steinecke; Ford, Lehmann; Anne Page, Pauline Canissa; Fenton, T. Hablemann; Slender, Haimmer; Dr. Caius, Kronfield. Carl Anschuetz conducted.

This Joseph Hermanns was in his time regarded as an extraordinary Mephistopheles, a coarse, brutal, almost obscene impersonation. We heard him at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1868, as Sarastro in "The Magic Flute"—Pauline Canissa took the part of Pamina and the lame Carlotta Patti with her hard and brilliant voice sang the florid music of the Queen of Night. The amiable tenor, Hablemann, took the part of Tamino. Hermanns's voice was an imposing, tremendous organ, but he sang without finesse. One of his battle horses in concert was "The Storm King." When he sang in English his pronunciation was amusing. Thus he turned "I'm afloat, I'm afloat" into "I'm a float, I'm a float." Mme. Canissa, as we remember her, was a handsome woman who sang agreeably. Hermanns left the stage to tend a cabbage patch in New Jersey, as the story goes. Mme. Johannsen was the first woman to take the part of Lenora in "Fidelio" in Boston (1857).

There was a performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in English by the American Opera Company at the Boston Theatre April 22, 1886: Mistress Ford, Pauline L'Allemand; Mistress Page, Jessie Bartlett Davis; Falstaff, William Hamilton; Ford, A. E. Stoddard; Page, M. W. Whitney; Anne Page, May Fielding; Fenton, W. H. Fessenden; Slender, John Howson; Dr. Caius, Ed O'Mahoney. Theodore Thomas conducted.

## Overture to Nicolai's Opera a Favorite

The memory of Nicolai's Opera has been preserved here by the overture which has long been a favorite. It has and with reason been deemed worthy of performance at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is supposed by some that the introduction was suggested by the scene in Windsor Park (Act V, scene 5) in Shakespeare's comedy, where Falstaff with his buck's head and antlers is hoodwinked by Sir Hugh Evans and his companions disguised as satyrs, hobgoblins and fairies. The second theme in the main movement, given out by violins and octaves, is taken to portray Anne Page. Mr. Apthorp once wrote: "The working out begins with a new boisterous theme, which with its puffing bassoons and trombones, and a figure in the violins and wood-wind that recalls something of the pot-valer of Handel's Harapha in 'Samson' can be none other than Falstaff himself."

And so this overture has reminded many that Nicolai wrote this opera, as the overtures to "Zampa," "Le Muette de Portici," "Raymonde," "Le Jeune Henri," reminded the hearers that operas had been written by Herold, Auber, Thomas and Mehul.

### NICOLAI'S OPERA

Otto Nicolai began work on "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in December, 1845. He had been appointed first conductor of the Kaerntner Thor-Theater in Vienna in 1842 and in that year he founded the famous Philharmonic concerts of that city. He sketched his scenario, but in 1846 he became acquainted with a young poet, H. S. Mosenthal, and the libretto, as it stands, is by him. They agreed to leave out certain characters in the play, for they would encumber the operatic action. This Mosenthal was then a tutor in the Goldschmidt family. Goldschmidt was the head bookkeeper of the Rothschild house in Vienna. Mosenthal gave to Nicolai the libretto in numbers and was paid for each number 10 florins. Nicolai wrote the opera for performance in Vienna in 1846, but the manager of the opera house refused it on paltry grounds. Nicolai tells of his disappointment in his entertaining diary, ending his complaint with the question: "Does it pay to be a German operatic composer?"

In 1847 Nicolai was called to Berlin to be the conductor of the Royal Opera and director of the Dom Choir in that city. He assumed these duties on March 12, 1848. On March 9, 1849, "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor" was produced at the Berlin Opera House under his direction. Frau Fluth, Leopoldine Tucek; Frau Reich, Pauline Mart; Falstaff, August Zschiesche; Fluth, Julius Krause; Reich, August Micker; Fenton, Julius Fister; Anna, Louise Koester; Junker Spierlich, Eduard Mantius; Dr. Caius, A. Lieder.

This Zschiesche, the first Falstaff, was in his day a famous bass, and his day was a long one. Born in 1800 in Berlin, he sang as a soprano in the theatre chorus (1809) then as a tenor (1817) and beginning in 1818 as a bass, and he sang until 1861 when he was pensioned. He died in 1876. His voice had a compass from high G to contra C and it was so powerful that the strongest orchestra could not drown it. According to report, he was unusually vocal, and his belief was that song only speech raised to the highest

He died suddenly on May 11, 1849, of "apoplexy of the brain." He was then in his 39th year. A man of great musical endowment, he had high ideals. There was a romantic episode in his life, his affair with the Baroness Julia, which he described in his diary. The wonder is that his raging passion and final disillusionment did not shipwreck his career. When he saw her after his flame had cooled, he found that she had lost in beauty.

His Religious Festival Overture on the choral "A Safe Stronghold Our God Is Still" for orchestra, chorus and organ was performed here by the Handel and Haydn Society in 1865, 1866, 1868, 1871, etc., and, without the chorus, at a Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in 1909.

After the overture—it has been said that Wagner lifted the second theme for his "Mastersingers"—Mistress Ford and Mistress Page come on the stage with their letters. They lay the plot for the undoing of Falstaff. Fenton in the opera is a more important character than in the play, otherwise the librettist sticks pretty closely to Shakespeare, though at the opening of the second act Falstaff sings a song with male chorus, the words of which begin with the Clown's song at the end of "Twelfth Night," "When that I was and a little tiny boy." After a few lines it passes into a drinking song. The third act opens with a ballad about Herne the Hunter and his oak, sung by Mistress Reich. Sweet Ann Page has much more to do in the opera than in the play. There is grotesque music for Slender and Dr. Caius. After the Herne ballad Ann sings a long aria, then follows the Moon chorus scene. The opera ends with a ballet and chorus of fairies. Fenton is disguised as Oberon; Ann as Titania, and Falstaff is put through the hoops. A trio for the three women begins the finale. Near the end Falstaff joins in, and principals and chorus sing an ensemble of a dozen or more measures.

### EARLIER "FALSTAFF"

Peter Ritter wrote a "Singspiel" based on Shakespeare's play (Mannheim, Nov. 4, 1794). Dittersdorf wrote a "Merry Wives" in 1797, but there is no record of a performance. Sailer's opera "Falstaff" in two acts was produced at Vienna in 1798 and enjoyed popularity for some years. At Dresden the part of Falstaff was taken by Buonaveri, and at Hamburg, Parry and Horn wrote music for a version of the play produced in London in 1825.

Balfe's "Falstaff" was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, on July 19, 1838. The cast was a noteworthy one, including Mmes. Grist, Caremoli and Albertazzi with Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache (Falstaff). The libretto was by S. M. Maggioni. After the

overture there is a duet for Page and Ford, then Falstaff enters with a song. There is a good deal of spoken dialogue, but little or no drama in the opera. At the end witches, not fairies, torment Sir John, and there is an ensemble for principals and chorus with brilliant florid measures evidently written for Mme. Grist. Chorley wrote: "Only the animated trio of the two wives and Anne Page lives to tell the tale of Shakespeare's 'Merry Wives,' set in Italian for England by an Irishman, and with such a French-Neapolitan artist for its protagonist as would have made Shakespeare's heart leap for joy to look on."

Adolphe Adam's one-act opera "Falstaff" was written for the debut of Hermann-Leon (Paris, Jan. 18, 1856). The libretto was intended for Clapisson's music, but he passed it at the last

the Harvard Club  
besides the Dew.....Rubenstein

moment to Adam. "The opera had no success," Pouglin, in his life of Adam, says: "Let us keep silent about this little air."

Then there is the wonderful "Falstaff" of the 80-year-old Verdi (Milan, Feb. 9, 1893).

There is concert music inspired by the play: An overture by Titi (Vienna, 1836); an overture by Damcke (Potsdam, 1841); Elgar's "Falstaff" (1913), and there are no doubt other orchestral works.

Edward Fitzwilliam (1853) wrote a song, "Love Like a Shadow Flies" (Ford to Falstaff). Sir Hugh Evans's song has been set as a solo by many; by an unknown composer in a MS. as old as Shakespeare's time; by Wilson (about 1800), Chilcot (about 175), Anon (1770), Arnold (1774), Arne (1777), Salberg (1796), Bishop (1817), Turnbull (1830), Hatton (1855), Turner (1859). As a glee for four male voices by Webbe (1780), as a duet by Tremaine (1780), Hutchinson (1807), as a part song by Hatton.

### "THE ALCHEMIST" REVIVED

Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" was revived by the Phoenix in London, March 19. We quote the review published in the Daily Telegraph:

"It is idle," says Mr. Montague Summers, in his historical note to this production at the Regent Theatre, "to attempt to decide whether 'The Alchemist' or 'Volpone' be the noblest effort of Jonson's genius." It is at the risk of being thought idle, therefore, that we declare our own strong preference for "The Alchemist." It seems to bear its years with an easier grace than its rival. It is still, though it drags a little—a very little—toward the end, a surpassingly good jest. The satire seems richer than that of "Volpone," the plot better worked out, and better worth following. And yet we cannot help a feeling that perhaps after all Mr. Summers may be right in thinking that such a comparison is "idle"; perhaps what we are here comparing is not so much the texts of the two plays as different productions. We are comparing the "Volpone" of the Cambridge amateurs seen a fortnight ago with "The Alchemist" of the Phoenix professionals yesterday; and it is very possible that the apparent superiority of the latter play may consist in the acting. The Cambridge company did well; but the Phoenix company did wonders. It is a fact that very often in these revivals of old plays occurs the best acting that London gets a chance of seeing. The players bring to them a spirit of holiday enthusiasm which too often seems lacking on the regular stage; perhaps the secret lies in the knowledge that they are acting to an uncommonly receptive audience.

However that may be, there were in "The Alchemist" yesterday several individual performances which will remain long in the memory. There was Mr. Frank Cellier's Sir Epioure Mammon, the most notorious geek and gull that the mind could conceive—a perfect picture of credulous greed. There was Mr. Balliol Holloway's Subtle, a charlatan who could hardly fail to amass a huge fortune if he should ever decide to set up his paraphernalia of crucibles and retorts, red fire and big books and spectacles and skull-cap in modern Bond street; unless, that is, he should give himself away by letting his huge enjoyment of his own knavery become evident. And there was Mr. Stanley Lathbury's hot-gossiping deacon from Amsterdam, boiling with zeal, and prohibitionist fervor—a man who could with pleasure have suppressed everything in the world but his own denunciatory tongue. There seems to be a tradition now that no Phoenix production can be considered complete unless Miss Margaret Yarde is there to give one of her rich, broad studies of ladies at once frail and overripe. As Doll Common she had perhaps her finest opportunity. A great, bouncing trollop she made of her, with vermillion hair and the most wicked eye. Whether she was pretending to be a lady, pretending to be mad, pretending to be a fairy queen whom Gilbert might have taken as a model, or in good earnest turning to and cursing her accomplices, Miss Yarde was magnificent. Of less stature, but excellent for all that, were Mr. George Desmond—a most plausible scoundrel as Face; Mr. Andrew Leigh as Druggier, and Mr. Charles Stalte as the Angry Boy; together with Messrs. Frith, Barnett, Harvey and Hignett. Miss Nell Carter made the Widow Plint as shallow-pated a little fool as Johnson could have desired.

### CASELLA AND JAZZ

Alfredo Casella said in an interview published recently in Musical America: "Of all the musical impressions that a musician can have of the United States, the one that stands before all others on account of its force of novelty and modernism, its propulsive energy, is without doubt the negro music known as 'jazz.' It is difficult to put into simple words just what jazz is because the very essence of jazz is the way in which it is played. It has had a great influence upon European composers because of its analogy with the modernistic idea. European composers, however, can't

compose jazz. They like it because it is different, but they can't do it. Stravinsky's 'Ragtime' is not real jazz but rather the thing he imagined it to be. What passes for jazz in Europe is far from being the real thing.

"Take, for instance, the jazz of Ted Lewis, a few instruments, a trombone, a

saxophone, a piano, a xylophone, cymbals, drums, but beyond and above all, the technique of the players! All previous notions of the abilities of these instruments have to be cast overboard! The trombone literally kicks up its heels, the saxophone takes on the tone of the human voice and speaks in the American tongue, the piano does 'stunts' such as Chopin and Liszt never dared to dream of getting from it, the clarinet gambols like a young goat, the bass-drum assumes a cordial attitude, the snare drum becomes impertinent and the xylophone insinuating and caressing instead of merely macabre! The rhythmic force of this music, its brutal barbaric power sufficient almost to bring life to a dead body through its witchery, in the face of our too-refined, decadent European music, revive the frenzy, the orgiastic energy of Dionysus."

### FRIEDRICH SCHORR

Mr. Schorr of the German Opera Company, now in Boston, says that he was three years old when his parents moved to Vienna. "I was trained for the practice of law."

"My father thought that a legal training was what I needed, but it seems that I was born to be a singer, for at the time that I was bending over dusty law books, I was also studying singing and in the contest between the two careers singing won. I was 23 when I sang, in Graz, my first Wagnerian role, Wotan in 'Die Walkure,' which remains to this day the part in which I have achieved one of my most notable successes. I was young for such a part, but my youth did not stand in my way. After that I sang, in succession, all the principal baritone roles in the Wagnerian music dramas, also many roles in Italian and French operas. From Graz I went to Prague where I joined what was then the Royal Theatre. There I remained for two years, leaving the Graz opera for Cologne and from there I went to Berlin where I became a leading baritone in the state opera. I have increased my experience by concert tours, but I have not worked so steadily at my art that I have not had time for other things. I have gone in enthusiastically for football playing. Of course I play the piano (most singers do) and I have even extended my accomplishments to the harmonica. I might lose my voice some day, who knows? And then I could go on the vaudeville stage with my harmonica—and there is always the law that I abandoned a dozen years ago."

### RUSSIAN THEATRE IN PARIS

(London Daily Telegraph.)

A short while ago some account was given of the Kamerny Theatre of Moscow, and of the successful performance of "Glofie Glofia," with which it opened its season at the Theatre des Champs Elysees. Since then "Phedre" and Oscar Wilde's "Salome" have been produced, the remarkable characteristic being that the same players have filled the principal parts in every production. "Phedre" is so essentially a French possession that when produced by someone like M. Tairoff, who prides himself on attacking old artistic traditions, it was bound to shock the Paris public. They found themselves, to their surprise, faced with a setting of Cubist inspiration, a stage of different slanting levels, and actors whose dresses, though Greek in expression, made no pretence of realistic imitation. The high wooden clogs gave them an effect of towering stature, and raised them physically to the dramatic plane of tragedy. This is something very different from the tradition of the Comedie Francaise, but regarded merely as a play unhampered by conventions, and acted with the intensity of the Kamerny Theatre players, it is certainly impressive in its conception and execution. But by the spectator who does not understand Russian, and, therefore, cannot follow the exact synchronism of phrase and gesture, "Salome" will be easily enjoyed. It is a remarkable performance, whether judged from the point of view of interpretation or of the artistic effect produced by the lighting, grouping, and combined gesture. From the moment that the curtain rises until it falls upon Salome crouching beneath the lifted spears of the soldiers the spectator is caught up into the tense atmosphere of Oscar Wilde's picture of the passion and viciousness of Herod's court. The aloofness and resistance of Jokanan, the unrestrained love-making of Salome, and her relentless pursuit of her aim, and, perhaps most of all, the impersonation of a Herod in whom gross enjoyment gradually gives way to cringing fear, are masterpieces of acting.

### MR. BINYON'S NEW PLAY

(Manchester Guardian.)

The "Old Vic" has already produced



one in the drama this year, and now adds the name of Mr. Laurence Binyon to that of Mr. Gordon Hottelley among its dramatists. Mr. Binyon goes back to King Arthur, and restates the travails of the King. The heavy moral pressure of Tennyson is relaxed and broader modern views about marital duty are advanced. Was not Guinevere a lonely wife, and Arthur a too neglectful husband "clouded in caros of policy and state"? Mr. Binyon works out the old story to this end in pale and blameless verse, cautiously shunning the colorful or resounding phrase. The whole effect is as grey and dim as the mists of Avalon, and the slow and heavy measure of the acting was in complete accord with a piece of writing that is earnest, competent and rather unexciting.

One may reasonably wonder after seeing "Britain's Daughter" and now "Arthur" at the Old Vic whether modern poetic drama will pass successfully from the study to the stage unless it is prepared to take more risks. For the theatre of the romantic drama anaemia is a fatal disease and full-blooded diction may be its elixir. To hear the bearded, sworded knights-at-arms talking with the sweet reasonableness attributed to them by Mr. Binyon is to have one's eyes continually contradicting one's ears. Only the sardonic Mordred, acted with rare spirit by Mr. Rupert Harvey, sprang unquestionably to life. Sir Edward Elgar has written incidental music that is aptly and gracefully suited to the varying moods of the play.

#### IN ITALY

Umberto Giordano has completed another opera. The libretto is drawn from the text of "La Cena delle Beffe," by Sem Benelli, now known throughout the world. The successful author of "Fedora" and "Andrea Chenier" is enthusiastic about his new work, which he believes takes precedence over all his other operas. The production has been postponed for an indefinite period on account of legal difficulties. Sem Benelli gave authority to set his play to music to Montefiore, who insists on his rights. Giordano seems certain, however, that the difficulty will shortly be arranged. The music of "Le Cena delle Beffe" has been entirely written in the composer's villa on the banks of Lake Maggiore.

Toscanini's production of "Louise" at La Scala was most successful, according to report. Our old friend Journet took the part of the father; Miss Held that of Louise.

Another old friend, Mme. Carmen Melis, has been singing in Massonet's "Manon," at Rome.

The music for "Balletto del Cavallieri" at Rome, is by Beethoven. The critic, Gasco, says that he did not know the music and it would not have been enough to preserve the memory of the composer.

Amadeo Bassi, not unknown in this city, has appeared as Tristan at Rome. Giulio Marco Clampell has published at Milan an enthusiastic study of Toscanini's nature and career.

#### NOTES ABOUT MUSIC

Most opera singers have grown up in a convention of operatic absurdity, and are quite frightened and disconcerted when they have to sing plain English as plain English. For, although plain English sounds natural and delightful as Dame Ethel Smyth writes it and sets it, so long as it is sung in the way that she requires, plain English sounds indeed ridiculous when it is mouthed in the manner of Victorian oratorio. It was brought home to me very forcibly once at an English performance of "Carmen," in which Carmen sang in the conventional operatic manner, while Don Jose, being a person of less ample physical endowments, sang his share of the recitatives at a natural speaking tempo. The old-established English translation of "Carmen" has often been criticised, but Don Jose made it sound reasonably sensible, whereas Carmen made it the reverse. To the lady in question Carmen was a star part; no doubt her teachers had told her that that was the way Calvé always did it, and, of course, that was the only way in which it could be done, whether in French or in English. To imagine what sort of a person Carmen was as a human being she probably did not consider her business; her business was to sing the opera. And very probably it an English singer did try seriously to work out the real character of Carmen she would make an even worse hash of the part.—Edward J. Dent in the Nation and the Athenaeum.

On March 15 a "Captious" suite, described as "five glimpses of an anonymous theme," was produced in London. Each "glimpse" was a variation on the theme by a different composer. The composers were Arthur Bliss, Herbert Bedford, Eugene Goossens, Felix White and Gerard Williams. We quote from the Chronicle:

"Entered thoroughly into it. Mr. Bedford's glimpse as 'Twoness, use of Felicity,' an amusing

study in the bizarre; then came Bedford's 'The Lovely Dancer of Jedar,' a burlesque on conventional orientalism; Mr. Goossens's 'The Strange Case of Mr. X.' was a brilliant suggestion of the excitement of a detective story; Mr. White was mock pathetic in his 'Lament for a Long-Cherished Illusion,' and Mr. Gerard Williams finished up with an ingenious 'Valselette Ignoble.' Mr. Goossens and his small orchestra played this and other pieces delightfully.

"What becomes of all this old music?" a local bookseller was asked the other day. "Apart from chance customers hunting for old favorites," he replied, "the best goes to collectors, especially old English melodies, which are also sought by modern musicians for the folksong themes. But before the war my best client was the Kaiser, a keen collector and connoisseur, who had agents everywhere—a sort of musical secret service."—London Daily Chronicle.

It is suggested that as the result of recent experiments, broadcasting may supersede the barrel organ in the matter of supplying street music—which further suggests that the time is ripe to write the history of the barrel organ. Apparently it was invented about the beginning of the 18th century, though not for the benefit of the street musician, for Fulham Church was one of its early possessors. In those days one very elaborate specimen cost nearly £10,000 to build, and it was not until the 19th century that a builder named Hicks first made the street organ as we know it today. This development no doubt proved to be the turning point in the organ-grinder's career.—London Daily Chronicle.

For some unexplained reason an octet of synopated musicians indulges in a great deal more fuss while playing "Yankee Doodle Blues" than a symphony orchestra would develop over a performance of "Till Eulenspiegel." The octet as in the case of the Crichton dance band at the Alhambra this week, may have very real musical ability, but there seems to be an obsession that the effectiveness of jazz compositions depends eventually on the acrobatic activity and facial expression of its interpreters. The Crichton eight conform to the accepted rules—jazz is too new to have traditions—and yet give the impression that their skill might be recognized without the assistance of limelight effects, Sousa-like evolutions, and comico trimmings.—London Times.

#### A NOTE ON "BOOING"

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald: Reading your item on the "Booing" of actors and the custom in days gone by, for the habitues of the top gallery (peanut heaven) to address remarks to players who failed to please, reminds me of James Owen O'Connor, an eccentric individual who used to appear in New York and neighboring cities. Do you recall him?

He had studied law and been admitted to the bar, but he felt the Shakespearian urge and appeared first, I think, at the old Star Theatre as Hamlet, where, strange to say, the people in the orchestra seats got wise to him first and started the disturbances that thereafter greeted him. He persisted in his performances, acting with a huge net stretched over the proscenium, and in

some of the beer gardens over in New Jersey the waiters passed through the audience hawking vegetables and crying: "Buy your eggs and garden truck, O'Connor's next." He died in Bloomington asylum, but while he lasted he was worse than America's best bad actor, Corse Payton. F. E. H.

#### MR. JAMES AGATE

(Manchester Guardian.)

Mr. Agate may put you off once per page; he may keep as many blind sides as Nelson; some of his "criticism of life" may leave you wearying in wastes of sand and thorns. And yet he is nearly the best dramatic critic now writing in London. Not that he is more often "right" than the rest, but that he takes a more energetic delight in things done on a stage; they go to his head better; something in him surely cries out in ecstasy, "Oh, the fiddles! The fiddles!" whenever an overture starts. This is the basis of all dramatic criticism that makes you read it, as Mr. Agate makes many of us read him every week in the "Saturday Review"; you can no more do without love in this trade than you can in seeking the Kingdom of Heaven. Read Mr. Agate or Marie Lloyd or on Harry Lauder; he writes with a gusto akin to that which Lamb attributed to some old comedians, really a gusto which that greatest of playgoers mightily helped the old comedians to exhibit to him. Dramatic criticism has never bettered the passages of enraptured description in which Lamb rescued the living faces of Munden and Suett from the common dusty limbo of dead actors. His criticism lives itself because it gives others that extension of life, and Mr.

Agate has noticed the fact to some purpose. In a certain sense Mr. Agate is contemptuous, as every dramatic critic should be. He ignores the trumpery functions which critics are often expected to discharge—the giving of abstracts of plots, the circumstantial assessments of the relative merits of performers, the provision of agreeable cuttings for the scrap-books of stars, the advertisement of the unheard-of sums spent by the management on organs, camels, earthquakes and so forth. To him an acted play is just what a landscape is to a painter. It is a possible stimulant of emotions susceptible of exact and engaging expression. In achieving this expression the critic, like the painter, makes any descriptive or other reference to the objects before him—the play and its actors—that seems to him helpful to his own end. He does not offer any inventory of them, guaranteed correct. He selects and emphasizes and his principle of selection and emphasis are artistic, not judicial. For he, too, as well as dramatist and actor, is or should be an artist. This may seem, at first, to slight those other distinguished persons. Really it is their best chance. Munden and Suett live because Lamb was bent on making an article of his a thing of beauty. Actors and actresses of today have just a chance of some effectual survival because Mr. Agate and a few other practitioners of Lamb's critical method are using them as subjects for portraiture and possess the delighted spirit that can give life to whatever it limns. Mr. Agate is now—after a strenuous apprenticeship in Manchester in the good days when we had a theatre here—released from calls for the daily journalist's precipitate improvisations. Like a Paris dramatic critic, he sleeps on it first and then writes at some leisure. The method suits him, as this sheaf of recent "Saturday" articles shows. He was never before so fully himself. He has vividness, wit, lots of perversities no more damaging to the total effect than were the bubbles and bits of dross in old stained glass; above all, he has that immense zest for the theatre and for life; all his wires are live, and they spark continually. C. E. M.

Mr. Charles Hackett, who made his London debut yesterday afternoon at the Albert Hall is said to be, amongst Americans, "the first who ever burst" into the tenor key. He is above all an "operatic" singer; his voice is powerful and of considerable range; his style however has all the characteristics of the modern Italian method, which is neither the bel canto nor the strenuous method of Tamagno, nevertheless admirably suited to the music of Puccini. In the circumstances it was rather odd that by far the greater part of his program should consist of songs demanding mainly qualities of a very different order. Of all these he sang best those which came nearest to the dramatic style of the theatre, as, for instance, Liszt's "When I Sleep," of the text of which an atrocious translation was given in the program. Least suited to him were the two examples by Handel, for the hard, crystalline beauty of the Handelian melody does not lend itself to the timbre or method of this singer. But he should be an admirable interpreter of "Bohème," and "Butterfly." The operatic aria was "O Paradiso," a good vocal

show piece, but musically negligible—London Daily Telegraph, March 19.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Piano recital by Ossip Gabrilowitch. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by John Charles Thomas, baritone, and Erwin Nyiregyhazi, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Concert of Irish music, by the choir of St. Cecilia's Church, Mr. O'Shea, director. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M.—Twenty-first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.—Collis O'More's second song recital. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

A correspondent asks us to consider the case of a Frenchman named Toulet, a literary man, whose mode of life is described by M. Paul Leclercq in the *Mercur de Franco* (March 15).

It seems that Toulet never left his apartment except at night. He returned at daybreak. "His noctambulism was so black that his friends remember his walking about for a fortnight with a check in his pocket, which, although he needed the money badly, he did not cash, for modern banks have not yet progressed so far as to have the teller's window open at night. He would have walked this check about in his pocket for the rest of his days if an obliging friend had not relieved him of embarrassment by taking upon himself the duty of drawing the money.

However, once—only once—he consented to leave his bed at dawn—that is to say, about noon—to be present at the public rehearsal of 'Pellens and Meltsande.'

Toulet should have known James Albery, the English playwright, who wrote for the stage in the Robertsonian manner. Perhaps some of our readers have seen his 'Two Roses.' Much was expected of Albery, a man of wit and fancy, but he died a disappointment to himself and his friends. It is said that he composed this epitaph for himself:

He waked beneath the moon,  
He slept beneath the sun;  
He lived a life of going-to-do,  
And died with nothing done.

We have seen "walked" substituted for "waked" in this epitaph. Perhaps Albery did not write it. Perhaps a friend of his thus epitomized the career. There's no malice like that of a sincere friend.

#### FROM "CANOE AND SADDLE"

(Theodore Winthrop in the Fifties)

"Indian belles have some delights of toilette worthy of consideration by their blonde sisterhood. O mistaken hariduns of Christendom, so bountifully painted and powdered, did ye but know how much better than your diffusiveness of daub is the concentrated brilliance of vermilion stripes parting at the nose-bridge and streaming athwart the cheeks! Know ye but this, at once ye would reform from your undeluding shams, and recover the forgotten charms of acknowledged plinxit."

#### ADD "CAUSES FOR DIVORCE"

As the World Wags.

I was tuning in our own new set, the while friend wife commented on the marvels of electricity. Just then came the first nibble. "What is it?" she asked eagerly. "Ohm, sweet ohm," I uncoiled.

On leaving for my office next morning, I remarked on the chance a man stood of being bumped off by one of Gotham's wild women.

"Conduct yourself with Pecorum," she came back sweetly. POM SAT.

East Milton.

#### OPHELIA SOLILOQUIZES

(For As the World Wags.)

To spoon or not to spoon, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis sweeter in the end to undergo  
The hugs and kisses of such soft entanglements  
Or being adamant against young Cupid's guile  
Remain a novice in the art of love?  
To kiss—to hug  
No more when by a kiss we know we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
Humanly unthinkable. To kiss—to hug—  
To hug! Perchance to pet; ay, that's the stuff;  
For in such ecstasies such dreams do come  
That we do shuffle off this mortal coil  
And soar above the stars.  
Let not the native hue of resolution  
Be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought  
Of questionnaires of ones uncuddable!  
Spoon while the spooning's good,  
And in our orisons  
Be all our sweeter sins remembered!  
ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

#### RADIO RIPPLES

As the World Wags:

O. U. J. Spavin Hillside, Massachusetts. Dambad, the Voice of the Air. Just a moment, please. The fountain pen is a delicate instrument, and represents eighty per cent. of the cabbage grown in Bolivia. O. U. J. Weekly report of trade conditions, by Dodger Gabson. Wheeeee! Blahblah! Woooohoo! Sunday, no business. Monday, thirteen per cent. wage increase. Tuesday, price to consumer advanced twenty-five per cent. Wednesday, buyers' strike. Thursday, thirteen per cent. wage reduction. Friday, labor strike. Love sends a little gift of roses. Saturday, no business. O. U. J. Dambad, the Voice of the Air. Continuing our program. Master Willie Hickey and his ballad horn will now render the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

L. JOHN SILVER.

Execution Docks.

#### VOICES

(For As the World Wags.)

April:  
Greet me, for I've long been waiting  
For your hands to clasp my own.

May:  
Kiss me, all the birds are mating,  
All the fields are flower grown.

June:  
Love me! ere the spring's forsaking  
Finds me tearful and alone.  
EDWARD YERXA.

Has any one received in Boston a pack of playing cards designed especially for Ireland and shown at a dinner of the Worshipful Company of Maker-



Playing Cards in London? In the centre of the design is the golden harp of Erin.

#### ONE MARCEL PROUST

We have not read Marcel Proust's novels either in French or in the translation into English. Life is short and Proust is long. But we have read about him. His wretched health prevented him from living as other men. In one respect he was not unlike M. Toullet; he couldn't bear sunshine and noise, so he turned night into day, dining at 10 P. M. and living in cork-lined rooms. He wore a fur coat and a respirator in midsummer. His windows on the garden side were shut tight, for he feared hay fever. Yet he had romantic weaknesses, if La Nouvelle Revue Française is to be believed. At Larue's restaurant he would insist on his guests having fruit out of season, also champagne. He tipped lavishly. One night at the Ritz he had given away in tips all his cash. He borrowed 50 francs of the porter at the door and at once handed them to him as a tip. He loved the country and the sea, though he was made sick by both. Genealogy was one of his hobbies.

#### A BELIEVER IN TIPPING

Apropos of tips, Mr. Thomas Henry Cleave, who was head porter for 30 years at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, died recently and left a fortune of \$26,027. Was he occasionally tipped for being blind, deaf and dumb? The Lord Warden Hotel is described in Mr. Charles G. Harper's "Dover Road: Annals of an Ancient Turnpike" as a "huge and supremely hideous building" celebrated at one time for "the monumental properties of the bills presented to affrighted guests. Magnificent as were the charges made by rapacious hosts elsewhere, they all paled their ineffectual items before the sublime heights attained by the account rendered to Louis Napoleon when he stayed here." But Cleave never spent a penny at this hotel. He invested in real estate and industrial securities, and, it is said, had a quiet partnership with a bookmaker.

## GABRILOWITSCH

Yesterday afternoon Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, played this program of piano music in Symphony Hall: Etude, E major, Op. 10; Valse, A minor; Valse, A-flat major; Sonata, B-flat minor; Twelve Preludes, Op. 28; Mazurka, B minor; Nocturne, D-flat major; Scherzo, Op. 20.

In the winter of 1895-6 Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave his first recital in Vienna. It was a stirring occasion, for the Boesendorfer Saal was packed with an enthusiastic throng, and Mr. Gabrilowitsch, then very young, played like a god. Among his encore pieces he played the Chopin D flat prelude. At the first bar his fellow-students, fearful that he might diminish his glory, shook their heads. Whispers went about: "Why does he play that old thing?" They need not have been uneasy, for he played the music so simply, so absolutely without sentimentality, but all with such enchanting tone, that he set the people to teasing for more.

But if to play that prelude in public 25 years ago was to take a risk, today the risk can scarcely have grown less. With the most of Chopin's pieces, by the same argument, a similar risk obtains, and the argument runs this way: Mr. Gabrilowitsch has known these Chopin pieces, at all events the greater part of them, and has been playing them in public, for 25 years or more. Is it possible for him now to play them with the absorbing interest, the spontaneity, of 20 years ago? Must he not inevitably either drop into routine, or else, in dread of that routine, tend toward extravagance?

Mr. Gabrilowitsch yesterday, whatever it was that hampered him, played not so greatly as he usually does. His technique was not always clear. His tone, though often very beautiful, lacked variety. For nearly an hour and a half, after the first piece of all, there came scarcely one of those exquisitely turned phrases which one associates with the name of Gabrilowitsch. There was dryness in his playing, and sometimes over-sentimentality, and always lack of communicating warmth. When next he appears in Boston it is much to be hoped that Mr. Gabrilowitsch will play a program worthy of his mettle. He was applauded yesterday with enthusiasm. R. R. G.

#### Piano and Pianist Please Large Audience

Symphony hall last night John Thomas, baritone, and Erwin Szabo, pianist, gave a concert to which this was the program:

Aria, "Eri tu," from "The Masked Ball" ..... Mr. Thomas.  
Fantasia and Fugue ..... Liszt  
A. D. 1620 ..... MacDowell  
Erking ..... Schubert-Liszt  
L'Heure silenceuse ..... Victor Staub  
Mignonne ..... Plerne  
Me suis mise en danse (old French melody) ..... Arranged by Bar  
Requiem du Coeur ..... Fessard  
Mr. Thomas  
Rondo in A minor ..... Mozart  
Vienneise ..... Godowsky  
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 ..... Liszt  
Mr. Nyiregyhazi  
The Crying of Waters ..... Campbell-Tipton  
Trees ..... Frank Tours  
Uncle Rome ..... Homer  
Nocturne ..... Pearl Curran  
Nocturne (Nothing Matters) ..... Mana-Zucca  
Mr. Thomas

Youth and individuality came to the fore last night in Symphony Hall. They brought refreshments with them, after their crabbedness, the apathy, the routine that too often the middle-aged drag into concert halls, so if certain youthful excesses made their appearance in company, they may easily be overlooked. Mr. Nyiregyhazi, when he has gained longer experience, will hardly play at a Sunday evening concert music so steadily all of a "whew," as New Englanders used to say, but one may take one's oath that he chose to play the Liszt Fantasy and Fugue because he likes it, not because he chances to have it in hand, and that he has an enthusiasm for the Hungarian Rhapsody regardless of the fact that since the days of Anna Mehlig it has never failed to stir a crowd.

Mr. Nyiregyhazi, too, one may hope, will presently see his way to securing his effects without spending his enormous strength quite so freely as he did last night, although, to be sure, he did not pound as do certain of his elders and superiors in fame; something less, however, would serve him better. To the development of a finer beauty, furthermore, and poetic feeling, he might well give thought. These qualities he needs, if he would become the great player he ought to become.

For the man has tremendous force. He commands already a technique of amazing brilliancy. He has the power in his nature that makes an audience listen to him, even when he elects to play something monstrous long and dreary. He has grace as well; the Mozart rondo proved it. In the fine MacDowell piece he showed dignity and nobleness.

And in the Rhapsody he made it clear he knows what it means to rhapsodize; most pianists do not. He has many gifts from nature, this young man, and what he has not been given he can easily acquire. But if in acquiring he must lose the characteristic that makes his playing remarkable today—its vitality, to wit—in God's name let him hold fast to what he has and get along without the rest. Life, in concert halls, is a virtue too rare to be spared.

In striking contrast to Mr. Nyiregyhazi came Mr. Thomas; whoever arranged a concert for these two artists together showed skill. Mr. Thomas is all for suavity.

Beauty of tone he seems to value above all else. He attains it, for his voice is of lovely texture, and he manages it adroitly. He likes a smooth legato, a well-turned phrase, fine diction, differentiation of styles. A well graced singer, he secures these beauties of song. If now he would devote more heed to their dramatic meaning, he would make his songs more effective than he did last night. He was much applauded. So was the pianist. They both added encores. Mr. Thomas, by the way, had the help of an unusually fine accompanist, William Janashek.

R. R. G.

## SIX CYLINDER LOVE

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Six Cylinder Love," a comedy in three acts by William Anthony McGuire.

Geraldine Burton ..... Eleanor Gordon  
Richard Burton ..... Donald Meek  
Phyllis Burton ..... Helen Spring  
Mary ..... Mary Halliday  
Margaret Rogers ..... Louise Frisinger  
Bertram Rogers ..... Jack Leslie  
Harold Winston ..... Nicholas Joy  
Gilbert Sterling ..... Ernest Truex  
Marilyn Sterling ..... June Walker  
William Donroy ..... Ralph Slippery  
George Stapleton ..... Berton Churchill  
Smith ..... Harry Hamhill  
Tom Johnson ..... Howard Hull Gibson

A good many years ago some one wrote an essay on the depravity of inanimate things. Mr. McGuire's comedy represents the motor car as a depraved machine that leads naturally honest and naturally weak men to mortgage their houses, to entertain beyond their means spongers both male and female, and at last in debt, to take an employer's money believing it can be repaid before the loss is discovered. In its malicious treatment of men the motor car often finds in the wife a fellow-worker, especially when the marriage has been of short duration and the husband has sworn that he will give his Arabella anything she wants.

Here is Burton. Having bought a car, he finds that his wife and daughter and their joyous friends run him into debt. He is obliged to sell his pretty suburban house. With the aid of Donroy he disposes of his car to his next door neighbor Sterling. Sterling is a sensible little fellow, but his wife persuades him into the purchase. The motor car friends of Burton's are now Sterling's, and it is Sterling that pays the bills for the dancing, the dinners and the suppers. Winston and the Rogers couple of course have nothing to do any more with the Burtons. Sterling's employer Stapleton drops in at Sterling's house and accidentally finds out how he is living. He already knows that some one in the office is responsible for a shortage. Sterling confesses. He also tells the spongers what he thinks of them, drives them out of the house and then berates his wife for her extravagance and foolishness.

In the third act, the weakest of the three, the automobile is sold to the janitor of the cheap apartment house, in which the Burtons and the Sterlings have sought refuge. Why the car was not taken from Sterling when he was sold out is not explained. Sterling pays the amount that he owes his employer, who takes him back with the idea of handing the business over to him.

The first act is amusing and it is the best. The dialogue is natural and pointed. Mr. McGuire here attempted to be funny in his treatment of the automobile craze. His attempt, not at all laborious, is successful. In the second act the scene between Sterling and his employer is conspicuous by reason of the irony of the situation, Sterling's magnificent lying, and the refutation and disclosure. Sterling's abuse of the spongers and his wife is melodramatic. A far better episode in this act is Burton's call with friendly advice. The third act is for a happy ending, with a few amusing lines with reference to the final disposal of the car.

The moral is an obvious one: Don't purchase an automobile if you have to mortgage your house to do it, and don't be imposed on by friends who wish to ride and dance and sup at your expense.

This comedy was enjoyed last night by an audience that completely filled the theatre. The company is a capable one. Mr. Truex's methods and mannerisms were evidently relished by his many admirers. He was certainly amusing a great deal of the time. He would have been still more amusing if his enunciation had not frequently been indistinct, so that many lines were unintelligible.

Mr. Slippery throughout the first act was unintelligible; perhaps purposely so as the rapid-fire salesman; perhaps the raw quality of his voice was also assumed. Mr. Meek gave a delightful performance of poor Burton. It was characterized by genuine humor, it was very human. His misfortunes excited sympathy. The others in the company played well their parts.

Mr. Trues, after the second act, called before the curtain, said he had never made a good speech. His record is still unbroken.

We learn that the brass helmet worn by Magellan in 1521 when he died in the Philippines is now owned by Maj. Selton, U. S. A. He purchased it from a Moro chief. Of course, there is no doubt about the authenticity of this head-dress, although it was not the custom, Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us—and he has made a special study of armor—for armorers to put the owner's initials inside a helmet.

There are in all probability collectors of helmets besides those who invent ancestors for the sake of decorating the front hall with a suit of armor. But we have not yet seen in any collection two helmets which, if we were afflicted by this mania, we should prize above rubies—Mambrino's and the one that put an end to that fine fellow, Brachiano in Webster's tragedy "The White Devil."

Stage direction. Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano's heaver with a poison.

Enter Brachiano: An armourer! 'ud's death, an armourer!

Flamino. Armourer! Where's the armourer?

Brach. Tear off my beaver.

Flam. Are you hurt, my lord?

Brach. O, my brain's on fire! The helmet is poisoned.

There were ingenious poisoners in the good old days. Le Vayer in a letter tells of men poisoned in the act of taking the host; how a Prince of Orange attempted to kill Louis XI by rubbing poison on the corners of an altar and the places where the King was accustomed to kneel; poisoners—from the bird prepared for Statira to the shirt that slew King Ladislaus; poisoned arrows, swords, gloves, earpoons, boots, bou-

quets, purses, torches—even the story of Squierus, executed in England for putting poison on the pommel of Queen Elizabeth's saddle—but Le Vayer says nothing about helmets.

#### CLEMENCEAU AND THE SCREEN

"Clemenceau is at present engaged in supervising the filming of 'The Path to Happiness,' a Chinese play which he wrote many years ago."

The title of the play is "The Veil of Happiness," fair sir. The "veil" is blindness. The play has been turned into an opera.

#### HENDECASYLLABLES RE "TUSITALA"

(A. W. in the N. Y. Evening Post.)

Book me a cabin on the Tusitala. A well-appointed cabin on the Tusitala; Nothing elaborate—I only crave a hammock.

A brace of pistols and a keg of old Jamaica.

But you must promise me a voyage of high adventure, Portuguese sailors and a bosun with a cutlass.

Bloody scuppers, a mutiny of Lascars (Yes, I must insist on Lascars). Need I stipulate for sunken treasure? Will you assure me that you fly the Jolly Roger?

And guarantee a scuffle with the Prohibition navy?

These are the only questions that concern me.

No, there is another! Let there be no Babbitts with us:

Promise me to relegate to Davy Jones's locker

Realistic fiction, no matter how compelling.

While we wallow in the Caribbean. If not feasible, cancel reservation!

#### BOOTS VS. SLIPPERS

Nestor Roqueplan, wit, journalist, theatrical and operatic manager, in Paris, died 50 years ago. His memory has been revived by certain Parisian newspapers. He was a prodigious dandy, having a collection of waistcoats that would have turned Mr. Herkimer Johnson green with envy. Roqueplan showed them proudly to his friends: "It's a picture gallery," he would say. He admitted that he could not sleep the night before he tried on a new suit.

Reading anecdotes about him in a recent number of Paris Journal we were especially struck by this story: He loathed slippers, as inherently "bourgeois," and they nauseated him. So when he arose from bed he put on boots of the Empire reaching to his knees. He then dressed himself and did not pull off the boots till he left the house.

Now in Vanity Fair of Sept. 1, 1860, is a picture "Luxurious," by H. L. Stephens and under it is this dialogue: "Friend on a country visit—Harry lend me a pair of slippers—My feet are heated with that long walk."

"Elegant Host—My dear fellow, don't use slippers. They spoil the feet. I always keep cold boots in the cellar."

#### FOR OLD AGE ONLY?

Are slippers essentially "bourgeois" to be associated with senility, foot-baths of hot water and basins of gruel at 9 p. m.? In the old English novels the weary traveler arriving at an inn called for a bootjack and slippers—slippers that probably had served hundreds.

Slippers may become women. When Carla Robbins of West Lexington journeyed to New York in 1794—she was then 18 years old—she took with her little flat slippers of salmon-pink kid, bought in Boston "near the Old South Meeting House." Haldee, when she and her maid took Don Juan into the cave, had slippers but no stockings on her small snow feet. Judge Samuel Sewall thanked a friend who sent East Indian slippers to his wife. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu did not hesitate to walk about a town in slippers. Martin Frobisher, certainly not an effeminate or sickly person, was painted wearing a jerkin and Turkish slippers.

Slippers are, indeed, comfortable, especially to men whose shoes are like those of the poor old chap in the street on a wild and stormy night:

"His aged eyes were full of tears, His shoes were full of feet."

Roqueplan, on leaving bed, put on long-legged boots preparatory to his toilet. Queequeg, the harpooner in "Moby Dick," began dressing in his room at the Spouter Inn, New Bedford, by donning a very tall plug hat. He then put on wrinkled cowhide boots. Thus boulevardier and savage were alike in one respect.

By the way, a friend writes to us that the convenient form of slippers known as "scuffs" are not to be obtained in Paris.



Bill Jones, aged sixty year;  
From livestock 'e came.  
Singlevorl added, and 'e wished  
'Is trald 'd done the same.

As the World Wags:

If you're interested in snow-white negroes, read Whistletoe's case in 54 American Law Review, page 351. This was a small bastardy case in New York, argued by young men, most of whom became famous. They dredged the classics for quick lines on the subject and used them wittily. STREET.

Has Dekhna ever been in Boston? A thought reader seated on a couch of nails, she is "the only European woman who has been admitted to the inner orders of the Sunyasis, an Indian sect which practises forms of self-torture to acquire 'powers unknown to the western world.'"

ARLINGTON—"Shuffle Along." Negro play. Second and last week.  
COLONIAL—"The Merry Widow." Operetta. Second and last week.  
COMLEY—"Disraeli." Comedy. Second week.  
HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Sixteenth week.  
PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. Thirteenth week. One hundredth performance at this theatre.  
SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Ninth week. Extra matinee this afternoon for "The Friend in Need Fund."  
SHUBERT—"Greenwich Village Follies." Fifth and last week.  
WILBUR—"To the Ladies." Comedy. Second week.

From the moment Van Cello started rolling black and white barrels with his feet, the program at Keith's Theatre last evening went along with new stunts—and old ones “dressed up.” After the exceptionally clever barrel-rolling episode, May Follis and Nat La Roy appeared in a rapid song and dance act, followed by William Ebs, who calls his act “Always Something New,” and it's well-named and amusing.

The Marion Morgan Dancers in "Helen of Troy" presented one of the most beautiful and most carefully staged dance specialties that has appeared on the vaudeville platform. The well-known story is told in a series of graceful and vivid dances amid gorgeous settings. The company is capable and the dancing girls charming to look at.

After these exquisite scenes, Fred Penton and Sammy Fields brought the audience back to earth with some well-received nonsense of various kinds. Jack Norworth's songs were brimful of rhythm, and Dorothy Adelphi was an able accompanist. Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus were allotted a generous amount of time in which to put over an act called "From Soup to Nuts." If the latter course seemed somewhat conspicuous no one seemed to mind and they were enthusiastically received in their various forms of buffoonery. The Osborne Trio of equilibrists brought the program to a close with a skilful performance. The usual reels and Aesop's Fables were shown.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Whirl of New York," a "cameo" revue in three scenes. Book and lyrics by Harold Atterdige. Music by Gustav Kerker. The cast:

Twiddles .....	Gene Doyle
Harry Bronson.....	Jack Keller
Cora Angelique.....	Florence Schubert
Karl Bauer.....	Roy Cummings
Kissie Flitzarter.....	"Billie" Shaw
Blinky Bill.....	Joe Keno
Ichabod Bronson.....	Clarence Harvey
Violet Gray.....	Ann Toddings
Mamie Clancy.....	Rosie Green

The piece is announced as having been founded on "The Belle of New York." Many no doubt witnessing the great musical comedy success of a generation ago were at a loss to find a pronounced relationship to the performance of last evening. To be sure we heard again the principal tunes of the old musical comedy. But don't cable the news to Edna May, and let the beloved Dan Daly sleep on in peace.

This does not mean that there was not entertainment in store for the audience of last evening, for the performance was snappy, and there was a setting that pleased the eye. But beyond this, there was Roy Cummings, the eccentric comedian, who offered his rugged style of comedy, both in the main piece and in the preceding vaudeville, and to say that this comedian is a whole show in himself is not overshooting the mark.

The entertainment is divided. First we have all the company in a prologue. They tell you, each in turn, that they all have their parts in the subsequent events of the evening, and then follows the vaudeville turns that include Ann Toddings and Collens; Florence Schubert at the piano and in song; Purcella Brothers, in a singing act; Keno and Green in a comedy sketch; Kyra, in dances of the Orient; "Buddy" Doyle, blackface oomedian, and Roy Cummings and "Billie" Shaw, in uproarious comedy and burlesque.

With the exception of the last named act, the vaudeville program left the audience cold. But Mr. Cummings again, as he did in the musical comedy, came to the rescue, and there was an overflowing measure of entertainment.

T. A. R.

Parodies of novels are not always good reading, though they may increase the sale of the originals. There are masterpieces in this line, as Thackeray's burlesques of novels by Disraeli, Bulwer, Cooper and others; Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels"; "Liffeth Lank," C. H. Webb's parody of "Griffith Gaunt"; Burnand's parody of "Foul Play." Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood" was parodied as "Gnawwood."

We had thought that the art was lost, but Mr. Christopher L. Ward's "Many Marriages or the Triumph of the Nut," published in the literary review of the New York Evening Post of April 7, should amuse even the worshippers of Mr. Sherwood Anderson. The parody is more Andersonian than Anderson himself. Even he should laugh out loud if he would condescend to read it. Unfortunately, Mr. Anderson does not seem to have a keen sense of humor, otherwise he would not have written the novel that is now so adroitly, so wittily parodied.

There was a queen in Nineveh  
And there were queens in Tyre  
And Egypt had a fair queen  
As ever men desire.

Upon her throne in Camelot  
Sat burning Guinevere,  
And Eleanor in Aquitaine  
With an opal on her ear,

These women are but drifting dust,  
And who is there to say  
That all their loveliness and lust  
Bother men today?

But I must make a little song  
And make it fair and sweet,  
Because a wanton smiled at me  
A-walking down the street.  
—The King of the Black Isles.

As the World Wags:

During all the years I've lived in Boston, I have never seen boys play "peg-top." It was one of our favorite sports on the West side of Chicago years ago. On the upper end of the top was inserted a small chisel made by filing off the head of an ordinary screw and the object of the game was to split the other fellow's top by hurling your own down upon it. There were many rules whose import I have forgotten. I am told this fascinating game was indigenous to the middle West, where even in Chicago the streets were generally paved with pine blocks sawed from the trunks of trees.

WILLIAM L. ROBERTSON.

We used to play peg-top in our little village on the Connecticut river in the twenties. The peg-top was known in England as early as 1801. The Boy's Own Book, first published in England in 1828, was our vade mecum, and the same is there described. Peg-top toppers came into fashion about 1858.

(Babbitt visits Stratford-on-Avon)

This guy, Will Sheik-spere, did he write  
The 'Sheik?  
Oh no; let's see, he never got the habit;  
This Freedom, Jurgen, Main Street—  
books like Babbitt  
To him, poor oyster, would-a been like  
Greek.  
He ain't read now, when, with falsetto  
shriek,  
Some Upton-Singair-Lewis blurb-fed  
rabbit  
Pops presto! from the press: athirst,  
we grab it.  
Drain its thin blood, and whine for more  
each week.

With the east wind, Job-like, we fill  
our bellies—  
We follow fools to school like Mary's  
lamb—  
We tease our tortured taste with hooch  
and jellies—  
There ain't no background to our lit'ry  
sham.

Is this the chair, at Avon. Sheik-spere  
sat in?  
Well, I should fret! Drop him, with  
Greek and Latin!

Concord, N. H. ERWIN F. KEENE.

As the World Wags:

Lo, the poor Indian, pushing his way through the trackless forest, marking each broken twig and overturned stone, observing the bark of the trees and the course of the wind and eventually ooming out of the wilderness within two millimeters of his wigwam, is an old figure in song and story.

Put poor Lo down in Haymarket square and he would be helpless. But how well the oity chap can interpret the

As he stands on Tremont street reading the bulletins he can tell by the mere sound of its signal just what emergency vehicle is passing down the street behind. Not for a moment does he confuse the protective company's gong with that of rescue company 1. The district chief's bell resembles only in its quick, sharp insistence, and not in its tone, that of the gas company's truck. To his trained ears the glanging of Engine 26 sounds no more like that of the Relief station ambulance than it does like that of the electric patrol wagon from L'Orange street. He never mistakes for an instant the taxi-driver's signal for the traffic officer's whistle.

If you are in a hurry, he can conduct you on foot through back alleys and courts from Elm street to Temple place far quicker than you can ride. He can direct you from Park street to Brockton by trolley, or from Mattapan to Waverley with only three changes.

The oak and the birch may look the same to him, but he can distinguish an Oakland from a Buick at a glance, and he can tell you the make and model

of every car that passes him on Tremont street. One-way streets and left turns have no mysteries for him, and he knows just where he may park and for how long. The big "N. C." hanging from a trolley wire means something to him when he is driving his machine along the car tracks, and he fights shy of electric switches when he is walking.

Yes, indeed, the city savage knows his wilderness far more intimately than poor Lo will ever know his.

BRADSHAW BICKNELL.

The German Opera company gave a repetition of "Die Meistersinger" last night at the Boston Opera House.

The opera this afternoon will be "Siegfried." The performance will begin at 1.30 o'clock. The singers announced are: Misses Alsen, Schelder and Metzger; Messrs Knoté, Stier, Schorr, Zador and Schubert. Mr. Moerike will conduct.

Tonight "Das Rheingold" will be repeated. Mmes. Bassth, Roessler, Metzger, Schelder, Silnemeyer and Messrs. Schwarz, Steler, Zador, Schorr, Ziegler, Scheurich, Klipnis and Schubert are announced. Mr. Moerike will conduct. The performance will begin at 8 o'clock.

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is in one respect unusual: There will be flute solos played by the excellent Mr. Laurent. Arthur Foote's "Night Piece" for flute and strings, written for the San Francisco Chamber Club, and first performed in San Francisco, has been played here at a concert of the Boston Flute Players' Club. Mr. Foote, with characteristic modesty, calls it a little piece. The "Fete Galante" for orchestra and flute by D. S. Smith of New Haven has been performed in New York. Mr. Smith, professor of music at Yale, writes that he has attempted to give a Wateau picture in music.

During the last 30 years flute solos have been few at these concerts. That remarkable virtuoso, Charles Mole, in 1894, played a symphonic poem for flute and orchestra by Peter Benoit, a dreary affair, as we remember it. We heard Mole when he was the first flute of Blisse's orchestra in Berlin. It was in 1882-3. His full tone and brilliant technique amazed the Berliners. Mole, a most amiable person, was aware of his ability. In the old Music Hall, when he played any florid solo passage for flute in a symphonic piece, he would look up at the galleries at the end, as much as to say: "What do you think of that?" The Boston climate tried him severely, and for that reason he left the orchestra. While he was here he was interested in chamber music and gave concerts, hoping to interest Bostonians. He died in New York in 1905.

Mozart's concerto for flute and harp has been played at these concerts several times. E. M. Heindl and A. Freygang played it as far back as 1884. Messrs. Andre Maquaric and Alfred Holy in December, 1913. Mozart composed the piece for two amateurs, the Duke de Guines and his daughter, although she could not endure the flute, as he wrote to his father. This duke was a favorite of Marie Antoinette. He was an accomplished flutist, and the daughter a "magnificent" harpist, Mozart said. Her father wished her to compose, and said she had plenty of ideas, but was bashful. Mozart wrote to his father: "If she has no ideas, no thoughts (and at present she has none) then it is in vain, for God knows I cannot give her any." This girl mar-

Visitors Begin Their Last Week at  
Opera House

Wagner's "Tannhauser" was the opera performed last night at the Boston Opera House by the visiting German Opera Company, which there began its second and last week. The chief singers were Mme. Seinemeyer and Loretta-Hoellitscher, and Messrs. Knotz, Ziegler and Kipnis. Mr. Knoch conducted. Again Wagner's early and romantic opera founded on the old legend gave pleasure.

The opera tonight will be "Die Meistersinger." Mr. Lattermann will take the part of Hans Sachs. The other chief parts will be taken, as before, by Mme. Bassth and Messrs. Hutt, Klipnis and Zador. Mr. Moericke will conduct. The performance will begin at 7:15 o'clock.

Third muslo drama of "the Ring"  
"Siegfried"—will be performed tomor-  
row the matinee. There will be a  
ton tomorrow night of "Rhein-  
"Siegfried" will begin at 1:30  
"Rheingold" at 8 P. M.



of Mozart, and might willingly did we surrender. To hear his music continuously for a space of time is to realize that there was for him no such thing as "the psychological moment" or the purple patch of inspiration. He runs as a river runs in such a climate as ours, that is to say with ebb and flow, but with never a fear of drought. When his music

ebbs, as often it does, you do not apprehend, knowing that it is but the inevitable preparation for a higher tide of inspiration.—Daily Telegraph.

#### "HAMLET" IN YIDDISH.

(London Daily Telegraph)

To hear "Hamlet" acted in Yiddish is itself an out-of-the-way experience even to the professional playgoer; but to find the traditions of a bygone theatrical generation still alive and in a fine state of preservation is more than an experience—it is an adventure. In the Whitechapel road, they like acting that is plainly recognisable as acting, with no realistic nonsense about it. When Mr. Joseph Kessler, as Hamlet, wishes to have a few moments' private conversation with the Player King he is not content merely to detain that worthy with a gesture and say straight out what he has to say. No; he claps the player heavily on the shoulder as he is about to take his leave, and pauses, holding the pose. Then both men stride, keeping carefully in step, down to the footlights, and pause again in unbroken silence. Then (still in step) they retire five paces or so, stop, and face about. Hamlet removes his hand from the other's shoulder, and is then ready to speak. Let it be added that he speaks audibly, and articulates so clearly that it would do many of our slipshod speakers on the West-end stage good to take that particular leaf out of his book. The other leaves are worthy of attention chiefly as curiosities; they are yellowed with age, and the matter they contain has fallen out of fashion. You bring away with you from this theatre a curious sense of having been

transported on some magic carpet clean out of England for an hour or two. You enter the District train at Charing Cross, a station in the midst of the London you know; you emerge at St. Mary's into an unknown city where the few English names on the shops seem like foreign interlopers. You reach a theatre whose facade is covered with posters in unknown characters. The man at the box-office surprisingly speaks English, and so does the attendant who shows you to your seat; but you are supplied with a program one-half of which is written in Hebrew characters, while the other half is in English rather painfully transliterated back from the Hebrew. The result is that you are introduced to such unfamiliar characters as "Loertus," "Horatzo," "Polonious," and (most remarkable of all) "Martzellous"—an alias under which our old friend Marcellus might very easily escape recognition altogether. You feel you have strayed into a world where anything may happen; and to walk out of this theatre and find yourself confronted with a bus marked "Victoria station" is sheer anti-climax.

#### ON THE SCREEN

Two films of more than average merit have been shown privately recently. One is American and the other is part of a British series, "The Last Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." The latter are the work of the firm of Stoll, and manage to recapture in an unexpected way the spirit of the original. The great drawback of translating these stories into a screen medium is that what is so very vivid in a story is often very unconvincing in a film. In a story much can

be left to the imagination. In a film very little can be imagined. The result is that what is very mysterious when it is written down is often so obvious in a series of pictures that the point of the whole mystery is irretrievably lost.—London Times.

A happy ending is given to the film version of W. W. Jacobs' "The Monkey's Paw," as "a concession to the next views of the mythical man in the street who is supposed to favour a 'happy end.' A threadbare device which robs the dramatic part of the story of all substantially is resorted to. Climax and anti-climax follow in quick succession. The audience, after being keyed up to a certain pitch, is bluntly told that there is no more drama, no thrilling adventure, no tense situation—the whole is only a deception, a dream. The result is a flat ending to a finely told story. "The Monkey's Paw," in its original form, passed muster with the intelligent reading public, why, should it fail to please the picture-going public?"

"The Loves of Pharaoh": "Ernst Lubitsch, admittedly Germany's most successful film director, has made what the Americans term a really 'massive' production. The settings are said by the best authorities to be copied most faithfully from original models, and some of them are very impressive, particularly the scene which shows the slave girl's lover, who has been condemned to death, lying under a huge block of masonry which is slowly descending upon him. All the details of this instrument of torture have been worked out in the most elaborate manner. The actors are scarcely as dignified as their surroundings. Emil Jennings, who plays the Pharaoh, conveys the impression of a sort of spurious Egyptian Nero who has entered into a conspiracy with his prime minister to hoodwink the people, and the couple, in fact, comport themselves, at times, rather like comedians in a Drury Lane pantomime. A still more humorous figure is that of Samiak, who is made up like the legendary nursery King of the Cannibal Islands."—Daily Telegraph.

Of the films shown privately during the past week or two, by far the most provocative of comment is the German production, "Dr. Mabuse." It might be described as the pictorial record of the acts of a criminal monomaniac, a moral degenerate who, almost without motive, is ready to commit all the sins in the decalogue, without the slightest compunction and with never a vestige of remorse. It is a long-drawn-out vision of ruthless "frightfulness" in civil life, an apotheosis of successful villainy unrelieved by so much as a trace of genuine humane feeling. As a specimen of what can be accomplished in this direction, "Dr. Mabuse" is a film that cannot be ignored. There are a number of highly effective scenes, and the acting, especially that of the leading character, deserves unstinted praise. For these reasons, unpleasant as is the theme, "Dr. Mabuse" is well worth seeing. It is a production, however, that is likely to find few imitators. In all fairness, it should be added that, even in Germany itself, the film has been very adversely reviewed. One Berlin critic went the length of describing it as a deadly blow to the prestige of German film production.—Daily Telegraph.

#### WAXWORKS

(Manchester Guardian)

Yet another victim is awarded to the conquering cinema. Reynolds's waxwork show—the largest in the country after Madame Tussaud's—was sold up by auction in Liverpool on Monday, after having filled for 80 years a place among the entertainments of that city. Naturally, the cinema is blamed. When an order form of entertainment collapses for lack of patronage the result is now attributed to the films with almost as much regularity as the explanation "He saw it on the movies" crops up at the police courts. Certainly the cause and effect seem far more closely related in the first of these popular explanations. There is somewhere a limit to the number of people who can be counted on to supply audiences for places of entertainment, and when the "picture palaces" get so many of them as they do some of the other institutions are bound to find a difficulty in collecting enough spectators to keep themselves going. So the venerable waxworks are sold up, and the little money which they fetch is earned, it seems, by the costumes (which attract theatrical outifters) and the plate-glass of the cases which enclosed some of them. The figures themselves seem to have been almost given away. The effigy of the ex-Kaiser, in uniform, went for £2—a figure which cannot leave much value for the intrinsic proportions of Imperial Caesar unless his apparel was too shabby for even a fifth-rate music hall revue. When sixpence will introduce you any evening to an assassin who slaughters with every appearance of reality that can be got into a world of two dimensions, what financial hope is there in the stiff immobile murderers of the chamber of horrors? We think of waxworks as a quaint and rather amiably old-fashioned spectacle—something that ought to keep itself going, like other ancient monuments, without anybody's paying anything. Unfortunately this is just what waxworks will not do. Hence such shocks for detached admirers of a venerable institution as the one brought by the news of the sale in Liverpool.

#### CHURCH MUSIC

(London Times)

The aim of church music is no shatter the scheme of things and bring a fairer world on the ruins; it is simply, to hearten or ennoble the good, where that can be found, and to let the evil die. That at once imposes a limit. It is to take up life as life is being lived and, by an appeal to the springs of action, the feelings, to foster right motives—as our modern slang would put

it, to restock the mind by auto-suggestion. It has no words to do this with—only melodies; melodies evaporating into counter-melodies and crystallising into harmonies. When these mate with words they do not say the same thing over again; they fill in those moments of contemplation or adoration, which arise for the thinking mind out of the words, with wafts and gusts of the spirit that blows where it lists. That is the second limit: music must untie the wrappings of dogma and get at the living, personal meaning of the words. The third limit is set by the fact of public worship. It is not only the individual but the communal soul whose conversation is to be in heaven. Music must, therefore, recognize life's variety as well as its unity. If elaborate music, which we are now considering, is truly to represent a many-voiced and many-minded congregation, it must have solidarity, it must appeal not by this merit or that, but by all.

#### ARNOLD BENNETT AND CRITICS

"All dramatic criticism in morning papers is thoroughly unsatisfactory, and necessarily so, because the conditions under which it is done are impossible. The blame does not lie on the critics, but on the directors of newspapers and the directors of the theatres jointly.

"No critic, however expert, can do justice either to himself or to a play in the time placed at the disposal of critics of the morning papers. . . . But a critic needs something else besides time. He needs taste, knowledge and experience. Very few critics, and especially very few daily critics, possess these three. Many possess the third, some possess the second (usually combining it with an infallible partiality for the tenth-rate), and scarcely any possess the first."

"The most baffling mystery of the age is this: Why did Mr. Walkley take up with dramatic criticism, and why has he never dropped it? Often and often have I beheld the citadel in the stalls on a first night, urbanely smiling, aloof, withdrawn, moveless, disdainful,

defying comprehension, refusing all contacts. I have speculated intensely on the possible clues to the enigma. And there has come into my head a queer suspicion, to which I attach little importance, that Mr. Walkley surveys the modern stage as a spiritual exercise to test his powers of repudiation.

"At any rate he fulfils a useful function in an epoch where any treacherous mess of sentimentality is liable to be acclaimed in print as 'a great play at last.' A critic who is adamant to all modern manifestations, though he may never praise what is original, will certainly never gush over what is bad. That is something; it is a corrective which we need."

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Chailapin, bass singer. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ruth Possett, child violinist. See special notice. Boston Art Club, 8:30 P. M. 18th concert of the Boston Flute Players Club. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Florence Trumbull, pianist. Beethoven, Andante Favori; Beethoven, Gigue, Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Mozart, Fantasia, D-minor and Minuet, E-flat major; Liszt, "St. Francis Walking on the Waves"; Moor, Intermezzo; Stierlin-Valon, "Arlequin"; Leschitzky, Intermezzo Scherzando; Saint-Saens, Bourree for left hand alone; Rachmaninov, Serenade; Chopin, Nocturne, op. 62, No. 3; Polonaise, E-flat minor, op. 26, No. 2; Barceuse, Etude op. 25, No. 1 and 12; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. 22nd Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 4 P. M. Guy Mader's concert of music for young people. Chopin, Impromptu; Bach, Gavotte; Chadwick, The Cricket and the Bumble Bee; Debussy, Evening in Granada; Lane, The Grapeshooter's Dance; Schubert, Some Waltzes; Chopin, Polonaise, A flat major; Carpenter, "Krazy Kat." Mr. Mader will speak briefly before each piece and tell the story of "Krazy Kat" as he plays it.

SAURDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Chelkerling Centennial Commemorative Concert. See special notice. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

#### FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Boston Flute Players' Club, Georges Laurent musical director, will give its 13th concert at the Boston Art Club this afternoon at 8:30 o'clock. The program is as follows:

Quartet . . . . . Ravel  
The Boston String Quartet  
Keller, Shepard, Werner, Miquelle  
Cantabile et Presto . . . . . Enesco  
For flute and piano.  
Messrs. Laurent and Sanroma  
Deux Rapsodies . . . . . Loeffler  
For oboe, viola and piano  
L'Eclair (The Pond)  
La Cornemuse (The Jaspelle)  
Messrs. Speyer, Arlie and Sanroma  
For the harp.

Mr. Varle . . . . . Haydn  
Idyllic Poem . . . . . Salzedo  
Une Chateleine en Satour . . . . . Faure  
Mme. Delcourt  
Trio—Des Jeunes Imaellites . . . . . Berlioz  
Request number.  
For two flutes and harp.  
Messrs. Laurent, Powell, Mme. Delcourt

In the present housing arrangements in England, the parlor is to be eliminated. The working man, we are told, prefers to sit in the kitchen or in a bed-chamber. Even in this country, by reason of the absurdly high rent demanded for flats and the outrageous profiteering of domestic servant brokers, the parlor is too often only the hall or the dining-room. "Less to care for," says the tired and discouraged housewife.

In the good old-fashioned square box dwelling houses in country towns—a hall running from front to rear, two rooms each side—the parlor is only for Sunday visitors, state occasions, especially funerals. On week days the shades are down lest the sun should fade upholstered furniture and carpet; bleak, chilly rooms. No one has ever written more appreciatively of parlors than Mortimer Collins. His parlors were spacious, with room for a huge, well-behaved dog to visit and inquire into the character of a visitor; with a comfortable divan near a window facing a garden; here one could stretch legs and read a volume of old plays.

#### THE SPARE ROOM

It appears that the spare room is also passing in the houses of the English middle class. "The pre-war theory that two sisters or two brothers liked to share a bedroom has been killed by the new independence of youth. It is no longer an accepted thing that girls prefer to squabble over the sharing of drawers and hooks, and to catch one another's colds. . . . When a visitor comes, some one moves into some one else's room and leaves free a poor shadow of the old Spare Room. A few drawers are emptied and a space in the wardrobe cleared. It is not worth while to banish all the traces of the owner's personality, so they are left—the hair tonic, the photographs, the row of shoes under the window."

We heard a man say not long ago—he is by no means a selfish or churlish fellow—that he had purchased a cottage on the cape. "What especially recommended it to me is that there's no spare room, for my family will fill the house. No fear now of a prolonged visit from Aunt Lucinda or Cousin Clarissa. Neither one of them would sleep on a cot—as for that, the only place for a cot would be in the living room."

The good old days when mother and children would spend a summer's month in the country with hospitable relatives are gone. There was then a sort of book-keeping: Mrs. Jellyton and her three interesting children went to Uncle Amos's in July or August. Uncle Amos, wife and daughter spent January in the city with the Jellytons. But in those days food was cheaper, servants were comparatively reasonable in their expectations, and the mistress and her daughter were not ashamed to do housework, were competent in the kitchen. Nor was there much waiting on the table. A joint was carved by the host; vegetables were spooned to each guest by the hostess; pie or pudding was on the sideboard near at hand.

#### THE MEAN TEMPERATURE OF BOSTON

As the World Wags:

Pamela is having a winter in Boston. This is her first experience in really living in New England. She has an apartment that overlooks the river, a cook who came with her from Paris and a Japanese who serves her meals. Setting up house was interesting. She has a great many acquaintances and a few friends. Some people consider her queer. She seldom graces the functions to which she is eligible, and there are four men determined to marry her.

Her mother says that any one of them would connect her with one of the best families in the land. Pamela likes to go to T wharf and see the fish lifted to the pier. She likes to go to Ford Hall, where sentiments are lifted from the chest, and there are other haunts not very well known nor popular where Pamela's presence is like sunshine and wine. Pamela is very lovely to look at, she has her horse in Boston and every day rides for an hour.

She is a winning polo player, goes anywhere she desires, for anything she wants, and gets away with the thing, no matter what it is.

Her paternal grandfather was the first Governor of Dakota and her mother was daughter of, not a but the lumber king of the Northwest.

Pamela was destined by her mother to neither toll nor spin. She was en-



rolled at an "exclusive" hotel for five winters, followed by five summers in Europe. She had tried two seasons in New York, varied in March by residing at the southern establishment of this family at Palm Beach, where she won two golf tournaments.

Pamela is now 38. "George," says Pamela's mother, "here is a letter from Pamela. I think I must go at once to Boston, she writes she is determined to fit herself for something useful. Papa's money isn't making her happy! What do you suppose is the matter? Do you suppose it can be those awful east winds?"

IDA HOOKER

#### AND IN A CHURCH

As the World Wags:

There is nothing new under the sun. Now comes ex-Gov. Osborn of Maine, who, I suppose, turns as David penny by neatly paraphrasing. "Among you is the wisest, who, like Solomon, knows that in very truth his wisdom is worth nothing at all." And he gets away with it.

ROBERT J. BAXTER.

When the Rev. A. B. Gwynn, rector of St. Mark's, near Guilford, offered to give a service on behalf of Dickens and Shakespeare, he was told that "Dickens is and Shakespeare is above our

served illusion well. Farther, though, it might well go in the way of simplicity, especially in the matter of lighting.

R. R. G.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Fidelio,"

an opera in three acts, by Beethoven. The cast:

Leonora (Fidelio).....Elsa Alsen	Forestan.....Robert Hutt
Marcellina.....Lotte Appel	Pizarro.....Theodor Lattermann
Rocco.....Alexander Kipnis	Don Fernando.....Desider Zador
Jaquino.....Harry Steler	First Prisoner.....Johannes Scheurich
Second Prisoner.....Josef Groetzing	

The Boston grand opera season closed last night with a very fine and sympathetic performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," played by the Wagnerian opera festival company. As has been the case with the other operas which have been presented during the company's two weeks' stay, it was remarkably well staged. Both the musical and dramatic parts were adequately taken and the work of the orchestra, under Mr. Moerike, was beyond all praise.

"Fidelio," Beethoven's only opera, was so polished and repolished by the composer that it resembles a casket of musical gems. It flows evenly and melodiously on, in striking contrast to the storm and tempest of the Wagnerian pieces.

Its climax is the prison scene, in which Leonora, in the guise of a man, Fidelio, saves her imprisoned husband, Florestan, from the dagger of his implacable enemy, Pizarro, the governor. Just as she draws a hidden pistol and presents it at the would-be assassin's head, the trumpet peal from the battlements announces the coming of the minister of state to inspect the castle, and Florestan is saved. It is a dramatic and thrilling moment, and last night nothing was missing to give it effect.

Elsa Alsen, whose Bruenhilde on Thursday was so highly spoken of, sang the role of Leonora with sustained strength. Mr. Lattermann, as the wicked governor, was a proper enough villain and gave the famous bass solo, "Ah, the Great Moment," with skill and feeling. Alexander Kipnis, the 30-year-old bass, sang the part of Rocco, the jailer, magnificently and proved himself a fine actor into the bargain.

Mr. Hutt, as the doleful prisoner, played his part acceptably, and Mr. Zador, as Don Fernando, although making a very belated appearance, quite made up for the delay in the vigor of his singing. Space must be found for a commendatory word for the exceptionally good work and pleasing voice of Miss Appel, as Marcellina, the jailer's pretty daughter.

Among the concerted effects the quartet in the first act between Leonora, Marcellina, Jaquino and Rocco and the trio in the prison between Leonora, Florestan and Rocco, call for special notice. To these must be added the strange, sad chant of the prisoners, released from the dungeon to catch a glimpse of the sunlight only to be driven back into darkness by their tyrant.

The audience was scanty and only mildly demonstrative. J. E. P.

#### The Askowith Players

The Askowith Players produced two Oriental plays on Saturday evening at Huntington Chambers Hall. One, "The Crimson Camellia," was a one-act play with musical accompaniment, written and produced by Kuni-hiko Nambu, formerly an actor of the Imperial Theater, Tokyo. Mr. Nambu also played the leading part with spirit. Miss Toki Fujita as the village girl, O'saki, looked like a very jolly little Japanese doll come to life.

The other play was Rabindranath Tagore's "Chitra," which suffered by being Indian in setting and symbolism, spoken in English by a cast half American and half Japanese. Unfortunately, Wells Spalding, who was to play the part of Prince Arjuna, was unable to be present, so that Miss Bathsheba Askowith had to recite his part as well as playing that of Chitra, the Princess.

This is good news from London: The gibus, the opera hat, the crush hat, called by the French an accordeon, is again in fashion. The hatters are having a busy time in London, we are told, now that the swallow tail and white cravat are the rule. The glossy plug is a nuisance in the theatre or in the cloakroom. The most dignified man is a foolish sight as he solemnly carries his stovepipe down an aisle, as St. Denis carried his head. Some dare to put the hat on the aisle floor, where it is the sport of usher and late-comer. But the

gibus is not in the way. It was once to the man what the fan was to the woman. "He would carry it under his arm on entering the drawing room, sometimes depositing it in the hall on his way to dinner, more often retaining it through the evening. At a ball a man who carried his hat under his arm was marked out as a non-dancer." Gibus-hat and glazed pumps were for the dancing Englishman of the forties. And then we like to hear the popping of the gibus after each fall of the curtain, as restless men seek corridor and smoking-room. It is true that E. Forbes, a sullen Englishman in the fifties, wrote that no man in a gibus ever commanded public awe or private respect. It is true that George Augustus Sala has little or nothing to say about the collapsible in his little book on hats. We have only one regret about this revival—we have never been able to learn the Christian name of Mr. Gibus, the inventor. We have learned only this: that there was a hatter bearing his name in London. But whether that shop was only a branch of a Parisian one, or the original, who can tell us?

#### I WOULD REMEMBER CONSTANT THINGS

The little broken bones of men,  
They ride on every wind that blows,  
With dust of Memphis whirled again  
And this year's dust of last year's  
rose;  
The little bitter tears of men,  
They are but drops in the salt sea,  
Lost forever beyond all ken  
Of flesh like you and me.

And though from mountains worn away  
I mix the mortar for my house  
And build within the light of day  
For studious ease and long carouse,  
The rain shall beat above my head.  
The wind shall rattle my bolted door,  
And all the ghosts of all the dead  
Shall pace my fire-lit floor.

Yet I will fashion greater gods  
For Lares, now, than other men;  
I would forget how Sirius plods  
Through galaxies and back again,  
I would remember constant things.  
As sleep whereof no dreams affray,  
Before the wind on wandering wings  
Has blown my dust away.

—The King of the Black Isles.

#### THE EXPERT

(London Daily Chronicle.)

From her resplendent landaulette she descended upon the dog fancier's establishment and demanded that every sort of dog in the shop should pass before her in review—from a giant St. Bernard to an insect-like Pekinese.

But none gave satisfaction. "They're all so ordinary," she complained. "Wot I wants is somethink bazaar—you know, somethink to make our neighbors sit up. 'Aven't you got one of them rare dawgs of Venice?"

#### INFORMATION WANTED

G. L. writes: "What is the 'superstition' about the two-dollar bill?"

We don't know. Whatever it is, it has not prevented us from accepting a two-dollar bill whenever it was offered.—Ed.

#### TO HARVARD

'Twas yesterday I entered Harvard's gate  
Again, and walking o'er the waking sod  
I thought, here youthful budding Holmes  
had trod,  
And on that rustic bench once Lowell  
did wait  
A moment;—yonder Longfellow had  
sat;  
Aye, on this self-same path did slowly  
plod  
Young Emerson, and think of earth and  
God  
And Roosevelt of headship of a state.  
Three hundred years the "Veritas" has  
traced  
Its flaming characters upon our shield,  
And blazed the path for our democ-  
racy—  
'Twas rumored that the Word would be  
effaced,  
Before race hatred, now, the "Veritas"  
would yield—  
But Harvard spoke—said, "No, it can-  
not be." VEE DEE.

#### ADD "OLD SONGS"

As the World Wags:

Didn't one Ted Marks take the Boston Howard Athenaeum star specialty company across the continent in 1888 or 1889, when the star feature (\$500 a week seems small now) was Trewey, shadow-graphist extraordinary? And dear old Gus Williams did a monologue and piano sketch. Remember "Gus Williams, songster?"

"Around Her Lovely Form."  
"Major Gilfeather."  
"A Lean Banana" (Eileen Allanna).  
Gus never sang these, but his picture was on the yellow-covered book, 10 cents a copy, no boy's library complete without it.

And wasn't that "upper and lower

ten" a dismal act? One of the team in rags croaking, "Oh I belong to the lower five—live in a dive," etc., and the other in top-hat and Inverness sang about belonging to "the upper ten, the upper ten," and described his bed of roses.

I wonder if that stuff would go down in this sophisticated age?

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

We remember Gus Williams singing "Pull Down the Blinds;" also "Don't Give the Name of Bad Places." One of the best songs of "the lower ten" had for a chorus (we quote from memory—we may not be latter perfect):  
"Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,  
I know what it is to be lacking a meal,  
My tatters and rags I try to conceal,  
I belong to the shabby genteel."

This was sung by a man whose shiny coat concealed absence of linen or a dirty shirt. His trousers, fringed at the bottom, were at half-mast, and he sported a battered plug hat. He sang in a most dignified manner.—Ed.

## CHALIAPIN PLEASES

Yesterday afternoon Feodor Chaliapin gave a second recital before a wildly enthusiastic audience that all but filled Symphony hall. As on the occasion before, Max Rabinowitch contributed some brilliantly played piano solos as well as very careful accompaniments, and Nicholas Levenne again played attractively some "cello solo pieces which pleased more than a little. Mr. Chaliapin sang, in Italian, Leporello's "Catalogue," air from "Don Giovanni," and, in Russian, Tchaikovsky's "Night," a scena from Rachmaninoff's "Aleko," "The Three Roads," by Kennemann; Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers"; "The Government Clerk," by Dargomizhsky; Brahms's "Sappho Ode," a Russian convict song arranged by Karatigin; the Volga boat song, "When the King Went Forth to War," by Koenemann, and other songs as well.

Mr. Chaliapin amazed, as he amazed at his concert two months or so ago, by the great volume and the splendor of his voice, and also by the superb development of his technique. When he chooses really to sing, as he sang, for instance, the Koenemann, "When the King Went Forth to War," he can move and delight all types of listeners. When he prefers, however, to declaim with scarcely a hint of vocal sound, with lengthy pauses which play sad havoc with rhythm, listeners who have no Russian must find themselves at a loss. Sometimes, though, and fortunately, Mr. Chaliapin calls to his aid his skill in impersonation; then his hearers, whether they understand Russian or not, at least know what he is about. Yesterday he suggested vividly the dying soldier of "The Two Grenadiers," a drunken humble government clerk who scorned the general's daughter, and that malicious man, Leporello, valuable servant to Don Giovanni.

In this last performance Mozart, to be sure, was pretty well lost sight of. Schumann, too, received scarcely respectful treatment, and Brahms would have found the rhythm and the line of his Sappho Ode sorely twisted. But such are Mr. Chaliapin's ways, with which it is vain to quarrel. Persons for whom the power of his declamation and dramatic suggestion do not compensate for frequent distortion of rhythm and the ruin of many a musical phrase, are not compelled by law to hear Mr. Chaliapin sing.

## RUTH PIERCE POSSELT GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

Child Wins Audience by Her Delightful Playing

Ruth Pierce Possett, violinist, with the efficient help of Gladys Possett, accompanist, gave a recital in Symphony Hall last night. She played a chaconne by Vivaldi, the Wieniawski concerto in D minor, the Rimsky Korsakov "Hymn to the Sun," arranged by Franko, a Sarasate Spanish dance (op. 21, No. 1), and a fantasy on Russian themes by Wieniawski.

This violinist is a very young violinist, "not yet in her teens," the program has it. Certainly she looks no older, but on the contrary rather less. Justly to appraise her very unusual abilities must be left to persons with an expert knowledge of the intricacies of violin technique and with long experience with youthful students of the violin. She has already developed a technique, at all events, which enables her to play the Vivaldi chaconne, musio of apparently considerable difficulty, and a Wieniawski concerto as well, with a strong tone both smooth and sweet, fluently at a rapid pace, and accurately in tune. In both these pieces she turned her phrases with taste, she showed herself sensitive to rhythm, and, as well as a sense of style, she displayed, especially in the Wieniawski romanza, a pretty sentiment. To play so well at



early an age, this young girl, it could surely seem, must be blessed with an exceptional aptitude for the violin as well as with notable musical talent. Another valuable asset she has which speaks favorably for her future: An attractive personality, one, two, that makes an audience listen attentively when she plays. And she is pleasantly free from the childish airs and graces of the usual "infant phenomenon." She has, indeed, no manner at all, but on the contrary perfect concert manners. The audience applauded her with great warmth.

R. R. G.

The Journals of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, 1722-1723, published recently by the Massachusetts Historical Society, are by no means dull reading.

June 29, 1722—This message from William Tailer and Thomas Fitch was read: "That the Board propose a Cask of Rum and Sugar may be given to the Men on Board the Flying-Horse for their encouragement, because they have voluntarily enlisted in this Expedition."

It was voted that 40 gallons of rum and sugar proportionable should be given to the aforesaid company.

This ship Flying Horse was commanded by Peter Papillon. It appears that it cost £240 16s. to fit her out. One James Pitson sent in a bill amounting to £47 10s. for provisions. The committee cut the bill down to £40. The "Portledge bill" sent in showed that £202 12s. 6d. was the sum due officers and sailors.

On June 8, 1722, the court had resolved that this ship belonging to Capt. Papillon should be ready to take on board guns, stores, etc., "to reduce and suppress a Piratical Brigantine, now infesting our Coast." There was this encouragement: the captors were entitled to the piratical vessels they took, with all the goods, wares and merchandise belonging to the pirate, "so far as is consistent with the Acts of Parliament in such Cases made and provided." The sum of £10 a head was offered for every pirate killed or taken and convicted of piracy.

Then there were the common wages of the port. "And in case any Man on Board be maimed or wounded in engaging, fighting and repelling the Pirates, he shall be Entitled to a Bounty suitable to the Wounds he or they shall receive."

On July 2, 1722, the House was informed that the pirate had gone away and was not likely to be of trouble. The benevolent Messrs. Tailer and Fitch, who thought of rum and sugar, were two of the 13 councillors, "Inhabitants or proprietors of lands in the territory formerly called the Massachusetts bay."

We should like to know more about the (presumably) gallant Peter Papillon. Was he of French descent?

There is at least one more mention of rum in these journals:

"Mercurii 26, die Decembris, 1722, Post meridiane. In the House of Representatives. Resolved, That the Treasurer give Notice in the Publick Prints, and on the Exchange once every Month from April to October, That he is ready to contract with those that will supply him with Bread, Rhum, Molasses and Casks at the most reasonable Prices, for present Money. And that in lieu of Bread he buy Wheat and get it baked at the easiest rate; and that he take particular care to buy everything in the most advantageous manner for the Interest and Service of the Province."

#### SNOWSHOES

"Jovis 6, die Decembris, 1722. Post meridiane. A Complaint being made that the Snow Shoes, etc., preparing for the use of the Province are defective: Ordered, That Mr. Jennings, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Caine be a committee to assist Mr. Treasurer in giving Directions about the making of Snow-Shoes and Moccasins, and agree about the prices of them."

In Mr. Porter of Hadley was well suited for this duty: his Christian name was Experience.

Reading this resolution in the Journals, we naturally turned to that singularly entertaining book, "History of Weymouth," by Sylvester Judd, published in Northampton in 1863. (We believe who's book has been reprinted.) This antiquarian was the father of Sylvester Judd, the author of "Margaret"—once characterized by James Russell Lowell as "the most emphatically American anti-clerical" and "Philo." "Richard" and other works, among them "Faded," "The White Hills" (MS.). We now quote from the "History of Hadley":

"It was not until the enemy made attacks in the winter, and could not be repelled, that snowshoes were deemed of importance. The Massachusetts General Court, Mch. 13, 1704, ordered 500 pairs of snowshoes and as many moccasins, for the frontiers, one of them for Hampshire. The

snowshoes or rackets were not used with common shoes, but with Indian shoes or moccasins. The province allowed only five shillings for a pair of each, for some years, though men in Hampshire and elsewhere affirmed that good ones cost 10 shillings in money. The price was raised to seven shillings in 1712, and in April, 1712, Col. Partridge sent the names of 463 soldiers in Hampshire, who had provided themselves with snowshoes and 'mogginsons,' and each was allowed seven shillings."

Judd says in a footnote that these Indian inventions for traveling on deep snows were noticed by Champlain in Canada in 1603. Josselyn found them among the Indians of Maine. "A few English hunters and soldiers in Massachusetts used them in the 17th century."

This John Josselyn, who twice visited New England in the 17th century, saw surprising things: "Some frogs, when they sit upon their breech, are a foot high"; "barley frequently degenerates into oats." The good Sylvester Judd nevertheless quoted him.

#### ASTRONOMY AND SPIDERS

Prof. Henry Norris Russell, astronomer, of Princeton University, has been awarded the Lalande prize for 1922.

Jerome Le Francois de Lalande was a great man in his day from the time he went to Berlin in order to determine the parallax of the moon. This was before his famous treatise on astronomy appeared in three volumes. His taste in food, however, was not to be commended, for he pursued spiders, caught them, and ate them raw with the utmost relish. Is a recipient of the prize obliged to follow Lalande's example in this respect?

#### SOME PATENT!

As the World Wags: In the April issue of our esteemed contemporary, "Photo-Era," page 232 bears the following heading:

"RECENT PHOTO-PATENTS Reported by Norman T. Whitaker." Below we read the following:

"Breck Whittemore Hodges

"Our valued contributor, Frederick B. Hodges, has sent us an artistic, personally decorated card, bearing the following significant message:

"One more flower in the garden of life,

To Frederick B. Hodges and Alzuma, his wife.

February eighteen, nineteen twenty-three:

Breck Whittemore, their dear baby, wec."

"Our heartiest congratulations!"

"Wilfred A. French.

"A. H. Beardsley."

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

## ITALIAN COMPANY

Presents "Cause ed Effetti,"

by Paolo Ferrari

By PHILIP HALE

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Cause ed Effetti," a drama in four acts, by Paolo Ferrari.

Baronessa Anna Castellieri-Estense, Mimì Aguglia

Baronessa Eulalia Carpinetti, Maria Pinardi

Contessa Lucia, Angelina Scotti

Baronessa Rosalia, Rina Spinetti

La bambina Ermanna, Elsa Scotti

Duca Lodovico Castellieri-Estense, Gaetano d'Amato

Marchese Ermanno Olivaria-Gonzaga, Ernesto Muollo

Marchese Filippo Olivaria-Gonzaga, Angelo Abbate

Conte Arturo Castellieri-Estense, Tomasso Nazzaro

Vicconte Gilberto Arlamonte, Luigi Tarollo

Notaro, Domenico Perfidio

Servo, Ovidio Buccì

The Boston-Italian Dramatic Company opened its engagement of a week at the Arlington last night. There was a large and deeply interested audience composed chiefly of Italians.

"Cause ed Effetti" is a play of 1871, written in the period of Ferrari's life when he was influenced by Augier and Dumas, the younger. The play in its construction now seems old-fashioned. There is dialogue rather than action; there is the betraying box of indiscreet letters; there is the expected "scene a faire" with the expected trade for the incensed and heart-broken wife; there are even short soliloquies.

Croce said of Ferrari that morality made him a dramatist as others became playwrights through love or income; but morality in Ferrari's mind is social custom; so in his treatment of a problem he condemns the one that rebels against the conventions, not the social law itself.

According to the synopsis of this drama sent out by the management the story runs about as follows: Anna, a vent-bred, is induced to wed Ermanno in spite of her cousin Arthur's warn-

ing. Eulalia's husband is dead before the contract is signed. Ermanno denies that he is under any obligation to the widow. Anna, wedded, is disgusted by social hypocrisy. Unhappy, she confides to Arthur at a ball her husband's coldness. Is it due to affairs of state? She has her suspicions.

Through letters she learns her husband's relations to Eulalia and opposes her father's marriage to the woman. She acquaints Arthur with the state of affairs. She faints and he leaves the room for smelling-salts. Ermanno, the Duke and the Marquis Filippo enter. She shows the letters. When Arthur returns, Ermanno accuses Anna of an intrigue with her cousin. About to be a mother, she pardons Ermanno, who deserts her. At the deathbed of her child she awaits his return. He arrives but is still suspicious. Then Anna aids the poverty-stricken woman, Eulalia, who finally dies. Eulalia's child is left to Anna's care. Ermanno, overcome by Anna's purity and nobility of character, begs her forgiveness.

It has been said, and recently, apropos of the visiting Moscow art theatre, that if the spectator, ignorant of a foreign language, knows the argument of the play, he can follow the action and appreciate the beauty, wit or intensity of the dialogue. We do not believe this for a moment. Even if the play is one familiar in the original English, the spectator loses in the foreign version, the significance of spoken emphasis, the subtleties of diction. And what if the play is of foreign origin and wholly unfamiliar?

As a foreigner, we did not understand last night the dialogue. Through the synopsis we knew the drift of the action. Was the pantomime always in-

forming? The comedians were free with gestures, especially Arturo, Ermanno and the Duke, but the gestures were as frequent and apparently as excited in moments of general and amiable conversation as when there was heated and violent discussion. They did not, they could not throw light on the spoken word.

Nevertheless the performance was interesting. We first saw Mme. Aguglia in Sicilian plays of madness and sin with "horror the soul of the plot." Her flaming passion, her primitive emotions, her tragic intensity then made a deep impression, although the Sicilian dialogue was to us unintelligible. There was native force, animal passions, jealousy, hatred, the murderous intent and accomplishment—all recognizable.

With the passing years Mme. Aguglia has gained in poise and finesse. She can now be quietly eloquent. In her outburst in the third act there was the reminder of the Aguglia of the first years. The change from the convent-girl, innocent, rather prudish, to the disillusioned wife was finely shown, as were the succeeding emotions in the ball room.

Mr. Nazzaro gave a sympathetic performance of Arturo. The others played honestly to the best of their ability, without distressing self-consciousness; at times, as in the opening scene, in a true spirit of intimacy; always with regard to the ensemble.

The play tonight will be Zola's "Therese Raquin," which was performed here in English by Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrie Bellew. Mme. Maria Bazzi will take the part of Therese.

## Frank Tinney Provokes Continuous Applause

It would be hard to find a tested and tried variety of vaudeville missing from this week's bill at Keith's Theatre. For a "first act" there is the M. E. G. Lime trio of contortionists with a clever store of tricks. Then Arthur Millard and Minnie Marlin sing several songs with appropriate changes of costume, including the Bowerly make-ups. It is for Harriet Rempel and her company to present "The Heart of a Clown," a dramatic sketch that gives Miss Rempel excellent opportunity to display her ability to take two widely different roles, that of Rita, circus queen, and the visitor, a delicate old lady. She is supported by a good company. Carl Byle and Dora Early have a decidedly peppy assortment of songs and patter.

Herbert Clifton makes a charming woman, wears stunning creations and sings soprano! Fern Redmond and H. Wells give that amusing piece, "The Gyp," which has to do with a number of things. Grette Ardine and John Tyrell and Tom Mack have a dancing reel of unusual grace and skill. Frank Tinney's appearance was the signal for loud applause which lasted as he continued his line of fun, ending with a ridiculous speech about nothing. Kay, Hamlin and Kay complete the bill with spectacular trapeze and spring board stunts.

ST. JAMES—"When We Were Twenty-one," a revival of the old comedy drama by H. V. Esmond. The cast: Mrs. Ericson, Anna Layne; Phyllis, Adelyn Bushnell; Hughie Corlie, Sarda Lawrence; Sir Horace Blumley, Ralph N. Remley.

Col. Miles Grahame, Mark Kent; Terrence McGrath, Harold Chase; Richard Carewe, Walter Gilbert; Richard Andaine, Houston Richards; Dodd, Harry Lowell; Babbette, Lucille Adams; Wallis Brundall, Lionel Bevans; Kara Glynesk, Viola Roach.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott made this play famous just about 20 years ago and, because of their association with the piece, its revival by the Boston Stock Company is unusually interesting. It is interesting most of all to see how an old-fashioned play, full of the very highest type of hokum, is received by a modern audience. They like it. At least, the folks at the St. James did.

Miss Bushnell has the former Maxine Elliott role, and she plays it with understanding.

Walter Gilbert has Nat Goodwin's part, that of Richard Carewe, a middle-aged bachelor who has under his care the son of an old friend. "The Imp" is the son's nickname. Carewe wishes him to marry Phyllis, his ward, for he thinks that they are in love with one another.

"The Imp" is in love with a notorious woman known as the Firefly, "a woman who performs," as Phyllis's mother announces in shocked tones. Phyllis loves Dick Carewe. There are many complications, but everything comes out all right in the end. You feel sure that everybody lives happy afterwards. And that is the spirit of the piece and it was all charmingly done.

Houston Richards as "The Imp" was excellent. His entrance in the first act, an entrance that might have been spoiled by overplaying, was well done. He had one line in the play, "There comes a time in every young man's life," that was delightfully suggestive of "Seventeen." Miss Roach as the Firefly was a little disappointing. To be sure, it is well explained that the Firefly was an exceptionally temperamental young lady, but screaming is not the only means to convey this idea. The character, on the whole, seems to have been overdone.

Lucille Adams, in the small role of maid, spoke her broken English lines in good taste. The rest of the company was all very good. The performance, however, did lack somewhat the customary smoothness of the St. James "first nights," but this can be easily remedied. It is a really worth while revival. An old-fashioned piece not the least bit modernized. A. F.

## AL JOLSON AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Bombo," an extravaganza in two acts, book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge, music by Sigmund Romberg, staged by J. C. Huffman; Harry Levant, conducting, and in the cast Al Jolson, Franklyn A. Batle, Forrest Huff, Harold Crane, Albert Howson, Mildred Keats, Fritz von Busing, Leah Norah, the Bennett sisters, Ann Mason and Vera Bayles Cole.

"Bombo," as routine spectacle, begins with the rise of the first act curtain; as vitalized entertainment it begins with the initial entrance of Mr. Jolson and his harem; Jolson as the familiar Gus, in familiar blackface, with engaging smile, rolling eye. Thence on, the action quickens, the dancers caper more nimbly, the ensemble assumes a freshened aspect, the stage pictures even take on a semblance of splendor, garish, 'tis true, yet with a certain appeal despite its over-bright colors, broadly spread. One may honestly admire the closing scene of the first act, the port of Palos, Spain, with its painted ships at ease in a bustling harbor, and again the second scene in the following act, revealing the far-stretching circle of pink-fleshed girls seated to a background of blue-green sea or huge tropical trees. In these instances the art director, Watson Barratt, has given something distinctive.

The evolutions of the feminine chorus, more shapely than beautiful of feature, are for the most part of traditional Winter Garden simplicity. The singers are neither too bad, nor of the best, being on the male side those who have been associated with Mr. Jolson for several seasons and, unlike him, apparently lacking in desire to climb to higher vocal ranges. The dancing staff discloses no Ula Sharon of youthful, lissome grace. And when will some producers realize that male contortionists belong with the circus side shows?

But Jolson! Keystone of the entire structure, human dynamo, charged with humors, old and new, putting over songs which from any other would be lucky to attain mediocrity, dancing with an ease obviously envied by his companions, putting into his voice a quaver which might clutch at the heart-strings if we were not steeled to the trap set for us, rhapsodizing in operatic style for a good 10 minutes



about such a ludicrous matter as the mystic contents of a ship's bucket, and holding the house as he does it—that is Jolson, the king of one-man black-face entertainers.

As the spectacle progresses, there is speech to indicate, action to emphasize, the simple story of that hardy adventurer, Christopher Columbus, his search for and discovery of the new world. This feat, accepted these many years as history, is given a quaint twist by Mr. Atteridge, who invents a few villains, a bogus clairvoyant and most important, a man servant for Columbus in the person of Gus, later known as Bombo. That is where Mr. Jolson comes in, with a ceaseless flow of jest, of intimate speech with his audience, with his songs. Last evening the jests, the discourses on golf, on his travels, on prohibition and its evil consequences, on his acquaintance with President Harding, nor overlooking Private Secretary George Christian, greatly outnumbered the vocal interludes. At that, when he sang about "weep no more, my manny," he so stressed the sincerity and pathos of the theme that after he had rushed off stage the audience applauded throughout the subsequent scene, seeking vainly to recall him. For such moments the orchestra and the score were subdued, and the strings had their day. For the rest, the music ran to blare of horn and a loud clatter which brought no restful message. W. E. G.

## MITZI AT HER BEST IN 'MINNIE AN' ME'

COLONIAL THEATRE—Henry W. Savage offers Mitzi in "Minnie an' Me," a fantastic comedy with music, in a prologue and three acts. Book and lyrics by Zella Sears. Music by Harold Levey. Staged by Ira Hards. Musical numbers staged by Julian Alfred. The composer conducted. First performance in Boston. The cast:

### PROLOGUE

Zobelde ..... Ruth Leigh  
The Vizier ..... John Hendricks  
Abdallah ..... Worth Faulkner  
Guards ..... Samuel Wilson, Simon Stevenson

### PLAY

Henry Brockway ..... Sydney Greenstreet  
Phoebe Brockway ..... Bertha Ballinger  
Tom Hammond ..... Boyd Marshall  
Polly Church ..... Mitzi  
Minnie ..... Wait Till You See Her!  
Mrs. Bellamy ..... Vira Rial  
Iris Bellamy ..... Jeannette MacDonald  
Moe Bernheimer ..... Adrian H. Rosley  
Stella, a maid ..... Estella Birney

The opening scene is one of extraordinary opulence, besides being significantly dramatic, and the splendor of the Arabian Nights is gorgeously visualized. This remarkable scene brought us again, like Schahriar, to the feet of Scheherazade. We were once more with the wonder people of our youth—Sinbad, Aladdin, Ali Baba, the genii, fairies, the magicians and enchanters. Nor is this scene a mere curtain-raiser; it is the key to the performance, a stimulator of the imagination.

This, with the first act, is the more interesting. The story goes on its way in logical sequence, the dialogue is snappy and funny, often uproariously so. There is plenty of action. The

second act, the studio of the Bellamy home, is for the most part a series of interpolations, each interesting after its kind, and then there is the bore, Bernheimer, loquacious, obtrusive, who would be studiously avoided at the club. The music has body and immediately invites attention. Several of the numbers will no doubt find their way outside of the theatre. There are many delightful bits of orchestration, notably where woodwind and harp are employed. But, over and above all, there is the irrepressible Mitzi as Minnie, and then there is "Me." And we hear you ask who is "Me." That is telling a stage secret.

In the Arabian Nights scene of the prologue the duplicity of Zobelde is uncovered. Abdallah withdraws the magic signet ring from the finger of the dying Vizier, who only a moment before had received it from Zobelde. With rasping invective Abdallah invokes Allah, that the Vizier shall fulfil the obligations of the ring and answer the call down the centuries to its wearer, and his release shall be dependent upon the fulfilment of the three wishes which the ring allows. The ring is subsequently the property of Brockway, a New York dealer in antiques, who harbors the street musician, Polly Church. The latter, having a birthday, chooses the signet ring as a gift.

Retiring on a combination chair in the antique shop, she rubs the ring three times. There is a great din, and the vaporish Vizier appears and asks her command on three wishes. How she orders soup, secures an invitation to the Bellamy party and skilfully contrives for the love of Tom Hammond are cleverly enacted. Incidentally, there is the unfolding of the plight of Hammond, who, like all stage musicians, is broke, for the convenience of the audience to have

thor, how he writes the song, or, rather, how Polly writes it, and the subsequent reward of \$1000, is an interesting side issue.

Mitzi was at her best as Polly. Delightfully vixenish, she has ample opportunity for a neat characterization of the derelict organ grinder. Her voice is still only "pretty," and the composer, aware of this, has discreetly avoided exacting song. But she was dramatically convincing, though she might with profit follow her colleagues in not pitching her performance so low.

Sydney Greenstreet gave a capital performance of the bibulous Brockway—a performance that might be frowned on by orthodox Volsteadians. That there were none of the latter at the Colonial Theatre last evening was evident by the hair-trigger laughter that followed his every movement.

Others of the cast gave pleasure,

either by the charm of their dancing, their dramatic performance or in song. There was a large audience. T. A. P.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

COPLEY—"Disraeli." Comedy. Third and last week. Matinees on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Seventeenth week. Matinees on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

PLYMOUTH—"Just Married." Farce. Fourteenth and last week. Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Tenth week. Amateur charity performance on Tuesday afternoon. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

TREMONT—"Six Cylinder Love." Comedy. Second week. Matinees on Thursday and Saturday.

WILBUR—"To The Ladies." Comedy. Third and next to the last week. Matinees on Wednesday Thursday and Saturday.

Contemporary prose and poetry are disturbing to some of us old fogies. Here is Gertrude Stein, for example. Some years ago we read three tales by her, written in a staccato manner, but they held the attention, especially the one that related the life of a servant girl without any borrowing from the Goncourts or George Moore. But what is to be said of these extracts from Miss Stein's "Geography and Plays," to which Sherwood Anderson contributed a preface?

"Point, face, canvas, toy, struck off, sense or, weigh coach, soon beak on, so suck in, and an iron."

"Lie on this, show sup the boon that nick the basting thread thinly and night night gown and pit wet kit. Loom down the thorough narrow."

The author of "St. Elmo" was once laughed at for writing in another novel, "Cherish the moroccosm of the limitless macracosm. Cherish the rushing, boundless choral aggregations of the vasty deep," but this is Addisonian in comparison with Miss Stein's sentences.

And what is to be said of certain contemporary English poets:

"Here the rheumatism  
Gripped her man at last,  
And the workhouse spectre  
Loomed above them vast."

Some may prefer:  
They meet, sudorous, in a doomed hot-house . . . or a warm aquarium . . . Their dream is stabbed by sharp whispers and the patter of feet that come

Threading their way, between K and I, on the soft linoleum."

And now comes Mr. Dudley Poore with his "Marigold Pendulum" in the Dial of April. There are six pages of it. Mr. Poore addresses a young woman, presumably his lady love:

"But let us sit with an open book on our knees  
turning pages the pedantic worms  
have annotated  
with crabbed wisdom and obscure  
geometry,  
where mildew inscribes with a blue  
pencil

poems in forgotten alphabets,  
and when the storm pauses  
to shake the dank hair from his eyes  
and resin the bow of his cracked fiddle,

we shall hear through the green humming of rain  
as it lays a cold cheek on the cobwebbed glass,  
all those curious noises that the dust  
makes gently settling  
on the cracked furniture of discarded  
lives."

## LITERARY NOTE

(Arthur Schopenhauer, 1851.)

"Nine-tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end, author,

publisher and reviewer are in league."  
In 1923 it's not "a few shillings." For Miss Stein's "Geography and Plays" the publishers ask \$3.50.

## IT WAS A LOW DOWN TRICK

As the World Wags:

Now all the papers are publishing first page stories that while King Tut was lying dead and awaiting burial, his widow offered to marry one of the sons of the King of the Hittites. I am not saying that Mrs. Tut was any better than she ought to have been, but I do think it's a little late in the day to stir up scandal about her, and if the King of the Hittites gave out the letter said to have been written by her and which has been published, then all I can say is that the King of the Hittites is no gentleman.

GERSHOM GRAVES.

Milton.

## AN OLD FRIEND

So the wild man is loose again, this time sauntering on the road between Springfield and Chicopee. "When pursued, he leaps into the woods." The last time we heard of the wild man he was in a village of Indiana, and when he was pursued he ran up a tree and disappeared, taking the tree with him.

Near Springfield he goes about naked. No doubt he has been reading Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages," and is imitating the hero of that novel.

## INFORMATION WANTED

As the World Wags:

Will you explain this clipping from last night's New York Evening Post:

"Mr. F. continues his weak argument by saying that professors are Puritania. This is almost libellous. Of course, in mixed classes professors cannot be perfectly frank, but in the more select groups they are real virile-like men."

Is it the presence of men in a co-educational college which prevents professors from being "virile-like," or is it the presence of women which prevents the groups from being select?

RUTH ADAMS.

Melrose Highlands, April 12.

## "IN STOCKING FEET"

As the World Wags:

In the bright noon of that glorious day whose dawn is now breaking in the east, about in the latitude of Moscow—that glorious day when the world shall have been made so safe for democracy that it is devilishly unsafe for everybody else—slippers will have been thrown into the discard along with white collars and handkerchiefs. The ideal will be that which Bruce Barton lately described after a visit to the Detroit palace in which Henry Ford dwells. "Henry," he says, "works all day, comes home at night, takes off his shoes, and sits in his stocking feet." And then Mr. Barton, who has a way of going into raptures over the simple-life experiments of American millionaires, is inspired by the contemplation of Henry in his stocking feet to exclaim: "It seems to me that mutual understanding and real progress are going to start when we all begin to realize that all that several thousand dollars a day can give to Henry Ford is the satisfaction of coming home at night and taking off his shoes in his own home, sitting in his stocking feet, and looking with pride and satisfaction (on his stocking feet, dear friends? Perish the thought!) on an honest day's work." I suppose the idea is that all a feller has to do if he is a millionaire employer and wants to avert a strike at the works, is to sit at home in the gloaming with his stocking feet exhibited on the window sill to show that he is at heart a humble toiler! To wear slippers would at once identify him with the oppressive forces of capitalism. No virile workman of the fast-approaching golden age will stand for slippers a single minute. The rallying cry of democracy will be "Vivent les bas aux trous magnifiques! A bas les pantoufles!" W. E. K.

## KING TUT'S DOG

(For as the World Wags)

There is a grim justification  
For old King Tut sleeping  
Thirty centuries with the effigy of a  
dog  
Upon his sarcophagus lid.

It symbolizes eternal fidelity,  
Loving companionship, joyousness;  
Many sleep with their wife's picture  
Clutched to their heart.  
She, meanwhile, marries another.

Some carve self-glorifying nonsense  
Upon their headstones.

Nobody is deceived, and the heirs tell  
the truth  
About the narrator at the will contest.

It is a strange world, with odd customs,  
But the love of a dog is eternal,  
Cosmic, conferred by deity,  
Immutable like the tides,  
Old Tut was wise.

JAMES L. EDWARDS.

This club has the

## TERESA RAQUIN

By PHILIP HALE

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"Teresa Raquin," a drama in four acts, by Zola. Performed by the Boston Italian dramatic company:

Teresa Raquin ..... Maria Bazzi  
La Signora Raquin ..... Matilde Biondini  
Susanna ..... Rina Spineti  
Lorenza ..... Gastone d'Amato  
Camille ..... Franco Polmeni  
Grivet ..... Ovidio Buccell  
Milhaud ..... Giuseppe Lettierello

This sordid play has been seen in Boston in English. Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellow brought it out in New York in 1890 and played it for several seasons.

Zola's novel, on which the play is based, was first called "Une histoire d'amour" when it appeared in the magazine L'Artiste. The play was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, on July 11, 1873. It failed utterly and brought with it the failure of the manager. There were nine performances. Marie Laurent played the paralyzed mother in a most impressive manner. The play was revived at the Odeon in 1903, with Mmes. Megard and Tessandier and M. Dorival in the chief parts, and remained in the repertoire for a few years. Translated into English by Teixeira de Mattos, it was played in London in 1891 and revived by Lydia Yavorska in 1912. Bertha Kalish played in this country a version prepared by Harrison Gray Blake (1906).

The scene is a room above Mme. Raquin's shop in Paris. The old lady is devoted to her sickly, peevish son Camille. Therese, the orphan niece of Mme. Raquin, has been induced to marry him. She hates him and consoles herself with Laurent. They drown Camille and marry, but they are haunted by the thought of the murdered man. They talk about the crime, how it was accomplished—it was thought the murder was an accident—they finally quarrel. Mme. Raquin overhears them and is stricken with paralysis. She can neither move nor speak. The wife becomes a slattern; the husband a shabby ruffian. Their life is a quarrel; they fear the old woman. Suddenly her hand moves. She traces words on a table. Laurent is about to strangle her when she rises and calls them "murderers." She will not denounce them; she will see them suffer. They kill themselves, and the old woman says, "They have died too soon."

Although Zola prided himself on being a realist, in this play at least he is a romanticist, by the lines he puts into the mouth of the characters. The mother "seeks refuge in her grief as a wounded animal"; her daughter-in-law is "her last spring." On the day of Therese's marriage she receives the confidences of a young girl who speaks to her of "entering into something unknown, sweet and terrible, where one walks in a white light, pushed by a shuddering joy." M. Brisson also commented on the antithesis dear to Hugo; the paralytic from her accusing eyes, burning with rage yet unable to express herself.

Zola said of his novel that each chapter was the study of a curious physiological case. His aim was to find the beast in the adulterous couple, to throw them into a violent drama and note their sensations and acts. "I have simply made on two living bodies the analytical work that surgeons make on corpses." And he added, "I assure you that the cruel loves of Therese and Laurent are to me not immoral; there is nothing to incite evil passions."

This may be true, but the play is singularly repulsive, as repulsive as improbable.

Mme. Bazzi, a handsome woman, is evidently an experienced actress, eloquent in facial expression, with a voice of singular beauty. Mme. Florenza was excellent as the bourgeois mother. The others played in an earnest spirit that was fully appreciated by an audience that should have been larger.

The play tonight will be Nicodemus' "La Nemica."

## Miss Florence Trumbull Gives Pleasing Program

Florence Trumbull, a pianist from Chicago, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert's hall, playing this program:

A. dante Favori ..... Beethoven  
Gigue ..... Haessler  
Pastorale ..... Scarlatti  
Capriccio ..... Scarlatti  
Fantasie, D minor ..... Mozart  
Minuet, E flat major ..... Mozart  
St. Francis Walking on the Waves, Liszt  
Intermezzo ..... Emmanuel  
Ariequin ..... Sterlin  
Intermezzo Scherzando ..... Lesch  
Pouree (for the left hand alone, Saint-Saens)  
Serenade ..... Rachmaninov  
Nocturne, Opus 62, No. 2 ..... Chopin  
Polonaise, E flat minor, Opus 26 No. 1 ..... Chopin  
Requaise



early could not ex- as was, Opus 25, No. 1 and No. 12. Chopin's "Apostrophe No. 8." Liszt's glance will show that Miss Trumbull had no idea of arranging her program in the orthodox way. She made bold, indeed, to do without a sonata, choosing instead, for her "big" piece, the Liszt legend which, usually enough, has been played twice already this winter in Boston. For her opening group of the classics she found unhackneyed music to play except for the Scarlatti, though persons, to be sure, who have business in the classroom must be perhaps over-familiar with the Mozart little pieces. Farthest she ventured, however, from the well-worn way when she placed her group of light, pretty trifles before the Chopin group; therein she showed good judgment, since, according at least to this theory usually held, the Chopin is worth waiting for, while the trifles are not. With a very competent technique at her command and sound musical feeling, Miss Trumbull played what may be called stoutly. A musician, indeed, she seems to be more markedly than a pianist, for while she set forth the amusements of her program with gall lucidity, she appeared to concern herself little with piano effects as such. She gave, consequently, the impression of reproducing her music in black and white, with scarcely any shading, even in the gray. Miss Trumbull, by all theory, ought to have played dully, for in piano playing today color is essential. On the contrary, however, she did nothing of the kind. By her musical intelligence, her honesty and also by a certain lionheartedness of temperament, she held the attention firmly. Color, nevertheless, Miss Trumbull would be wise to cultivate, and a closer feeling for light and shade; they are too valuable assets to be prudently neglected. R. R. G.

Percy Burton, who was the manager of Sarah Bernhardt during her last tour in this country, writes entertainingly about her. What he reports her as saying about Boston in 1880 is of local, one might say, parochial, interest: "Women formed the majority there. They were puritanical with intelligence, and independent with a certain grace. American women generally have charming hands and feet. What struck me most about the women of Boston was the harmony of their gestures and the softness of their voices. . . . They are as far removed from the Latin race as the north pole is from the south pole, but they are interesting, delightful and captivating." "Harmony of gestures." Especially after pushing in a crowd in theatre, concert hall or at a subway station. "Softness of their voices." Was it not Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that the Bostonian's voice was the product of the east wind and a codfish diet? Mr. Burton writes that Eleonora Duse will not visit America and England, not even France and Spain, for she has not yet recovered from the influenza, and the physicians forbid acting for some time.

Mr. Jewett will bring out at the Copley Theatre next Monday a play for the first time in this country, "Dealing in Futures," by Harold Grigouss. It was produced at Glasgow, on Oct. 7, 1909, and deals with the desire to improve conditions of labor. Milton Rosmer, that excellent actor, who visited Boston as a member of Miss Horniman's company, took the part of Charlie Bunting, the young reformer.

M. S. enjoyed the performance of "Goetterdaemmerung" at the Boston Opera House. She writes: "Just before the curtain went up the girl behind me said to her companion: 'This is the damnation of God; it must be pretty powerful.' 'Later, when Siegfried first sees Gunther and asks Gunther what his sister's name is, the same girl said: 'He recognizes her now; she reminds him of his sister.' 'And when Siegfried and Gunther swear their oath on Hagen's drinking horn, she said: 'Now they're exchanging swords.'"

Respighi's extraordinary "Ballade of the Gnomides" will be played at the Symphony concerts this week. It was recently performed at an extra concert of the orchestra. The other orchestral pieces will be Haydn's "Surprise" symphony and two movements from the "Egmont" overture by Beethoven. The "Legend of the Sultan" is new here, it was played in New York by

the Russian Symphony Society as far back as 1905. Mme. Matzenauer will sing "Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster" and Isolde's Narrative. When Mme. Gadske sang the former aria at a Symphony concert in 1898 she was mildly rebuked for singing it in German. She and her husband laughed derisively. "Why not in German? Is 'Oberon' not a German opera? Wasn't Weber a German? Ha! ha!" It took some time to convince them that "Oberon" was written for London; that Weber learned English in order to set music to Planche's libretto.

A. N. M. writes in the Manchester Guardian: "Mr. Horace Shipp, another of the writers in the English Review, makes the interesting point that 'the obstinate successes of the year' have been generally the best plays, and it is a staggering discovery that good plays are as likely to succeed as bad. So neglected dramatists may begin to look up their mouldering manuscripts again and prepare for another effort. We are, indeed, all egotists of one sort or another, and when it is announced that the theatre is looking up the man with plays in his drawer, says: 'How is this going to affect me?' He is, perhaps, a grosser kind of egotist than the poet who shudders at the idea that any one but himself should read his works aloud."

Nestor Roqueplan, the witty dandy, feuilletonist and theatre manager of Paris, died 50 years ago. Parisian journals are retelling anecdotes about him, most of them, we see, taken from Villermessant's Memoirs. Here is one of the best of them. A dramatist named Boule, who stammered painfully, read his comedy to Roqueplan, who heard it to the end, when he said with the utmost gravity: "The idea is original. It's a new thing to have all the characters in a play stammer. However, I would make an exception of the lover. The lover should not stammer. Take my advice."

"But no-no-no one-one stammers," exclaimed Boule. "What, no one? Ah, then, my dear fellow, I must refuse to accept your play. That was the only amusing thing in it."

Guy Maier will play for young people in Jordan Hall tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock piano pieces by Chopin, Bach, Chacwick, Debussy, Lane, Schubert and Carpenter's "Krazy Kat." He will speak before each piece and tell the story of Carpenter's pantomime as he plays it.

Nevartie Shagholan, soprano, an Armenian, who sang in Symphony Hall a year ago, will sing in Jordan Hall next Saturday evening. Was she not then advertised as "the Armenian Nightingale?"

On next Sunday afternoon Milscha Elman will fiddle in Symphony Hall and on Sunday evening the People's Choral Union will perform Sullivan's "Golden Legend."

Next Monday evening the Boston Symphony orchestra will give its last extra concert. Music by Sibelius, Wagner, Saint-Saens (Trumpet Septet) and Berlioz. Florence Macbeth will sing two arias by Mozart.

Notes and Lines:

For the enlightenment of J. V. A., who is puzzled to know why in the play "Disraeli" the wife is called Lady Beaconsfield while he is still Mr. Disraeli, may I quote the following from the souvenir of the play given out when Mr. Arliss played the title role in Boston some years ago.

"Disraeli in later years, when his Queen wished to raise him to the peerage, prevailed on her to bestow the coronet upon his wife while he remained in the House of Commons. This was a testimony of his admiration for his wife that touched the heart of the whole English nation."

"When Disraeli's wife died in 1873, the Queen made Disraeli, who was then prime minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield."

Francis A. Rugg.

We are indebted to other correspondents for the same information.

Notes and Lines:

If, as Sir George A. Macfarren and others say, "Fidelio" is the most perfect work existing on the lyric stage, why is it almost wholly ignored, being rarely given in this country or in Germany? Newtonville. F. W. WHITNEY.

"Fidelio," with the exception of the great prison scene, is dramatically dull. The music, except in this scene is symphonic rather than dramatic, and it is not of Beethoven at his best. Macfarren was a hide-bound conservative who made many surprising statements.

## Italian Actors This Time Offer "La Nemica"

ARLINGTON THEATRE—"La Nemica," play in three acts, produced by the Boston Italian Dramatic Company. The cast:

Anna Di Bernois, duchessa di Nievres  
La Contessa di Bernois. Mimi Aguglia  
Marta Regnault. Maria Pinaroli  
Florenza Lumb. Rina Spinetti  
Roberto. Tommaso Nazzaro  
Gastone. Franco Polimeni  
Regnault. Gaetano D'Amato  
S. E. Monsignor Guido Di Bernois

Lord Michael Lumb. Giuseppe Letterello  
Gerardo. Giuseppe Dello Iacono  
Dario Niccodemi has been called the Italian Bernstein, typically Italian in his attitude toward conventions, and the violations of them. His "Il Rifugio" was adapted as "The Prodigal Husband," and John Drew played in it. "L'Ombra" ("The Shadow"), a later play, was seen here with Ethel Barrymore in the leading part. "Scampolo" was played in New York as "The Remnant."

"La Nemica" was first performed in 1916. The plot, simple in itself, is unencumbered with any counter-plot. A certain duchess, who for love of her husband, has imposed on this world his illegitimate son as her own first born, bitterly regrets her promise when it is borne in upon her that it deprives her real son of his birthright. In her jealousy for her she treats her stepson with a harshness that sorely distresses him, who felt for her a son's devotion, though all the while she loved him, too, though with what degree of consciousness it is not easy for a person with little Italian to judge. Circumstances at last drive her to tell him the truth. The two sons go to the war. In the last act the news comes that one boy is killed, the other just at the door. Which? The step-son comes in, with a last message from his brother: the mother is to love the survivor as she had loved him. She falls into his arms.

So came the story to a listener who, having seen merely a synopsis of the play, understood less than half the text. An effective play it surely is, well planned and of solid substance. The characters are well defined, and all apparently are believable human beings. To an American not understanding well the action seems slow.

The acting was undoubtedly slow, from Italians one would have expected a brisker pace. Or were some of the actors not sufficiently familiar with their lines to speak quickly at their ease? Mrs. Florenza was. She played a dowager countess of a type common to French plays since the days of Palleron, and she played it delightfully, with cunningly deft strokes of characterization, and also with an emotional appeal that told. Mr. Nazzaro also played attractively the difficult role of the sorely-abused stepson Roberto. Wise enough not to try to do too much in the way of strongly emotional acting, what he did do he made genuinely moving, above all his final scene with his stepmother. The smaller parts, too, were all well done. These Italian actors have each and every one a sense of character, and they must have learnt to speak with unusual distinctness, since they were understood with such comparative ease.

Mme. Mimi Aguglia played the part of the duchess, a part that plays itself, given a certain warmth of Latin temperament, which Mme. Aguglia possesses beyond a doubt. The Duchess de Nievres she hardly seemed to be last night, or even a duchess at all. A woman stirred by stormy passions, though, she showed herself, and by her emotional force, if not precisely by artistic subtlety, she rose to a pitch of excitement that made its way with the audience. She is well worth seeing. For the matter of that, so is the entire company. And the plays they give are not commonplace. R. R. G.

The Manchester Guardian, speaking of Augustus John, the painter, now in this country, says:

"Mr. John and Sir William Orpen now are possibly the most prosperous, or at any rate the most highly paid, of English artists, for Mr. Sargent now rarely accepts commissions. Unkind people say that he does not dislike anyone enough to paint him—or her."

## OUR OLD FRIEND GIBUS

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in what you had to say about Gibus and his hats. I have one that my father bought in Europe in the 1840's. It was a source of great amusement to me when I was a boy and so I have hung on to it. It is in its original box, which has an immense amount of printed matter in it

cover about Gibus and the medals and inscriptions he had received. It is all in French. It does not give his first name, but gives his "Maison de Detail" as Rue Vivienne, 20.

It has dates mostly of 1838 and 1839, though in one place it mentions the fact that he had exhibited a model of the hat in 1834. H. W. C. Boston.

## A PASSIONATE MUSIC LOVER

(From the Warner, N. H., Independent and Times.)

Who wants to trade a cow for a piano? J. Hurd, Contocook, N. H., Route 2, Box 63.

## MY NEIGHBOUR BABBITT

(To Erwin F. Keene.)

For As the World Wags.

That writing chap has made a book About my neighbour, Mr. Babbitt, He's spread him out for us to see And analyzed his every habit; Each thought, each yearn the poor man knows With devilish insight Lewis shows.

We all know Babbitt—good old sport, We smile at Babbitt though we love him; Of course he's ignorant, crass and vain And we are many planes above him; But still he does the best he can— We know he's just an average man.

Ws scoff and jeer at Lewis's skill, But buy the product of his labours, And that's all right as long as he Confines his writings to our neighbours;

Our minds he never could index— We're much too subtle and complex. MARY TALBOT WHITTIER. East Machias, Me.

## "N. C."

As the World Wags:

In order to save J. A. H.'s life please explain to that worthy that "N. C." meaning "no clearance," when hung upon a trolley wire near a curve indicates that two cars cannot pass, because the overhang of one car swings more than half-way across the distance between the two tracks when rounding a curve.

BRADSHAW, BICKNELL.

P. S. I wonder if he was able to distinguish by sound all the fire apparatus that rushed down Tremont street this afternoon to the four-alarm fire on Central Street. I couldn't.

B. B.

"Q. E. D." says that "N. C." stands for "narrow curve." "L. A. T." agrees with him. "Narrow curve—no crossing. Cars must not attempt to turn out here, as the curve is too limited to allow passing without risk of side-swiping." "F. E. H." agrees with Mr. Bicknell: "No clearance." "H. G. C." writes: "I hasten to save the life of 'J. A. H.': 'N. C.' means no car."

## SONG

String stars for pearls on a ribbon of whine And fling it about her shoulders; Carve cups from jasper and crust each brim Till the whole gem smokes and smoulders; Bring gold for beating in thick bright rings, And honey from hearts of clover; But love will long for the absent things, Ever the round earth over.

Go, ride the world in a glory of wars And startle the gods to wonder; Break men to follow triumphant cars, With a rose-paved road thereunder; Pile stone on stone for this brute of a name When a thousand years dis sever; But love will lean to a smaller flame Forever and forever. —The King of the Black Isles.

## SCREEN AND MORALS

As the World Wags:

The appreciative readers of your column have found food for thought, as well as a stimulant to laughter, in the erudite dissections of the much discussed subject, Films and Education.

Having been from the outset a rather consistent movie fan I approach criticisms with more than a modicum of trepidation in the fear that what is offered as constructive may be interpreted as destructive to the true picturing of fundamentally human elements in everyday life, but, being free born and of lawful age, I am doing "all my possibls" by word and deed to uphold the eighteenth amendment and its caudal appendages known as the Volstead act. Why, then, should I be forced to behold strikingly impressive pictures of bar-rooms, dance halls and "sich like" trappings and suits of vice?



Not many moons ago I saw a realistic movie of a man taking a high ball, foot on rail and evil eye on a picture screen of the olden type. It moved my next door neighbor to such an extent that he lost control of his saliva but managed to gurgle: "Great scott, what a drink!" I rather imagine he sought relief after the show. Does this commend under the head of Films and Education? One was declared it to be propaganda of the Anti-Saloon League arguing the old line of like cures like. The enthusiasm of "Socrates V" over the coming film of "Winter has Wint" brings to mind those classic lines erroneously attributed to Gammer Gurton's Needle: "If I had a known I could have rode I would have went."

And how about music as an accompaniment to the pictures? There are some organists and pianists—the kind that insist on accenting the antepenult—who make so much noise that one can not hear the picture. As an enthusiast recently put it: "If the goat at the organ had kept still that would have been a first class show." To be wafted along in harmony with the scenes depicted, to forget criticisms and live the play, calls for a more skilful manipulation of the keyboard, which comes only with such training as enables the musician to interpret correctly the lines. That is, however, a movement already launched and adequately financed. May fortune speed the results.

ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

#### THE INSPIRED COMPOSITOR

(From an editorial in The Granite Monthly for April)

If federal aid is desirable in securing healthy swine, cattle and trees, of how much more importance is the savage of human life!

## ITALIAN COMPANY IN "MADAME X"

ARLINGTON THEATRE—Boston  
Italian Dramatic Company with Madame Mimì Aguglia in "Madame X."

Jacqueline.....Mimì Aguglia  
Elena.....Maria Pluardi  
Rosa.....Angelina Scotti  
Maria.....Rina Spinetti  
Liorio.....Gaetano D'Amato  
Raimondo.....Tommaso Nazzaro  
Noel Laurain.....Ernesto Muollo  
Laroque.....Vincenzo Ferrau  
Perissard.....Domenico Picardi  
Merevel.....Giuseppe Letterello  
Chennel.....Giuseppe Dello Iacono  
Vittorio.....Ovidio Bucci  
President.....Angelo Abbate  
Procuratore.....Luigi Parallo  
Sergente.....Franco Poliment  
Capo del Giurati.....Francesco Attanasio  
Lesciere.....Domenico Perfidio

A company composed of men and women living in Boston and engaged in daily occupations here unite to present to their compatriots and to others the artistic products of the Italian race. This year they have had the inspiration to present a series of plays with Mme. Aguglia as their guest and leader. Another year it may be opera or some other form of Italian art. The competence of their company of actors gives guarantee of what they can accomplish. Suppose this work should lead to the creation of an Italian Little Theatre, or perhaps a Latin, to be followed by other racial groups—our dramatic life would receive a genuine contribution of great worth.

"Madame X" is, of course, not Italian in origin. As "La Femme X" it came from the deft and versatile pen of Alexander Bisson in 1903. It long held the stage in Paris. Sarah Bernhardt and Dorothy Donnelly made it known in America. Within a few weeks the St. James has repeated it in Boston; it will long be in demand whenever an emotional actress wishes to try her hand at some surc-fire stuff of the theatre. It is far from the type of play by which most of us know Bisson, such as the Deputy from Bombinac in which Coquelin delighted the Français and Nat Goodwin our own stage, or Les Surprises du Divorce, which migrated to America under the guidance of Augustin Daly and was lately in our midst, transmogrified into musical comedy as "Honeydew." In Madame X melodrama with scarcely a relieving smile uses the long arm of coincidence to show a mother separated from her son for some 20 years by a hard-hearted father. After beating up and down the world she returns a battered creature in the company of one Laroque. In a frenzy of alcohol and drugs she shoots him. To her defence is assigned the son, and in the court sits the father. Of course the whole play is pointed towards this intense scene, which has given joy to theatre and screen. Though cut from the prologue and five acts which Bisson wrote, to a prologue and three acts, there is still much of prolix talk on the stage and repeated exposition. The great seems to have author and actors

hypnotized, until it really breaks. But when it comes at last it has its thrills, as where the acquitted mother cries, "Voglio morire!" and when the son sobs "Mother! Mother!" in her dying arms. No audience can resist it. And neither can other dramatic authors.

Mme. Aguglia is not of our tradition. She is, perhaps, not even of the Italian type, but intensely Sicilian. Her realism goes beyond our theatre in intensity, so far that one is always conscious that it is acting. The similarity to life is pushed so far that illusion is lost. The dishevelled blonde locks that follow the raven hair of the prologue, the battered features, the physical effects of alcohol and drug, carefully noted, make one wonder if even 20 years could make so worn a hag. But in occasional moments she forgets the realism and shows real dramatic power. And then the audience forgets with her and is swept with like emotion.

The Italians of Boston did their parts well in this hardy perennial so dear to the international stage and the emotional actress. Mr. D'Amato, as the father, had a fine presence and knew how to use face and eyes, though his quiet voice could hardly have carried to the well-filled balconies. Mr. Ferrau was a merry Laroque, natural and master of his scene. Mr. Nazzaro, head and manager of the undertaking, was the son. He has a very real ability. He never overplayed his part. His simple eloquence in his plea before the court and his break to high emotion in the moment of discovery, made him share with Mme. Aguglia the honors of the day. The minor characters were well trained and displayed few of the signs of the amateur. The play was well staged in the traditional way. The loud voice of the prompter, perched in his box at the footlights, as is the European way, was often a disturbing feature to those not bred to that tradition.

The Boston-Italian Dramatic Company are doing a thing well worth while. The enthusiasm of an audience partly Italian, partly American, must have brought them high cheer.

W. F. H.

### Mme. Matzenauer Is Soloist; Repeat Concert Tonight

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The orchestral pieces were Haydn's Symphony in G major ("The Surprise"); Respighi's "Ballade of the Gnomes" (first time at these concerts); and the first and third movements of a suite derived from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera "The Legend of the Tsar Saltan" (first time in Boston). Mme. Matzenauer sang "Ocean Thou Mighty Monster," from "Oberon," and Isolde's narrative from the first act of "Tristan and Isolde." Respighi's "Ballade of the Gnomes" was first played at Rome in 1920. Mr. Toscanini brought it out in New York two years ago. It was performed here at an extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last month. It was inspired by Carlo Clausetti's poem-prose, which, no doubt, like the play produced by Hamlet, is written "in very choice Italian," but translated into English for the score it appears to be expurgated and is not wholly intelligible. Two women drag along a raving gnome. He is said to be their husband. Hordes of gnomes are waiting eager for their prey. The women throw their husband into the sea after "the distorted nuptials." Then they dance in the morning breeze. Tiny people join in this wild dance. "One shrieks, another mocks, still another bites or laughs aloud."

That Respighi has a keen sense of beauty and a mastery of poetic expression is shown by his "Fontaine de Rome." In this "Ballade of Gnomes" he found a subject that would have fired Richard Strauss to enthusiasm. We doubt if Strauss would have written so appropriate or savagely intense music. There is a splendid barbarity in Respighi's. Its frenzy is spontaneous, not coolly labored. The music might serve for the terrible scene in "The Bacchae" of Euripides. What is the most surprising feature of the Ballade is that in its frenzy there is no ugliness. Powerfully dramatic, raggingly dissonant at times, startling as is the use of instruments, with all the groaning and the shrieking and the horrid voices exulting in the cruel and sadistic deeds, this Ballade is indisputably a work of tragic art. It was played with superb fire and fury.

The Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's fairy opera was performed before the opera itself was produced at Moscow in 1900. The second movement, which is in the nature of a Lamentation, was omitted yesterday. The first movement, in the form of a march is for the Tsar called to a war, with a lyrical theme

for his farewell to his young bride. The third movement portrays the wonders of an enchanted isle on which a squirrel chews golden nuts with emerald kernels while he sings a folk song. Thirty-three warriors, mail-clad, land on the shore. The third wonder is a princess who outshines the light.

This music is possibly more effective in the opera house than in the concert hall. It might go well with a film play of the legend. In concert, the march is not conspicuous for originality—but the pleasing lyrical theme has something of a folk-song flavor. The other movement is disappointing. One expected from Rimsky-Korsakov something more fantastical in exoticism. The one charming feature was the folk song: "In the orchard, in the garden," which is introduced.

Haydn's honest and delightful symphony was admirably played, so well that the orchestra rose in acknowledgment of the applause. How fresh and vital this music is today!

Mme. Matzenauer sang with a wealth of tone and with a dramatic expression that was not too theatrical for a concert the great Scena and Air from "Oberon" and Isolde's Narrative. Occasionally one was reminded that she is a mezzo-soprano whose ambition leads her to sing soprano roles. It would be impertinent to insist on this in view of her moving performance. But the long-winded Narrative of Isolde should not be taken from the opera-house.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week comprises Vaughan Williams's London Symphony; Three Cannons of Schumann orchestrated by Dubois; two movements from Skilton's Primeval Suite on Tribal Indian melodies, Flute-Serenade and Moccasin Game, and the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi."

The dean of Windsor (Dr. A. Baillie), having arrived at Windsor Castle from his tour of three months in this country, said to a reporter: "It is absolutely true that you cannot judge Americans by the Americans you see in England." Is Col. George Harvey included among them?

And should we judge Englishmen by the Englishmen we see in the United States?

#### IS THE LOVE-SCENE DEAD?

"Old-style sultors," asks the London Daily Chronicle, whether the old gallant love-making has been killed by sex-emanipation and self-consciousness. "Are there any Romeos today?" In Italy, of course, there are plenty, but wouldn't the modern English youth describe a violent stage lover as a bally ass, don't you know?

"One can only guess, but from the talk of young folk today I should expect something of this sort:

Algernon: Well, old bean, what say to double harness, eh?  
Ermytrude: Two-seater, my boy! Rather!

"If I have got it right, the question is, can true, passionate love express itself in modern slang, between the puffs of a pair of cigarettes?"

#### ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

I read in the newspaper that a man after eating a sundae in a Chicago drug store, drew a revolver, held up and bound the druggist, and robbed the safe of \$200. If he had eaten two sundaes he would probably have burned down the drug store and killed the proprietor. It is to be hoped that the League for Making Virtue Odious will have a constitutional amendment adopted forbidding the selling of sundaes.

JOSIAH HEAVYSAGE,

Newton Centre.

#### LIFE IN FLORIDA

(From the Jacksonville Journal)

Mr. Mayo displayed a satchel of convict paraphernalia, including a whipping strap, four feet long and two and one-half inches wide, weighing one pound. Martin Tabert, the North Dakota youngster, Mr. Mayo understood had been whipped with a strap weighing seven and a half pounds. It was loaded at the handling end.

Mr. Mayo said he did not believe a strap of that size could cause serious injury, but he had been informed that it was frequently the practice to treat the strap with syrup and oil and then rake it in the sand to give it more "effectiveness." He exhibited a pair of ragged shoes and an object that resembled convict breeches. The legs were cut off at the knees and in shreds. A good "bathing suit" Mr. Mayo remarked.

#### A SURE TEST

As the World Wags:

Gargler was a guest at the Borgla Club the other evening. An old and highly suspected member of the sodality said to him in a moment of confidence: "This club has the best brands

and the worst liquors in America. Our casualty list is the longest in Boston. We don't tiddle here, we topple. To be blind drunk in the Borgla Club is a fact, not a figure of speech." "How do you distinguish good liquor from bad, the vital from the fatal?" Gargler asked. "The character of booze," he was told, "is no longer distinguishable; it is an acquired post-mortem knowledge. Hooch is classified with mushrooms at the Borgla, and judged by the same inexorable law. If the consumer dies, the liquor is suspected; if he survives, its bona fides is established. This simple rule produces confidence and excludes chemists. Watch the boozer and the bottle. Keep your eye on the ball. If the toss-pot's name fails to appear in the column which says, 'Please omit flowers,' then you can join him in a shot with perfect impunity and true camaraderie." CAVE CANEM.

#### NO, NO! YES, YES! DID YOU EVER! STOP HER!

(From "Stella Dallas" in the American Magazine for April)

"I've got a plan," nodded Laurel, smiling. "I'm going to be a stenographer, mother."

"Not that! Please, please," . . . "You wouldn't do that. Say you wouldn't. Not you. It would break my heart. . . . "Oh, my God, she can't be a stenographer!" . . . "She mustn't be sacrificed like that!"

"Oh, gracious, what can I do—what can I do to save the child?"

"She must do something and quick—now. . . . Next year, the year after—too late. . . . There'd be a story about her—a tale. 'She was once a stenographer, you know.' People would whisper, 'Really! You don't say!' And eyebrows would be raised. That must not occur. Whatever its cost, by whatever means, that must be avoided."

#### LONDON NOTES

There's been much discussion of the statement recently made in a London court that it costs a woman £2000 a year if she wishes to be among the "best dressed." The late Lady Dorothy Neville noted the "vast increase in extravagance as regards ladies' dress" that had taken place during her long life. When she came out her father allowed her £45 a year for all personal expenses, including clothes. Her mother spent only £300 a year on dress and personal expenses. This "was then considered very ample even for the wife of a rich peer."

There is a society for Pure English in London. It has published a list of dead metaphors to be avoided. Here are some of them: "Part and parcel," "beyond the pale," "the scroll of fame," "a place in the sun," "a silver lining," "stemming the tide," "the fruits of victory," and "round pegs in square holes."

#### RANDOM NOTES

As the World Wags:  
"yet, somehow, the books that prove most agreeable, grateful and companionable, are those we pick up by chance here and there; those which seem put into our hands by Providence; those which pretend to little, but abound in much."—Herman Melville, "White Jacket," chapter XXI.

I know, now, why you are an admirer of Melville. The foregoing quotation from his work illustrates my introduction to this modest and entertaining author.

Abel Adams, good old soul, should read chapter V of "Stage Coach and Tavern Days," by Alice Morse Earle. It will make his mouth water. . . . And the hand of Providence put into my hands a book of reminiscences by the elder Steinert of New Haven, Ct. The chapter on his formation of an orchestra in New Haven, and the two birthday celebrations yearly of his friend Fisher (my music teacher, by the way), are deliciously funny. I can see Mr. Steinert's eyes twinkle (in imagination) as he related the droll happenings of these happy days. If you come across the book read that chapter. You may remember the old Music hall, on Crown Street. There was where Theodore Thomas gave his concerts, Parepa Rosa (heavyweight) and her husband, Carl Rosa (lightweight) made me happy by their appearance in opera, the "Bohemian Girl," was then the height of musical art. But the Seguis, Harrisone, and others of the old school were the forerunners of what we have today.

JOHN

Yes, we have read M. Steinert's memoirs, a most entertaining book, showing a keen sense of humor, giving many interesting details of life in the South before the civil war.

ED.

*Magazine L'Ere*  
*at Arlington*



April 22 1923

We have not seen Mr. St. John G. Ervine's "Some Impressions of My Elders," published in London by George Allen and Unwin, but if the reviews of it printed in English journals were written without prejudice, Mr. Ervine is more in favor of common-sense than subtlety in plays. One critic, reading the book, is reminded of William James's division of humanity into the tough and tender-minded, and the reviewer at once says that Mr. Ervine is for toughness of thought, "for line against shade, for primary colors against neutral tints." He gives this example: Speaking of Galsworthy's play, "The Fugitive," Mr. Ervine quotes a speech of Clare Desmond, the heroine: "You're too fine and you're not fine enough to endure things." "How," whoops Mr. Ervine, "can one be too fine to endure a thing and yet not fine enough to endure it?" This is to reduce common-sense criticism to an absurdity. That a person can be fine enough to shudder away from life's rough edges which the coarse do not feel, and yet not fine enough to face those edges with self-mastery and conscious courage, is scarcely a subtlety; it is almost a truism. But it baffles Mr. Ervine's blunt method of approach.

Mr. Ervine, born at Belfast, a dramatist whose plays have been produced as a rule in Dublin, should surely have been more sympathetic toward Synge; but we read that he does not appreciate the latter's contribution to English prose. "To many," says "I. B." in the Manchester Guardian, "the perfect marriage of meaning and rhythm, of word and of image, that was consummated in Synge's writing is an abiding and an exquisite possession."

### His Comment on Bernard Shaw

And of Bernard Shaw, Mr. Ervine makes this astonishing statement: He "would not suffer one pang at the destruction of St. Paul's Cathedral if he felt that its destruction made the processes of life, more convenient to the ordinary citizen." "I. B." asks if Mr. Ervine has read Shaw's "Sanity of Art"? "In sensitive appreciation of beauty in music or painting Mr. Shaw can write most critics into oblivion, and the effort to represent him as only a pettifogging logician is really preposterous."

Why does Mr. Arnold Bennett assail Mr. A. B. Walkley, the dramatic critic, so violently in the second series of his "Things That Have Interested Me"? He accuses him of being second-rate, addicted to clichés, given to excessive quotation, unable to receive new ideas; he is held in regard only by "the facile refined world of half-educated dilettanti, amateurs, dabblers, and quidnuncs who have the courage of other people's opinion, the cowardice of their own opinion, and the self-protective conviction that in the arts the path of safe criticism is the path of superior disdain."

Why these bitter words? Is it possible that Mr. Walkley, writing for the Times, was unable to find pleasure in listening to one of Mr. Bennett's plays?

### A MODERN "MACBETH," ETC.

Vera Berlinger in her play "Beitane Night," produced at the Aldwych Theatre, London, March 23, has had the courage to borrow the theme of "Macbeth." "She not only admits her borrowing, but insists upon it, and yet insists with so much wisdom that you are never conscious of challenge."

Mrs. Hargrove believes herself descended from Lady Macbeth. She kills Dennis Armigan so that he cannot stand between her husband and his inheritance of money. "There is no Porter's scene . . . the Spinsters Deakyns, with their kitten and their crystal gazing, supply a milder humor. There are psycho-analytical disputations between the doctors who seek to cure Mrs. Hargrove of her sleeplessness, and Shakespeare allowed no such weakening of the dramatic intention. But the essentials of the plot—save only that this murderess shares no confidence with her husband—are unaltered. When Mrs. Hargrove walks in her sleep, light in hand, even the change in dress disappears. Forget the preceding adjustments of detail, and there before you—call her Janet Hargrove or what you will—is Lady Macbeth's entrance in her sleep. Inevitably, you await the opening line."

Last night (March 23) "Polly" registered its 100th performance at the Kingsway. Possibly as a reward for such good conduct the opera is to be transferred to the Savoy on Saturday, together with all the members of the original company. Meanwhile, on the same night, "an entirely new and original version" of Gay's work will be presented at the Chelsea Palace Theatre. It is described as largely of a dramatic nature, leavened by a sprinkling of comic relief. "Every care," it is added, "has been taken by the management to avoid any resemblance to the Kingsway production and version." Well, there ought to be room for both in so densely populated a city as London.—The Daily Telegraph.

"Johannes Kreisler" was recently played in London as "Angelo." A critic in the Daily Telegraph says of it: "I have received from Salta's of it: 'I have received from Cordova the first act of a

play entitled 'A Woman's Heart.' It was written, he tells me, by himself, his wife, Alicia Ramsey, and Edward Elsnor, in 1916, and in it was evolved a form of drama to which they gave the name of 'Flashes.' The complete play was designed to contain 50 scenes, and the means by which these were to be presented were, apparently, much on the lines invented by Reinhardt and since adopted at Drury Lane for the production of 'Angelo.' At the last moment the capitalist who promised to back the venture, alarmed by the heavy outlay its staging would necessitate, turned tail and fled, and 'A Woman's Heart' was restored to its place on the shelf. Still, it looks as if Mr. de Cordova and his associates may fairly claim some credit for having anticipated Reinhardt's ideas, if only in theory."

The young woman who permitted herself to be sawn through nightly in the cause of art, or rather mystery, at Masekelyne's, has a rival. Her successor is probably subjected to an even more severe trial of her physical fitness, and, let us add, charms. It is difficult for a mere observer to say. We can but record that the latest "Indestructible Girl" is placed in a steel box and adequately chained by the neck and hands and feet. A steel floor containing 84 steel spikes (we think it was 84, but it may have been 85) is then driven through "her" until the spikes pierce the lid. In spite of this apparent martyrdom, the human pincushion, as one may call her, steps out of the box with no apparent effects.—Daily Telegraph.

He (Shakespeare) was an opportunist writing and rewriting to order or to occasion, botching up other people's plays, lending a hand himself when they couldn't get anybody else to play the ghost, putting in a few middling jokes to briske things up. I am not suggesting that he didn't care about his work, that he would spend a scene carelessly. He must—thank heaven!—have seen how tremendously good it was to have had a joy in it even greater than ours. When he prepared the plays for printing doubtless he took pains to get the best version and to eliminate his own and other people's inferiorities. But he wasn't an egoist. I don't think it would occur to him that his genius suffered any outrage when Burbage, or whoever it might be, spoke his lines. He was too great a man of the world for that. I suppose he wasn't troubled at all about scenery, as there wasn't any; or lighting, and I fancy that costume at the Globe Theatre would hardly get beyond what we may call the Benson degree. "The literary fragment," as our modern regenerators of the stage call it, was the thing then.—Manchester Guardian.

### LONDON NOTES

A new work by Mr. Felix White was

performed (March 21), a trio for oboe, viola and piano, based on Marvell's poem, "The Nymph's Complaint for the Death of Her Fawn." Mr. White appears to belong to the "juxtaposition of sonorities" school. That is to say, he tries to do consciously what Bach tried to do unconsciously in the achieved, probably by instinct, in the Brandenburg concertos. That is all very well, but they do not make music unless well, but they do not make music unless they blend. We suspect Mr. White of attempting a tour de force in combining three instruments so diverse in quality. His failure is to be measured by the fact that there was only one point in the whole work where they met on common ground and spoke harmoniously.—The Times.

But Mr. Loeffler succeeded with this combination in his two rhapsodies.

Miss Fisher, who made a first appearance, has a decidedly musical touch, which is capable of development. The development will be quicker, one thinks, if she devotes herself to what she herself likes and believes in, such as some 16th century dances arranged by Respighi. These were freshly played, and were correspondingly convincing. We felt all the time she was playing Liszt's Variations on Weinen, Klagen and Chopin's Sonata in B minor, that some one must have told her that they were what an audience wanted to hear—a very different matter. Besides, it is quite wrong. We know them by heart, and the only news we can be told about them is what the player thinks of them; that can be very interesting. So we would tender her the advice to read and read, and see what lovely music there is in the world, and then to go out and preach that gospel, and she will not lack proselytes.—The Times.

Lawrence Brown, known and esteemed in Boston as pianist for Roland Hayes, arranged Negro Spirituals for cello and piano, and played them with Beatrice Harrison on March 22. "The extraordinary emotional power of these melodies lost nothing by transcription for the cello, and Mr. Brown's harmonization, though fairly elaborate, was always appropriate, and never transgressed into the extravagance which disfigures some arrangements of these folk-songs. It is hardly necessary to add that every detail of performance throughout the program was finished ad unguem."

Gerrard Williams's "Three Preludes" for orchestra were performed in London on March 19 by the London Symphony orchestra. "They make pretty hearing, for they are short, not overburdened with ideas, not overwrought, and the scoring is picturesque, neat and effective. The titles run: 'By Hawthorne Falls,' 'Solitude' and 'Autumn,' the last-named being based on Verlaine's 'Chanson d'Automne,' of which an inferior translation appeared in the program notes. The composer's allegiance to that school of which Debussy was the most adventurous spirit is very frankly avowed in these little pieces."

Mitja Nikisch: "One cannot deny this young pianist a sense of poetry; it is unthinkable that his father's son should be minus that quality. But unlike so many youthful artists, he seems to permit himself a luxurious process of deliberate thinking rather than an abandonment of feeling. Danger lies that way—if pedantry should develop; at present it is destructive of spontaneity, of lyrical freedom, of anything approaching rapture. For this reason the Schumann Sonata with which Mr. Nikisch began his program—the F sharp minor, op. 10—was in effect a long chapter of prose in which the only signs of punctuation were full stops; or, to revert to the former analogy, the student was standing too close to the picture to see its composition. Following the Schumann two indifferent pieces of Rachmaninoff were badly matched with Scriabin's seventh Sonata, but they were all intelligently played, the Scriabin even eloquently. But the great Liszt Sonata is still this young man's master, as it is many another's. Nevertheless he approaches it in the right spirit." It is said that Mr. Nikisch will play in this country next season.

"The later songs by Schumann are almost unknown in England, and in them Schumann seems almost to be echoing himself out of the power of song. Schumann, a Mendelssohn worshipper all his life long, resigned, in some ways, his own strength and plasticity in emulation of Mendelssohn's formalistic acquirements, and in his later songs there is a great deal of experiment in new veins and styles and a melancholy want of graphic power into the origin of which we may not inquire too closely."

### ON THE CONTINENT

Darius Milhaud's cantata, "The Return of the Prodigal Son," with text by Andre Gide, was given last month at Brussels. The prodigal's account of his experiences leads the younger brother to make a similar journey. The work is scored for double-string quartet, double bass and 11 wind instruments. Milhaud conducted.

"Christiane," an opera, words and music by Henry Gazave, which was produced at Rouen two years ago, has been performed at Nice. A young sculptor endeavors to immortalize himself and his loved one. The Salon refuses the statue. He leaves Christiane, but returns when she is dying.

A one-act opera, "Jardin de Oriente," by Joaquin Turina, was produced at Madrid last month. The libretto is by Martinez Sierra.

Gustavo Giovannetti's "Petronio" has been produced at Rome. Petronio, Nero's master of elegancies, is denounced by the envious Tigellinus as plotting against the government. Petronio bids a surgeon open his veins and dies with the slave Eunice before the death sentence arrives. Our old friend Mme. Carmen Melis took the part of Eunice.

It is said that Strauss has withdrawn his new ballet, "Whipped Cream," from the Vienna Opera House, of which he is director, because putting it on the stage would cost 2,000,000 kronen. It is also said that the Bayreuth Festival will be resumed next year.

### A NEW HAMLET

Bransby Williams produced a new "Hamlet" at Birmingham, Eng., on March 19. He arranged the play so as

to emphasize his theory that Hamlet, crazed by his mother's hasty re-marriage, intended to kill himself. Mr. Williams transposed the soliloquy in the third act as an introduction to the second scene of the first act. "Thus he enters solus and holds the stage prior to the appearance of the court. Further, in order to allow of the uninterrupted development of the climax, he places the 'Get thee to a nunnery' scene with Ophelia before the satirical dialogue with Polonius. In the second act apparently the motive is that, from the moment Hamlet has learned from his father's ghost that his uncle is the murderer, suicidal intentions give place to sworn revenge. Mr. Williams argues that Hamlet could not logically speak after this spirit interview of 'a bourne from which no traveler returns.' Hamlet's outburst to Ophelia is ascribed to his suspicions of being watched. Williams's study was that of a temperamental and philosophical prince, whose sensibilities were completely upset by the death of his father and the marriage of his mother. At times he was thoroughly convincing, but the light and shade were too heavily contrasted. There was no doubt whatever about the trait of melancholy and the assumption of madness, and the doubts delaying action were well suggested in the plan which produced the mousetrap play. Mr. Williams was several times recalled."

### INDECENCY IN MUSIC HALLS

(London Daily Telegraph)

The French government has decided to put a stop to the licentiousness which has recently been much in evidence in spectacles presented at certain Parisian music halls, and measures for the suppression of this kind of obscenity were drafted at a council of ministers held this morning. To begin with, proceedings are to be taken against one music hall, not yet named, at which the performance includes a number of particularly objectionable scenes. There has for some time been a demand here among critics for a return to the traditions of the period when producers of music hall spectacles took pride in dressing a show. In some present-day revues the tendency has been toward very bold undressing, costumes having been whittled down until they represent little more concession to the modesty of performers and spectators than the mere fig-leaf of tradition. Only a few days ago M. Joseph Galtier, writing in the Comedie, declared that an outstanding and most undesirable feature of Paris music halls just now was the wave of feminine nudity, which, in some cases, had even overflowed from the stage into the auditorium. This had reference to an establishment in which a platform had been built out over the orchestra, along which from time to time inadequately-dressed performers paraded. "We are moving rapidly," he said, "to the time when absolute nakedness will figure on our stages." Today's decision of the council of ministers has come in time to prevent what certainly had begun to loom as more than a bare possibility.

### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

After 11 years' absence from the stage, Isabel Jay returned with her own play, "The Inevitable" (St. James's Theatre, London, March 21). Her husband, Frank Curzon, came with her, also Miss Jay's daughter, Cecile Cavendish. The story is about a leading actress who has to abandon her fame to her daughter, and accept the march of time. "With mother and daughter in real life playing the mother and daughter of the stage, one felt almost to embarrassment that a fourth wall had been pulled down, and that one was spying on domesticities. The piece itself is a simple affair, rather slow in parts, but always sunny in temper."

After four performances the play was withdrawn. Miss Jay wrote with regard to the withdrawal a "sporty" letter:

"Of course, I shouldn't be human if I didn't feel a bit disappointed at the non-success of 'The Inevitable,' though I suppose for an absolute novice at play-writing like myself to get a success would have been one of the miracles which don't happen in real life, and I realize now that not only is the play's

subject too much of the stage to make a wide appeal to the general public, but the fact that I wrote the lines about Anne West's popularity and talent and then spoke them myself spoilt the whole balance of the play, and introduced an egotistical note into the whole thing, which was far from my intention."



...on Wednesday night while speaking the lines: "Good heavens! the public thinks I really believe that I myself occupied this position on the stage, and that I throwing belated bouquets at my how terrible it would be!" When I wrote this play I had in mind for part of Anne West Miss Irene Vanth or some star of equal magnificence, and it was only on the suggestion of an old friend, who thought the likeness between myself and my sister might be a help to the balance of the play, that I consented to it. My husband merely emerged in his retirement just to please me. I hope we are both sporting enough to take the public's verdict with a smile. We know too much about acting not to know how often our best plans can "gang agley."

#### "MAGDA" REVIVED

(The Manchester Guardian)  
Magda" is a typical creation of the impious and vulgarized Ibsenism which deduced the European stage in the nineteenth century. Suderman obviously enjoyed himself with proving in his rich rhetorical that the flames upon the domestic hearth are the authentic fires of hell. The business of attaching aureoles to heads of prodigal daughters has faded out of fashion beyond recall. We are no longer struck with reverent amazement by the women who do, and in they make turgid exclamations of love and liberty we merely want discussion to be closed. They have won, and the point that the modern audience is to know what they think about the fruits of victory. The woman with a latchkey, a profession and a mind of her own simply normal now; she has no need sob and speechily and prowl about stage like a misunderstood tigress.

#### ON THE SCREEN

Private individuals, corporate bodies, even governments have, from time to time, protested officially against what they consider offensive innuendoes, misrepresentation of racial or class characteristics on the screen. One of the latest instances of this is a manifesto issued by the French National Association of Syndicated Officials, in which that producers should be protected from making picture plays in which any category of public functionaries is held up to opprobrium. An attempt is made to draw a distinction between what is permissible and what is not. Thus, it is admitted that it is legitimate to represent a post office clerk who is charged with breach of trust, or a tax collector, or a drunkard, or a family countess, or a colporteur who, prompted by necessity, lapses into occasional theft. These are all personal failings, it is declared, and independent of the profession. When, however, a scene is staged in a customs house, for instance, and officials are represented accepting bribes for passing luggage without the prescribed examination, or, to quote another situation, officers of the law are shown deliberately incriminating an innocent man with the object of gaining promotion, it is no longer the individual alone who is libeled, but the profession to which he belongs, and that profession should be entitled to safeguard its honor, by preventing such films being exhibited. But, as a critic points out, if such views were enforced, the film industry would be deprived of what has always been one of the dramatist's principal resources, the professional man. The term professional, moreover, is very elastic. Every one who works for a livelihood forms part of the profession or calling, and the same privilege would have to be extended to all. In that case, woe to the cinema! It would be attacked from all sides, inundated with prohibitions, demands for damages; to put it briefly, the cinema, as we know it today, could not longer exist.—London Telegraph.

Peter the Great, 'the New German', which is being shown this week at the New Scala Theatre, gives a good impression of the character of that monarch, and at the same time shows some interesting glimpses of many of the best known incidents of his life. This film, in contrast with other German films shown at the same theatre, is quite new, and gives a better German production on a high level. The part of Peter the Great is taken by Emil Jannings, a German actor whose performances in other films shown in this country have proved that he is an artist of genius. Due to his excellent performance, as much as to the ability of the producer that the character of the monarch is so well delineated, and throughout he dominates the production. Dagny Servaes, however, is given the opportunity of making a very pathetic figure of the Empress Catherine. (The Times, March 28.)  
The regrettable omissions from the film are made good to some extent by

the masterly rendering of the part of Peter by Emil Jannings, who is here seen at his best. The actor has a striking resemblance to the portraits of the great Tsar, and manages by the dignity of his demeanor and his very expressive by-play to convey a far more sympathetic idea of Peter's character than is to be gleaned from the explanatory comments that appear on the screen. The other parts are all adequately played."

#### PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS

(Manchester Guardian)

Not long ago the firm of Hepworth, which is always doing startling things, flung a bombshell into the cinema world in the shape of a contemporary film record of historical events in England from the reign of Queen Victoria to the present day. Yesterday it broke tradition with a full-length picture told without a single "title." No letterpress after the list of characters—not a name over a shop-door nor a sign on a hoarding. Even newspaper headlines are resisted, notes are scribbled but never shown, advertisements are answered without being read.

This is pioneer work for England, and even America, which has made one or two "no title" films, has been far less drastic in her methods. And at moments one wonders whether it is quite worth the ingenuity and enthusiasm which Henry Edwards, the star and producer, has devoted to the cause. The story, a comedy of the London slums which goes by the name of "Lily of the Alley," runs clearly enough along its course, and the acting is in the best Hepworth tradition. But it is a little tiresome to determine the chronology of events from the budding and withering of flowers in a window box and from occasional glimpses of autumn and summer woods. It is a little disturbing to learn from visions and dumb crambo gestures of happenings which a few words would have conveyed so simply.

Even so, with these drawbacks the film is a good one. But Mr. Edwards is too much inclined to be allowed to cripple himself deliberately in the best of intentions.

#### VAUGHAN WILLIAMS'S MASS

(London Daily Telegraph)

At Westminster Cathedral on Monday morning (March 19) Vaughan Williams's Mass in G minor for solo quartet and double choir "a capella" was sung for the first time in London. The regular choir was joined by a choir from the Jesuit Church, Wimbledon, for the occasion. The singing throughout was of a very high order, and this was the result not only of the sound training which both choirs have received, but of the eminently pure vocal style of the writing. There is not a moment in the mass which could be given greater significance through another medium. And there is the secret of its power. There is no bold conjecture in the assertion that while the composer was writing it in the infallible ear of his

mind he heard voices—voices essentially human and limited, but intensely expressive and serene within those limits. And the spirit said "Write." What he heard inwardly then we have now heard proclaimed, and the truth of it cannot be denied. You will hear it said that those voices which sang to Vaughan Williams and impelled him to write his G minor Mass were those of Tudor Church singers echoing down the ages. But that is not the whole secret. The vocal lines indeed do move in that same detached, contemplative and individual way, but the unconscious effect of their commingling is at once more personal and more extensive than the resignation of the Tudor masses. This is especially to be heard in the "Credo" and in the "Agnus Dei," where there are expressed a faith and a devotion which have been arrived at by ways, not dark and steep, but wide and lonely. Humanly speaking, the Tudor comparisons are superficial; there is that in the mass which exactly coincides with the context of modern belief and worship; and yet it does not merely coincide; its touch is transcendental, and under it the glow of inner consciousness becomes increasingly bright. Tudor music can never enter in and dwell with us in this same intimate way, however completely it may surround us.

And, in conclusion, to return again to the musical aspect, the mass will most probably be set as a landmark in the history of church music, as being a 20th-century revival of the vocal style of tradition, and a supreme example of the meet and rightful use of human utterance.

#### SCHUBERT AND MISS GERHARDT

(London Times)

Miss Gerhardt sang at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday March 20, the 24 songs of the Winterreise. Muller's cycle, the burden of almost every one of whose songs is outward discomfort and inward despair, is a strain for the singer and for the audience. The monochrome of the voice which its character de-

mands is tiring to maintain and to listen to, and one soon finds one's attention fixed on the accompaniment, which stands in relief. It was probably for the sake of their monotony that Schubert chose these poems. He felt himself full of music, and wanted words that would not dictate, but would give him space and air. It is one of the great feats of music to have found so many and various solutions of the same problem.

We should like to add that Miss Gerhardt sang them as they deserved to be sung, but frankly we cannot. It was not only that above a mezzo voice, which, incidentally, made "Das Wirtshaus" into a great song, she was apt to lose control of her voice, but the whole style was colorless. Three or four songs were too slow; the floritura of "Mut" was averaged; "Der Leiermann" was surely misconceived. The one thing we have never heard an organ-grinder do is to employ conscious tempo rubato; he sometimes quickens a little when he finds pence in his unwashed palm, it is true, but we are particularly told that his tray was empty. It is no exaggeration to say that, putting aside the beauty of her German, in which Miss Gerhardt is unapproachable, there are half a dozen singers in this country who could have put more thought, more character, and more music into this cycle if they had been brave enough to undertake it. But that is a great "if," and Miss Gerhardt should have all the credit of it.

#### UNACCOMPANIED SONG

(London Times)

The latest of these generous outbursts is exemplified in the movement toward modern unaccompanied song which Mr. Herbert Bedford defended in these columns yesterday. According to his reading of it music wants nothing for herself. Her highest happiness is to cherish the beauty of the poetic idea and form, to minister to every need of poetic expression, to obey its slightest gesture. But does the art of poetry want these self-abnegating ministrations now? The brother has got thoroughly used to his life in bachelor chambers and seems generally well content with his loneliness. We do not often find the modern poet crying out that his art is stultified for want of the vivifying power of a musical counterpart. On the contrary we find at best a good-humored tolerance of musical "settings," at worst considerable irritation at the refusal of music to let the matter alone. Milton patted Henry Lawes on the back in a famous sonnet because his tunes meddled less with the poetic values of the words set than did those of greater musicians of an earlier generation. Tennyson was generally inclined to quarrel with the musical setting of his poetry, but he thought Sullivan less tiresome than most composers, and he consented to dress up for him "a puppet whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr. Sullivan's instrument." How often do we find that the poet who writes for music is just dressing up a puppet, Tennyson-wise, in the hope that his real art may be allowed to escape the attentions of the musician?

You the queen of the wrens—  
We'll be birds of feather  
I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,  
And all in a nest together.

From the early days of opera to the modern ballad concert this sort of pretty-prettiness has been reeled out for music to run away and play with. She does run away and play, but she soon gets tired of play, realizes that there is something better to be done with her life, and begins again to ransack the poet's most treasured secrets for ma-

terial to do it with. Sometimes in fits of repentance she promises faithfully not to spoil the poetry; then unaccompanied songs, sans harmony, sans counterpoint, sans independent musical rhythm, sans everything, are the fashion. At other times she declares that she won't touch the horrid old poetry if it is so precious as all that; then we get a "Song of the high hills" with a chorus of 300 people singing "Ah" interminably, or "Rout" with a solo voice singing "Ce vril ni ta sa la vi a."

The wordless song, or the admittedly nonsense-word song, is a type of composition far more widely cultivated by the composers of the moment than the unaccompanied song staking everything on the words. One claims the absolute independence of music, the other makes the too generous recantation of the claim. Neither, we may be fairly sure, represents any definite "movement" capable of materially altering the relations of the two arts in song. Delius, Bliss, and others may be (let us say have been) successful in producing examples of vocal music which flouted the aid of the poet. It is conceivable (though I think it unlikely for the technical reasons suggested a fortnight ago with regard to "Tune-making") that something equally good in its different way might come out of the song for voice alone. But in either case it is or would be a tour de force.

The sonneteer was right in calling music and poetry "the mister and the

brother," not the wife and the husband. There is no hope of a divorce; the relationship is inherent. It remains because song, a natural activity of the human kind, is the parent of both. The singer still thinks and feels words and music together. In recognizing that, the promoters of the unaccompanied song are nearer the truth than the makers of unaccompanied songs seem to be, but they are forgetting the emancipation of the sister. Granted that the interplay of many rhythms and melodies called counterpoint, the stresses of simultaneous sounds called harmony, the contrasting timbres of voices and instruments are not ends in themselves, but means, they are nevertheless means not toward poetry's end, but toward music's. She may vow to forgo her new-found life, or promise to curb its exuberance in the interests of the brother. But he, if he were not a poet, but just an ordinary man, might reply in the vernacular, "I don't think."

#### MUSIC AS A MEDICINE

(London Daily Chronicle)

Alling people have been cured by a new type of "medicine" music.

Recently in several city workrooms music was introduced to test its effect on the work of employees, and it was shown that both the quality and speed of the work was improved, fatigue diminished, and the mental tone of the workers enhanced.

Working on this basis, Mr. Jack Hylton, the composer, who is also conductor of one of the Grafton Galleries' orchestras, has experimented with set musical prescriptions, as a doctor prescribes for a sick patient.

"Experiments made with a galvanometer—a delicate instrument for recording the emotions—showed that the most 'unmusical' of men are, in reality, stirred to a considerable extent," said Mr. Hylton yesterday, to a Daily Chronicle representative. "These experiments were sufficient proof that music, chosen with care by one who understands its fundamental effects, can be used to benefit people in certain moods."

"For a typical business man, for example, dulled by his work, I made up a program of tenderly emotional music, including some of Chopin's nocturnes. This induced in him an emotional state that dispelled his dailiness."

"Anger or annoyance can be calmed by something in the nature of Grieg's lyrics. For the room where manual work was in progress I found that music with a more pronounced rhythm was effective. Folksongs and mazurkas speed the work and raise the output, without increasing the emotional tone too high."

#### PRINCE CHARLIE AGAIN

(Manchester Guardian, March 30)

Plays about the Jacobites and Bonnie Prince Charlie are so often flushed with forcible-feeble romance that it is good to find the Scottish National Players, who have come back to the Coliseum, doing something natural and credible on the subject. Their piece, "Campbell of Kilmarhor," by J. A. Ferguson, gives the usual sort of incident a new twist. Campbell is a law officer for the crown searching North Perthshire for traces of the prince. He catches a young Highlander who obviously knows too much, but can wring no word from him. The girl who loves him tries to save him from death, but he is shot while she tells his secret; but what she tells is false, since she has not been trusted.

There were apparently some staunch Jacobites in the gallery who would like to have seen Campbell trounced as a villain, but the play, while if less than high tragedy, was far more than tushery, very properly disappointed them and held a judicial balance.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Mischa Elman, violinist. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 7:30 P. M. Sullivan's "Golden Legend," performed by the People's Choral Union of Boston, Inc. George Sawyer Dunham, conductor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Extra concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club concert. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Montoux conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

No year passes without the death of the last survivor of the Charge of the Light Brigade and the death of the last soldier that was with Custer. No year passes without the discovery of the "perfectly formed" woman. This time she is Miss Martha Gonzales of New



York—"a perfect 84," weighing 110 pounds and 5 feet 7 inches in height. Other measurements will be given on application. Compared with Miss Gonzales all the stone Venuses are frights and the winners in beauty shows of this season are poor shrimps.

#### THE IMMORTALS

The recent choice of the candidates for vacant seats in the French Academy seems curious to those far from Parisian political and literary intrigues. Two comparatively unknown men are preferred to the brilliant novelist, satirist and general man of letters, Abel Hermant, and the playwright, Georges Porto-Riche, whose dramas are a glory to the French stage and to French literature. But the Academy for years has been famous for its rejections. By the way, how is the assemblage of American "Immortals" settling on? Do the members still admire one the other?

#### LONGFELLOW, IN THE SUBWAY

(For As the World Wags.)

I stood in the Park Street subway  
As the clock was approaching nine,  
And hope was fast departing  
Of reaching the office on time.

I saw the people rushing—  
For my life I felt grave fears;  
How they madly pushed and prodded,  
Till my eyes were filled with tears.

How often, oh, how often,  
My wrath I have failed to hide,  
As I tried to keep a foothold  
In that ever-surfing tide.

How often, oh, how often,  
I have longed to hurl a bomb,  
From a good, respectable distance,  
Into that seething throng.

For I was tired of struggling  
And my car was standing there;  
When the door was closed before me—  
It was more than I could bear.

And ever in the morning  
I pray for moving space,  
For something to annihilate  
Part of the human race.

Then the turmoil will be over  
And the fighting will all cease;  
I shall ride to work in comfort  
And my soul will be at peace.

E. W. Q.

#### A NEW ENGLAND PRODIGAL

As the World Wags:

Speaking of our old town characters, there was Uncle Joe Flint, or, to give him his formal title, Deacon Joseph Flint, a man of probity and unshaken faith—a Puritan born out of time, but a Puritan nevertheless.

His youngest son, Robert, was the apple of his eye. But he wouldn't have admitted it, and he ruled him with a rod of iron. Robert was 14 in the early sixties, when Uncle Joe was past middle age. Every winter loads of green wood were dumped in the dooryard, cut into stove length and piled symmetrically to weather. Robert, a high-spirited boy, balked at putting this wood in order, and, on a day when the call of the wild was more than he could bear, resented his father's peremptory order to finish his work or go inside and await punishment. He walked out of the yard and did not return.

Ten years went by with not a word from Robert. His father never tried to find him. Whatever he felt, he made no sign. One day in spring a neighbor watching him busy over the usual supply of wood—bent a little, hair somewhat grayer, face more wrinkled—saw a young man come in through the gate, brisk, clean-cut, well clad.

Everything was familiar, the old house, the yard, the woodpile, the unyielding figure, the smell of the fields under the spring sun, even the robins in the apple trees. The surge of memories almost overcame the visitor.

"Excuse me," he said. "I'm looking for Mr. Joseph Flint."

The old man gave no sign of recognition. "I'm Mr. Joseph Flint," he said civilly.

"Deacon Joseph Flint?"

"That's what folks call me."

"Well, don't you know me, father?"

"I'm Robert. I've come home."

Consider the lapse of time. A great war had torn the country. Many fathers had lost sons. It was a new day. Farms were being cut up into village lots. Down by the railroad a great factory was building. The changes apparently left the old man unaffected. And here at last was Robert, safe and sound, a youth of whom any father might be proud.

Uncle Joe straightened up and looked at him steadily for a moment without emotion, neither smiling nor extending a hand in welcome. He did not fall on his son's neck. The parable of Uncle

Joe's prodigal is not written that way. "Go into the house," he said. Nothing more. But this time Robert went in. Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

#### BEDINGUET

As the World Wags:

The lines about Bedinguet (Napoleon III) quoted in your column reminded me of the following incomplete verses sung by a small cousin of mine who had learned them from his nurse on the Riviera. They had great effect of irony and disdain, sung with rolling of "r's" and derisive gestures.

"V'la le 'sieur de fêche-ton-camp  
Qui s'en va-t-on guerre!  
Un deux temps et trois mouvements,  
Sens devant derrière!  
Bedinguet, fêche-ton-camp!"

"Il avait une moustache enor-r-mel  
Et de grands sabres, et des croix,  
Partout, partout, partout!  
Mais tout ça c'était pour la for-r-mel  
Et ne servit à rien du tout, rien du tout!"

Then as a sort of chorus:

"A deux sous tout, l'paquet,  
Père et la mère Bedinguet—  
Et le petit Bedinguet!"

We understood it was a satire on Napoleon III, but never found the music nor the complete words.

Plymouth. ELLEN WATSON.

#### FAVORED JOURNALISTS

As the World Wags:

Joseph Galtier in the Temps (Paris) speaks of a barbecue given by the proprietor of the Baltimore Sun, "gentleman magnifique," and remarks, "There was also a small tent for drinks. Beer was served, and especially whiskey. I imagine by special permission of the authorities on account of the foreign journalists."

This shows the openness with which we do it. E. B. Boston.

Ah, the power of the press the Archimedian lever that moves the world.—Ed.

## PLAY IN HONOR OF JONAS CHICKERING

By PHILIP HALE

A concert in commemoration of the Jonas Chickering centennial took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, a long and varied one, was as follows: The Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Monteux, played Debussy's "Nuages" and "Fetes," the Prelude to "The Mastersingers." It performed with Messrs. Maler and Paterson Mozart's Concerto for two pianos, and with Mr. Dohnanyi his Variations on a Nursery Song for orchestra with piano obligato. Germaine Schnitzer played a Scherzo by Chopin, Mozart's Pastorale, Varlee and Schubert's Military March. Elly Ney played a Rhapsody by Brahms, an Andante by Beethoven and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody.

As prelude to the concert the Handel and Haydn Society, led by Mr. Mollehuier, sang the sonorous chorus "Nunenfold, Ye Portals," from Gounod's "Redemption."

The performance of the chorus, the orchestra and the pianists was warmly appreciated by an audience that filled the hall.

Mr. Dohnanyi's Variations on "Ah, vous dirai je Maman," an old song which Adolphe Adam varied brilliantly for a soprano voice, were played in London last January. They were performed yesterday for the first time in Boston. There is a solemn, one might say bolsterously tragic introduction for full orchestra. This with the fugato at full orchestra. The end were written, to use Mr. Dohnanyi's own words, "for the joy of the friends of humor and vexation of the others." The humor, if there is any, consists in the contrast between this thunderous orchestral speech, which might be a prelude to an Aeschylean tragedy, and the announcement of the childish tune in a childish manner by the piano. The variations, the ornamentation, the metamorphoses of the tune are indisputably ingenious. That they are humorous is a question that might be argued. Musical jesting, especially if it is long drawn out, is, as a rule, wearisome. Mr. Dohnanyi's invention does not flag, but when he is most humorous, he is to be taken seriously. In one variation there is a suggestion of Brahms. Another is in the nature of a Viennese waltz, but this waltz has neither the swing nor the sensuousness that characterize the waltzes of Johann and Joseph Strauss. There is instrumentation that may be described as "clever"—as the dialogue between piccolo and bassoon, and there is instrumentation that is now rich and now thick. The performance was very brilliant and the pianist and the con-

ductor were recalled many times.

Mr. William J. Henderson, the accomplished music critic of the New York Herald, introduced by Mr. Courttenay Guild, made an interesting and at times eloquent address, that was not too long. Arguing from the contribution by the Romans of strength to architecture, he pointed out how the invention of Jonas Chickering made it possible for the piano works of the great composers from Bach to Liszt to be heard today in their full beauty and splendor, whereas before this invention the older composers, having tinkling instruments, had written in the faith that their music would at some time be so heard.

#### Miss Shagholian Is Heard to Advantage

Nevarte Shagholian, a soprano of Armenian birth who has studied in Europe and there made her career, and in Egypt, too, gave a song recital last night in Jordan hall. She sang two airs from "Bohème," two songs by Tosti, "Tristezza" and "Good-bye"; "L'Anneau d'Argent," by Chaminade, Massenet's "Pensee d'Automne," Debussy's setting of "Bon Jour Suzon," "I Know a Lovely Garden," by d'Hardelot, and four songs, presumably in Armenian, by Gomidas, Melikian and Kalfalan. Minot A. Beale, violinist, played several light pieces to the pleasure of the audience, and Mrs. Minnie Stratton-Watson showed herself a highly efficient accompanist.

Something like a year ago, Miss Shagholian sang in Boston at Symphony hall. Since then she has learned to use her voice to better advantage. A naturally beautiful voice it is indeed, a soprano of generous volume, long range and of attractively warm, dark quality throughout its length. Even now, however, Miss Shagholian does not do as much as she might with her fine voice, for she has not yet learned to produce throughout its scale and on every vowel tones of uniform beauty. Learn she could, beyond a doubt, if she would set herself seriously to the task. Learn, too, she must, if she is ambitious to attain the place in the musical world which her endowment from nature makes quite possible.

For Miss Shagholian has charm as well as voice. The Armenian songs—if Armenian they are—she sang with a warmth of feeling that made them attractive even to people who did not know what they were about, and to the air, from the first act of "Bohème" she brought a tenderness of appeal that

suggests a talent for operatic characterization. Talent Miss Shagholian surely has. A technique worthy of it she has still to work for. R. R. G.

*ricco dani's*  
"Scampolo"  
performed at  
the Arlington  
April 20  
*Giacometti's*  
"Colpavention"  
April 21 (mat)  
*La Tosca* April  
22 (night)  
April 23 1923

This craze to be applauded as the dancer showing the greatest endurance—the "longest-time dancer," also the "longest-distance dancer"—reminds one of the mania of the middle ages graphically described by the learned Dr. J. F. C. Hecker, whose "Tanzwuth" was published at Berlin in 1832. There is a translation into English by Dr. B. G. Babington.

As early as 1374 men and women would dance in the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle for hours together in wild delirium, regardless of the bystanders, until they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. At Metz there were 1100 of them dancing at once. There had been similar scenes in the 15th century at Erfurt, Utrecht, Kolbig near Bernburg. In Italy there was tarantism. In Abyssinia there was the tigretier. We read elsewhere that Satan encouraged violent and prolonged dancing in the 16th century. In 1507 he appeared as a handsome young man dressed with fastidious care at Leybach—where there

was dancing in the market place. He chose for a partner one Ursula, who, as Valvasor informs us, was "a maiden of a joyous disposition and easy manners." In the fury of the dance Satan suddenly disappeared with Ursula and forgot to restore her to her friends. At Naumburg he selected a coquettish bride, danced with her, and, to the amazement of the other dancers who uttered vain cries of distress, he leaped into the air with her and with such force and agility that he disappeared with her through the ceiling. But sometimes he contented himself with playing the fiddle. His bowing was so vigorous that the dancers kept on dancing till they died. For the fiddle was Satan's favorite instrument, though he has been known to play the bagpipe.

#### REPORT FOR DUTY

As the World Wags:

I saw my old colonel the other day. He was advertising for a stenographer, one experienced in army paper work. He asked one Sweet Young Thing, "Do you think you are capable in handling military paper work? Have you had any regimental experience?" "Well—er—cr," blushed the S. Y. T., "I—er—haven't had any regimental experience, but I've been out with soldiers." E. T. T.

#### THRIFTY POLICE

(From the Hingham Journal)

Persons living on Lincoln street met with the loss of several valuable rings and some cash from their home yesterday. The police are investigating.

#### DROP THEM A LINE

(From the Times-Recorder, Zanesville, O.)

#### MARRIAGE LICENSE

John Trout, moulder, city, and Tillie Pike, city.

#### BUT THEY ARE RARE

As the World Wags:

Nothing, perhaps, is so indicative of the brilliant conversationalist as his never failing ability to rise to the occasion. That somewhat embarrassing contretemps, for instance, when in discussing a mutual acquaintance, he or she unexpectedly arrives on the scene, often causes the ordinary person to display a gauche confusion and pointless wit that bespeak his true mental caliber. On the contrary, however, one to whom sparkling badinage is inherent would never be at the slightest disadvantage in such a situation, but would find in it the golden opportunity to coin a crisp, pungent bon mot by saying jauntily:—"Well, well, talk of the devil!"

HELEN HENNA.

W. L. P. writes that Dr. Cutts is a successful surgeon in Providence, R. I., and proposes him for our Hall of Fame.

#### THE MUSE IN MAINE

(For As the World Wags)

"Blood, dried. One of the quickest acting fertilizers, being immediately soluble. 5 pounds, 50 cents."

(Dreer's Garden Book, 1923)

See, I will scatter it among the white lilies.

Blood, dried, Dreer's—

Five pounds I have, five haunting pounds.

And they but took from me

Ten times a five in tarnished copper discs.

Why does the sun reel red  
As I scatter among my lilies  
The dried Dreer Blood?

BONE

"Bone Flour. Very finely pulverized bone. Excellent where an immediate effect is wanted. 5 pounds, 50 cents."

(Dreer's Garden Book, 1923)

Bone,  
Pulverized bone—  
Ground into flour, finely,  
Very finely.

Whose? ANNE ROBINSON.

Brunswick, Me.

#### NAME, PLEASE

The London Daily Chronicle quotes an American publisher's call to the reading public:

"Thrills on every page. Every one a rip-snorter! Exciting? You'll say so. You whirl along breathlessly from climax to climax. Smashing, unexpected endings make you gasp. Just like being a cowboy, a dare-devil adventurer yourself. Live the life of the big, open Western world. These fascinating, gripping stories will pick you up, and whirl you bodily into the 'gun-toting' life of the West. Every one of these books will make you hold on to your chair. But listen! This night these books come you won't sleep. You're just bound to finish the one you start—if it takes till 3 A. M."

What a pity that Poe, Hawthorne and Melville lived before the day of the blanket or blurb!



## AN IRISH SITUATION

the World Wage:  
Rugs were made in Ireland as early as the 18th century but the "rug" of those days was of rough material, heavy in appearance, perhaps like some modern blankets. There is a story of a man who went to a bearing in London on a frosty morning carrying an Irish rug. "The mastiff," says the Elizabethan chronicler, "had sooner espied him than they set on him for a bear." Was that "An Irish Situation"?

JOHN QUILL.

## HO FOR YUCATAN

The advertisement of a lawyer in Merida, Yucatan:  
"Merida, only 52 hours from New Orleans, La. Population 100,000, asphalt streets, Country Club, modern hotels, theatres, famous Maya ruins of Uxmal, famous Maya ruins of Chichen Itza, only one hour from ocean, and THE MOST LIBERAL DIVORCE LAWS IN THE WORLD."

## HERE AS IN LONDON

(Daily Chronicle)

The ladies were discussing their troubles with servants.  
"Was your last cook a good one?" asked the caller.  
"Oh, yes, she was a good cook, as cooks go; and as cooks go, she went!"

## "GOLDEN LEGEND"

Last night in Symphony hall the People's Choral Union, George Sawyer Dunham, conductor, sang Sullivan's setting of Longfellow's "The Golden Legend." The orchestra was made up of players from the Symphony orchestra, Jacques Hoffman, principal, Herman A. Shedd played the organ, Mildred Vinton the piano. The soloists were Marjorie Moody, soprano; Jean MacDonald, contralto; William Fisher (in place of Byron Hudson) tenor, and Charles Bennett, baritone.

Sullivan, like most composers before him and after him, too, could deal more capably with "Angels of Light" than he could with the devil's brood and their implous ways. If the fact speaks favorably of music's effect on character, it has played havoc with much music that men of character write.

In this very Golden Legend, for instance, Sullivan found himself sorely put to it to imagine fitting music for Lucifer, high on the spire above Strassburg Cathedral, shouting to the powers of the air to tear down the cross and the bells and hurl them to the street. And yet when the voices of the bells made themselves heard, in stately, churchly Latin, Sullivan found, for them, music of dignity. Judging them by their fruits, composers of music must be a good sort, by no means given to devilry.

Sullivan, though, one would surely have believed, recalling "Patience" and "The Pirates," could have managed human brings, even if Satan left him gasping. Probably he could. But the men and women set forth in "The Golden Legend"—what could Wagner himself or Puccini today make of the like of them?

The wonder is that anybody today, for the sake of that fine hymn, "O Gladsome Light" and a few mildly effective passages for chorus, should choose to sing such monstrous dull music as the first half of the Golden Legend.

Mr. Dunham, a month or two ago, by his fervor and fine musical skill turned "Elijah," usually sung as an "oratorio" in the worst sense of the word, into something not unlike a music drama. It was probably meant to be. With the Golden Legend he had a harder job on his hands; interesting even he could not make it. His chorus, though, he made sing beautifully, with a fine body of tone, excellently balanced, with the same good attack and release they showed in "Elijah," with pure intonation, and with far more delicacy of light and shade. To the "O Gladsome Light," admirably sung, they brought real sentiment and warmth.

The orchestra, too, played well, and with color. The soloists sang for the most part with good tone and tastefully, but not exactly as though the music placed before them had stirred them to the souls. Small blame to them! Could a quartet of Challapins have done much better?

R. R. G.

## ELMAN GIVES RECITAL IN SYMPHONY HALL

Highly Appreciative Audience Hears Violinist

Mischa Elman gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall with the following program:

Sonata, D major .....Nardini  
Concerto in E minor .....Mendelssohn  
a. da glio .....Mozart  
b. Minuet .....Boccherini  
c. Nocturne .....Chopin-Sarasate

a. Hungarian Dance, No. 7.....Brahms-Joseph  
b. Orientale .....Aman-Elman  
c. Zigeunerweisen .....Sarasate  
Mr. Elman's audience, which filled the hall, was very appreciative. This is his third and last recital of the season, and yesterday's program was well chosen. The first two selections, Nardini's sonata, and the Mendelssohn concerto, gave Mr. Elman ample opportunity to display his excellent technique, sometimes at the cost of lack of feeling and expression. There was a coldness and certain harshness about the sonata that was particularly noticeable.

Boccherini's dainty minuet fared better; the Chopin-Sarasate "Nocturne" was also played with more feeling and understanding.

The familiar Hungarian Dance was effectively played, and the final selection, "Zigeunerweisen," a fantastic composition, varied in mood, was well played. Mr. Elman gave several encores, and his audience was most enthusiastic. Josef Bonlime accompanied him.

April 24 1923

"S. W. M." sends to us Mr. Arthur G. Staples's vivid description of the old village blacksmith shop—it was published in the Lewiston Journal—and writes as follows:

"Although I was born on a brick sidewalk in Boston more than 50 years ago, yet my father used to send me 'down East' in the summer, where I enjoyed life on a real farm. As a boy of 14 years, it was my ambition to learn to drive oxen, and my education seemed to be complete when I could 'negotiate' the two-wheeled hayrick loaded with hay into the barn without hitting either hub on the door-jamb. I took my master's degree when I was allowed to back the vehicle out of the barn. We used a goad in Maine, though in Massachusetts a whip-lash was used, I believe. The only language I can remember (I spell it phonetically) in driving was 'Wo-helsh' when we wished the team to come a turn toward the left, and 'Gee' when we wished the team to turn to the right. But I think we drove more with the appropriate motions of the goad than with the language.

"It would be interesting to know how many men living today in New England could drive a yoke of oxen. To see oxen shod was always most interesting to me."

## WO, WHOA, WOGH, GEE

"Wo" for years has been a call to a horse to stop or stand still. In England it has also been a call to a horse to go to the left. As a call to a horse to stop or stand still, there are curious variations in English provinces and in Scotland; as in calling to a horse at a distance. In West Somersetshire "Wo" was not used to a horse when moving, as a command to stop, but when, restless, fidgety.

There are many combinations for the call to the horse to go to the left. In Suffolk "wo-ash" was a call to the right. "Wo cum-huggin" for the horse to come to the speaker and stop. Wo hop, wo hup, wo-cum-harther, wo-wag, wo-wee are separate commands.

In like manner "Gee" has various dialect uses in this country, England and Scotland. The common one is the call to the horse to turn to the right or off-side away from the driver. In Scotland and some English provinces it was a call to start or move faster.

God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers  
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;  
Per John P. Robinson he  
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

"The tidy man burns the candle of time at both ends. He consumes far more time, as well as nervous energy and temper, in finding them when he wants them. This is no paradox. It is the common and bitter experience of the conscientious and tidy person that the thing wanted—book, paper, necktie, or whatnot—is the sole one of all his belongings which is not in its place when he wants it. All the others are where they should be, on the right shelf, in the proper file, in the top left-hand drawer. The thing that he wants is missing. And if his housemate happens to be one of the happily, the shamelessly untidy, he must endure mocking for sharp sauce to his private trouble."

## TO A LADY

(For As the World Wags)

When I was a scribe at Zenith  
And you were an office slave,  
It chilled my heart that we might part,  
Nor meet this side the grave.

In our hours of ease and leisure—  
They were few and far between—  
We chanted the lays of ancient days  
And extolled the great Has-Been;

We scoured the heights of Parnassus;  
We read the mighty prose;  
We said the New is parvenue—  
And treasured a faded rose.

Then, I moved back to New Hampshire,  
And you got lost in Maine;  
We're both of us married, and till we are buried  
We never shall meet again.

ERWIN F. KEENE.

Concord, N. H.

## WANTED

(Ads. in the Chicago Tribune.)

STENOGRAPHER—With some hskpg experience. Call Sunday P M Sunny-side 1325.

WANTED—To rent, furnished comfort, by middle-aged gentleman; preferably with self-standing lady; locality West, Southwest, not too far from address below. Write "Room 3," 1809 Loomis st.

## FOR THE GOLF SEASON

As the World Wags:

Yesterday, I suggested to Sister Belle that I should like to have my golf clothes pressed. She took them from the closet, shook 'em out, held them to the light, and, so, disclosed that the old tar-sheet and the young camphor-balls had failed to frighten.

"Moths!" I exclaimed, shiningly.  
"Yes! Yes!" she confirmed, and drove her eye of quick appraisal over the garments. "The darlings! Why, they've done the full 18 holes!"

JETHRO FELL.

## A LIFE

As the World Wags:

She started in a minor part in those voiceless gymnastics known as the movies. The part was so minor that it looked as we imagine a futurist might paint the wail of a banshee. Then she rose to a place in the sun as queen of that ancient, medieval, and modern order known as Vamps.

Musical comedy fired her fancy, and she dazzled with a sinuous shape so that men followed in her wake. But she was misunderstood: these creatures failed to appreciate her finer sensibilities.

She would forsake the tinsel and tawdry, and do tragedy. She did! They hailed her as Duse and Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, all in one!

She sang. Grand opera welcomed her. Bravas greeted her. The critics fell moaning at her feet.

Then, for a magazine with a circulation of nine million, she wrote her memoirs. The literary world went mad.

Then—she married! He was handsome, he was tender, he was true, he had wealth. The world marveled that she could exchange the plaudits of the many for the perchance erstwhile praises of one. But, it was even so. The finale showed her in a pose of sweet domesticity!

Mary Smith lived this life in three-quarters of an hour on a street-car "on her way to her job as cashier in the Greasy Spoon Restaurant."

WINNIE ROSE.

## FASHION NOTE

(The Manchester Guardian)

It is no longer correct in private houses in West London for couples to dance with bare hands, and the young lady need no longer ruefully reflect that her delicate frock will permanently bear the impress of a "pugy" hand. But the day of lavender gloves stitched with black, formerly the only wear—out of uniform—is over, and a plain white glove, once despised, is now wholly admissible.

## VINCENT CLUB

By PHILIP HALE

"Rush and Wrangle," a musical play by Mrs. Hendricks H. Whitman, lyrics by Mrs. Maurice M. Osborne, was produced at the Plymouth Theatre last night by the Vincent Club in aid of the Vincent Memorial Hospital. The Copley-Plaza Orchestra was conducted by W. Edward Boyle.

A slip inserted in the program stated that owing to the illness of Miss Francesca Braggiotti, her place was taken by Mrs. Whitman. Miss Francesca's absence was deeply regretted.

The story, like that of many musical comedies, is negligible. It served to bring in songs, choruses, dancing, handsome costumes, one imposing stage setting and the most remarkable Northern Lights or Aurora Borealis ever seen by the most adventurous and experienced Arctic explorer.

It seems that three Russians went to the Gobi desert to regain a famous ruby lost was set in the head of the Black Buddha. (See Wilkie Collins's "Moon-

stone," and other tales of eastern gems, thievery, mystery, murder and revenge.) While Prince Ivan (Miss Bertha Braggiotti) danced with graceful voluptuousness before the idol, one of his companions pulls out the ruby. That happened to be at the time five archaeologists from the Back Bay—at least we infer that they were from that favored district in Boston by a song they sang,—so the thief, Ivan and a servant, aided by the Back Bayites, escape in a Ford car. Act II. And lo, there are Russian nobles in an ice cave on an island off the coast of Siberia. Princess Sonia mourns her Ivan. Of course he turns up. There are songs, dances and a happy ending with a return of the ruby to the statue.

As we have said, the libretto is negligible. So is the dialogue, in spite of the laborious attempts at humor.

But there were pleasing features in the performance. The various ensemble dances were effective; especially the opening one, the Snowball ballet, the Russian Dance. The Ski dance was unusual and well performed. The procession of the Black Buddha was picturesque. In the first act the unaffected, simple singing of Miss Grace Sargent and Miss Frances Weld was heartily and deservedly applauded. The Ford ensemble song was sung in a spirited manner.

A prominent feature of the performance was the singing of "The Arctic Blues" by Mrs. Lynde Cochran. In the "Love Song" and dance with Miss Braggiotti, the music was from Victor Herbert's "The Only Girl," in which Mrs. Cochran before her marriage acted and sang delightfully, speaking her lines with an air of innocence that was irresistibly amusing, singing now with genuine sentiment, now with a keen sense of humor, always in the picture. It was pleasant last night to

be reminded of Herbert's charming music and of those who took part in it.

And in this love scene, Miss Braggiotti, as the Prince, danced in a manner that recalled the time when the Ballet Russe coming to Boston showed us that a male dancer could be emotional as well as graceful or athletic, and could portray amorous devotion and ecstasy without leering or extravagance. Miss Braggiotti also danced alone in a spirited manner in the ice cave, so that even the Northern Lights kept quiet that they might watch her.

An audience of good size was greatly pleased. Many numbers were repeated. The orchestra added much to the enjoyment of the performance.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Mitzl in "Minnie an' Me." Musical comedy. Second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Eighteenth week.

MAJESTIC—"Gaieties of 1923." Winter Garden Revue. Second week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Eleventh week.

SHUBERT—Al Jolson in "Bombo." Second week.

TREMONT—"Six-cylinder Love." Comedy. Third week.

WILBUR—"To the Ladies." Comedy. Fourth and last week.

## MONDAY SYMPHONY

For the fifth symphony concert of the Monday evening series, Mr. Montoux played Weber's "Oberon" overture, Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, the prelude to "Die Meistersinger," the Saint-Saens septet for trumpet, strings and piano (piano solo, Jesus Sanroma: trumpet solo, Georges Mager), and Berlioz's "Rakoczy" march from "The Damnation of Faust." Florence Macbeth, soprano, sang Pamina's air, "Ah, lo so" from Mozart's "Magic Flute," and Blondchen's aria, "Con veezie, con lusinghe" from "Il Seraglio."

This was a concert, the second part of it at all events, to stir an audience to enthusiasm. The demonstration began after the "Meistersinger" prelude, which drew forth such hearty applause that Mr. Montoux promptly motioned to the orchestra to rise and share it. Saint-Saens septet was more warmly applauded still. No wonder, for more brilliant music of a finer clarity does not come to a hearing every day, and clearness and brilliancy still work their spell. It was played by everybody who had a hand in it with a sensitive feeling for euphony which resulted in a dazzling splendor of tone—the strings, Mr. Sanroma, who, as well as beautiful tones, displayed a stirring rhythm, and Mr. Mager, with a variety in his trumpet tones and an exquisiteness of phrasing like unto those of an accomplished dramatic soprano. If people who plan concerts of chamber music would venture now and again to enliven their staid programs with gay music like this septet, perhaps they would rejoice in a larger public.

And the gentle charm and pretty



of Miss Macbeth, though she sang  
o alms of Mozart not so grateful as  
ome he wrote, brought her as long and  
heated applause as though she had  
obliged with the facile emotions of "In  
bel di." She approached the alms with  
an appearance of piety that did credit  
to her spirit of reverence, but scarcely  
full justice to Mozart's powers of ex-  
pression. Another time she might to  
advantage think her Pomina a more  
human person who felt her troubles  
with some depth.

There was the Scotch symphony too,  
to make one marvel at the devastating  
effect for years of Mendelssohn on mu-  
sic, when the man himself wrote pages  
of not only poetic imagination but ac-  
tually of robustness, if his interpreters  
have the wit to mark it. The most of  
them are much to blame, his immediate  
followers too and his contemporary ad-  
mirers for so misconceiving him.

The audience last night was very  
large. The program book brought the  
pleasant news that there will be five  
Monday concerts next season. They fill  
a need. R. R. G.

## Brighthouse's "Dealing in Fu- tures" Kaleidoscope of Moods

At the Copley Theatre, first time in  
America of "Dealing in Futures," a  
three-act play by Harold Brighthouse,  
one of the "newer group" (pink-tea  
expression!) of the Manchester school.  
The cast:

Mallison, a butler.....Wilson Verney  
Jabez Thompson, a chemical manufac-  
turer.....E. E. Clive  
Rosie Thompson, his daughter.....Catherine Willard  
Walter Clovering, a young doctor.....Philip Tonge  
John Bunting, a master dyer.....H. Conway Wingfield  
Charles Bunting, his son.....Harold West  
Mrs. Wilcock.....Daisy Belmont  
Lomas, Thompson's cashier.....Cecil Magnus  
Dowden, a clerk.....L. Paul Scott  
Workmen in Thompson's Works:  
James Pullen.....H. Mortimer White  
Robert Jones.....Gerald Rogers  
James Liversy.....Charles Hampden  
Job Alcott.....Reginald Sheffield  
Mrs. Jones.....Katherine Standing

"Dealing in Futures" is one of those  
plays which give the sympathetic spec-  
tators nervous prostration. Eager to  
get into the spirit of the piece, he is  
driven from pillar to post by the con-  
tinual changes in perspective. No  
sooner is he adjusted to one mood than  
it is gone; "drama" follows comedy  
without warning, and satire on the  
heels of pathos. In measure, as one  
becomes absorbed in the play, these  
mental gymnastics grow irksome, and  
no one but an emotional contortionist  
can sit through "Dealing in Futures"  
without undergoing a severe strain.

Some of the difficulty is undoubtedly  
due to the actors and the failure of  
Mr. Jewett, through them, to smooth out  
these transitions. Mr. West, as "Char-  
lie," in particular, was never quite  
sure as to what he is really supposed to  
be. Now was he mock-heroic, and now  
in deadly earnest; quiet satire was more  
than once in his voice—and again, a  
touch, almost, of burlesque. Is he a  
"dreamer," dreaming great dreams; or  
is he merely a sentimental prig? Or  
a bit of both? The author does not spec-  
ify. But surely no one who "loves to  
distraction," as does Charlie, could pos-  
sibly treat his beloved with such brutal  
formality. Apparently Charlie adopted  
his father's guiding phrase, "I don't  
know."

So, too, Mr. Clive married an other-  
wise excellent portrait of "Old Thomp-  
son" by an over amount of cold (oh! so  
cold) cynicism. And Mr. Wingfield's  
"John" should certainly earn him the  
nickname of "Cry-baby" Bunting. But  
again, the author is probably at fault.

Mr. Tonge and Miss Willard, likewise,  
play too abruptly; their scenes progress  
with a bewildering rapidity. But again,  
the author. Condensation to the point  
of abruptness is a characteristic of the  
Houghton System (Stanley, not Percy),  
and Brighthouse follows closely in the  
footsteps of his friend and leader. Like  
all the "Manchester school," the drama  
of Brighthouse is a drama of revolt—not  
only against theatrical convention, but  
also against social conditions. Something  
of the zeal of Galsworthy permeates  
their arraignment of "things as they  
are." In "Dealing in Futures," Brigh-  
house attempts to be serious without  
being heavy handed—certainly a com-  
mendable aspiration.

That he in no small degree succeeds,  
is due, curiously enough, to some deep-  
seated sense of satire. Throughout all  
his "serious" scenes (except, possibly,  
the admirable one where the mill-hand's  
wife protests that a strike means  
starvation for her little ones) there is  
an underlying spirit of comedy trying  
desperately to break through. This it  
is which gives Old Thompson his witty  
lines, while Charlie is indulging in what  
comes perilously near to being good  
old-fashioned "hokum." In fact, the  
great trouble is that the piece is too  
unsympathetic in its handling to avoid  
the pitfalls of conventional expression.

Lacking any great insight into his  
characters, the author cannot keep  
them from slipping in many instances  
into the well-worn mould. And he gets  
them out as best he may.

Yet though not a profound piece,  
"Dealing in Futures" holds the atten-  
tion through much of its course. After  
a very spotty first act, the Copley Play-  
ers do creditably. If no more. Alto-  
gether an only fair performance—one  
well received, however, by a large and  
loyal audience. W. R. B.

## HIT OF KEITH BILL IS JULIAN ELTINGE

Not in many moons has there been  
such an entertaining and satisfying  
bill as that offered at B. F. Keith's  
Theatre this week. Last evening, every  
act brought forth unstinted approval by  
the audience.

Julian Eltinge is back to the scenes  
of his youth, for it was through the  
Keith offices that he received his first  
professional engagement after his suc-  
cess in the Bank Officers' show.

Tho comedian clings discretely to  
songs that are simple in their construc-  
tion. This is at it should be, for his  
voice is of small range and by the  
widest stretch of the imagination could  
not assume convincing feminine tones.  
But his act is one of the best that he  
has brought to us. There is an air of  
refinement and elegance throughout.

His program, neatly varied, calls for  
keen differentiation, and the lines were  
cleanly drawn. His most interesting  
and convincing number was that of the  
bathing girl, in which he displays more  
anatomy than heretofore, and there was  
nice byplay and an appropriate dance.  
His costumes are for the fashion editor  
to describe rather than poor man of the  
dramatic staff. Suffice it to say that  
mildly gasps in admiration.

Other acts on the bill were Burt Fitz-  
gibbon, who has long held the title of  
the nuttiest of "nuts," in an act that  
includes much that is new and some-  
thing familiar, and more laughable than  
ever; Jack "Rube" Clifford, in a clever  
characterization of an old rube detec-  
tive; Stars of the Future," including  
Jessie Fordyce, Pearl Hamilton, Violet  
Hamilton, Betty Moore, Joan Page and  
Helen Schroeder, a group of former  
chorus girls, who offer one of the hits  
of the bill, and display much talent in  
song, dance and comedy; Rita Gould,  
the Junoesque brunette, who gave  
pleasure in song and characterization  
and offered an act that included many  
dramatic tid bits; Al K. Hall and com-  
pany, in an snappy sketch, in which Mr.  
Hall offered a "nut" line that played a  
close second to Mr. Fitzgibbon, and  
added a unique dancing program; Alice  
and Lucille Sheldon, who substituted  
for Wyeth and Wynn, in a program of  
songs that went "big"; and Al Striker,  
contortionist.

## 'HONORS ARE EVEN'

ST JAMES—"Honors Are Even," a  
play in four acts by Rol Cooper Megrue.  
The cast:

Belinda Carter.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Vaughan Outerbridge.....Ralph M. Remley  
Ralph Kingsland.....Houston Richards  
Leslie.....Harry Lowell  
Nigel Gordon.....Edward Darney  
John Leighton.....Walter Gilbert  
Parker.....Harold Chase  
Lucille Berkeley.....Viola Roach  
George Hale.....Lucille Adams  
David Carter.....Mark Kent  
Lionel Berans  
Hannah.....Anna Layne

A very amusing, well-played comedy  
at the St. James this week—one that  
William Courtenay starred in a season  
or two ago and which proved an ex-  
cellent vehicle for him. The heroine of  
this piece is on first introduction a  
rather ordinary, flirtatious young lady.  
She has a host of admirers at her beck  
and call and amuses herself a great  
deal at their expense. She loves none  
of them and waits in vain for some  
dashing individual, as she explains, who  
will thrill her, make her cry, laugh, and  
several other minor qualifications.

That man arrives. He too has cer-  
tain ideas as to the proper methods of  
wooing charming young women and he  
proceeds to put his theory into prac-  
tice. It works very well, with one or two  
hitches, of course, just to make it in-  
teresting.

The author has his leading characters  
doing a great deal of character analy-  
sis. Sometimes the dialogue becomes  
rather tiresome on this account.

They studied one another, and after  
due and proper consideration a pigeon-  
hole would be made for the individual  
and he or she would be filed. Then  
Miss Belinda Carter, the heroine, and  
John Leighton, the hero, would talk at  
length on just what they thought of  
life in general. Miss Adelyn Bushnell  
and Mr. Gilbert played these roles with  
just the right touch. Miss Bushnell  
is delightful. She can get a great

deal out of some of her rather trite  
lines and can be a good comedian, too.  
Mr. Gilbert has a chance to do some  
good work and he helped the dialogue  
from becoming tiresome at times.

Lucille Adams and Houston Richards  
have a juvenile love affair in which Mr.  
Richards is especially entertaining. Mark  
Kent and Ralph Remley were two others  
who made the play move along in a  
good comic vein.

The dialogue is excellent in many  
places. One of the best scenes is that  
of a bridge game in progress, and there  
are also some interesting references to  
golf in another scene. The setting for  
the second act last evening was espe-  
cially effective and in good taste. Mr.  
Hector, the entertaining orchestra lead-  
er, is once more in his old place, after  
an absence of several weeks. The mu-  
sic last evening was enjoyed by an en-  
thusiastic audience.

A London magistrate was recently  
asked to decide whether a man whose  
legs were wobbling, but whose brain  
was clear, was in an intoxicated or  
sober condition. Why did he not, the  
magistrate, test him by the "beerome-  
ter"? Mr. E. V. Lucas, some years ago  
found, or said he had found—he is al-  
ways desirous of a little joke—"appetens  
joci," to use the language of the an-  
cient Romans—in a museum an old  
"Staffordshire beerometer," with these  
readings:

- 50. Drunk as a lord.
- 45. Drunk.
- 40. Disguised in liquor.
- 35. As sober as a man ought to be.
- 30. Drunk without, but sober within.
- 25. Fresh (worse for drink).
- 20. Market fresh (has had a drop).
- 10. Sober as a judge.
- 5. Sober as I am now (five quarts  
among three).
- 0. Sober.

A Londoner found fault with the beer-  
ometer because it gave no reading for  
the man who went to the pump to light  
his pipe.

## THE FORMER HUB

(From a Chicago Contemporary.)

Paul sits serene, smiling sardonically,  
relating anecdotes of the Boston under-  
world, and telling in never an indignant  
way of the latest evidences of babbly  
and stupidity in the former Hub of the  
Universe and Athens of America, a  
place where now the only theatrical suc-  
cesses are burlesque shows and musical  
comedies, and which bans Sherwood An-  
derson, Ben Hecht, Anatole France, D.  
H. Lawrence and I don't know how  
many other modern novelists. "I find it  
more diverting to live in Boston," said  
Paul, "than in a civilized community. I  
have an anthropological and psychologi-  
cal interest in trying to discover what  
nervous mechanism it is which ani-  
mates so many of my fellow-citizens  
who are quite obviously getting along  
all right without brains. The process  
of life as they live it and the source  
of the notions they give voice to are  
still eluding me, but the study is excit-  
ing. For 14 days I have been shadow-  
ing an operative of the local vice so-  
ciety to find out whether he is capable  
of cerebration. He has as yet given no  
evidence of it."

## THINGS NOT TO WRITE ABOUT

As the World Wags:

Lingerie; all sexes;  
Discourteous boxoffice boys: most of  
them are all right;

Jokes about Verboten: Potsdam was,  
and is, guiltless of anything like amend-  
ment XVIII;

The sign reading Fried: Hats: the  
punctuation takes it out of the joke-  
class;

Blinding jests on the cheese of Lim-  
berger: it's a great article of food, and  
one of the good things taken from us  
by the war;

Make-overs of the jokes embalmed  
and buried in Mrs. Asquith's monologue  
when she was here last year: we knew  
them when the late John W. Kelly told  
them in the variety theatres;

Parodies of "Three O'clock in the  
Morning": the original, itself, is funny  
enough—words and music.

TANTALUS.

## THE MUSS IN MAINE

(In answer to "The Muse in Maine")

Look it! One quart of this  
Pounded—pungent  
Phosphorus—

Does but make the laurel—  
Sheep laurel—mark you—  
Jump—

One quart! One poultry quart  
(Or better one sheepish quart)

In barter for

a plugged nickel from

the Baby's Bank!

"A gamble"—say you?

Call it rather the

Lambs gambol—

They make and take it.

Dust

Dust!

BONE

(The Answer)

"hose?" say you—

whose?

Thine, Anne—thine!  
(From the thorax up)  
Sweet Anne of Brunswick!  
Sheepish!

E. N. H.

## FRANKNESS IN ADVERTISING

(An Adv. Seen by R. P. T., Gloucester)

PARTNER WANTED—I will stake  
my knowledge of the jewelry business  
against money. Not much money need-  
ed. Address, —, care the Manufac-  
turing Jeweler.

(Seen in a Worcester Drugstore by H. H. C.)

THE GREAT "SAX ROHMER"  
HIS BOOKS

(Titles Follow)

To Read One Means to Read All

## A REPLY TO DANDERINA'S QUES- TIONNAIRE

As the World Wags:

1. My husband's greatest attraction  
is a mole right on the tip of his nose. It  
has hypnotized me so that in all my  
years of married life I don't know yet  
whether his eyes are blue or brown. I  
can't get any farther than that mole.

2. He differs from other men in that  
every morning he gives me 25 cents, be-  
sides regular expense money, for myself.  
Out of this I save up and buy all my  
clothes.

3. No; he doesn't go to lodge or club  
when he goes out at night. He tells me  
the truth—he studies botany at a place  
called the Marigold Gardens.

4. Yes; I still have youth and pep and  
fair looks. I am fair, fat and 40, and  
still jump on his lap and playfully tweak  
his ears. He loves it.

5. I have never spooned with other  
men. They let me alone, although, no  
doubt, they secretly admire me.

6. Most certainly I would not get a  
divorce! There are too many waiting to  
grab my darling.

7. A wedding march makes me nerv-  
ous and jumpy and curious. I do not  
know why. COSETTE.

## READ HERMAN MELVILLE'S STRANGE STORY "THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

As the World Wags:

"These men of business, bodies without  
soul,  
Important blanks on Nature's mighty  
roll,  
Consume with weighty nothings day's  
broad glare. . . ."

"These business men, who are con-  
stantly engaged in cheating their cus-  
tomers, periodically in cheating their  
creditors, and on all due occasions  
double-crossing their friends. . . ."

I have always assumed that the real  
and vital difference between a business  
man and a thief is: "There's honor  
among thieves." Now comes Sir Basil  
Thompson of the London police, and as-  
sures us that there is not any honor  
among thieves.

Whom, then, can we trust?

Ashland, Mass. W. C. ROSE.

## INFORMATION BUREAU

H. G. of Nantucket writes: "In a  
current 'best seller' Mrs. Norris's 'Cer-  
tain People of Importance,' on page 32,  
reference is made to a song, popular  
in the early eighties show, called 'For  
Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You.'  
I recall the song but not the show nor  
the singer."

Yes, H. G. Louis Harrison played  
with Henry E. Dixey in the company  
called "Rice's Surprise Party." Accord-  
ing to the best of our recollection, Willie  
Edoulin and his wife, Alice Atherton,  
were in the company. We remember  
"The Rajah" and "Horror." We don't  
remember whether "The dazzling Eng-  
lish sisters, Marion Elmore and Lena  
Merville" were in the show.

## APOLLO CLUB

At Jordan hall last evening the Apollo  
Club gave its fourth concert of the sea-  
son, with Emil Mollenhauer conducting.  
The soloists were E. Lindley Cummings  
and William F. Pollard, Jr., tenors, and  
George S. Dane, baritone. Socrate Ba-  
rozzi, violinist, assisted, and Frank H.  
Luker was the pianist and E. Rupert  
Sircorn the organist. The program:

"Hunting Song".....Frederic Field Bullard  
"In Absence".....Dudley Buck  
The Club.  
"Slavonic Dance".....Dvorak  
"Minuet".....Porpora-Kreisler  
"Irish Song".....Kreisler  
"At Thy Feet in Adoration".....Dvorak  
Tenor solo by Mr. Cummings.  
"Rockin' in de Win'".....W. H. Neidlinger  
"Old Folks at Home".....Van der Snucken  
Baritone solo by Mr. Dane.  
"The Pilot".....Daniel Frotheroe  
"The Son of the Prophet" Jean-Baptiste Faure  
Tenor solo by Mr. Pollard.  
"Danse Espagnole".....Sarasate  
"Polichinelle Serenade".....Kreisler  
"La Chasse".....Cartier-Kreisler  
Mr. Barozzi.  
"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow".....Homer Bartlett  
"Serenade".....Wolfgram  
"Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz".....Strauss  
"Mysterious Night".....Debois  
With violin obligato by Mr. Barozzi.  
"The World Went Forth".....Mendelssohn  
Mr. bl



and Blake used to talk familiarly of John Milton, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Julius Caesar, Moses, Cassibillau, Edward the First, William Wallace, the men that built the pyramids and him for their portraits.



## ORANGE GIN

Here is the recipe of a Warwickshire housewife who knows not synthetic gin: First look for an earthenware jar. Peel two oranges and one lemon so that the rind is as thin as paper. Put the peel into the jar with half a dozen fat cloves, a pinch of saffron and a pint and a half of the best gin. Cork the jar, shake it well and put it on a sunny shelf. Let a week go by, then put a pound of sugar with a quarter of a pint of water into a pan. After the sugar has dissolved, let the syrup boil for five minutes. Put it into the jar and seal the cork. Shake and roll the jar about, twice in the week. Continue this for two months. Then filter the liqueur through clean sheets of blotting paper. Bottle.

Mr. Frank H. Briggs writes to us that the recitation of "The Shabby Genteel" to which we recently alluded was a part of Sol Smith Russell's monologue before he appeared in plays. "I remember him doing it at the Park Theatre."

April 28, 1923

## SYMPHONY PLAYS INDIAN MELODIES

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteaux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Vaughan Williams, A London Symphony; Schumann-Dubois, Three Pieces in Canon Form (first time at these concerts, if not in Boston); Skilton, "Flute Serenade" and "Moccasin Game" from the "Suite Primeval" on tribal Indian melodies (first time in Boston); Wagner, overture to "Rienzi." Charles Sanford Skilton, born at Northampton in 1868, after graduation from Yale, studied music in Berlin and New York. In 1903 he went to Lawrence, Kan., where he is professor of the organ, theory and history of music at the State University of Kansas. As he was near Haskell Institute, he became interested in the music of the North American Indians. Tribal melodies were given to him by the Indian students. He has written a Deer Dance, a War Dance and this "Suite Primeval." The solo flute melody, at the beginning of the Serenade, beautifully played by Mr. Laurent, is traditional among the Sioux. Now, the "wooling flute" is not confined to the North American Indian; it is found all over the world. The "Moccasin Game" melody came from a Winnebago Indian.

Mr. Skilton has utilized these Indian themes in an appropriately simple manner. Although he has ornamented the flute theme with thrills and flourishes, his treatment is not too sophisticated. He has written frankly and effectively, without disturbing ethnological purpose or parade, nor does he insist that this music is distinctively "Amu-r-r-ican," in which respect he is wiser than some of his fellow laborers in the North American vineyard. We should like to hear music from Mr. Skilton for which he has invented his own themes.

Schumann, wishing to be contrapuntal, whereas his genius was lyrical, shown chiefly in his songs and piano pieces, whereas in his larger compositions he was often ill at ease, wrote Six Studies and Four Sketches in canon form for the pedal piano. The pedaller is a fearsome instrument, but useful to the student of the organ. Nevertheless more elaborate pieces than Schumann's have been composed for it. Witness Gounod, who in his later but still emotional years, fell in with Lucie Palicot, a woman of indisputable temperament. For her Gounod wrote two or three pieces for the pedaller with orchestra. (Mme. Palicot visited Boston in 1893 and thundered away on the rough-toned instrument in Music hall.)

Dubois orchestrated four of Schumann's Canons 30 years or so ago, and orchestrated them deftly, especially the one in B minor, in which Mr. Laus made sport with his bassoon in a delightful manner. The Canons are eminently Schumannesque in their wistfulness, fancy and tender melancholy.

Vaughan Williams's "London" Symphony again made a deep impression. It is doubtful whether without the title and the descriptive program a hearer, as the music was playing, would say, "Aha! London, I hear the Thames, the roar and bustle of the streets. Now we are in foggy, dismal Bloomsbury. Let's go to the Thames Embankment. And we see the march of the unemployed." No. The austere, remote Dellore is a symphonic poem "Paris," which is anything but the Paris of

"Louise," and might be Rouen, Belfast, or Terre Haute.

A critic in London recently reproached Williams for introducing in this symphony a theme too much like the notes of "Have a banana!" from a song. "We'll all go down the Strand," a popular music hall ditty in the London of 1897. Perhaps Williams did this deliberately for the sake of "local color."

The Symphony contains pages of great worth. The first two movements are the richest in musical thought and in powerful expression. The idea of sleeping London is admirably brought out and the contrast with London awake is symphonically, not merely theatrically, dramatic. The second movement is an excellent example of tonal painting. It seems to us that the succeeding movements lack varied and contrasting coloring. The "Hunger March" of the unemployed is disappointing. The subject called for a Hector Berlioz. The epilogue is of a higher flight of imagination. On the whole the Symphony is an important contribution to orchestral literature, one of the most important—and they have not been many—of the last dozen years. The performance was worthy of the superb orchestra's highest reputation.

Wagner's pompous and noisy overture—which at its best is inferior Meyerbeer—brought the close.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the 42d season, will be as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore," No. 3; Chausson, "Sol de fete" (first time in America); Respighi, "The Fountains of Rome," and Saint-Saens's Symphony in C minor, No. 3, Op. 78.

The Italian Dictionary of the Accademia della Crusca, on which work began more than 60 years ago, has not yet advanced beyond the letter "O."

The great Oxford Dictionary is still incomplete.

The dictionary of the French Academy has reached, after the labor of 48 years, only the ninth letter of the alphabet. By the way, the Academy has decided to admit the English word "interview" into the French language. Purists objected, saying that the word was not even a literal translation of the French word "entrevue," but an English pronunciation of it, a simple corruption.

"Interview," meaning a meeting between a reporter and some one from whom he wishes to obtain information for publication, is a vile word in English. The first quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1869. The Nation (New York): "The 'interview' as at present managed is generally the joint product of some humbug of a hack politician and another humbug of a newspaper reporter." It has been said that Joseph McCullagh of St. Louis was the inventor of the "interview." The Nation in 1869 said sneeringly that "interviewing" was confined to American journalism.

And note this contemptuous paragraph in the Daily News of 1869: "A portion of the daily newspapers of New York are bringing the profession of journalism into contempt, so far as they can, by a kind of toadyism or flunkeyism which they call 'interviewing.'"

### "REP. KELLY DEMANDS HARVEY'S RECALL"

Tell us then, wise Solon Kelly, Of Colonel Harvey's boast— 'Praps you'll confide, how in hell he Best prepare his toast— Should he deny his ancestry? No more than you—we'll say Would care to do—were Ireland free. (Which they predict some day.) Is every blamed American Descended from an Iydan? And what would be the true claim by Each dusky child of Ham? If we can't give our Eve away, Why! who would give Adam?

B. N. H.

### CUM LAUDANUM

As the World Wags: Just a warning, doubtless unnecessary, that the open season for graduations is soon to be with us again. Then will the youth of the nation have its inning and we all of us agree that they are welcome to it.

But permit me a suggestion, please. Let us have our college faculties award a few degrees "cum laudanum" and plenty of it. Thus would the fathers and mothers of the youthful valedictorian, and the fathers and mothers of less unfortunate graduates, be relieved of the burden of the regulation graduation address.

To those who might raise objection to the use of this habit-forming tincture I raise the question: Is it not better than forming the habit of orating on a subject beyond one's mental capabilities?

T. O. W.

Boston.

## WARFIELD'S SHYLOCK

As the World Wags:

What do Mr. David Warfield's colleagues on the stage who have been conspicuous by playing Jewish roles think of his Shylock? Might they not speak as follows if they were interviewed for a Sunday supplement?

Low Fields—"Dave? There is one nice boy! I know him well. . . . His Shylock? Yes—I've heard that he is playing the part. A nice fellow; always was."

Julius Tannen—"It is not the province of one artist to speak of another, save in praise; otherwise, I would say that Mr. Warfield does not make Shylock tall enough. Shylock, I should say, was about my height."

Barney Bernard—"I have always regarded 'The Merchant of Venice' as one of the best gondola-pieces. Too bad that Dave isn't in the last act: it is such a good act!"

Alexander Carr—"I'm sincerely delighted with the lovely manner in which Mr. Belasco has staged the play. Yes—I understand that Mr. Warfield selected the role of Shylock in preference to that of Portia, which also is a good part."

George Sidney—"Yes: I've seen Dave as Shylock. Don't you think he was fine in 'The Music-Master'?"

Louis Mann—"Warfield's Shylock? Kindly excuse me from saying anything today: I'm hoarse; and, besides, I regarded both of his parents with esteem."

Sam Bernard—"Warfield'd be a great comedian if he could only get a good song or two! I've always said that."

C. T.

### "WHOAP—HAW!"

As the World Wags:

"S. W. M." states that in driving oxen in Maine the command to turn to the left was "Wo-helsh." In this section it was invariably "Haw," frequently given as "Whoap-haw." The word for turning to the right was "Gee," the same as with him. The whip lash was used in driving hereabouts and the goad seldom or never used.

A. B. ROBERTS,

Windham, Ct.

### L. R. R.'S GIBUS

As the World Wags:

I purchased a gibus in Cheapside, London, for 10 shillings, about \$2.40 in our money then—when Knox, Dunlap and others soaked the boys \$10 apiece. Mine lasted 20 years and seemed to snap out as pertly as any. I gave it to an old-time hack driver. He is wearing it this day. It looks grand; regular Beau Brummel shape, flaring out at the top; not like the dinky French styles so popular in 1900 of thereabouts.

L. R. R.

Boston.

### R. I. P.

"Unquity" of Cambridge sends us some epigrams he read in a scrapbook. Some of them are, indeed, moss-covered. Two are new to us.

"The little hero that lies here Was conquered by the diarrhoea." "Sacred to the memory of James H. R., who died Aug. the 6th, 1890. His widow, who mourns as one who can be comforted, aged 24, possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at — street in this village."

### REDUCTIO

(For As the World Wags)

"Mother, may I wear earrings, please?" "Oh, yes, my darling daughter, And a ring in the tip of your little nose Will be still 'comme il faut'—er." Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

### FROM OUR GEOGRAPHER

As the World Wags: "Private John Dalzell, for many years a Pennsylvania congressman, was a student at Jefferson College, Virginia, during the civil war."

What's the use? Jefferson College is in Pennsylvania. One of your favorite sentences runs something like this: "Why do persons read so carelessly?" And The Herald continues (cheerfully) to locate Duluth in Michigan, and even transplants dear old Chippeway Falls to Canada.

Is it that we are indifferent in the matter of even domestic geography, let alone foreign?

L. R. R.

Boston. There is a Jefferson College at Convent, La., founded in 1831. In 1922 it had 60 students and 8 teachers. The governing official was the Very Rev. P. F. Quinn, S. M.—Ed.

April 29, 1923

So William Hohenzollern, when he gave a dinner to 54 workmen at Doorn, gave to each one an autographed photograph of himself, the poor wretches actually cheered.

In old days the kings of Prussia gave men who had won their favor by service musical compositions or pictures, gold snuff boxes, often encrusted with diamonds, or filled with gold coins.

Who evidently thinks that his photograph with his name signed is of notable value.

As said of Harry Lauder that at the end of his first visit to this country he told a traveling companion who had done much for him that he was grateful beyond words. "I am going to show you how grateful I am." With that he went to his room and returned bearing a signed photograph of himself.

## LONELY HOUSES

Lonely houses on a lonely road— That leads to nowhere 'neath a leaden sky;

Your roofs are swathed in mist—a heavy load—

Blank-eyed you gaze, while romance passes by.

We pass you by—the winged train speeds on

Through sodden woods and over sullen streams;

Past flying posts—each one a second gone—

A second nearer to the goal of dreams.

Faster, fleet train, and leave them far behind—

Fly toward the future with its hidden goal.

Vanish sad houses, with your dim eyes blind—

Nor lay your treacherous fingers on my soul. Vee Vee.

### "SO NEAR, AND YET—SO FAR"

As the World Wags:

In the sixties Dave Wallis kept our home town saloon, meaning in the vernacular, a place of call where oysters "in all style," and—shall I say toddy—were supreme. Billiards, of course, and for a week before Thanksgiving turkey raffles, undisputed and not forbidden—those were indeed the good old days.

Dave was the soul of honor and a stickler for the formalities—Mr. Wallis, or in extenso, Mr. David Wallis to us youngsters, never Dave except to his intimates. And personally abstemious, never losing control of himself through excess, save on rare occasion, when out with a chosen few to celebrate a special anniversary.

On one such winter's night, however, in "some wee short hour ayant the twal," Dave returned uncertain as to his whereabouts, and, in the emergency, pulled the bell of an accommodating neighbor, the widow, Sarah Green. Drawn from her warm bed, the widow, shivering at her open window in the cold light of the full moon plainly saw the upturned face below. She knew him well, and in the still, frosty air she heard his cry, a bit thick, but urbane:

"Sorry to trouble you," he said, "but can you tell me where Mr. David Wallis lives?"

"Why," she responded, somewhat surprised, "You are Mr. David Wallis." "Oh, yes," he answered. "I know I'm Mr. David Wallis. But—can you tell me where he lives?"

Boston. HORACE G. WADLIN.

### A DUSKY KATRINKA

(From the Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville.)

NEAT colored girl wants position as elevator or any office work. Phone 1173-J.

### ADD "COMEBACKS"

As the World Wags:

I feel very sure that in the ordinary run of conversation I should be no match for Helen Henna, but for the emergency she speaks of in this morning's Herald I have an answer which I think is better than hers. When the "mutual acquaintance" under discussion "unexpectedly arrives," instead of saying, as Helen suggests, "Well, well, talk of the devil!" Isn't it even more "pungent" to say, "Why, here she comes now!" This carries with it no hint of disagreeable association, but opens up a world of conjecture which imagination will tint with rosy colors.

If henna means red, Helen describes Helen's hair. Helen is of my favorite complexion.

Lexington. RED RASSENDYLL.

### THE JOY OF UNTIDINESS

(From the London Times)

The untidy person wastes no time. His morning correspondence, envelopes, and all, is thrown into the rubbish-heap that already strews his table—that sacred mess which no housemaid is allowed to touch with the confusing finger of tidiness. His books are "all anyhow," with volume I on one shelf, volume II on another, upside-down, volume III on the sofa or under a chair. Into his dressing room we dare not follow him. Yet, whenever he wants a thing, the luck that watches over children, drunken men, the untidy, and all others who "live dangerously," guides his hand to it at once. He has faith, and is rewarded. And his gay contempt for a niggling virtue brings him now and then—say, when he gets married, or moves house, or comes back from a holiday—the fine, grubby joy of "a thorough tidy-up." The meticulous, who never dare to be untidy, know nothing of that joy: the delight of



throwing all the unanswered letters, the unwanted memoranda, the unheeded notices into the waste paper basket; the relief of heaping old clothes upon a charity; the splendor of book shelves—clean and shining and orderly; best of all, the virtuous glow of a good resolution. The rake is reformed. From now onward he will keep tidy. He vows it. And in a week he is all at his ease again in his usual litter; and his look is as busy as before guiding his undeserving, but courageous, hand to the thing that he wants.

#### SOME COWS

An advertisement recommending in no uncertain tones a camp at South Hero, Vt., ends:  
"Unlimited fresh eggs and milk from our own cows."

#### SONGS OF JEWISH LIFE

The Arthur P. Schmidt Company has published in two volumes "Songs of Jewish Life," by Constance and Henry Gideon. The first volume contains five songs of Childhood and three love songs. The second volume contains three of meditation, and four of festivals and weddings. The Gideons say in a short preface that old familiar songs now appear in new dresses, i. e. accompaniments and translations. The compilers and arrangers acknowledge their debt to Mary Antin and her family; Lewis Cahan, "whose body lives in Brooklyn, but whose spirit goes far abroad, seeking out all true folksingers and gathering their songs as a bee gathers honey"; Semcha Kaplan, Perez Hirshbein, dramatist and poet, and others. Savington Crampton contributes an introduction to the songs, finding in them the rosemary and the rue rather than the honeysuckle in the Yiddish folk song. "Here and there the mood is lighter. . . but for the most part one feels the underlying surge of protest. The cry against inhumanity and oppression, the sorrow and the grief of long suffering and the forced repression of so many of the gay and more spontaneous reactions of life. To hear these songs is to open a window upon the mediaeval ghetto, upon the narrow and crooked streets and the hot tumultuous life of a crowded quarter, upon the wailing of the wives and the mothers and the ominous shiver of anticipated persecution. . . All the color of the warm, vivid life of a poetic people is here—here in its purest, most limpid form; the song of the folk, the direct and genuine expression of a race."

These songs should appeal to concert singers as well as to collectors of folk songs. The compilers have done their work well. The accompaniments are in the spirit of melody and text.

#### GENUINE BRITISH OPERA

(By Ernest Newman)

It does not look as if the genuine British opera, when it comes, will be something on the grand scale. There the models are too big, too overpowering; nothing is likely to come of writing Wagner not so well as Wagner has done it, or Puccini not so well as Puccini. King Arthur and the legendary figures of the Mabinogion can be left to take care of themselves; the two or three British composers who have tried to resuscitate these figures in opera have succeeded only in making dubious imitations of Siegfried and Brynhilde and Alberich and the rest of them. We must begin by being British. Superficially considered, nothing could be more truly British than King Arthur, Merlin, Dylan, Dronwen, Gwydion and others of that family; but the truth is that this type of myth has been so exhaustively treated by Wagner in music that only a composer of a genius superior to Wagner's own could make us forget Wagner in any opera founded on British myth—and there is no such British composer visible on the horizon as yet.

We shall have to begin at the other end if we are ever to get British opera. The art will have to go through much the same process here as it did in Germany: a purely native, modest product must slowly expand, both by its own inner force and by assimilation of whatever in music as a whole can nourish it, until it becomes an instrument that a towering genius can play any tune and all the tunes he likes upon. It was thus that German opera grew from the Singspiel, through "national" works like "Der Freischuetz," to the "Meistersingers." The British bent has always been towards the ballad opera. That it peculiarly suits our men of genius is shown by the success of Sullivan; that it peculiarly suits our public is shown by the success of "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly." It is in this type of opera, rather than opera founded on mythical waxwork figures like King Arthur and Lancelot and Guenevere, that the ordinary Briton can see himself as he is—an easy-going fellow, rather averse from hard thinking in art, but a great lover of humor, or irony, or farce.

"Home Sweet Home" will be 100 years old in May. Mme. Melius will sing it "as arranged by Patti" tonight in Symphony hall. At the Pop concert of May 8 Mr. Jacchia's arrangement of the tune will be played.

The tune was published with words by T. Haynes Bailey in a collection entitled "Melodies of Various Nations," published about 1820 in London. The tune, which was then labeled "Sicilian"—it was really written by Sir Henry R. Bishop—is that of "Home, Sweet Home," without the refrain. There is a slight difference in melody.

When Bishop wrote the music for his opera, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in London on May 8, 1823, he adapted this "Sicilian" tune to the two verses which John Howard Payne had paraphrased from Bailey's verses. They began:

"To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came,  
And I fondly expected to find it the same."

The air was sung in the theatre by Maria Tree. It gained at once extraordinary popularity. W. T. Parke, the oboe player, who wrote in an amusing and instructive manner his memoirs, said of the new opera: "Miss M. Tree's song, 'Sweet Home,' is a beautiful specimen of taste and simplicity. The melody is taken from one occurring in a German opera, and the effective accompaniments are composed by Bishop. This air, charmingly sung by Miss M. Tree, was honored with universal applause and an encore. The music of this piece is altogether of a very superior description."

This Anna Maria Tree (1802-1862), a mezzo-soprano, was a sister of Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean). Maria appeared on the stage for the first time at Bath as Polly in "The Beggar's Opera" in 1818. A year later she took the part of Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" at Covent Garden and sang there until she married James Bradshaw, a rich tea merchant and a member of Parliament.

Where did Payne get the idea of his libretto for "Clari"? On June 19, 1820, a ballet-pantomime in three acts by Milon, with music by Rodolphe Kreutzer, was produced at the Paris Opera. It met with great success and remained in the repertoire of the opera until December 24, 1830. The chief characters were Clari, Betti, Simonetta, le duc Mevilla, Simeone. We have read that Payne saw this ballet in Paris. Did Milon invent the scenario, or did he find some Italian subject at hand? The "Clari" of Payne and Bishop, and an Italian opera "Clari" by Halevy produced at the Theatre Italien, Paris, in 1829, have the same subject as Milon's ballet. Mme. Malibran sang in Halevy's opera, which met with success. She was then receiving 75,000 francs a season plus a benefit performance.

#### Ballet Dancer First in Role of Clari

The first person, apparently, to take the part of Clari was the ballet dancer Mlle. Bigottini. Unfortunately there is no elaborate dictionary of dancers. The Parisian dancers of the first half of the 19th century are sketched in the more or less scandalous little dictionaries of the theatres. Thus Guillaume le Flaneur in his "Petite Biographie Dramatique" (Paris, 1821) wrote: "To name Bigottini, is to name the goddess of the dance. The grace and lasciviousness of her movements have given her the name of the Terpsichore of our century; she has stamped with perfection all her roles. Driving her companions by her talents to despair, she had sworn to make her admirers desperate by her rigorous behavior. The dance should alone occupy all her time; but Love, in pointing out to her Alb— as her lover, has brought her under his laws, without making her false to her promise." Was this Alb—the dancer Albert who took the part of the Duke in "Clari"?

Neree Desarbres, writing in 1868, told another story in his "deux Siecles de l'Opera." "Mlle. Bigottini wishing to follow the footsteps of Mlle. Mafleuroy, at first took from her Prince Pinatelli; then devoting herself passionately to her art, she won the highest position. She quickly became a millionaire. She left the theatre in 1823, and in her farewell performance, played for the first and last time with great success by the side of Mlle. Mars the role of the page in 'La Jeunesse de Henri V.'"

(This Clotilde Mafleuroy, described as the personification of seduction and beauty, received a house from Prince Pinatelli besides a monthly allowance of 100,000 francs. The Spanish Admiral Mazaredo wasted 400,000 francs on her at one whack, and a French banker paid her yearly 100,000 francs merely to sit as a spectator at her table. She married the composer, Boieldieu in 1802, and was promptly unfaithful to him. She left the theatre in 1819 and died at Paris in 1826.)

Mlle. Bigottini was dancing at the Paris Opera as early as 1804, when Cherubini's ballet, "Achille a Seyros" was performed in the presence of Napoleon.

To go back to "Clari," Arthur Pougin in his life of Malibran says that Milon took the subject of his ballet from a novel which had had great success. Some have said that the subject was not unlike that of Richardson's "Pamela." Was this the "novel" to which Pougin refers? Dennery and Lemoine took the subject, made a folk drama out of it and called it "La Grace de Dieu," and this in turn gave birth to Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix."

#### DE FALLA'S NEW OPERA

(London Times, April 8.)

A new one-act opera by Manuel de Falla has just been performed at Seville. It was sung without costume or stage properties, the full production being reserved for Paris, where the opera is shortly to be staged. The opera is of great beauty and originality, the work of the most profoundly Spanish of living composers, dealing with the greatest of all Spanish subjects, Don Quixote.

"El Retablo de Maese Pedro" is the adventure of Don Quixote with Master Peter's puppet show. It will be remembered that the "Ingenioso Hidalgo" witnesses, in the stable of an inn, a representation "treating of the liberty that Senor Don Gayeros gave to Melisendra, his wife, that was imprisoned by the Moors in Spain, in the city of Saragossa"; and that at last, when the Moors ride out of the city in pursuit of the Christian lovers, Don Quixote stands up, exclaiming in a loud voice: "I will never consent, while I live, that in my presence such an outrage as this be offered to so valiant and to so amorous a bold knight as Don Gayeros." At which he unsheathed his sword, "and with an unseen and posting fury rained strokes upon the puppetish Moorism," until the puppets were all broken.

Falla's setting of this adventure has been most carefully thought out. There are only three singers—Master Peter (tenor), who is inside the "motion," like the showman of a Punch-and-Judy show; the Boy (mezzo-soprano), who stands outside, explaining what is going to happen, in a recitative like a street

cry, and pointing with a wand to the puppets when they act what he has described; and Don Quixote (baritone), who is supposed to be sitting with Cancho and the inn-keeper among the spectators, and only appears when he interrupts the Boy's narration on a point of scholarship. What these three characters sing is the prose of Cervantes, which has been set to music with such art and such feeling for the natural rhythms of the Castilian tongue that it flows with a pace and elasticity which would be given to it by a good reader. To obtain the right dramatic effect it is essential, of course, that every phrase shall be sung in strict time; and Falla took endless trouble with the singers to get them to sing the music as he had written it. Senor Lledo (Don Quixote) was more at home than Senor Segura (Master Peter), though the latter's part is the more difficult to sing. The difficulties, however, are with few exceptions those which can be solved by a feeling for rhythm and musical common sense.

But the most original character, and that which visitors must have found most difficult to understand, was that of the boy, which was taken, not by a woman, but by a choirboy from the cathedral—one of the 10 little Selses who dance before the high altar, dressed like pages of the time of Velasquez. He had been trained, of course,

to that method of voice-production with which English audiences have become familiar through the performances of the Vatican choir; and he let off his recitatives, explaining what was in the "motion," in a manner which was something between a street-cry and a piece of plainsong—which was exactly what the composer intended. The composition of the orchestra was as original as the rest of the performance. It consisted of 21 players, nine of whom were

wind and eight strings, with percussion, a pianoforte instead of a harp, and a cembalo, represented, on this occasion, by an old "square" Clementi piano. This was used with beautiful effect, partly to accompany the boy's recitative, and partly in combination, as an orchestral instrument; it made a most striking addition to the orchestral color.

The music itself, when it is heard in London, will seem, perhaps, very little Spanish in feeling. This is because there is nothing superficially "Spanish" about it; yet it is not only profoundly Spanish, but intensely individual—no other composer but Falla could have written it. If "The Three-Cornered Hat" is Anrluz in spirit the "Retablo de Maese Pedro" is Castilian. It belongs as essentially to Castile as a street in Toledo, a dusty road in La Mancha, or a portrait by El Greco. Yet the "Retablo" is in no sense a folksong opera.

#### RANDOM NOTES

Apocryph of the revival of "The Gay Lord Quex" in London, the Daily Chronicle says: "When 'The Gay Lord Quex' was first produced by John Hare, the manicuring business in the play evoked considerable controversy. A bishop of the Church of England led the attack on it. Unlike some other dramatists, Sir Arthur Pinero has always been averse to the publicity of the interview, and he was inclined to let the controversy rage unnoticed by him. Later, however, he was induced to make a statement in defence of the action of the play to an old friend, and this appeared in the Daily Chronicle, and had the effect of silencing his critics. The times have changed since then, and manners, too, and professional manicuring is no longer a rarity."

Encouraged by the reception of his little book of musical shocks, "Don'ts for Church Organists," Mr. John Newton, organist of Christchurch Priory, has turned his attention to the fascinating story of our classic song-worship. In the course of "A few thoughts on hymns and tunes" (Heffer & Sons), Mr. Newton contrasts the stately Latin hymns with the sentimentality, "faulty theology, bad grammar, mixed metaphors and false rhymes" of many modern hymns. As for the music, we are warned that "the singing of bad hymn tunes is as injurious to the spiritual life as the drinking of bad water would be to the body." But we gather that in tunes, as not in water, freshness may be a peril. There will be dissentients from this theory.—Daily Chronicle.

A new requiem by Ildebrando Pizetti, composed by order of the Italian government in memory of King Humbert I, has been produced successfully at the Pantheon. The first performance was an important national event, taking place in the presence of members of the royal family, Sig. Mussolini, and a distinguished congregation.—Daily Telegraph, April 7.

One notes that among the approaching concerts is one to be given by Andrena and Guiseppeina (why do they write it thus?), the great-granddaughters of Nicolo Paganini. One is rather glad to notice, nevertheless, that the players' taste in music is not wholly confined to the compositions of their illustrious ancestor, who, as a fact, is represented only by his concerto in G.—Daily Telegraph, April 7.

A new French historical film is the visualisation of "L'Affaire du Collier de la Reine," produced by Louis Mercanton in conjunction with Hugo Rumbold. The "Story of the Queen's Necklace," familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the days of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, is being arranged for the screen by the two French historians who have made the queen's life their special study, Pierre de Nolhac, of the French Academy, and Funck-Brentano, the conservator of the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal. The French government, with the object, it is said, of counteracting the effect of some of the screen travesties of French history made in Germany, is affording the producers every possible facility to impart flavor of authenticity to the film. The real state coaches, costumes of the period, and so on, have been put at their disposal, as well as the state apartments at Versailles. Sir Thomas Beecham is arranging special music for the film.

A manuscript waltz by Rossini entitled "Castor Oil" has been found at the Liceo Pisa. A Zanalla has orchestrated it.



Sibellus has brought out his sixth symphony at Stockholm.

Hans Pfitzner has published a piano concerto in E flat. It is said to be of a strictly classical nature.

### TRY THIS ON THE PIANO

(London Daily Chronicle.)  
More things are wrought by bagpipes than many of us wot of.

For instance, you'd probably find yourself in a bit of a difficulty if you were asked to take this home and try it over on your piano:

Hlundratatateriri, hlendatatateriri, hlundratatateriri, hlundratatateriri, hlundratatateriri.

Yet it is quite easy on the bagpipes—that is, if you know how to handle them at all. You see, before musical notation was introduced for Highland pipe tunes, the pipers used verbal equivalents for the notes. For instance, the pibroch "War of Peace," which has now been set to music, was taken down from the piper, John MacCrummen of Skye, as verbally taught to the apprentices, as follows:

Hodroho, hodroho, haninin, hie-

chlin,

Hodroha, hodroho, hodroho, hacin.

Hidroho, hodroho, haninin, hie-

chlin.

And the tune was concluded by the little lit set forth earlier in this paragraph.

Written down, this may seem to many of us, a mere unintelligible jumble. But when bagpipe authorities assert that when sounded by the pipers, with due regard for the rhythmical value of notes, it is a very different matter.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Ignace Paderewski, pianist. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Luella Meluis, soprano, with Raymond Williams, flutist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Mea's Federated Glee Clubs of Greater Boston, with Jeannette Vreeland, soprano. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Monteaux, conductor.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, ending the 42d season of that organization.

April 30, 1923

The Paris Journal calls attention to the fact that the English have a cult for Napoleon Bonaparte. The Journal's statement is based on the "prodigious number of the busts of the Emperor" seen in the furnishing of rooms in film plays. Yet there was a time when Napoleon was called in England "the Corsican monster" and accused of all sorts of horrid crimes; among them incest. If any one wishes to know the detestation in which Napoleon was held in England, there are the coarse, brutal but powerful caricatures of James Gillray.

But are the rooms of Englishmen in film plays adorned with busts of Napoleon? Does the Journal argue from the particular to the general?

### A BIRDSEYE VIEW

We are glad to see that Col. C. H. Birdseye will talk tonight about the use of the airplane in topographic mappings.

### THE EASIEST WAY

(From the Laconia, N. H., Democrat) Notice

Having left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I shall not be responsible for any bills incurred against me.

(Signed.) GEORGE A. TRUSSELL.

Belmont, N. H.

### OUR ART DEPARTMENT

(Christopher Morley's Column in the N. Y. Evening Post.)

A. W. B. sends us a charming little painting of a fox, which he says is a portrait of Mrs. Tebrick in that delicious book Lady Into Fox. A. W. B., cheerful critter, says: "This is Mrs. Tebrick by Sir Josh Reynard. I only paint as a joke and my motto is. I will paint anything once. The following is a list of paintings by the same artist:

"1. Solomon is Wise to the Queen of Sheba.

"2. The Lady Godiva Bobs Her Hair.

"3. Bathsheba on a Saturday Night.

"4. Leda and the Bird-Man.

"5. A Shady Amaryllis."

### "WHEN KIRBY DIES"

As the World Wags:

The Kirby House is the oldest hotel in Milwaukee and it still operates. Abner Kirby was the proprietor, a fine looking old gentleman with an Adam's Forkbrush. For 60 years the hotel letter head bore the slogan: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." L. R. R.

Boston

Was Abner related to the great J. H. New Kirby, the New York fireman's and "newsboys' idol, famous for his ringing voice in "Six Degrees of Crime" and his melodramas that lasted at the Chatham Theatre till 1 o'clock in

the morning except on Saturday nights? He died in 1848, from hitting the bowl too freely, or as biographers prefer, "early excesses."—Ed.

### BUT WHERE IS THIS CRICHTON?

(Adv. in New England Homestead.)

I wish to hire an "honest-to-goodness" dirt farmer to work it in my interest. Do not apply if you are a "mauler" or "superintendent" or an able bodied "liver on the fat of the land."

The man I want must be 23 to 36 years old, married, without children, steady of the soil, and a friend to apples, a lover of the soil, and a gentleman among ladies. As my family occupies the farmhouse during the summer months, the living quarters are necessarily limited to a nice chamber for restful sleep;—but, his wife, who must be agreeable and companionable and an old fashioned N. E. housekeeper and will be required to help about the housework, cooking, etc., will be given the privilege of the home which, though small, is modern and comfortable. The salary will be good but not munificent, and the increase will depend upon the man.

ADD "NATURAL HISTORY NOTES"

(Headlines in Women's Wear.)

SKUNK EASE OFF AFTER

STRONG START, WILD AND

RINGTAIL CAT HIGH AT SALE

### POST BELLUM

(For as the World Wags)

My lady wears a frill of lace

Of antique name and fame

In vogue in Grandma's charming day

Again it's Fashion's flame—

A small and dainty Bertha

But it's deadly just the same.

Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

What particular Bertha in the 50's of the last century gave her name to the deep falling collar attached to the top of a low-necked dress? Say rather, what Bertha of France? For the English took the fashion and the name from the French.—Ed.

### AUTHOR

Mr. Ezra Newman of Foxcroft, Me., wishes to know the name of the author of a poem containing this verse:

"One ship sails East, another West

With the self-same winds that blow.

Tis the set of the sails

And not the gales

Which decide the way to go."

ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

As the World Wags:

The New York Times reports that at the A. P. convention now being held in New York, M. H. de Young, editor and publisher of the San Francisco Chronicle, spoke for California as follows:

"Our vineyardists are making fortunes—more than they ever made before

prohibition. They are getting from \$60 to \$80 and \$100 a ton for dried grapes, against \$8 and \$10 a ton before prohibition."

Doubtless the growers have slightly altered the old jingle about "Down in perdition," and as they shake their skill-lets of drying grapes they chant:

Now way out in Frisco we fry side by side,

Fry side by side, fry side by side;

Now way out in Frisco we fry side by side,

Zlpi how we fry.

Boston. FENICAL.

### GOOD-BY, BOSTON

GOODBYE CH!

I'm sayin' farewell to the two-room flat,

To the one arm lunch and the like o' that,

I'm off to a beach where the breakers moan,

Sou' sou'west from the Farallones.

I'm sayin' good-by to the daily grind,

I'm leavin' the cares o' the world behind,

And all o' the things that I never seen,

I'm goin' to see on a barkentine.

The flyin' fish and the spoutin' whale,

The emperor penguin without no tail,

The little girls on the South Sea Isles

That never heard of the long dress styles.

I'll live on scouse and on salty junk

On buckets o' tea and dandy-funk,

I'll splice the mainbrace and heave the lead,

And look at the stars from the fo'c'sle head.

South to the Falklands and through the Straits,

Then west to the island where Romance waits,

I'm layin' my course for the south sea shore

And I ain't a gonna come back no more.

STEAMER.

### LUELLA MELUIS

Last night in Symphony hall Luella Meluis, soprano, gave a concert, at which she had the help of Raymond Williams, flutist, and Ralph Angell, accompanist. Mme. Meluis sang Handel's "Sweet Bird" (with flute), Constance's

first air from Mozart's "Il Scraglio," "O del mio amato ben" by Donandy, Liszt's setting of Victor Hugo's "Comment! disalent ils," "Toccata la Neve," by Cimara, a Scandinavian song by Peterson-Berger, Wintter Watts's "Wings of Night," Strauss's "Serenade," and Parley's "Night Winds," made famous by Frieda Hempel.

After these songs Mme. Meluis withdrew. Presently Mr. Williams appeared to begin a program "devoted to the memory of Adelina Patti, arranged by Jean de Reszke, interpreted by Luella Meluis." Mr. Williams, after playing a melody by Gluck and an allegretto by Godard, made way for Mme. Meluis, who, by means of a black wig and a magnificent pink gown of the period perhaps of the 60s, had made herself look as nearly as she might like Mme. Patti. She sang "Deh Vieni," from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro"; Weckerlin's arrangement of "La Capinera" (with flute); Tosti's "Serenata," "Robin Adair" and "Home, Sweet Home," and "Una Voce" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere." There were many repetitions and encores.

Mme. Meluis is blessed with a beautiful voice, of exquisite quality throughout a long range, the naturally agile voice that turns off coloratura as easily as water runs down hill. Her scales, therefore, flow charmingly and her trills

are of a rare perfection. For Mme. Meluis has taken the trouble to learn to sing; she has acquired an admirably sound technique. To great advantage she showed her fine qualities in Handel's "Sweet Bird," precisely suited to the color of her voice.

Since, however, Mme. Meluis has not yet learned to vary the color of her tones, she sang her songs less successfully than the Handel air. A wider variety of tonal color she could easily acquire, and at the same time a clearer enunciation and a finer diction.

Rhythm, too, she needs to cultivate, as well as more sensitive feeling for the beauty of a phrase. Of her songs she sang most musically Strauss's Serenade.

Since Mme. Meluis is a pupil of Jean de Reszke and since he arranged her "Patti program," presumably he is responsible for the oddly trivial way in which she sang the "Deh Vieni" air. Perhaps Mme. Patti sang it so; there was an element of levity no doubt in her artistic nature. But why should Mr. de Reszke choose to carry forward a tradition that is false?

Far better, Mme. Meluis sang "La Capinera," for which brilliant air she received hearty applause. The lady ought to accomplish much if she can add to her present excellences certain qualities which must lie well within her powers. Her voice, at all events, of its kind is second to none. Mr. Angell played excellent accompaniments.

R. R. G.

There were small children in the audience, taken perhaps to the concert so that they may tell their children's children they heard the great Paderewski. If only they could tell them too just what he did with Chopin! R. R. G.

The Rev. J. R. Fell, who has returned from Northern Rhodesia, says that babies in that region are fed by the natives on an alcoholic drink similar to beer and are taught to smoke a pipe at the age of 2.

We hear Miss Lucinda Grout, who still weaves hair jewelry to the admiration of the villagers, say: "Shocking! Poor, degraded savages!"

Miss Lucinda, in our student days at Munich in 1884 we often saw German nursery maids giving babies beer to drink even in the street, and it was good beer, too.

As for children smoking. Very young children in the West of England used to smoke in the latter part of the 17th century. Jorevin de Rochefort published in 1672 an account of his travels in England. Listen to this, Miss Lucinda:

"It is a custom in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his books to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco."

If the little Rhodesians are to smoke pipes, the thoughtfulness of their parents in teaching them how to smoke is worthy of all praise. Too often we see in this supposedly civilized city men of mature age who do not know how to handle a pipe. Jones is awkward with one; Brown, Smith and Robinson cannot keep one lighted. For each pipeful they use a box of matches. Our chief objection to pipe smoking in the streets is that the smoker looks so self-conscious, so uncomfortable, so ill-at-ease.

To my own notion, the best gifts of the gods are neither the most glittering nor the most admired. These gifts I take to be, a moderate ambition, a taste for repose with circumstances favorable thereto, a certain mildness of passion, an even-beating pulse, an even-beating heart. I do not consider heroes and celebrated persons the happiest of mankind. I do not envy Alexander the shouting of his armies, nor Dante his laurel wreath. Even were I able, I would not purchase these at the prices the poet and the warrior paid.—Alexander Smith (1863).

### MR. BECK IN LONDON

The announcement that Mr. Beck would appear as counsel in a London court has fluttered the legal dovecot of that city. Yet an American in 1866 went to Lincoln's Inn, practised with great success and in 1872 was made queen's counsel. Judah Philip Benjamin was the man. Before the civil war he was a United States senator. In the cabinet of Jefferson Davis he was in turn attorney-general and secretary of war. If we are not mistaken, his book on Sales is still authoritative. There was a tradition at Yale University that when Benjamin was a student he was obliged to leave because he "took things that were not his'n." Was it a fellow-student's overcoat, or money? If it was an overcoat, Mr. Benjamin undoubtedly selected a good one. Will Mr. Beck be obliged to wear a wig?

### THAT HALF HOUR

As the World Wags:

Sunday is considered a day of rest, however ironical the characterization may be to some. Living close to Nature in the summer, I have observed that the bee is busy on Sunday; so is the ant, whose behavior is commended by the wise man in the Old Testament.

Last Sunday, collecting material for my colossal work (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), I came across this passage in "The Deipnosophists" of Athenaeus:

"And a man when he first enters another person's house for a feast, ought not to hasten at once to the banquet room, as if he had no care but to fill his stomach, but he ought first to indulge his fancy in looking about him and to examine the house."

Telemachus and Plisistratus so acted when they visited Menelaus, if Homer is to be believed.

"And then they led

Their guests to the divine house; which so fed

Their eyes at all parts with illustrious sights,

That admiration seized them. Like the lights

That gleam from the

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That admiration seized them. Like the lights



The sun and moon gave, all the palace threw  
A lustre through it. Satiate with whose view,  
Down to the king's most bright-kept  
baths they went."

Occasionally I am invited to a pompous, swollen feast. As an earnest student of sociology I feel it my duty to accept these invitations, though I am a simple man and would prefer a dish of liver and bacon. Invited for 7:30 o'clock P. M., we seldom sit down till 8 o'clock; invited for 8 o'clock P. M., we are seated at 8:30 o'clock. The half-hour of waiting is trying on the legs. And what perfunctory and futile chatter! Mr. Ferguson wears an anxious look, wondering whether cocktails will be served; whether there will be wine or Scotch at dinner.

This half-hour might be profitably spent in examining the pictures on the walls, the curios, the books, the furniture, and, if there is time, the nature of the plumbing. If I see a table covered with magazines I have my suspicions about the host, even if the North American Review and the Atlantic are prominently displayed. One might comment on the taste of the host and hostess. "So you have gone in for paintings? I prefer etchings or engravings." "What a lot of trash you read!" I see only the best sellers or complete editions of standard authors. "I don't believe that chair is a Sheraton."

The guest should all the time have his nose in the air as much as to say: "I have seen much better things in my time." When my friend, the late Augusto Rotoli, was in the house—known in the society columns of newspapers as a "residence," sometimes "mansion"—of a very wealthy man, a parasite kept exclaiming in wonder at everything in sight. Rotoli turned to him and said: "Why not?"

A guest is not always safe when he is invited to a country house. Hungry as he is, late as is the serving of the meal,

there is the preliminary ordeal of what is known as "the walk of the proprietor." And here, too, everything must be praised: view, shrubbery, sunken garden, garage, lawn, henhouse, sun-dial.  
HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom Court.

#### "AGED"

As the World Wags:

On the Kennebec we sometimes, in a spirit of levity, use the word aged, applying it to a well-worn overcoat or to an egg which has survived its usefulness, but not to a living person until he has at least attained his century. A short time ago we buried a much respected, elderly citizen, who passed away in his 102d year. More recently an elderly woman here observed her 101st birthday. Occasionally we see on the street another elderly citizen (well up in his nineties), who, a year or two ago, missing his way on a summer's day stroll, spent a couple of nights in a nearby wood, until found and brought back to civilization and breakfast by his solicitous friends and neighbors. So it seems mighty strange to us Maine folks when The Herald's young man (I dislike the term "callow youth"), writes of an aged lawyer of 60 having a tussle on the roof with a demented young woman, or an aged female of 59 disputing the right of way with an automobile. Here in Maine, as our English friends would say, it simply isn't done! In fact, the association of adjective and figures seem, as conflicting and unhappy as that of His Excellency Governor Baxter with our late lamented Legislature.  
Bath, Me. 7x10.

## "THE LUCKY ONE"

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Lucky One," a play in three acts by A. A. Milne. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on Nov. 26, 1922. Gerald Farrington, Dennis King; Bob Farrington, Percy Warram; Pamela, Violet Hemling; Miss Farrington, Helen Westley; Thomas Todd, Reginald Sheffield; Henry Wentworth, Charles Hampden Butler; H. Mortimer White, Gerald Farrington; Philip Tonge, Miss Farrington; Daisy Belmont, Letty Herbert; Katherine Standing, Lady Farrington; Stephanie Day, Sir James Farrington; H. Conway Wingfield, Pamela Carey; Catherine Willard, Bob Farrington; Harold West, Mason. This is a comedy of character, a study of two brothers, Gerald, the younger, has had everything his own way. He is applauded by his parents, his friends, as charming and talented. Everything he does is perfect. He excels in golf, cricket; whatever the sport, he shines in it as a glorious Apollo. His manners are irreproachable. He has charmed

Pamela into betrothal, though she was Bob's friend. Only the old lady, Miss Farrington, refuses to join in the chorus of adulation, which is sickening. And Gerald is in the foreign office, where again he shines resplendent.

Bob, the elder brother, is not so fortunate. Every one except his great-aunt calls him "Poor Bob." He goes into the city, has a swindler for a partner; having no head for business, he gets into a mess and is sent to prison for a few months. The parents dread the disgrace, chiefly for the sake of dear Gerald. Pamela pities Bob, appeals to his manhood, promises to be his friend. She will meet him when he leaves prison, a promise exacted by Bob in a scene of genuine pathos.

She does meet him. What is more, she breaks with Gerald to wed Bob and go with him to Canada. (Canada must

be full of persons unfortunate in melodrama and comedy, sent there by dramatists perplexed about the final disposition of their men and women.) There is a war of words between the brothers. Bob tells Gerald that he has hated him for years; that he, Bob, was always the under dog; that Gerald stole Pamela from him. Gerald makes a spirited and plausible defence, and in this verbal duel he seems outwardly, at least, to be the better man. Lucky Gerald! He is assigned to an important position on the continent. But the great-aunt had foreseen the break between Gerald and Pamela, and for the first time was gentle in speech towards the lucky one.

The characters are sharply and skillfully drawn. Little bits of dialogue are put together so that the nature of this person and that person is clearly revealed. The mother has little to say, but what she says exposes her shallowness and her unmotherly prejudice in favor of Gerald. The father shows no real affection for Bob. Even at the end he has no thought of the son that has served his term. Tom and Letty are superfluous except that they join in the chorus and swing incense in worship of Gerald. One might ask why did not Bob confide in his great-aunt, who suspected he was in trouble and offered help? Why did he not consult the barrister Wentworth, his friend? Gerald advised him to do this.

Bob asked his brother for assistance and named two days, but on the one Gerald had to play in a cricket match; the other he had promised to Pamela. Would he have straightened the affair? Bob in his trade reproached him for his indifference, his selfishness. Whatever Mr. Milne may have intended, Bob seemed to the spectator not only dull-witted, but of a jealous, unbrotherly nature. On the other hand Pamela saw that Bob needed her—here came in the desire to mother him; she suspected that Gerald's love was on the surface. Hence her sudden face-about, but we doubt if she was happy with Bob in Canada, although they did not hear there the praise of Gerald.

In this comedy Mr. Milne is no longer whimsical. His dialogue is not gaily and delightfully discursive as in his other plays. Every verbal stroke is for explanation of character, as Gerald's ill-timed suggestions of how Bob could amuse or improve himself in prison. One forgets the lines in seeing Gerald's easy-going, superficial nature. Even when there is cause for laughter, there is a certain acidity in the lines.

Mr. Tonge did well with a trying part, one that in effect is unpleasant. Mr. West gave a strong and striking portrayal of Bob, a convincing performance. Miss Willard was admirable in the chief scene in the second act; in her showing of compassion that was kindling into love; but was Mr. Milne himself wholly sure of Pamela? Miss Belmont gave an excellent performance of the shrewd, bitter-tongued old lady, whose bitterness was mingled with sweetness. Miss Ediss added a well-drawn portrait to her gallery of old women. The others were satisfactory, but why did Lady Farrington have her hair dressed in the manner of the 18th century?

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased with play and performance.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Sinners," a drama in four acts, by Owen Davis. The cast:

Polly Cary.....Lucille Adams  
Joe Garfield.....Houston Richards  
Hilda Newton, known as Mrs. Merrill

Bob Merrick.....Walter Roach  
Willie Morgan.....Mark Kent  
Mary Horton.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Horace Worth.....Harold Chase  
Sadie.....Marie Lalloz  
Mrs. Horton.....Anna Layne  
Doctor Simpson.....Edward Darney

Other philosophers have noted the disconcerting fact that sinners are far too often more interesting characters than saints, and this observation is true of the personages who appear in the versatile Owen Davis's play, presented for the first time here by the Boston Stock Company last night. All through the four acts we have a shame-faced sympathy for the avowedly wicked folks in the cast and barely tolerate the sayings and doings of the conventional hero and

the colorless heroine, virtuous as they are.

"Sinners" deals with the rescue of an inconceivably innocent-minded country girl from the snares and pitfalls of New York. She has already drunk her first cocktail when the message telling her of her mother's illness saves her with her feet on the very brink of the pit.

This is the signal for the hero to follow her to her country home, at first with reprehensible designs, but, later, inspired by real affection, to win her for his own.

"Sinners" is a patchwork production. It has episodes of real comedy and many clever lines, and there are streaks of unadulterated melodrama and passages of farce, unintended by the author, but farce for all that. It limps dreadfully at times. There are too many long-winded explanations and morality is laid on with a trowel.

The play would never do for a Sunday school entertainment. Nothing whatever is left to the imagination. The curtain rises on a poker game, participated in by a more than dubious lot of people in evening dress, living together in an indiscriminate sort of fashion, which is the real thing. No amateur wrote those lines. It comes near to being the best scene in the whole evening.

The second act, placed in an impossible New England village, in which an impossible New England woman distributes hymn books to the sinners—who have arrived by automobile—and, stranger yet, who all sing like so many cherubim—is meant to be pathetic and sentimental. Instead of sobbing, however, the audience chuckles. It can't help itself.

Some of the parts are very well taken, notably those of the three chief sinners. Mark Kent, as the wealthy old rounder, achieves a triumph and Lucille Adams, as the young woman of the party, is a sparkling success.

Viola Roach, in the role of a repentant Magdalen, makes hard work of it. Miss Bushnell makes the most of what the playwright has provided, which isn't much, as the lovely heroine, and Mr. Gilbert is provided with a tailor's dummy sort of a part which no one on earth could animate.

Harold Chase draws the role of the honest-to-goodness villain, the bank president-Sunday school superintendent combination who spills all the beans, nearly kills the good old mother by his insistence in "telling the truth" and is finally ignominiously routed by the spunky little hired girl.

That was when we all really felt like cheering and not at the concluding "close up," which was anticipated from the first.

J. E. P.

At the Plymouth Theatre, "The Monster," a three-act mystery from the pen of Crane Wilbur. The cast:

"Red" Mackenzie.....Frank McCormack  
Julie Cartier.....Miss Suzanne Caubet  
Alvin Bruce.....Crane Wilbur  
Calliban.....Walter James  
Dr. Ziska.....Howard Lang  
A man.....Frederick Smith

Like all recent offerings in this field, "The Monster" is advertised as absolutely the best yet, and warranted to surpass all similar pieces by several thousand hairs on end. The curious thing about it—and the delightful one—is that it comes reasonably near to being all that is claimed. Certainly it is by far the best and most consistent "thriller" which Boston has seen this year. The cast is small, but the excitement is immense.

For one thing, it is mechanically perfect. Seldom, if ever, have so many blood-curdling episodes been worked into a single play, and with such absolute precision of execution. The stagecraft, the lighting, the scenery, are little short of perfect. It is "spooky" play, full of "goblins, gaeeties, and things that go bump in the night." Doors open and close for no reason at all; candles go out, bodiless shadows appear. As a result the play is one of excitement rather than suspense. Of course there is plenty of mystery, and several distinctly novel twists; but it is the moments of absolute breath-taking action, standing out against a mass of subdued almost placid comedy relief, which will remain in the minds of the audience.

Of that same comedy relief, much might be said. Chiefly in a mood of burlesque, its patness and the essential incongruity of many of the remarks, made it often entertaining despite the undoubted lapse of interest which it entailed. There is so much of it, too. Thrilling moments—seconds, sometimes—and just the barest needful explanation. "The rest is"—silence? No, comedy relief.

Mr. McCormack is the comedian. The joking is all his. In every "tight" situation, he may be counted on to treat matters with facetious tone. And some

of it is really very funny. He has some clever little tricks of his own, too, with which he supplements his fertile tongue. Altogether it might be a good deal worse.

Of the actors, Mr. Smith, as the doctor, is probably the most effective. His voice and gesture both have a certain

dignity and omniscience which fit well his part. "When one sleeps, who knows whether he will ever wake again?" Bang! Down comes the curtain at the end of act one, with everybody shivering in his seat. The author, having done quite his share already, still manages to render the part of Alvin Bruce competently, if no more. But Mr. James's superb figure as "Calliban" is quite belied by the "mild-as-milk" expression of his face. And "Julia" (Miss, or rather Mlle Caubet) has a charming voice.

The astute will, perhaps, have gathered that there is very little of actual novelty in "The Monster." That is so. Almost every trick has been used more than once before. The general outline and movement is also conventional in the extreme. Witness the "death chair" in the last act. Also there are several of the "supernatural" incidents which are not "explained" when the last curtain goes down. But there are not a few incidents, notably that of the supposedly drugged wine, which indicate high calibre of the playwright's resourcefulness. And the last curtain, despite a certain "deus ex machina" quality, is a "hum-dinger." There is, in "The Monster," something in the totality of effect quite different from the mere incidents used, and transcending them. The play, notwithstanding minor defects, does thrill, and thrill mightily. So it must be a good play, in kind. As the author no doubt intended.

W. R. B.

## KEITH VAUDEVILLE

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is a great laughing and dancing entertainment, and there is the leaven of one of the best musical acts now on the circuit. Last evening the audience was immensely amused.

The outstanding feature of the bill is the S. S. Leviathan Orchestra, touring the circuit before the maiden trip of the steamship, July 4. The program is mostly in the jazz vein, yet the musicians play with startling unity, creating the impression that this family of serious-minded folk have long been together. Their attacks are clean, and there is a nice dovetailing of the various choirs. Besides, there is a quartet of singers and a contra tenor who also gave pleasure to their audience. The comedy element was entertainingly injected in an arrangement of "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean," in which cornet and tuba created the illusion of the comedians in their now famous song, followed by clarinet and bassoon successfully executing the same feat. At the end of their program there was the further illusion of the vessel under sail, with a panoramic perspective of New York city and the Statue of Liberty.

Other acts were Tom Smith, a versatile comedian, who among other talents proved his skill as an eccentric dancer, a "bad" actor, and a second-sight reader, with his assistant passing through the auditorium, and assisting in a screaming burlesque—a performance that in other hands would fall flat.

The Four Casting Stars appear in an aerial thriller; Ellinore and Williams, in the now familiar "nut" style of the former that has lost some of the zest that stamped previous performances; the Fairbanks Twins, assisted by Richard Keene, in a dancing act with a "book," an entertaining vehicle, in which the dancers performed with their keen sense of rhythm, their fleetness of foot and their astounding high kicking; Burns and Lynn, "nut" comedians of the superlative type, who offered a new line and some dancing that made the audience sit up and take notice.

"Just Out of Knickers," a playlet, introduced a group of juveniles, who scored in a clever dialogue; "Montana," the cowboy banjoist, who has something to teach his colleagues of the vaudeville stage, and who made one of the hits of the evening; and the youthful Fifers, a team of dancers, who not only offer a good act but give evidence of much promise.

WILBUR THEATRE—"Sun Showers," a "musical rainbow," with book, music, and lyrics by Harry Delf.

May Worthy.....Berte Dunn  
Mrs. Thompson.....Florence Morrison  
Minnie Silver.....Florence Hope  
Bobby Brown.....Arthur Burckly  
Alice Worthy.....Marie Flynn  
Jerry Jackson.....Harry Delf  
Tommy Dugan.....Ted McNamara  
Joseph Brown.....Jerry McGrath  
William Blue.....William Schutt  
John Black.....Larry Shiosa  
Ralph White.....Alf. Marcus  
Pierre.....John Boswell  
Gaston.....George Berlow  
Louis.....Charles Floyd  
Francis.....Frank Anderson

"Sun Showers" is a picturesque rainbow which will serve to cheer many a heart during these rainy spring days. The plot, as is customarily the case in musical shows, is an excuse for singing and dancing. School teachers attempt to gain a raise in salary through vamping the members of the board of education.

Music and dancing form the real entertainment and both are plentiful. Through this mixture scampers Harry

able, new state

Butt.



He... the funny little comedian who kept the audience laughing from beginning to end. His slapstick methods of producing humor are funnier than most comedians. His scenes with the landlady and the bellboy are screaming. Harry is the star of the show and spreads his rays in plentiful amount on his supporters.

The songs, as sung by Marie Flynn were tuneful and catchy, while the dancing of Berta Dunn and Harry Delf set the rest of the cast a jazzy pace to follow. Florence Hope, the work-weary little chambermaid, succeeded well in adding to the enjoyment of the audience, and her partner, Ted McNamara, who played the peppy little bell-hop, did not slacken his share of the honors. Florence Morrison, the stout and demanding landlady, was immense. To top the measure of enjoyment there was a fine male quartet to tone down the singing. There were also two excellent specialty dancers deserving of mention, although the program reveals not their names.

G. W. B.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Mitzl in "Minnie and Me." Musical comedy. Third week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Nineteenth week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Twelfth week.

SHUBERT—Al Jolson in "Bombo." Third week.

TREMONT—"Six-Cylinder Love." Comedy. Fourth and last week.

### MEN'S GLEE CLUBS GIVE THEIR ANNUAL CONCERT

Offer Most Attractive Program—  
Jeannette Vreeland Is Soloist

Then Men's Federated Glee Clubs of Greater Boston gave their second annual concert last evening in Jordan Hall, with Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, as the soloist. The following program was presented:

Bach Chorus, "Now Let Every Tongue," arranged by Davidson; Cherubim Song, Gretchaninoff; G. S. Dunham, director; When Celia Sings, Molt; Fairy Tales; Wolff; The Little Shepherd Song, Watts; Today, Hueter; Jeannette Vreeland, Forest Harps, tenor solo by Mr. Owen Lowe, Shultz; J. W. Calderwood, director; Waltz Song, from "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod; Jeannette Vreeland, Lochnivar, baritone solo by Mr. S. B. Bates, Hammond; G. S. Dunham, director; Song of the Sea, Stebbins; Slumber Song, Warren; A. Crowley, director; A Memory, Lenz; Nightingale Lane, Barnett; Sylvester; The Romaloka, Park; Jeannette Vreeland, Bell Man, Forsythe; Inaven, Spiritual; J. W. Calderwood, director; Omnipotence, Stevenson; Jeannette Vreeland and Federated Glee Clubs, Mr. Crowley, director.

Not often is the program for a large chorus chosen with such care. The various numbers were well balanced and sung with fine musical effect under the three directors of the clubs comprising the federation. The "Song of the Sea" and the "Slumber Song," directed by Mr. Crowley, were particularly effective. Jeannette Vreeland, singing two groups of songs, was charming. Her voice has a pleasing lyric quality and her enunciation is unusually clear. In the final number of the program she sang with the entire chorus, somewhat lost, but nevertheless adding to the fine effect. Arthur Fiedler was her accompanist, while Reginald Boardman was accompanist for the chorus. W. Ellis Weston was the organist.

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Mr. Percy A. Hutchison, discussing in the New York Times Book Review Joseph Conrad, whose name is now occasionally mentioned in the newspapers, says that Mr. Conrad is a "psychologist," and akin "not to Marryat and Melville, but to Henry James and to the Russian novelists."

O, Mr. Hutchison! Have you never read Melville's "Moby Dick"? And is there no "psychology" in that romance?

### DID THE NEIGHBORS HATCH THEM?

(From the Milford Daily News)

A prize hen, belonging to Frank J. McE, South Bow street, was killed by a year-old pup owned by a neighbor while setting on eggs.

### PROPOS OF MR. FORD'S "HOT CORN IKE"

As the World Wags:

"Remember the maid, the maid of the land" was being sung in England in '87.

A plaintive tune, which once heard could scarcely be forgotten. Two lines ran as I remember them:

"When the morning breaks  
And the throats awake  
Remember, etc.

Brookline. J. H. McC.

### PRINTING INSTEAD OF WRITING

As the World Wags:

Here is a "domestic" item published in the Boston Recorder of Dec. 21, 1843:

"Chas. Thurber, Esq., one of the county commissioners for Worcester county has invented a machine, by which, by means of types connected with keys, one may print instead of writing. It is intended for use of the blind, the nervous or the unskilful, and it is said that Dr. Howe of the Institution for the blind here, has expressed a high opinion of its advantages for the former class."

SHAWSHIN.

### "HOT CORN" IN BOSTON

A correspondent writes: "In the North end—Clark, North, Fleet streets and other streets near the water—was heard in the evening, when corn was in season, the cry: 'Hot corn, two for five.' The corn was carried in a wooden pail with a towel covering it. There were salt and pepper if one wished. This was in the middle seventies. In those days North street had several dance halls where sailors danced with the girls and then adjourned to the bar. The corn was eaten on the street by the sailors and dock workers and fellows who loafed around the corners. This is in answer to your query of April 27."

We remember North street when it had an unsavory reputation. Visiting Boston in the late sixties we snatched a fearful joy in strolling through the street and watching the first-story windows.—Ed.

A tenor recently sang at a Boston clubhouse, "Would God I Were a Tender Apple Blossom." An unsympathetic person writes, asking: "Can you imagine a grown man singing this?" Indeed, we can. The old Irish tune is a beautiful one, and Mr. William Armes Fisher's arrangement of it enlarges, not weakens the beauty.

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

As the World Wags:

Recently while in Georgia, I heard of the reply made by a young scholar to her teacher's inquiry as to the reason for her absence the previous day—rainy one. "Please mam, the wentin was so bad I couldn't come."

DYER NEEDHAM.

### FOR THE FAMILY ALBUM

As the World Wags:

You may be interested in the following authentic letter received by a young lady temporarily employed by one of our Boston families. This would seem to open a new field for the use of the X-ray.

January 2, 1923.

My sister ———:

Our sister that had an ax Ray taken died. She died Monday the 18th of December. She had an ax Ray taken of her legs.

My mother is going crazy about my sister because she has no picture of my sister.

Will you please send us the ax Ray of her legs. If you sent it to us the ax Ray answer back. If you do not send it to us answer back the same. Please send it to us.

Sincerely yours,

Boston

BOLSHEVIK

### FEASTING VS. EATING

(For As the World Wags.)

Savages start their pow-wows with a feast.

The pale-faces call it a "banquet."

So did the old Romans, but their's Were not prepared by machinery.

At a banquet, if you outlast the jostling, You are smothered by smoke, If you escape from both, The speeches are yet to be undergone.

"Fellow-citizens"—and the ashes fall In the tea cups, An apoplectic case charges the stifling air, The applause is decorous and well-timed, Culture and affectation are enthroned.

The Zoo is the place of real feasts, Lions roar expectantly, with forward springs, Bears pace to and fro, with a shuffling glide, Fanged leopards sniff, with stiffened,

Eyes gleam, and hides ripple over taut muscles.

Nature is guiltless of finicky culture, To eat is a gnawing want with animals— With pampered mankind—a social diversion.

JAMES L. EDWARD.

An A. & P. store in Duluth, we are informed, advertises: "Baked Beans, 3 for 25 c.; No. 2 Cans." How many beans are there in the No. 1 cans?

### ADD "REAL ESTATE"

(From the Elgin, Ill., Daily News)

FEW ELGIN HOMES FOR RENT; OBJECT TO NOISOME BOYS

### BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME

Mr. A. W. Reilly of Arlington read this advertisement in the Monroe, La., News Star:

### FOUND

FOUND—Automobile casing and rim. Does not fit my car therefore owner can have it by calling on me. A. L. Harrington. 14-3t.

News-Star want ade bring results.

### ZERO IN GUARANTEES

Mr. George W. Vaughan sends to us from San Francisco this advertisement in the Los Angeles Times:

5000 TUNGSTEN 40-WATT ELECTRIC LIGHT GLOBES  
Every One Guaranteed While 21 ea.  
They Last.....  
EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

### VESPERS QUARTET

The Vespers quartet of Boston, regularly engaged as the quartet of the Church of All Nations of the Morgan Memorial, will give a concert Wednesday evening, May 2, in Jordan hall. The quartet has filled nearly 200 engagements in New England during the past year, and has earned the reputation of being one of the foremost colored mixed quartets. Of late it has given a number of radio concerts, but the concert on May 2 will be its first public engagement.

All of the members are college or technical school graduates and the fathers of two are in the ministry. Ernest H. Hays, director of the quartet, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and organist of the Ebenezer Baptist Church in Boston. He served overseas in the 351st field artillery. Mrs. Ethel Hardy Smith, soprano, is a student at the Boston University school of religious education, specializing in music and the fine arts of religion. Harry A. Deimore, tenor, of Mobile, is a graduate of the Agricultural and Technical College in Greensboro, N. C. Katherine E. Pipes, contralto, is from Philadelphia, now a student at the New England Conservatory of Music, and Edward H. S. Boatner, baritone of New Orleans, is now studying at the New England Conservatory and is choir leader of the People's Baptist Church, Boston.

May 3 1923

What is truth? said jesting Pilate. But was Pilate jesting? We doubt it. Some days ago Mr. Ezra Newman of Foxcroft, Me., inquired about a poem, which, as he wrote, begins:

"One ship sails East, another West  
With the self-same winds that blow."

He wished to know the name of the author.

H. V. C. of Boston courteously replies. He names Mr. J. H. Knapp of Parkersburg, W. Va., and gives the opening lines:

"One ship's driven East and another West  
By the self-same winds that blow."

The title, according to H. V. C., is "The Dividing Fates."

V. P. A. of Cambridge writes: "The Winds of Fate" is the title. The author, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, wrote it (the poem) while on her way from New Haven to New York on board the Richard Peck, and was inspired by her husband calling her attention to the fact that one ship went east and another west in the same wind." V. P. A. gives these opening lines:

"One ship drives east and another drives west  
With the self-same winds that blow."

Mr. Charles W. Alexander of Somerville names Mrs. Wilcox.

We believe that the author was neither Mr. Knapp nor Mrs. Wilcox. Francis Bacon, the author of Shakespeare and Marlowe's plays, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," "Tom Jones" and Artemus Ward's books, wrote it as he was crossing the English channel to visit Victorien Sardou.

### Notes and Lines:

A well known popular make of automobile was extant in Shakespeare's time—or was it Bacon's? The immortal bard makes Juliet say:

"Love gives me strength and strength doth help a Ford."

The identification is complete. I heard Jane Cowl say so tonight.

New York. MR. PICKWICK.

Mr. Hubert Griffet of London, praising Pauline Lord, now playing there in "Anna Christie," praises her at the expense of English actresses excepting Edith Evans, Olga Linda and a member of a Yiddish troupe. "Any of these actresses may have any personalities they like off the stage, but when playing they are always the character and not themselves. They may be duchesses in private life, or they may be not. Nearly all other London actresses tell me in every part they play that they are ladies to the fibres of their being—and, as I go to the theatre to see acting, I am getting a little tired of the assertion and I wish they wouldn't."

The last Symphony concerts of the season will take place tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evenings. Beethoven's overture, "Leonore" No. 8; Chausson's "Soleil de fête"; Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and Saint-Saens's Symphony in C minor (with organ). Chausson's symphonic poem will be played for the first time in this country. Its history is a curious one: although it was performed in Paris as far back as 1898, it has not been published. Mr. Montoux will conduct from the composer's manuscript score. There were three performances after the first, but they were not in Paris. Since there was great interest in all of Chausson's compositions after his death, it is strange that the "Soleil de Fete" has been neglected, especially as his friends, Vincent d'Indy among them, think highly of it.

There will be a concert at Jordan hall tomorrow night in aid of the Beneficent Society of the N. E. Conservatory of Music. Wallace Goodrich will conduct the orchestra. Guy Maier and Lee Pattison will play the piano. Mendelssohn's overture, "The Fair Melusina"; Bach, concerto, C minor, for two pianos; Bizet, "L'Arlesienne" suite No. 2; Debussy, prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," and Lee Pattison's orchestral arrangement of Liszt's concerto pathetique for two pianos.

Pupils of the Boston Music School Settlement will give a concert at the Copley-Plaza Hotel next Saturday at 11 A. M. The concert is for the purpose of raising funds for the maintenance of the school.

So "As You Like It," though sponsored by the American National Theatre and financed by the Producing Managers' Association failed to attract the public. Not even Marjorie Rambeau, who has "Atalanta's better part" nor did she conceal it by a long blouse and high boots—could save it. One critic had the audacity to say that the comedy is dull. We remember Adelaide Neilson as Rosalind; we remember famous actors playing Jacques, Touchstone and Orlando, and the comedy was far from being dull. The company that was chosen for this revival did not give pleasurable anticipation. By the way, one of the most charming descriptions of the comedy is in Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin," where years was thought to be a horribly immoral book, but in comparison with novels by American and English men and women now for sale in bookshops of Boston it might be safely recommended for a Sunday school library.

"The Night of Temptation" is the title of a melodrama recently produced in London. "H. G." of the Daily Chronicle found fault with the play because the big scene is not especially thrilling, and "the nonsense that leads up to it is so object that one can remember nothing else."

"The idea of the author is that in the one big scene we shall see a gentleman forcing his attentions upon a lady who doesn't want them—going about as far, in fact, towards a crime of violence as the censor will allow.

"A clap of thunder from God and the sudden repentance of the lieutenant end off the scene just at the moment when the curtain would otherwise have to be brought down. In the last act the two parties are reconciled and have the blessing of the Queen, who congratulates them on having so successfully 'come through their ordeal.' What a life they lead in Zavarial!"

Bertha and Francessa Braggiotti and the Boston branch of the Denishavn school of dancing will give an entertainment at the Tremont Theatre, Friday afternoon, May 11.

Joseph Hislop, tenor, applauded furiously.



usly at Turin, has been engaged at La Scala. He sang here in concert some years ago, and it was then said that he might make a more favorable impression in opera.

The Ethiopian Art Theatre, which thought of beginning an engagement at the Arlington Theatre but did not, to the regret of many, will begin an engagement at the Frazee Theatre, New York, next Monday night. The opening bill will be Wilde's "Salome" and a curtain raiser, "The Chip Woman's Fortune." The repertory further includes "The Comedy of Errors a la jazz," "Every Man in a Cabaret," Moliere's "Follies of Scapin," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "George," an "expressionist" play in 22 scenes, from the German.

Was this company disturbed by the rumor that a performance of "Salome" would be prohibited here by the stern guardians of public morals?

Mme. Melba will be seen, and probably heard, as Mimi, Marguerite, also Juliet, at Covent Garden this month.

At St. Cloud, by Paris, a new lyrio theatre has been founded, at which the American composer, Charles Cadman, is to have the privilege of performance of his much-talked-of opera, "Shanewis." The idea seems to have emanated from Charles Hackett, the distinguished American tenor, who will sustain the chief tenor role. But the point, from our point of view, is that if this effort meets with success Cadman's opera will be brought to London for a short run, with the Parisian cast. This would be of interest if only because it is long since we had American serious opera here, and we should be learning, at first hand, if any good therein lies.—Daily Telegraph.

Anatole France recently celebrated his 70th birthday. Does he still insist that he is an exceptionally timid man? When he was about to undertake—or undergo—a lecturing tour some years ago, he said to his agent: "I want you to work up a reputation for me, I don't know that I am particularly timid, but I like to be thought a timid man, for he can do anything. If he is silent when he should speak, people say: 'How alarming! He is so timid, you know,' he speaks when he should be silent, they ascribe it to nervousness. A timid man can dare so much with sweet impunity."

Anatole France has certainly not shown timidity as an author, as a Socialist, as a defender of Dreyfus, or in rotation of the way in which the author of "La Garconne" has been treated.

There are constitutionally shy men who are at times seemingly rude in their endeavor to cast off their timidity. The pendulum swings to the other extreme. Tchekovsky was notoriously shy. He suffered torments in consequence, but he did not seek refuge in rudeness. A Bostonian, no longer living, a writer of singular force, sometimes almost violent in the expression of opinion, outwardly cocky, once told us that he never rang a door bell to pay a visit without wishing to run away immediately; that he dreaded entering a drawing room or any public place.

Robert Burton quoted two or three deep thinkers as saying that bashfulness is an ordinary symptom of melancholy. "They dare not come abroad, into strange companies especially, or manage their ordinary affairs, so childish, timorous and bashful they can look no man in the face."

But Burton adds: "Though some on the other side (according to Fracastorius) be inverecund et pertinaces, impudent and peevish."

Plutarch enumerates in his essay on bashfulness the advantages of this constitutional weakness.

#### VARIANT OF AN OLD THEME (For My Mother)

When I am old and grey and filled with fears  
And hold my moody peace and use a cane,  
Some sudden memory of the careless years  
Will loose my tongue and ease my step again.  
Those years when life was nothing but a thing  
Of fragile hands upon my play-grimed face;  
Elusive sleep won by your minstreling;  
Then—dreamless loitering in some far place . . .

And I shall take my chair out in the sun  
(The sun I loved so well when I was young)  
And light my smelly pipe; while one by one  
The gay and half-forgotten songs you've  
—the salve!

And every strange and endless tale  
you've told  
Shall come to me once more—when I  
am old! GEORGE CARROLL.

#### "WATER BABIES" As the World Wags:

It has remained for the president of Harvard College, practised in the conferring of academic honors in apt terms and inspired by the international atmosphere created by the presence of a noble Briton on the platform with him at Symphony hall, to christen the people of this waterlogged democracy with the ultimate of benediction. Referring for precedent and authority to certain other people whose habit it was to walk backwards, having been deprived of their accustomed lubricants for propulsive locomotion, he dubbed the citizens of the United States "Water Babies," and no better bit of dubbing has been dubbed for many a day.

Wholly national in its application by virtue of the 18th amendment and the Volstead act, the new name serves to efface all that suggestion of sectionalism which the crude Yankee or Yank of pre-bellum hard liquor days inevitably evoked. It will sound melodious as the singing of a brook to those who rushed the "can" out of "American" and rewritten it as "cant." It eliminates comparison between the high-proof 100 per cent. fiery spirit of Andrew Jackson and the vulgar fractionalism of William J. Bryan. It points inevitably to the pond lily as our national flower. This much in brief survey at home.

In international affairs the inspired name will leave no doubt in the minds of those who hear it as to who are meant by it. In the conferences which now daily threaten the world's peace it will be the representatives of the Water Babies in all their naked innocence who will compare or confer with the unspeakable Turk or unofficially observe the obscurations of the reparations commission. It will be a delegation of Water Babies which will sit in the assembly of the League of Nations when the administration has its way with us, and a particularly fine and fat Water Baby sitting in its council.

In the next war abroad it will be the cry of terror that "the Water Babies are coming" that will spread panic through the trenches of the enemy, and when it is over European mothers will quiet their teething offspring with the threat that the Water Babies will get 'em if they don't watch out.

Not yet does Europe know the terrors of a charge of un-muzzled prohibitionists, and yet the blighters are arskin' for it!

Amherst, N. H.

#### FOR DINERS OUT

(From Hannah Woolley's "Gentlewoman's Companion," London, 1675.)

"Gentlewomen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat would swallow. . . . In carving avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burnt them. Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath is almost gone, and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

#### MODEL HUMOR

For the drapery exhibition at Islington lifelike models—beautiful wax women and smiling men in wax—were carried to the hall. "On occasions like to this," says the London Daily Chronicle, "Cockney wit comes into its own and reaches the heights. There is the story of that carter who, noting the embarrassment of a shame-faced youth struggling along with a dressmaker's life-size dummy, urged him to 'Urry up, young man, 'er father's after you.'"

#### VIBRATIONS

(For As the World Wags)  
With beaux at her elbows  
And at her throat, bows,  
Hearts and ribbons shall flutter  
Wherever she goes—

For, up to the minute  
The modern maid knows  
Are bows tied in knots  
And not tied in beaux.  
Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

By the way, a native of Worcester, Eng., is a Vigornian; a native of Barnstable, a Barumite. The people of Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow are described, respectively, as Mancunians, Liverpudlians and Glaswegians. The natives of Plymouth hesitate between Plymouthians and Plymptonians.

#### PHILHARMONIC

At Jordan hall last evening the Philharmonic Choral Society of Boston, William Ellis Weston, conductor, gave its fourth annual spring concert. Mar-

jorie Leadbetter, soprano, and George Boynton, tenor, were the soloists. Harris Shaw and Gertrude Gibson the pianists. The Boston Orchestral Players, Walter E. Loud, principal, played. The program was as follows:  
Prelude to "Cunhilde" . . . . .Kistler  
Boston Orchestral Players  
"Unfold, Ye Portals," from "The Redemption" . . . . .Gounod  
Chorus, Orchestra and Organ  
"Je Suis Titania" from "Mignon" Thomas  
Mrs. Leadbetter

String Orchestra!  
"L'Ange Gardien" . . . . .Pierne  
"Menuet Modern" . . . . .Loud  
Two Negro Spirituals:  
"Steal Away to Jesus"  
"I'm Going to Shout All Over God's Heaven."

Mr. Boynton  
"Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater" . . . . .Rossini  
Chorus, assisted by Mrs. Leadbetter  
"Hawatha's Wedding Feast" . . . . .S. Coleridge-Taylor

"Hawatha's Wedding Feast" was the main offering of the program, and, with Mr. Boynton assisting the chorus, proved especially delightful with its primitive rhythms and odd harmonies that interpret so picturesquely the red-skin as popularly known through Longfellow's poem.

Mrs. Leadbetter sang pleasingly and found the "Mignon" selection well within her range.

The singing of the chorus showed the benefits of training under Mr. Weston's intelligent direction. The selections by the string orchestra were also well rendered. A fair-sized audience was generous in its applause.

## May 5, 1913 24TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3; Chausson, Sior de Fete, (first time in America); Respighi, "Fountains of Rome"; Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor (with organ).

Although Chausson's "Sior de Fete" was performed in Paris as long ago as 1898, it has not been published. Mr. Monteux conducted from the composer's manuscript. Why this work has been neglected by publishers is not easily explained, especially as Chausson's friends thought highly of it, and they were influential. As Chausson was killed in a bicycle accident about a year after the production, he probably had thought there was time enough to attend to the publication.

When the symphonic poem was first performed—there were three other performances within a few years; but outside of Paris—Pierre de Breville wrote as a review an argument, an explanatory program, which probably resulted from talks with Chausson. The substance of it was that a poet, a dreamer, passing through a crowd on a festival night withdrew to hear the voices of nature. Returning to the crowd he took part for a time in the boisterous agitation, but yearning for calm and silence he again withdrew.

For some years Chausson's music was, in a way, tentative, one might say experimental. Charming as his "Viviane" is, it shows a certain indecision. One might say it is a pastel by a naturally talented amateur. Even in his symphony the influence of Cesar Franck is too strongly felt. But "Sior de Fete," composed eight years after the symphony and two years after the "Poem" for violin and orchestra, shows self-reliance. It is more individual; Chausson here knows what he wishes to do and he does it.

The joyous sections are free from the vulgarity which by some French composers is mistaken for frank gaiety, but Chausson's festival is not too refined, it is, after all, music of a crowd, not of a court. Its brilliance is not tawdry; the music is not bolsterously realistic; that of the contrasting sections has genuine beauty, music of the "huge and thoughtful night." In the harmonic structure and in the instrumentation there are happy inventions. It was George Moore's friend, Cabaner who said to portray silence effectively he should need three military bands. Chausson would have enjoyed this paradox.

A very dramatic but not extravagant interpretation of Beethoven's "Leonore" overture opened the concert, the last Friday afternoon concert of the 42d season. The overture is more than the summing up of "Fidelio"; it is the opera itself, without the dull music of the first act and the anti-climax of all that follows the immortal prison scene; without the disturbing spoken dialogue.

Respighi has been represented twice this season; by his Ballad of the Gnomes, superb in its barbaric frenzy and mysterious haunting episodes, and by the enchanting, less powerful, "Fountain of the Sun."

tains of Rome." The popular judgment at present is in favor of the latter composition. It is useless to say that time will tell, for this world is an allusion, a passing show, and 20 years from now Respighi's music may be thought commonplace or his name may only be known by a catalogue of Italian composers.

The architecture of Saint-Saens's third Symphony shows his remarkable skill in building an imposing structure out of comparatively slight material. Not long ago Mr. Ernest Newman, who has apparently sworn to destroy Saint-Saens's reputation, and, keeping his oath, has made many foolish and unjust statements, complained of the "repetition of platitudes" in Saint-Saens's piano concerto in C minor. The complaint was not wholly unfounded, and it might be brought against this symphony in spite of the art shown in varying the repetitions. The finale does not seem to us equal to the preceding sections. It is diffuse, and there are moments when the composer is not so logical in musical thought as is his wont. Nevertheless, it is a sonorous work with pages of genuine strength and beauty, suitable for the brilliant ending of a brilliant season.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Mr. Monteux was most warmly greeted when he came before the audience, and in the course of the concert enthusiasm ran high. A short account of the season will be found in the Herald of tomorrow. Fortunate, indeed, is Boston in its great orchestra and in its conductor. May he long be with us!

The announcement is made that there will be no public sale of seats for the Friday afternoon concerts next season, for the very few reserved seats not re-subscribed are insufficient to file applications on the long waiting list.

"The world and all that has ever been it will one day be as much forgotten as what we ate for dinner 40 years ago. Very likely, but the fact that we shall not remember much about a dinner 40 years hence does not make it less agreeable now, and after all, it is only the accumulation of these forgotten dinners that makes the dinner of 40 years hence possible."

So wrote the disagreeable Samuel Butler in his Note Book. (By the way, E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York ask \$35 for the London edition of 1912.) But Mr. Herkimer Johnson remembers three dinners that he will never forget. One was a dish of ham and eggs on Boon Island served by the lighthouse keeper when Mr. Johnson and two companions were driven on the island by a squall in the late sixties. The second was in the seventies at Chambery at an apparently humble inn. "I shall never forget the lake trout, the roast chicken and salad, and especially a bottle of Burgundy. We were very tired, so tired that we did not go to see the house of Mme. de Waren's, the friend of Rousseau." The third was at Soleure in Switzerland. "We ate a wonderful beefsteak at the railway restaurant and then set out on a three-hour walk to ascend the Weissenstein. This was in the early eighties."

Mr. Johnson smacked his lips as he recalled these gastronomic pleasures. For the moment he even forgot his colossal work.

#### POLLOCK IN PARIS

We regret to say that "The Sign on the Door," a play by Mr. Channing Pollock, did not please certain Parisian critics when it was produced in Paris this week. One of them went so far as to be bitterly sarcastic.

We therefore are inclined to believe that a tree will not be planted in Mr. Pollock's honor in the Bois de Boulogne with speeches by M. Poincare, Gen. Foch, the director of the Comedie Francaise, and the perpetual secretary of the French Academy.

It's a pity. Perhaps if Mr. Pollock could be persuaded to lecture in Paris about "The Sign on the Door" he might yet receive this arboreal honor.

#### SONG OF SORROW

A voice not small, and not exactly still, urges this hand to what this spirit loathes. Today I sing, tomorrow, willy-nill, your orator, perforce, his being clothes in a drab suit, and presently will go where the dank earth awaits his manly hand.

Alternative is none: the Missus wills it so: I stand condemned to struggle with the land.

Peas—luscious peas; tomatoes, dusky



A memorial to Amy Woodforde  
den, the composer of songs, was  
velled at Hampsthwaite Church,  
Harrogate on April 15.

ST



The famous Moscow Art Theatre will begin tomorrow night at the Majestic Theatre an engagement of two weeks with a performance for the first time in Boston of "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," a drama in five acts and in verse by Count Alexei Tolstoy. (The English translation by M. M. Covan is in "straightforward prose in order to avoid undue exaggeration of an already somewhat florid narrative, as judged by modern standards.")

Alexei Tolstoy, aristocrat and nationalist, a cousin of Leo Tolstoy, was born in 1817. In the forties, indignant at the autocratic rule, he wrote fables and ballads of a satirical nature, but he respected greatly the traditions of his country and loved Russia. Hence, his great dramatic trilogy "The Death of Ivan the Terrible" (1866); "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch" (1875) and "Tsar Boris" (1870). Thus he portrayed three successive reigns from 1533 to 1604. Tolstoy died in 1875. A version of his "The Terrible" was made for Richard Mansfield and produced in New York at the New Amsterdam Theatre on March 1, 1904.

It has been said of Tolstoy that he had sat on the knees of Goethe and was the playmate of Alexander II. "Like Ruskin, he made a cult of duty, humanism and Italy. In this second fatherland of his he began to travel early in life. This courtier-esthete was a mystic and occultist. He regarded the doctrine of equality as the 'Foolish invention of 1793' and was wholly out of sympathy with the material iconoclasts of his time. He was too much of an aristocrat not to despise despotism."

His liberalism did not prevent him from serving his Tsar faithfully as courtier and diplomat. He fought in the Crimean war and died as Tsar's master of the chase.

### Tsar Fyodor Remarkable for Characterizations

It has been said that "Tsar Fyodor" is "an intoxication of color, an apprehension of emotions through a bright-colored fantasy." It is more than that: It contains remarkable studies of character; it is so faithful to history that Alexander II forbade the performance. The trilogy was suppressed by the censor after one performance. During Tolstoy's lifetime the three plays were not revived. Not until the Moscow Art Theatre petitioned Tsar Nicholas in 1898 were they allowed to be performed.

"The Moscow Art Theatre chose 'Tsar Fyodor' for its first play because of the beauty of its verse, because a national feeling, romantic in the best sense, seemed a fine note with which to start a new Russian theatre, and because its vitality and color and moving masses gave them a fine opportunity to show what new things they could do in the way of handling of crowds. Moskvine created the role in its reinstatement in the theatre, and plays the role yet."

The action is in the middle of Tsar Fyodor's pitifully weak rule (1584-1598). Fyodor, the younger son of the cruel Ivan, found his country distressed by the factional fights among the boyars. One party was headed by Boris Godunov, the imperial chancellor, and the other of the Tsarina; the other by Prince Ivan Petrovitch Shouisky. Fyodor, weak, vacillating, pious, endeavored to reconcile the opposing parties, encouraged and sustained in this aim by his noble and compassionate wife. Fyodor has been described as a "weak, undersized, terrified little prince, living in the most turbulent court in Christendom," in terror of violence. Birrell, the historian drew this picture of him: "The most striking characteristic of the whole dynasty founded by Ivan Kalita (the Great) was their actual matter-of-factness, their appreciation of the value and power of money, their ability to turn to their own good account all the conditions and surroundings in which they found themselves placed; through the successive efforts of generations they had built up a huge material fortune and secured immense political power. The last number of their dynasty was a man who cared absolutely nothing for the things of this world, whose chief preoccupation was the ringing of church bells and the observance of church ritual. The general impression which this Tsar made on contemporaries, notably on foreign envoys, who saw him and have left accounts of their impressions, was that he was half-witted. This is possibly true, but it must be remembered that he lost his mother at the age of four and spent his childhood and youth in the midst of the orgies which Ivan carried on at Alexandrov. It is possible that he cultivated a habit of silliness in order to be left in peace and not be drawn into the dangerous tangle of palace and political intrigues, and that this habit became permanent. What is undoubted is that he took no interest whatever in affairs of state or in any problem which concerned the material welfare of himself or of anybody else."

#### BORIS GODUNOV

Boris Godunov is known to us by Puschkin's opera, which was founded on Puschkin's "Boris." Puschkin dealt with Boris as the usurper, not as Tsar. Mr. Sadler thus describes him: "The rise of the predatory figure of Boris Godunov is the crescendo to this the silent, unscrupulous, ambitious adventurer from Tartary in Ivan's court who saw what opportunities lurked in the ascension of a Tsar who was more concerned with the salvific than his

soul than the conservation of his power. Boris, brilliant, cool, persuasive, resourceful—whom everyone respected and nobody trusted—Boris, with a vision of Russia's place in European civilization and the need to struggle against wild nobles from the marshes and the steppes—in the audacity with which he scaled a throne is an almost fabulous figure of romance, and yet his work lives in the Russia of today. For as he usurped a throne by craft, so he kept it. He was no open adversary, had no talent for holding by force of arms. So he built up that elaborate secret police system which was the wonder of the world in autocratic Russia, and which has passed over into the new regime."

But other characters are drawn by Tolstoy in a remarkable manner: Prince Ivan Petrovitch Shouisky, who at last was disposed of by Boris; the angelic Tsarina Irina; Loup-Kleschin, the Tsar's former tutor; the contemptible woman, Vassilisa Volokhova, the marriage-broker; the garrulous old man, Kurlukov; in fact all the many characters are men and women of flesh and blood. Then there is the poor, oppressed mob.

"Tsar Fyodor" will be performed at the Majestic Theatre on the evenings of May 7, 8, 9 and the afternoons of May 8 and 10. The curtain will rise at 8 o'clock evenings and at 2 o'clock at the matinees. No one will be seated after that hour until the first intermission. Vassily Katchalov and Ivan Moskvine will appear alternately as the Tsar. It is requested that there be no applause till the end of the play.

#### "THE LOWER DEPTHS"

Maxim Gorky's "Lower Depths"—or as it is often entitled "Night Lodging"—is a more familiar play, familiar at least to readers of Russian literature. The literal translation of the Russian title is "On the Bottom."

This play in four acts was first performed by the Moscow Art Theatre on Dec. 31, 1902.

As "Night Lodging" it was brought out in New York by Arthur Hopkins a few years ago.

It has also been played in New York in Yiddish.

The play tells the story of a cellar with strange and wretched lodgers; Sattine, the philosopher into whose mouth Gorky puts views of life; Luka, the wandering pilgrim, who tries to cheer the despairing; the broken-down actor, who remembers, or invents, his past triumphs, spouts passages from plays and is pleased because a doctor told him that his "organism" was "saturated through and through with alcohol;" the Baron, who had fallen from his high estate; the rascally keeper of the cellar, his wife and sister; the young and amorous Pepel, a thief; Nastya, the street walker, and Bubnov, the cap-maker—the "befouled men and women who were the wretched debris of a social order that was left undisturbed by a bland outside world because it was careful not to challenge that world's colossal indifference. . . . a scene of squalor as had had no parallel in the dramatic literature of the world and has seldom been approached by any play or book written since." And yet, as Mr. Woolcott has said, the abiding glory of the play lies in the fact that it is not depressing. "It scrutinizes the most conspicuous of social failures and what it sees there most clearly is the essential dignity and sovereignty to the human being." As one must turn out every light in a room to see a particle of radium held in the hand, so Gorky went into the blackest hole in the world to find the light of the divinity of man."

Miss Covan's translation is extremely frank, much more so than the version of Laurence Irving used by the Stage Society Nov. 30, 1903. "Here for the first time, the vigor, the virility, the

humanity and the humor of the original survive the transfer from the Russian tongue to our own."

"The 'Lower Depths' will be produced on Friday evening, May 11, and repeated twice on Saturday, May 12.

The curtain will rise at 8 o'clock P. M. and at 2 o'clock at the matinees. No one will, after 8 o'clock, be admitted until the first intermission. It is requested that there be no applause until the end of the performance.

#### PAULINE LORD IN LONDON

(By Herbert Griffith.)

The appearance of a young American actress, Miss Pauline Lord, in "Anna Christie," at the Strand Theatre the other evening probably startled the more discerning members of that first-night audience, and made them devote a few minutes to running over the list of English actresses who could have put up an equal show with Miss Pauline Lord in that part.

They need not have spent many minutes over it. The list is not long. To be perfectly candid, it is non-existent.

To say as much as this is to imply that English emotional acting is at the present moment at a low ebb. I do mean to say that; and from those who go off to the theatre I have little fear of contradiction.

What is wrong with the English stage is not that most of our leading actresses nowadays are ladies. It is that they will never let their audiences forget it. Miss Pauline Lord does.

That we have many very finished comedy actresses I am perfectly well aware. Modern English comedy is consistently well acted, and often brilliantly acted.

But tragedy is another matter. Being a lady, which is a distinct help in comedy, is for tragedy rather a handicap—a thing to be suppressed and forgotten. To act tragedy well is to forget all ladylike feelings, to cease to conform to a trifling stock of mannerisms and conventions, to come down for the moment to the lowest common denominator, or to rise to the highest common factor, of humanity.

Miss Pauline Lord did it in this play. I have no idea of Miss Pauline Lord's real personality, because I have only seen her in "Anna Christie," where she so merged herself in the sodden, disreputable, out-at-elbows, hoarse with tiredness, brazen with impertinence, pathetically arrogant young offscouring of civilization, the girl Anna, that there was absolutely nothing of Miss Pauline Lord left.

One could watch her face, with its tired, mirthless smile, or the trembling of her hands, or the clumsy gestures of her arms, or her feet, as she sat with them far apart and ungainly under the café table, and not find one movement or gesture or intonation that was not definitely part of the picture—part of the picture of Anna Christie, and not that of a young lady with one foot in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, and with a little acting to do seven times a week in return for a large salary.

The utter abandonment to the part, directed and controlled by fine intelligence, is the hallmark of great acting. —Daily Chronicle.

#### A BERNHARDT FILM

(London Daily Telegraph)

An interesting glimpse into the many-sided activity of the great tragedienne, who has just passed away was given on Friday, April 13, at the Alhambra Theatre, where there was a private exhibition of a film play of which she had written the scenario for her friend and understudy, Mme. Yorska. A preliminary picture shows Mme. Sarah Bernhardt giving Mme. Yorska some parting advice how to play the leading part on the eve of the latter's departure from Paris for California, where the film was to be produced. One of the most interesting and interesting of the large audience at the Alhambra, who were the guests of Mr. Kilner, the owner of the English rights of the film, was Miss Ellen Terry. In a foreword, the text of which was thrown on the screen, Miss Ellen Terry wrote:

"Beloved Sarah! Brave woman, royal actress, whose devotion to your art inspired me, whose friendship warmed my heart! I will not let the sorrow I feel for the loss of you hinder me from being glad that you have left this work for us to treasure as a sacred relic of your energy and vision. It will remind us that you saw and believed in the possibilities of the film, when most of us scorned it. You were unconventional in this, as in everything. You were never content to rest on past achievements. To the end of your wonderful life you went forward, audacious, adventurous, young! Because of this it is possible for those who never saw you in life—how sorry I am for them!—to see, now you are gone, at least a shadow of the personality which won you the title, 'Divine Sarah'!"

Though very melodramatic, "It Happened in Paris" has been most deftly constructed. It is to be shown to the public almost immediately. One of the leading characters is excellently played by W. Lawson Butt, a brother of Clara Butt.

#### To the Editor of The Herald

In making this attempt to comply with your request for the words of the song,

"The Pardon Came Too Late," I may be tempting Providence, but I can hear voices in the air humming the tune and the words may come along as I write.

A fair-haired boy in a foreign land,  
At sunrise was to die;  
In a prison cell he sat alone,  
From his heart there came a sigh.  
Deserted from the ranks they said,  
The reason none could say,  
They only knew the order was  
That he should die next day.

#### Refrain

And as the hours glided by,  
A messenger on wings did fly  
To save this boy from such a fate,  
A pardon sent, but came too late.

#### Chorus

The volley was fired at sunrise,  
Just at the break of day,  
And while the echoes lingered  
His soul had passed away  
Into the arms of his Maker,  
And there to meet his fate;  
A tear, a sigh, a sad good-bye,  
The pardon came too late.

And round the camp fire burning bright  
The story then was told,  
How his mother on her dying bed  
Called for her boy so bold;  
He hastened to obey her wish,  
Was captured on the way;  
She never saw her boy so fair—  
He died at break of day.

#### Refrain

And when the truth at last was known,  
His innocence was at once shown;  
To save from such an unjust fate,  
A pardon sent, but came too late.

#### Chorus

CHARLES W. RODGERS.

#### RAVEL IN LONDON

Maurice Ravel conducted his "Mother Goose" suite and "Waltz" in London on April 14. The Times said that he was cordially received, "as was natural."

"Since the death of Debussy he has represented to English musicians the most vigorous current in modern French music. To the enterprise, daring and ingenuity common to many of the moderns he brings a graciousness of melody, a refinement of harmony and orchestration which give his music a personal charm. He reminds us that music is just as good as it sounds, no better and no worse, and his manner of conducting these works emphasized the axiom. His baton is not the magician's wand of the virtuoso conductor. He just stood there beating time and keeping watch, getting everything into its right place. The orchestra did their very best for him, not because they were charmed into it, but because he showed them so clearly what he wanted each member to play, when and how. 'Ma mere l'oye' has never sounded so simple and child-like; the introduction to 'La Valse,' with its fitting scraps of waltz rhythm on bassoons and deep-toned instruments, had an unusual clarity, and both pieces were immensely enjoyed."

#### SOME OLD SONGS

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

Again you tempt my memory and my pen with your query in the As the World Wags column as to the songs of other days. About the time that the "Maid of the Mill" was new, the singing of ballads was confined mostly to the minstrel companions, and they were so spread and popularized. Among them was the "Fisher Maiden," "When the Robins Nest Again," made popular by Chauncy Olcott with Jack Haverly's 40-count 'em—40. (Daniel Frohman, business manager; Charles Frohman, advance man.) There was "In Old Maryland" and "The Song That Reached My Heart," written and sung by Julian Jordan, a golden-voiced singer of his time, with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West. There was "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Little Empty Cradle," and "There's a Light in the Window" and "A Curl from My Baby's Head" and "With All Her Faults" and "Marguerite" and "White Wings," written and sung by Banks Winter. (He sang it here again this season with a bunch of old-timers at the Scollay Square, and well, too.) Then there was "In the Morning by the Bright Light" and "Hear Them Bells," "You'd Better Stay at Home, Lad," and "Little Empty Stockings by the Fire," "Don't Send My Boy to Prison" and "Stick to Your Mother, Tom" and "Lessons That I Learned on Mother's Knee" and many others that I do not now recall.

"The Pardon That Came Too Late" belongs to a later period, say about 1892 or thereabout, and about the time that Raymond Moore was doing "Sweet Marie" and Charles K. Harris, "After the Ball." Then there was "Two Little Girls in Blue," "In the Baggage Coach Ahead," "Afterward" and Richard J. Jose was singing "I Wonder Will They Answer If I Write." There was "Comrades," "Daisy Bell," "Maggie Murdock's



Home" and George (Money Boy) Evans was singing "I'll Be True to My Money Boy," and there was "My Boyhood's Happy Home Down on the Farm," "Pretty Pond Lillies," "Little Bunch of Lillies," "Sweet Violets," "Just as the Sun Went Down," "The Picture That Is Turned Toward the Wall," "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me" and Theresa Vaughn was singing "Little Annie Rooney" with Rice's "1492." I recall, not only the singers, but many of the words and all the airs. As you say, this kind of stuff is soon forgotten. Trash, mush. Yes, perhaps, but it was all popular in its time, and was played (not on the Victrola), but on many a piano and melodeon, and was whistled and sung and it served its purpose—entertainment.

About the "Shabby Genteel" in the same column, I do not recall your allusion to it, unless it be that you mean "The Upper Ten and Lower Five," which was a song. Sol Smith Russell, before he appeared in plays, was for many years, with the "Berger Family of Bell Ringers, indeed one of them. Fred G. Berger was his manager up to the time of his death, but I do not remember of their being at the Park.

There was some years ago a darkey, who cried "Hot corn" in Boston, and he carried a basket, too, with fried chicken, and made the rounds of the stage doors. I recall one night he went on to the stage of one of the houses, and while he was waiting for the final curtain, he disposed himself comfortably between the back wall and the back drop, on a roll of stage carpet, with his basket beside him, and was soon in a gentle doze. Some of the boys in the fly gallery spotted him and let down a hook on the end of a line, and lifted the whole thing. Yes, indeed, there was hot corn, and as "The Wildcat" would say, "Hot damn," too. F. E. H.

**PASSION PLAY IN ITALY**  
(London Daily Telegraph.)  
ROME, Sunday (April 15).—Today at Turin, the first performance was given of the Passion Play in the new stadium. The play is based on that of Oberammergau, and several parts are undertaken by the original Bavarian players. The scenery has been specially constructed, the palaces in Jerusalem being erected on the original architectural scale. About 2000 performers take part in the performance, but several hundreds of these are singers drawn from the Roman Polyphonic Choir and the Turin Palestrina Choirs. Throughout the performance the action is illustrated by suitable music, chiefly Gregorian chants by Palestrina, with Bach's chorals. The part of Christ is sustained by Alberto Pasquali, a well-known dramatic actor. The performances will continue daily till the end of May in the afternoons only. This is the largest open-air theatrical entertainment which has ever been attempted in Italy, since the Turin stadium can easily hold 100,000 people.

**TRAVELERS IN GERMANY** have for years been amused by the raising of hate when one man met another. The once free and independent American citizen called the custom unmanly, often sycophantic. He shouted with Walt Whitman:

"Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids—conformity goes to the fourth-remov'd; I wear my hat as I please, indoors or out."

Germans who come to live in this country maintain the habit for a long time. Some never break themselves of it. But now in Germany there is propaganda for abandoning the solemn performance, except in the presence of women. It's a matter of economy. Why bend and soil a hat-brim when a hat costs from 40,000 to 100,000 marks?

There have been men famous for their grace in the ceremony. Louis XVIII thought it strange that he was the only man in France who knew how to wear a hat and how to raise it. Talleyrand used to repeat this royal boast. "It was true," he said, "that he used to put his soul into the lifting of his hat."

French and Spaniards also long ago removed hats in meeting. A writer at Rouen in 1630 noted the difference in their manners: "If a Frenchman meets a friend he bows with his whole body, lowers his head, advances his hands and draws his feet backward for an hour at a time, while the Spaniard holds head and body stiffer than a spindle, simply taking off his hat in payment of the French boresome ceremony."

Here is a pleasing illustration of manners in the life of William Butler, physician, by John Aubrey: "A Frenchman came one time from London to Cambridge, purposely to see him, whom he made stay two hours for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blew gowne. The French gentleman makes him 2 or 3 very low bows down to the ground; Dr. Butler

whipped his leg over his head and away goes into his chamber and did not speake with him."

Our knowledge of Roman custom is derived from seeing "Julius Caesar" on the stage, with the men saluting by raising the right arm till it was perpendicular. Somehow one cannot imagine Julius Caesar raising a stove-pipe hat or a derby when he met his wife on the street, even when he was not suspicious of her. Would Cleopatra have fallen for Mark Antony if he had sported a tyrolean hat with a feather in the band when she first saw him from her sumptuous barge?

**"THE MAID OF THE MILL"**  
We have received several letters about "The Maid of the Mill," sung by Bonny at Coney Island, the heroine of Mr. James L. Ford's "Hot Corn Ike." Mr. F. A. Enders says the song was written by Stephen Adams, still known by his "Nancy Lee," "The Holy City," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains." (Mr. Enders says that "Love's Sweet Song" is surely Molloy's "Love's Old Sweet Song"—"still popular for harmonizing purposes on impromptu occasions.") We are indebted to J. H. C. of Dedham for the first verse and chorus of "The Maid of the Mill." "As I remember the second verse, it was even more sad than the first. The air was in a minor key, and the words, as you see, very simple. Quite a contrast to the 'Blah,' 'Blah' stuff we are forced to listen to today."

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson also sends the words, which differ slightly from J. H. C.'s text. Mr. Robinson's is as follows: (We insert the variants in parentheses.)

**SOLO BY FIRST TENOR.**  
Golden years ago in a mill beside the sea,  
There dwelt a lovely (little) maiden who plighted her troth to me.  
The mill wheels (wheel) now are (is) silent, the maid's eyes closed—  
And all that now remains of her are the words she sang to me.

**CHORUS**  
Do not forget me,  
Do not forget me,  
Think some time of me (of me some time) still.  
When the morning breaks  
And the throstle (songster) awakes,  
Remember the maid—of the mill.  
"Sung," says Mr. Robinson, "in waltz tempo—barber shop quartet, two in the morning, slightly spifflicated, heads together facing each other, hands on shoulders, barkeep listening sympathetically. Very effective in the '80's. Isn't that third line great? The maid's eyes closed be!"

**HAPPINESS IN SHIRT-SLEEVES**  
As the World Wags:  
The quotation from Alexander Smith in your column of May 1 recalls an epigram from Martial which gives the rule for a happy life of a Roman gentleman of the first century A. D. Here it is: These are the things which make life happier, most genial Martial; property acquired not by labor but by bequest; a field not fruitless, a hearth always blazing; never any lawsuit, a toga not often worn, a mind at ease; such strength as befits a gentleman, a healthy body; tactful candor, agreeable friends, easy social fellowship, simple food, the night not given to wine, but free from cares, a wife vivacious and yet pure; sleep which makes the darkness brief; to be satisfied with what you are and to wish for nothing different; neither to fear your last day nor to long for it.

Martial, Book X. Epigram XLVII.  
Boston. M. B. FANNING.  
"A toga not often worn," "Toga rara" has been paraphrased as "little need of a business costume." "Rara" might be translated "infrequent." Compare the phrase "Tunicata quies"—"retired ease in the simple tunic" as the translator in the Bohn edition pompously has it. In other words, Martial in the country, as Mr. Herkimer Johnson at Clunipont, sat and went about in his shirt-sleeves. There is a learned note about "toga rara" in the folio Martial edited by the Jesuit Matthew Raderus (1627), a huge folio, though, alas, an expurgated edition (page 712). Raderus makes among other remarks this profound one: "Mental quiet is an inestimable boon."—Ed.

**CONGRESS FOLLOWS GROTIUS**  
As the World Wags:  
The supreme court has decided that correct construction of the language of the Volstead act shows that it was the intention of Congress to follow the authority of the learned Grotius that rum as an inseparable element of the mare liberum must and shall be served on American ships outside the three-mile limit. It appears from this that the Volstead Congress rather put one over on the Anti-Saloon League and its legal advisers, whose purpose it was to dry up the high, free seas along with this once free land. Now, during the heated period of the summer months, it will be possible for any one who can row a

dory three miles to seek refreshment from the anchored oasis nearest to his summer residence.

No summer resort will be resorted to unless it is supplied with one of the first aid stations in the office, and the skippers of them, with a copy of the decision nailed to the mast-head, can safely defy a battleship in their observance of law and order according to its terms and of the intent of Congress in its now disclosed sympathy for the athirst.

ABEL ADAMS.  
Amherst, N. H.

**ST. MARY'S CONCERT**  
A concert by St. Mary's Industrial School band of Baltimore, Md., will take place at the Boston Arena this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The concert is under the patronage of H's Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, and auspices of the Working Boys' Home, Newton Highlands.

**Flute Players' Club**  
Yesterday afternoon, in the galleries of the Boston Art Club, the Boston Flute Players' Club gave the following program:

Charles Bordes, Suite Basque for flute and string quartet  
Ottorino Respighi, Sonata in B minor for violin and piano  
George Foote, Trio in C minor for violin, violoncello and piano  
Edward Ballantine, Prelude and dance for four flutes

Charles Bordes in all probability will be remembered as one of the founders of the Schola Cantorum of Paris and of the Chanteurs de St. Gervais rather than as a composer. In 1889-90 he undertook under the authority of the French Ministry of Education the preparation and publication of Archives de la Tradition Basque, and in several of his compositions, notably in the Suite performed yesterday and in a Rhapsody on Basque themes for piano and orchestra performed during the all too short existence of the Boston Musical Association under Georges Longy, he has utilized Basque folk music. Aside from the peculiarly characteristic nature of the themes there is little that is striking in this suite. Its coloring is monotonously gray save in the last movement, and the treatment is conventional.

Respighi's Sonata, too, contains little to arrest the attention. There are moments of lyrical beauty, particularly in the first movement, but the music for the most part is restless and diffuse. It was played with extraordinary virtuosity by Messrs. Thillois and Havens, Mr. Thillois, in particular, playing with great beauty of tone and elegance of phrasing. The opportunities for hearing this excellent violinist are too few. His duties as chef d'attaque of the second violins in the Boston Symphony Orchestra offer little occasion for the display of his more than ordinary talents. His playing in this sonata lent distinction to the music of the afternoon.

There is little to be said of George Foote's trio in C minor, for the composer has little to say himself. Ballantine's prelude and dance showed considerable command of the somewhat limited combinations to be evolved from four flutes. S. M.

**Italian Symphony Orchestra**  
Last night, in the St. James Theater, the eighteenth century Italian Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino, conductor, gave its second concert of the season. Mr. Martino somewhat broadened the scope of his program, as it included French and German composers, as well as those of Italian birth. As in the preceding concert by this organization, the music was interesting and well played. Mr. Martino has an evident sympathy for music of this character, and has succeeded in communicating his enthusiasm for it to his players. This concert was worthy of much greater patronage than it received. Boston has several schools of music. Every pupils should have been present to take advantage of the opportunity of hearing music little known, but of great influence on that of our own time. Fauré, the French musician, said, "To know an art well, it is impossible to remain ignorant of its origins and development." How many students of music, nay, distinguished professors of the art, ignore this fact, to their own detriment. Let Mr. Martino not be discouraged. He is rendering a service to the art of music, and time will bring its reward.

S. M.

**ITALIAN SYMPHONY GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT**  
The second annual concert by the 18th Century Italian Symphony Orchestra was given at the St. James Theatre last evening with the following program:

Canzone-Allegro (First time in America) Frescobaldi  
O Cessate (First time in America) Scarlatti  
Mrs. Berenson with harpsichord.  
Vittoria (First time in America) Carlsstini  
Mrs. Berenson with harpsichord.  
Apotheosis of Lull (First time in America) Couperlin  
Farewell Symphony (finale) Haydn  
Minuetto—Musetta—Gavotta (First time in America) Handel  
Suite for flute, strings and harpsichord Bach  
Flute solo, E. Di Lascla.  
Se tu m'amami (First time in America) Pergolesi  
Mrs. Berenson with harpsichord.  
Danza, Danza (First time in America) Durante  
Mrs. Berenson with harpsichord.  
Concerto in Si Minore (First time in America) Vivaldi  
Jessie Morse Berenson, soprano, and Florence De Napoli, at the harpsichord, were the assisting artists at the ancient candlelight concert. The program was well chosen and unusually interesting, for selections were all played for the first time in America. It was most atmospheric, the candlelights, the musicians in 18th century costume, and Mr. Martino's excellent conducting.

One of the features was Haydn's "Farewell" Symphony (finale) in which one at a time the musicians blew out their candles, made their departure, until only the conductor and two violins remained. The music became fainter and fainter. The final violin duet was delicately rendered.

Bach's suite for flute, strings and harpsichord had more variety than some of the other selections. It was played in spirited fashion and was one of the favorites last night. Miss Berenson sang several numbers. Durante's "Danza, Danza" was perhaps the most enjoyable.

**RUSSIAN PLAYERS**  
By PHILIP HALE  
MAJESTIC THEATRE—Moscow Art Theatre: Messrs. Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko, directors. First appearance with the first performance in Boston of "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," a play in five acts by Alexei Tolstol. Presented by Messrs. Comstock and Gest.

Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch.....Ivan Moskvlin  
Tsarina Irina Fyodorovna.....Olga Knipper-Chekhova  
Boris Godunov.....Alexander Vishnysky  
Prince Ivan Petrovitch Shoulsky.....Vassily Luzhsky  
Prince Vassily Ivanovitch Shoulsky.....Vassily Burdzhakov  
Prince Andrei Shoulsky.....Nikolai Podorny  
Prince Shakhovskoy.....Leonid M. Leonidov  
Mikhailo Golovin.....Akim Tamirov  
Loup Kleshnin.....Peter Bakshiev  
Prince Tureynin.....Ivan Lazarev  
Princess Metislavskaya.....Lydia Koreneleva  
Bogdan Kurukov.....Mikhail Tarkhanov  
Ivan Krasshnikov.....Nikolai Alexandrov  
Golub, senior.....Alexei Bondiriev  
Golub, junior.....Boris Dobronravov

To one that does not know a word of Russian this play last night was interesting as a spectacle, with a reproduction of ancient Russian costumes and with pantomime replacing dialogue. To a foreign audience these Russian players act necessarily to their disadvantage. It is all very well to say: "Read the printed translation of the play. At the performance you will then understand everything, so great is the art of the actors." Some go so far as to say: "Read only the synopsis on the play bill. That will be sufficient."

Now a play written for the theatre is not a play till it is put on the stage. The dialogue must be intelligible to the spectator. Unless he is fairly familiar with the language spoken, he does not know the meaning of the text. Thus he is unable to judge fairly and fully the ability of the actor. He may be able to appreciate the significance of gesture, and the expression by the face and body of sentiments and emotions. He will be wholly unable to judge the diction. He will miss emphasis, the force of a tirade or pathetic appeal, the subtleties of meaning, the direct verbal attack or the sly innuendo. In a word, the spectator not knowing the language, as a barbarian taken to the theatre. He may be entertained by the sumptuousness or the singularity of stage setting and costumes, solemn processions and the agitation of a mob, repeated genuflections and osculations; he may be impressed by the last scene in Tolstoy play, the solemn and emotional scene before the cathedral, but he will be saying to himself: "I wish I knew what they were talking about" and if he is an honest man he will say so to those who, equally unfamiliar with the language, are nevertheless enthusiastic

are to



ga of frenzy, affirming loudly by every clearly understood all that he saw and heard.

Of those who had endeavored to do it the translation to memory must have been confused by the stage verities for scenes of importance were not. Even to a Russian audience sequence of events and the consequences of previous dialogues and actions must have been sadly broken. Read the translation, the play is interesting in its general scheme. Interesting as a study of characters. That the Tsar Fyodor, for example, is portrayed by his speech as a timid, pious, at times childish in his attitude and his rage, irrefutable, meaning to serve his country and put an end to feuds; a pathetic, pathetic victim to his honorable purposes and lack of backbone, cruelly affected, sustained only by his noble and devoted wife. In like manner the leader of the rival parties are strongly depicted, as are the minor persons in the play, especially Vassilisa Volokhova, marriage-broker, who unfortunately did not figure in the version of last night.

Remembering in part the printed text, it was easy to see by the pantomime of Moskvina that he gave a carefully prepared and effective portrayal of the character, in all his native kindness and his weakness. The scene with the garrulous old Kurinkov was only one of many touches to the portrait painted in Flemish detail. If only one could have seen the Russian!

It was also easy to see that the other leading parts were finely acted as far as pantomime was concerned; that Mme. Snipper-Chekova was a Tsarina of beauty, dignity, and wifely devotion. It is said that the Moscow Art Theatre rides itself on its ensemble; that the hero of one evening takes a humble part in the next play, that all work together for the benefit of dramatic art. This, after the performance of last night, can be readily believed.

The request that there should be no applause until the end of the play was twice not heeded. At the end there was the heartiest of applause and the company appeared to acknowledge it.

Mr. Monteux has completely dispelled the illusion: that only a German or an Austrian can conduct sympathetically and effectively the orchestral works of Beethoven. We say "completely"; yet, no doubt, there are still some misguided souls who believe that only a German understands Beethoven, Brahms, Richard Strauss et al.

It is not extravagant to say that the symphonies and the overtures of Beethoven have never been more effectively and musically performed in Boston than under the leadership of Mr. Monteux. The same may be said of the performance of Brahms's music under his direction.

Mr. Stuart Mason, a composer of indisputable talent and the accomplished music critic of the Christian Science Monitor, wrote as follows about the performance of the "Leonore" overture last week:

"Mr. Monteux has many times given proof of his understanding and sympathetic feeling for the music of Beethoven. From the beginning of his term as conductor of the orchestra here he has been said to have restored the music of the Flemish-German-Austrian master which had under the batons of preceding conductors often suffered from a false and artificial 'tradition.' Mr. Monteux has never sought to give individual readings of Beethoven; rather has he endeavored to bring out the inherent beauty and grandeur of the music, content to let its message speak unhampered, and when all is said and done this is the quality which distinguishes the real interpretative artist. Unfortunately this quality is often unappreciated by the general public, who are ever inclined to applaud the sensational and the spectacular as in many other forms of art. Yet, as time goes on, the public of the Symphony concerts, often strangely provincial in its judgment, will realize more and more what an artist, in the highest sense of the word, Mr. Monteux is, and will recall with admiration and respect such a performance as was given yesterday afternoon of the 'Leonore' overture."

**MR. MONTEUX'S CATHOLICITY**

That Mr. Monteux should be so successful as an interpreter of Beethoven is not surprising. Years ago Richard Wagner was enthusiastic over performances of Beethoven's symphonies by the Paris Conservatory orchestra, led by Habeneck. The long line of Parisian conductors since Habeneck has maintained the glorious reputation. And so to hear instrumental music of Bach sanely performed one must hear French organists and pianists.

Thank the Lord, Mr. Monteux is not a "specialist." He does not assert himself as the divinely inspired interpreter of Mozart, Strauss, Franck, Debussy or any Hindu

any other composer. His taste is most catholic—it is true, that like most Frenchmen, he prefers the music of Rimsky-Korsakov to that of Tchaikovsky. It matters not whether the composer be French or American, British or German, a Finn or an Italian, a Trojan or a Tyrian, Mr. Monteux brings out whatever strength or beauty, whatever decorative or emotional quality there may be in the composition. And all this so modestly that it escapes the notice of those who attend a concert to see the conductor and not primarily to hear the music.

Mr. Monteux's contract calls for one year more of service. May this contract be extended for many years!

**MR. MONTEUX'S PROGRAMS**

Does any one say in a carping spirit: "We have had too much French music"? and say this without regard to the quality of the works performed? Thirty-seven compositions by Germans, not counting the two Hungarians, Liszt and Dohnanyi; the Bohemians Dvorak and Smetana, the Finn Sibelius, the Roumanian Enesco, were performed. Beethoven and Mozart led with six performances each; Wagner came next with five.

There were only 13 performances of French works, while there were 13 of works by Americans. Other nationalities represented other than those already mentioned were Italian, English, Russian and Spanish.

Does some ultra-conservative, some reactionary, who would enjoy a piano concerto by Moscheles or an overture by Lachner, protest, not without a show of anger, at the performance of a contemporary work in an unfamiliar idiom? Is it not the duty of a conductor to acquaint his audiences with what is going on in the musical world of today? In this respect, Mr. Monteux has shown marked moderation.

As Mr. Reiner, the conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, said recently when he was asked why he performed certain ultra-modern works: "I feel it my duty. It will at least give the audience the opportunity of knowing what they don't like." And the Cincinnati audience applauds him for his courage.

**THE ORCHESTRA HIS CREATION**

Nor should it be forgotten that the Boston Symphony orchestra which today is unrivaled in technical proficiency, in euphony, in plasticity, is wholly the creation of Pierre Monteux. By his skill and force as a disciplinarian which won the respect and affection of the players, by his patience and courage exercised indefatigably since the dark days of March, 1920, he has shaped and moulded the magnificent orchestra that

is now justly the pride of this city. And he has done this without the sensational display that is so dear to what are loosely called "virtuoso conductors."

"Great, captains with their guns and drums,

Disturb our judgment for the hour.

But at last silence comes:

These all are gone, and standing like a tower,

... ..

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man."

## "POPS" START IN ON 38TH SEASON

"A waltz by Strauss or a glass of beer was not out of keeping." This excerpt from an informing note in the program book of the Symphony hall "Pops," referring to the early days of this now annual fixture, is at once a prod to memory, and a solace to those of us who are ageing. For it was in those merry summers of the late eighties and early nineties that the "Pops" were at their merriest. In the old Muslo hall, for instance, there was swiftness on the floor, just enough to give fitting atmosphere; on the stage a band of musicians far smaller than the impressive near three-score of today, and at the tables nightly groups of many ages, but all athirst for sprightly tunes, properly played, and alike athirst for such honest brews as were on tap—and there were many. Yet it was not merely a students' rendezvous. The musically-elect and the socially-select were there as well.

Modes have changed, restrictions have increased, but the "Pops," entering last night on their 38th year, have never lost their vogue. The programs have become yearly more elaborate, the number of musicians augmented. Carbonated waters of various pretty colors, but lacking the tang of the olden beverages, and other properly legalized refreshments are served by soft-moving girls in uniform, replacing the lads who used to work down-town days and at the "Pops" nights, and who never were without towels with which to mop the tables. But at those tables, and in the

balconies as well, still sit the musically-elect and the socially-select, and the students, a more decorous band. And we still may hear a waltz by Strauss.

Last evening Mr. Jacchia was unable to conduct, owing to a recent illness, not of serious nature, and Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, who serves as concert master during the season of "Pops," and is a brilliant violinist with the Symphony orchestra, held the baton. If he lacked Mr. Jacchia's restless fervor, he possessed his own talents of fine discretion, absolute knowledge of the works at hand and the confidence of his men.

In certain ways he reminded one of that popular conductor of other seasons, Gustav Strube—genial, human and broad in musical mind and matter. The program comprised works of Wagner, Weber, Brahms-Gericke, Liszt, Chopin, Grieg, Ponchielli, Tchaikovsky, Bizet—names of substance; Waldteufel, for a waltz, Jessel for the one novelty of the printed program, "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," from "Chauve Souris." Mr. Hoffmann bravely refrained from making this spirited piece a quickstep, and played it as written, for automatons feeling their way, yet always in rhythmic step. The audience was hungry for this and could have stood its repetition. The old Music hall crowd would have yelled for more—and got it.

For the rest there were many extras, including Schubert's "Moment Musical," Kreisler's "Liebesfreud," Jacchia's "Tarantelle," the "Volga Bargemen's Song," Strube's rousing "Cruiser Harvard" march, the barcarole from "Tales of Hoffman," and, to complete, the "Peer Gynt" suite, "The Death of Ase."

The "Pops" have started auspiciously. There is every indication that nightly they will prosper exceedingly, and Sunday nights as well, even though on these latter nights there may be no near-heer nor yet smoking. Such is the whimsical law.

W. E. G.

**TREMONT THEATRE—"Molly Darling,"** a musical comedy in two acts, with Jack Donahue. Book by Otto Harbach and William Cary Duncan. Music by Tom Johnstone. Lyrics by Phil Cook. Produced by Julian Mitchell. Milton E. Schwarzwald conducted. The cast:

Antonio Ricardo.....Albert Roccardi  
"Chic" Jiggs.....Jack Donahue  
Ted Miller.....Bally Taylor  
Trix Morlon.....Billie Taylor  
Molly Ricardo.....Mary Milburn  
Jack Stanton.....Clarence Nordstrom  
Marivane.....Catherine Mulqueen  
Chauncey Ciesbro.....Charles P. Morrison  
Mrs. Redwing.....Rose Kessner  
Archie Ames.....Jay Gould  
Timmy.....Ben Benny  
Tommy.....Burke Weston  
"Spirit of the disc".....Nina Penn

Mr. Donahue and "Mollie Darling" returned last evening to the scene of their triumph of last January. There was a bolsterous audience, and not only was Mr. Donahue in the hands of the friends of his youth, but there were the admirers of Mr. Frank Orvitt and Mr. William Murphy, the gentlemen of the box office—gentlemen to whom the word "service" means something more than a mere word—who turned out in full force last night at their annual testimonial. Mr. Donahue himself characterized the evening, not as a benefit, but rather as a bonanza. It was a big night for Mr. Orvitt, Mr. Murphy, the irrepressible Mr. Donahue and his associates of the stage, but it was a bigger night still for the audience, for the performance of principal and company, sensing the situation, played as in a holiday mood.

The story of the piece is now familiar.

There was again pleasure in following the plight of Ricardo, the violin maker of his pretty daughter, Mollie; of Jack Stanton, the timid lover and the spineless lawyer. There was again delight in following the antics, the simulated spontaneity, the enchanting dancing of Chic, the comedian of the streets, as played by Mr. Donahue, as well as the youthful pair of steppers, Billie Taylor and Billy Taylor. Again there was the youthful Coue of Jay Gould, who essayed the role of Archie Ames, and spread the spirit of optimism through out the play with a heavy hand. And once more there was the finely drawn aristocrat, Mrs. Redwing, as played by Rose Kessner, now and again descending into the picture as she pursued with ardor the uncomfortable Stanton. And finally there was the supreme moment when Stanton, aroused from his lethargy, fixed the contract that sold Mollie's song, and opened to him the latter's heart and arms.

Then there was the pleasure afforded the eye, in the setting of the fete at Larchmont; of the opulence of the reception room at Melody hall, with its bold strokes, and the pianist after the manner of Erte, and finally the grand salon, with the visualizing of the victrola, and the broadcasting of Mollie's prize song.

The music, the least interesting feature of the performance, is at best spotty, with here and there a fine

melodic phrase or again meeting the attention by clever orchestration.

Mr. Donahue was at his best. He danced unceasingly in his characteristic style; his comedy work was fresh and zestful. Not often is it given to the theatregoer to witness a combination of dancer and comedian that affords such pleasure.

The engagement is for two weeks only, and there is but one inevitable deduction.

T. A. R.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Boston Stock Company in 'It Pays to Advertise,'** a three-act farce by Rol Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett. A revival.

Mary Grayson.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Johnson.....Lionel Bevans  
Comtesse de Beaurien.....Viola Roach  
Rodney Martin.....Houston Richards  
Cyrus Martin.....Mark Kent  
Ambrose Peale.....Walter Gilbert  
Marie.....Lucille Adams  
William Smith.....William J. Brady  
George McChesney.....Harold Chase  
Miss Burke.....Anna Layng  
Ellery Clark.....Ralph M. Remley  
Charles Bronson.....Edward Darney

The authors of this bright comedy have written many successful plays, but their fame rests chiefly on this boost for the power of advertising. The capable cast draws out of every line a full measure of laughter and the audience last night seemed well-convinced on the subject.

When the Boston Stock Company cast and directed the play they succeeded admirably. The evening's laurels rightly go to Walter Gilbert, who, as the enthusiastic press agent with an inexhaustible line of patter, provided most of the fun. Houston Richards, who, as Rodney Martin, the soap king's idle son, who suddenly becomes galvanized into energy by the force of love, carried off well the role about which the play revolves.

Adelyn Bushnell, as Mary Grayson, the young stenographer, who succeeds in making contracts with everybody, and ineffectually imperiling the plot at one moment only to heroically rescue it at the end with a stupendous financial transaction, was charming to watch and was attractively dressed, but seemed a little repressed in her acting. Perhaps the bolsterousness of the other two partners of the firm made her seem quieter, but she did not quite catch the swing of the part. Viola Roach as the Comtesse De Beaurien gave a humorous portrayal of the part. Old Cyrus Martin, as played by Mark Kent, was a grouchy old codger to start with and a very humorous character, even though his role called for more gesture than line. Ralph Remley, and Edward Darney, deserve mention, and Lucille Adams received a hand of applause.

**BILL AT KEITH'S**

"The Storm," a spectacular melodrama, is the headliner at Keith's this week. The lighting effects are remarkable in this act; the whole set, in fact, is most atmospheric. Edward Arnold is supported by a capable group of players, some of whom, however, should improve their enunciation.

Sybil Vane, billed as the Welsh prima donna, is a tiny little lady with an excellent voice. Some of her best numbers failed to go last night, so she had to resort to some trite popular songs to please. And Harry Jolson, brother of the famous "Al," works hard to put his songs over in Jolson style. Last night's audience evidently thought that he did.

Jack Henry and Eydye Maye, both familiar to Keith patrons, appear in a comedy playlet with music. They have some good snappy dialogue and Miss Maye sings and dances charmingly. Wayne and Warren have an offering that is amusing enough. One of the best acts is O'Donnell and Blair in "The Piano Tuner." O'Donnell furnishes many thrills by his heedless tumbling. Bert Gordon and Gene Ford present a few instructions in the vocal art, among other things. Their act was very well received. Mary Gautier and company and Goslar and Lusby (Miss Lusby dances well and wears some pretty gowns) complete an interesting bill.

**PLAYS CONTINUING**

COLONIAL—Mitzl in "Minnie and Me." Musical comedy. Fourth week.

COPLEY—"The Lucky One." Comedy. Second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'." Comedy. Twentieth week. Last night began the last three weeks.

PLYMOUTH—"The Master." Drama. Second week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Drama. Thirteenth week.



SHUBERT—Al Jolson in "Bombo."  
Fourth and last week.  
WILBUR—"Sun Showers." Musical  
comedy. Second week.

May 9 1923

Would a man be insulted if he were told that he bore a striking resemblance to those amazing youths pictured in street car and magazine advertisements as wearing this or that brand of collar? Or if he were told that he looked like those portrayed on billboards as recommending with a fatuous smile cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco?

Some of the men depleted as rejoicing in ready-made suits of clothes strike the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning made familiar years ago by statue-clog dancers.

Perhaps the crowning triumph of American art is the photographic display in newspapers of young and middle-aged women showing their teeth aggressively—some of these teeth being very large for the age of the possessor—as if they were urging the use of a certain tooth-paste. The women thus portrayed belong, of course, to "exclusive" clubs (with a large membership), or are Daughters of the Revolution, the War of 1812, or the Spanish war. No wonder that Mr. Kipling when he was unhappy in the United States found solace by looking at the pictures and the advertisements in magazines and throwing away the literary contents.

(For As the World Wags)  
Each morn as I pass the Gardens  
The white swans come in sight.  
Oh, why this watchful waiting,  
Is it for the mystic knight?  
See that swan's majestic bearing;  
See the dove perched on the side;  
Lo, I hear the joyful music,  
But—where is the bride?

Awake from dreams of romance.  
These birds are out for pay.  
The young and the older children  
Soon will come for a holiday.

'Tis only a hurdy-gurdy,  
Grinding that well-known song.  
No longer do I linger,  
But sadly pass along.

E. W. C.

#### BUT WHY TIP AT ALL?

Mr. William L. Robinson is evidently on confidential terms with his hair-dresser. "My friend, the head barber, tells me," he writes, "that whenever a patron who is known to be not very generous in feeling enters his shop, he is greeted by the words: 'Good morning, General!' This informs the shears and shavers not to waste any fine work in the hope of recompense. The clarion-call 'Good morning, General!' is the high-sign among the trade, and spoken courteously it cannot possibly offend the customer."

Mr. Robinson writes that "Hey, Rube!" used to be the war-cry which summoned every circus man to the scene of action. This, to be sure, is not news, but Mr. Robinson quotes from a minor bard.

"In rough towns battles royal were often provoked by the tough element between the circus and the town hoodlums. William Devere, the 'Tramp Poet of the West,' wrote a poem on one memorable fracas which occurred in Texas. Two verses of it will illustrate the meaning.

"They'll eat you up in this 'ere town.  
The boys'll tear your circus down."  
Thus spoke a man with hoary head.  
The "main guy" winked and softly said,  
"Hey, Rube."

The ball was opened like a flash.  
Above the battle's din and dash,  
As thunderbolt hurled from the sky,  
Rang long and loud the battle cry,  
"Hey, Rube."

#### BOOTLEGGING IN ENGLISH POETRY

She camps the World Wags:  
ma A reviewer in the last number of the And so ieman says: "Almost alone among fac'ish poets of our time, Mr. G. K. That we esterton has succeeded in making potha'y out of sheer high spirits."

ut for What sort of an international compli- you for inside of the three-mile limit I can say it not lead to? N. H. D. It was Jamalca Plain.

#### MORONS AS WITNESSES

My acd family:  
ut 18, the World Wags:  
my eye prof. Z. Chafee of the Harvard law at reason affirms his belief in the superior of the pledge of the embryonic barristers h whom he is wont to disport. There s a query on last year's evidence ex- nation in respect to the admissibili- pt extrinsic evidence to prove that a mess was a moron.

Corons are not the adulterers peo- me he the East think they are," was the asive reply of one student.

f. T. "These putting so attorney."

From the pen of another: "A person ought to be allowed to enjoy religious freedom."

What did those war-time statistics show? Was it two out of every three? Cambridge. UNQUITY.

#### AN 18TH CENTURY ADVERTISER ROGER GILES.

Surgin, Parlish Clark, Groser and Skulemaster and Hundertaker. Respectably informs ladys and gentlemen that he droers teef without waiting a minit, applles leches every hour, blisters on ye lowest terms and vizeicks for a penny a Peace. He sells God-father kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, clips Donkeys vance a month and hundertakes to look after everybodys Nales by ye year. Joe Sharps, penny wisseles, brass kandelsticks, frying pans and other musical hinstuments at reyduct figers. Young lady's and gentleman learns their grammar and language in ye purtiest manner, also grate care taken off there morrels and spelling, also zarm zingling, tayeheing ye base vial and all other faney work. Mise traps, brick dust, pokkedankechers and all sort of swatemates, includin taters, sasldges and other gardin stuff. Baky, sigars, lamp oyle and other intokzkat- ing likkers, a dale of fruit, hats, pat- tins, grind stones, and other altabels.

I as lade in a lot of trype, dogs mate, lolpops, ginger beer, maches, and other plikkels, such as Hepsom salts, hoysters, winzor sope, anzetra.

Agent for Guty porker souls.  
P. S.—I tayeches gogrophy, rithmetie, cowsticks, gimasticks, and other Chi- nese Tricks.

God Save Ye King.

Roger Giles.

We take it that a "Joe Sharp" was a Jewsharp, or was there a "Joe Sharp"? A "Joe Savage" in English slang was a cabbage; a "Joe Miller" is still a stale joke; a "Joe Manton" is a fowling piece made by a celebrated London gunsmith. Joseph Hume, who clamored for the introduction of a fourpenny piece in English coinage, gave his name, "Joe" or "Joey," to the coin.

Why is a certain British pudding called a "Sir Watkin"? Is it a species of plum duff? Mrs. Joseph Conrad in her cook book, published recently, does not mention "Sir Watkin."

#### HIEROGLYPHIC MOTHER GOOSE

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, naming books that cheered his childhood, mentioned a "Mother Goose" in hieroglyphics. "Why didn't I keep it? But why didn't I keep the old English edition of 'The Boy's Own Book,' 'Tim, the Scissors Grinder,' 'Irish Army,' 'Dick and His Friend Fildus,' the Franconia stories? I still have the Marco Paul set and Rollo on his Travels. Why didn't I keep Dr. Anthon's edition of the Latin authors I read, or tried to read, in school and college? The teachers frowned on them, for they thought too much of the text was translated in the notes." We alluded to this "Mother Goose" some time ago.

Now a correspondent in Cambridge writes: "I was the possessor of one (1849), also of a reprint of the 1833 edition, a still more precious and much older edition given to one of my friends in 1832 and a facsimile in handwork (1904). I have given them to the Boston Athenaeum."

May 10 1923  
One of the Russian actors from Moscow was asked in New York if he had seen a prominent American actress and if he had seen her, what did he think of her. The Russian replied: "As I do not understand English, I have not seen her act."

Mr. Oliver Morosco, or his press agent, has been reading the remarks of Ben Jonson about the degradation of the stage in his day. Did "rare Ben" foresee musical comedy? He wrote: "Now the concupiscence of dances and of antics that so reigneth as to run away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators."

A Bostonian now in London—he was in former years a dramatic critic for his own amusement, and an excellent one—saw a performance of "Hamlet" in its entirety at the Old Vic. He writes to us: "You'll probably say I am old-fashioned, but I really got about as much pleasure out of 'Hamlet' as in seeing any of the modern plays. The performance lasted for four hours and forty minutes, with one break of twenty minutes. Don't be shocked! One could, and did, smoke; think of seeing the Players scene to the comfort of your well-liked pipe." The house was sold out six weeks before. The performance was a most satisfactory one. Hamlet was played by Ernest Milton, a young man, a Jew but a Catholic, and an exceptional Hamlet because he played as a young man. He was very interesting for three acts, but in the final scene he lacked authority."

Our friend also writes: "I was re-

minded of the 'good old days' at the Boston Museum by seeing at the Adelphi Theatre a curtain that rolled up in the fashion of the eighties. It struck me as odd in these days of parting draperies, etc.

"I note that the London audiences are dressing more than in 1921. It's the exception to see a man in the stalls without a dinner coat, at least. It costs 12 shillings for a seat, and, damn it, sir, a sixpence for a program."

Of course, the reference to the price of stalls does not apply to the Old Vic. "The several American attractions at the London theatres are doing well, so they tell me. Some change since 'Halls Across the Seas' was imported for American consumption. We are sending them rather better stuff, I fancy."

Of "Battling Butler" he writes: "It comes as near being the good old-style musical comedy as they make them these days: a lot of jingling tunes, a lot of pretty dancing steps, a lot of songs, and, thank God, no jazz. It is exactly of the English pattern used in the early eighties—just a show that wouldn't excite any one, for there was an entire absence of the Raymond Hitchcock style of vulgarity. It all showed that the musical comedy lovers of England haven't lost the taste so dear to them of a simple tale pleasantly told, with pretty music."

The University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, was founded in 1785. Last year there were 1600 students. The chair of music at this university was established in 1919. We infer from the following advertisement which hangs as a poster from the tallest tree in the Academic Grove that the music department is being vigorously conducted:

#### Say What You Please About CLEOPATRA!

She knew men. At thirty-seven she wound grim old Mark Antony around her little finger. There had been others before Mark.

It wasn't her Palm-Olive Complexion, nor yet her ravishing smile. It was the magic of her voice, or Plutarch lied. Be advised by the successful strategy of this Queen of Vamps, and have a Voice they love to hear, as well as a skin they love to touch.

#### Individual Instruction in Singing THE MUSIC ROOM..OLD EAST

Stanley Houghton's little comedy, "Fancy Free," was played at the Copley Theatre at a meeting of the Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Club on May 2 by the Misses Willard and Standing and Messrs. Clive and Hampden. It was said that this was the first performance in America.

It is a curious fact that there is no sketch of Stanley Houghton in John Parker's voluminous "Who's Who in the Theatre" for 1922.

Mr. Jewett will bring out next week at the Copley a play of Cockney life in London, "The Like of 'Er," by Charles McEvoy, who was born at London in 1879. His first play, "David Ballard," was produced in 1907. Since that date he has written nearly a dozen plays. In this country he is better known as a contributor to journals and magazines than as a dramatist.

When "Merton of the Movies" was brought out in London last month Mr. Walkley of the Times wrote with the insolence shown by him whenever he considers anything American. He began: "This, like many another American importation, is extraordinarily crude, and yet it interests for its novelty, for its artistic innocence, for a certain brutality, in short, for its Americanism."

You gather that films cannot be made without a great deal of shouting and pushing and expenditure of nervous energy. Perhaps you had guessed that already; but there is a certain satisfaction in having the expected happening before your eyes—especially when it happens with the authentic American accent.

As a shop—we beg pardon, store—assistant at Silmsbury, Ill.—and so on. Even in discussing an American comedy Mr. Walkley could not help dropping into French. He always has a French phrase book at his elbow. At the end of his review he admitted that the comedy is "distinctly amusing."

London has seen this comedy; Boston may see it in 1924 or 1925.

"Why this perpetual talk about the 'problem' of Hamlet? That problem has been made by commentators. What Shakespeare made was a play, a drama of dramatic interest, interesting for its story, for its various characters, and, yes, for its speeches."

We are indebted to Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler of Medford for an old program of the Howard Athenaeum. Unfortunately, the program is not dated. The bill was long and varied. First a burlesque, "Cinderella," in which Adah Richmond, Elise Scott, Julia Melville and Messrs. M. W. Leffingwell, A. J. Leavitt and Harry Bloodgood took part. Among the entertainers were Powers and Johnson, with songs and dances; Sheridan and Mack, Harrigan and Hart, Gus Williams (singing "Shabby Gentle" and "Good as Gold"), original English Talking Figures, illustrated by Collins and Eunice, Sam Collins (sounds from Germany), a negro sketch, "Glycerine Oil" (Sheppard, Bloodgood and Leavitt), Harry Bloodgood with "Fat Boy's Refrain," Elise Scott with a character dance. The performance closed with the pantomime "Millners, or Love Among the Bonnets," with Maffitt and Bartholomew in the leading parts. As Hamlet remarked on a famous occasion: "I would I had been there."

#### SHORT HINDU PLAYS

Yesterday afternoon and evening at Huntington Chambers hall the Union of East and West in co-operation with the Harvard Dramatic Club performed three Hindu plays, produced by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta, "The Farewell Curse," by Rabindranath Tagore; "The Maharani of Arakan," by Rabindranath Tagore and George Calderon and "Savitri," or "Love Conquers Death," adapted from "The Mahabharata," by Mr. Das Gupta. The last named was the most elaborate of the three. It is the story of the wife of a woodcutter who hears Death clamoring for her husband. Moved by her homage Death promises to grant any boon except one relating to her husband. Then she shows how there can be no life in fulness for her without husband and children.

In June, 1921 a little opera "Savitri," by Gustav Holst was produced in London. Mr. Das Gupta co-operated with Mr. Holst in the work, which won the enthusiastic praise of critics and public.

Those who took part in these plays yesterday—interesting if only for their novelty—were Gertrude Hoffmann, Dorothy Gogins, Agnes James, Mary Gardner, Win. C. Jackson, Randall C. Burrell, John Collier, Ralph Childs, Robert Morchousa, Philip Wardner and Frederick Pingree.

#### RUSSIANS REPEAT TOLSTOY DRAMA

"Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," Tolstoy's play in five acts was again presented last evening at the Majestic Theatre by the Moscow Art Players with two changes in the cast of Monday evening. Vassily Katchaloff played the Tsar in place of Moskvin, and Constantin Stanislavsky was seen as Prince Ivan, instead of Luzhsky.

Mr. Katchaloff's "Tsar" was artistically and understandingly portrayed. His voice is of a remarkable quality. His musical even in his wrath. The "Tsar" is a weak, helpless, but nevertheless an always sympathetic and appealing person and Mr. Katchaloff brought out all the fine points in the character. His indecision, his kindly spirit, his piety, his wrath for the moment, were all made real.

Prince Ivan played by Mr. Stanislavsky was a proud and dignified noble. His anger was in truth a kindly one. One of his most touching scenes is that in which the Tsarina pleads successfully with him to make peace with Boris Godunoff.

There was a fair-sized house and a very enthusiastic one. There was some applause after each act, quite vigorous after the third act. The players bowed in acknowledgment after the play was completed when the whole theatre joined in the applause.

#### Moscow Players Change Cast of "Tsar Fyodor"

In accordance with the policy of alternating casts in their repertory, the Moscow Art Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening at the Majestic Theatre presented "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch" with Vassily Katchaloff as the weakening Tsar. He has a musical speaking voice, and while his characterization is less intense than that of Ivan Moskvin it is vivid in another way. He seems æsthetic and pathetic where Moskvin was pious and pitiful.

Prince Ivan Shouisky, who seemed a patriarch rather than a soldier, as acted by Giorgi Burdzhloff, Monday night, was like a Viking warrior yesterday in the impersonation of Constantin Stanislavsky, the director and



founder of the company. He is uncommonly tall and well proportioned. That his entrance in battle array—except for the absence of a helmet from his flowing white locks—with suit of chain armor, steel gauntlets and a great sword, was impressive. His voice is full, deep and resonant, taking color from every shading of thought and feeling. His visualization of righteous indignation at the plotting of Boris and his patriotic fervor in the service of the Tsar so long as he can respect that monarch's weak course, was that welling of emotion from within that is true expression.

The Boris of yesterday was the youthful Prince Shakhovskov of Monday night, a Boris perhaps not so overwhelming to the eye as was that Alexander Vishnevsky, but one that in it something of the lagoon element that made it a bright foil to the hullo-like Ivan of Mr. Stanislavsky. Mme. Knipper-Tchekhova might have been the sister of the blonde Boris of Monday night, so Vera Vishennaya, the Tsarina of yesterday, had a dark family likeness to the Boris of the performance. Like all the others her listening, her responsive work, was admirable.

As an opening night, the alternate that achieved the same remarkable ensemble, and the same fluidity of movement in the changing stage pictures, same individuality in every figure those pictures, with every man and woman keeping his due place in relation to the unified effect of the whole. At the close of the performance last evening the whole company was recalled again and again to acknowledge applause.

For the remainder of the engagement the repertory runs as follows: "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch," by Count Axel Tolstoy, this evening; "The Lower Depths," by Maxim Gorky, evening, May 11; matinee and evening, May 12; evening, May 14; and matinee evening May 15. "The Cherry Orchard," comedy by Anton Tchekhoff—evening, May 16; matinee evening, May 17. "The Three Sisters," drama by Anton Tchekhoff—evening, May 18; Saturday matinee and evening, May 19.

### Three Hindu Plays

Three Hindu plays were presented at the Harvard Dramatic Club in Huntington Chambers last night, under the auspices of the Union of East and West, which is at present organizing a Boston chapter. The plays, though translated freely into English and acted by players who made no attempt to disguise their Anglo-Saxon ancestry, suffered small loss of their Eastern atmosphere. A minimum

of the mechanism of stagecraft lent freedom to interpretation of the rich, poetic texts; and the opportunity for thoughtful, convincing acting under conditions certain to magnify each imperfection was not overlooked.

"The Farewell Curse," a one-act play by Rabindranath Tagore depicting the struggle between love and duty, was acted well by Miss Gertrude Hoffman and Randel C. Burrell. It is followed by "The Maharani of Aikan," a romantic comedy in one act, by Tagore and George Calderon. The most of the humor of this sparkling little play was furnished by Oriental or the Occidental collaborator it would be hard to say; certainly it appealed to the American audience which laughed at it last night as a native product with a slight Eastern aroma. Miss Dorothy Googins gave charm and vivacity to the part of Amina, a Mogul princess hiding her identity in a fisherman's hut in Aikan. William C. Jackson as the fisherman gave a good character interpretation; while John Collier as a humorous king who enjoyed kindling the fire and peeling the potatoes, Miss Agnes James as Amina's sister, and the other members of the cast won their just quota of applause.

"Savitr, or Love Conquers Death," included the three plays. This lyrical drama in two acts is taken from a story in the Hindu epic "The Mahabharata," and is adapted by K. N. Das Gupta, director of the Union of East and West, from the original Sanskrit translations of Toru Dutt, Romesh Chandra Chatterjee, and Sir Edwin Arnold and others. The story has more the flavor of a dream than of reality—and yet a dream in which truth is unhampered by the fetters of a material world. It deals with the fortunes of a beautiful young Hindu princess, whose purity

and innocence, coupled with unquenchable love, conquer death and restore life to her husband. This part was given distinction by Miss James, and each of the other characters was satisfyingly interpreted.

## MOSCOW PLAYERS IN WORK BY GORKY

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Lower Depths," a drama in four acts by Maxim Gorky, performed in Russian by the Moscow Art Theatre. Messrs. Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko, directors. Presented by Messrs. Comstock and Gest.

Mikhail Ivanov Kostilyov.....	Mr. Burdzhakov
Vassilisa Rampoza.....	Mme. Shetritchenko
Natasha.....	Mme. Bulgakova
Mikhail.....	Mr. Gribunin
Vaska Pepel.....	Mr. Bakshiev
Andrei Mitrich Kleshtch.....	Mr. Bondiriev
Anna.....	Mme. Uspenskaya
Natasha.....	Mme. Knipper-Tchekhova
Kyashcha.....	Mme. Nikolova
Burnasha.....	Mr. Katchalov
The Baron.....	Mr. Stanislavsky
Satine.....	Mr. Alexandrov
The Actor.....	Mr. Moskvina
Luka.....	Mr. Bulgakov
Alvoshka.....	Mr. Vishnovsky
The Tartar.....	Mr. Grizunov
Khrizov Zeb.....	Mr. Grizunov

The spectator not knowing the Russian language was, nevertheless, in a somewhat better position to appreciate the players than when they were seen in Tolstoy's "Tsar Fyodor," and for these reasons: Gorky's play is far more familiar in various translations and it was widely discussed long before the Moscow Players were persuaded to visit this country; furthermore, the characters in "The Lower Depths" are more strongly defined, even when they are represented in pantomime. One could see at a glance that the Baron had fallen from grace, though he still preserved a sort of jaunty elegance. It was easy to guess that Luka was of kin to the gentle soul who roomed in the third floor back and to the stranger who boarded the steamboat in Herman Melville's fantastic story, "The Confidence Man," if story it can be called.

Yet while last night one admired the art of the actors as individuals and in ensemble and recognized their skill in characterization with their endeavor to portray life, the admiration would have been still livelier, the recognition more complete, if the spectator had been able to appreciate the significance of the spoken word, the verbal emphasis and nuance in attack, humor, cynicism, pathos.

To speak at length of this one's or that one's performance would be to underestimate the perfection of the ensemble with its remarkable differentiation of character. Yet, perhaps, the portrayal of Luka, of the Baron, of the Actor and of Satine will longest be remembered. Only one portrayal left us in doubt: that of Vaska Pepel. Perhaps Mr. Bukshiev played the part according to the Moscow tradition, but his roaring when in passion, in confidential, indifferent or wooing mood was painful to the ear, the one feature of the performance that seemed out of keeping, that suggested, instead of bold virility, a certain native violence that defied the discipline of the director. Nor do we find anything in Gorky's text that warranted this stentorian delivery.

As a pantomimic representation of various characters, as an example of ensemble and the handling of a crowd, as at the end of the third act, the performance last night was interesting and instructive. Instructive, for it showed what has been done by intelligent directors with a stock company that has long lived together and thought dramatically together, as well as acted together. In music this, too, is possible. Witness the Fionzaley quartet, whose

members are not merely excellent musicians who come together at stated intervals for concert purposes.

It is hardly necessary to discuss Gorky's play at this late day. Some, even when reading it, calls for an ounce of civet. But it is something more than a sordid, brutal, repulsive drama, as some would have it. It inspires, as certain novels by Dostoevsky, pity and the wish that there might be a change in the order of things, whether they are divinely appointed or the workings of blind chance. The play on the stage is more powerful, more compelling, less brutal, if you please, than when it is read. It may be classed as realistic, but this realism is not badly, cruelly photographic; it is vivified by emotion; it touches the heart.

### BRAGGIOTTI SISTERS AT TREMONT THEATRE

Give an Interesting Dancing Entertainment—Large Audience  
Berthe and Francesca Braggiotti and the Boston branch of the Denishawn

School of Dancing gave an entertainment yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre, which was filled with a deeply interested audience composed of parents, children, friends and acquaintances. The orchestra was Lowe's, under the direction of Herbert Lowe. Mr. Braggiotti came before the curtain and said that his daughter Francesca, still suffering from water on the knee, would not be able to appear in some of the dances announced by the program.

This program was a long one, containing nearly 40 numbers, but they were so varied and many of them so short that the time passed rapidly. The Misses Braggiotti again were vigorously applauded for their grace in posturing and dancing, also for the talent shown by them in the creation of many ensemble dances, as "A Child's Dream," "Under the Sea" and "Spirit of the Ampico." So many pupils of the school did well in solo and ensemble that it would be invidious to particularize. Not the least interesting feature of the entertainment was the earnestness with which the little children entered into the spirit of the dance.

So King George, visiting in Rome, found the royal table did not agree with his royal stomach. What was he served? Classic Roman food? Beans cooked in oil with fagons of old Falernian? Etrurian pulse? Or was the ancient simplicity scorned and the feasts of the Emperors outrivalled?

### MR. JOHNSON AT THE PLAY

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, seeing the Russians playing "Tsar Fyodor," gained material as a sociologist for his colossal work. He was especially impressed by seeing gray-bearded, gigantic men touching with a hand now and then the floor in the presence of the Tsar. When he was asked what he thought of the performance, he answered: "It was not till about 10 o'clock that I could tell who was Boris and who was old Shoulsky. You see, I know only one Russian word, 'Vodka,' and I didn't hear it spoken once."

### BOOTLEG RIVER

As the World Wags:

Miss Amy Lowell has recently published the stimulating lines that  
"Walking in the woods one day  
I came across a great river of rye."

But unfortunately, either from natural reticence or the prohibition of the Volstead act, she does not tell us where it is, that we, too, may quaff of inspiration at its source. How flat and tepid the Pierian spring compared to such a draught! Helping as I may to solve the mystery of this new River of Doubt, though the matter is one more for the personal quest of adventurous youth than for the sedentary conjecture of middle age, there used to be an excellent rye, also drawn from the wood, known as Green River, which I believe was in Kentucky. Beyond that I have no memory of any rye rivers, and that one has probably dried up. As the discovery by the poetess appears to be of recent happening, it seems probable that the river referred to is the Riviere des Jambes des Bottles which flows south through the forests of French Canada into the woods of Maine, and that it was in sylvan wandering in these that Miss Lowell came chancely upon it.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

### "MAID OF THE MILL" VERSE?

(The choir will now sing)  
Many years have passed, gray-haired  
I look around  
The earth has no such maidens now,  
The mill wheel turns not round.  
And when I think of heaven, and what  
the angels be,  
I see again the little maid, and hear her  
words to me:  
"Do not forget me," etc.  
—From Mrs. Dallison of Beverly.

### A VENERABLE RECTOR

(Adv. in local newspaper)

"Old North Church"  
Salem St. Sunday, 10:45 A. M.

200TH YEAR  
RECTOR'S ANNIVERSARY  
Holy Communion and Address

### ADVANCE SALES

As the World Wags:  
A recent complaint in the columns of The Herald that the advance sale of seats for a series of theatrical performances was less gratifying in Boston than in other burghs impels me to spring to the defence of our fair city. The im-

plied slur may be justifiable on general grounds, but scarcely on these premises. Take the experiences, doubtless typical, of a person (intensely interested in the drama) who applied for seats immediately upon announcement of the sale. For special reasons his vision this spring is somewhat less piercing than usual; unless, in fact, he sits reasonably near the stage, he occasionally finds it difficult to decide whether the facile mug of the artist is intended to denote joy or gloom; while those finer muscular nuances which discriminate between, say, derision and triumph or madness and profound reflection, simply do not register on his retina. This unfortunate person supposed that early application would enable him to sit far enough front to apprehend some of these subtleties of facial action—which, after reading several really extraordinary texts of the plays to be given, he concluded was the only kind of action likely to be visible.

But the race is not invariably to the swift, nor the battle to the early bird. After enjoying the benefit of interest on this person's money for a month or so the management mailed him tickets for the 15th row—excellent for the hawk-eyed but merely tantalizing to the astigmatic. Usually, of course, one would rather hear than see; but these were peculiar circumstances. So the tickets were returned, with several polite reasons why a better location would be acceptable, and this time they came back unchanged and without a word of comment. On the same day a ticket agency offered our hero seats in the third row, and another ticket agency had them in the 10th.

Also of interest is the tale of another person, who was informed by the box office that all the good seats had been sold, only to learn at a ticket agency that the seats he wanted could be reserved and paid for—but not delivered, since they had not yet been received from the box office.

In the sight of the gods, both Olympian and theatrical, these are, to be sure, trifling matters; it is of no consequence to them whether I sit next the footlights or next the roof. Heaven knows I am not grousing about that. My agitation, I insist, is civic, not personal. I admit that we tittered at "Mary Rose," snickered at "He Who Gets Slapped," and guffawed with abandon when Anna Christie pointed out that we're all poor nuts and it's not our fault. I also admit I saw "The Bat." But I will not admit that we are low-brow because we are not going to buy seats at advance sales any more. Is it not possible that Boston's diffidence in this matter is not due to indifference to the appeal of the important if queer in dramatic art, but to the relative scarcity of suckers? Shall it be accounted good business to set up a show calculated to entice impecunious intellectuals, and then expect them to vie madly with each other for the privilege of being stung? Not in the Yankee town of Franklin, Emerson and Opal. Not to mention

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Brush Hill road.

### A DEVOTED SON

(From the New York Tribune.)

Frank Campbell, Jr., son of a prominent New York funeral director, has started at the age of 10 to become a racing demon. He has issued challenges to any boy under 16 to race his specially-built Italian racer, which makes great speed.

### FOR OUR HALL OF FAME

In Cherokee, Ia. old man Steele runs a bank; Herb Puffer plays the cornet in the band, and "Pa" Knapp was for a long time night watchman.

In Atlantic, Ia., a Mr. Fowler owns a chicken-hatchery, and Messrs. Payne & Aiken have a lumber yard.

### LAHEE'S "ANNALS OF MUSIC"

"Annals of Music in America," by Henry C. Lahee (298 p.p.) is published by Marshall Jones Company of Boston. The sub-title explains the plan of the book: "A Chronological Record of Significant Musical Events, from 1640 to the Present Day, With Comments on the various periods into which the work is divided." Mr. Lahee in his preface says that his purpose is to give as complete a record as possible of the beginning and progress of music in the United States of America. "Such items as the printing of the first book on music, the importation of the first pipe organs, the establishment of the early musical societies are recorded, while similar events of a more recent date are of no special importance. The first performance of significant works—operas, oratorios, symphonies and other choral and orchestral works—are chronicled as carefully as possible; also the first appearance in America of noted musicians."



Take the statement of a more recent event. Page 115. "1899, March 22. American debut of E. Dohnanyi, Hungarian pianist, with Boston Symphony

Orchestra at Carnegie hall, New York city."

Mr. Dohnanyi played for the first time in this country at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Cambridge, Mass., on March 15, 1900.

It is dangerous in these days to say that even a contemporaneous work received its first performance on this date and at that place. In Paris, for example, a composition performed at a Colonne or Lamoureux concert may be noted as "first performance." The piece may have been previously performed in a French provincial town, at Brussels, or even in Paris at a concert of the National Society or some other orchestral concert. We read that Chausson's Symphony was first performed at a concert led by Arthur Nikisch in Paris; we also read that it was performed in Brussels before it was played in Paris; and when we find the two chroniclers making other statements that we know to be incorrect, which chronicler is to be believed with regard to Chausson?

Programs themselves are sometimes erroneous. The concert may not have taken place, and yet the program may have been preserved. There is an instance of this in the Boston Public Library. In the volume of the Theodore Thomas programs is one of a concert that was not given. One must search Dwight's "Journal of Music" to find the reason. Yet would not a chronicler, pressed for time, be justified in regarding this program, which announced the first performance of a work, authentic, authoritative?

Mr. Lahee gives so much valuable information in his book that it would be ungracious to go through it page by page in the hope to find here and there an error. We do not know of any biographical dictionary, any musical lexicon that is flawless in the accuracy of statement. And there are times when even the most indefatigable, persevering, alert data-hound mistakes or loses the scent.

"THE THEATRE OF TOMORROW"

(From the Manchester Guardian)

(From the Manchester Guardian)  
Mr. Kenneth Macgowan, an able and enthusiastic American dramatic critic, has published an English edition of his lively essay on the drama that is sweeping the central European theatres and spreads westward, to his great delight. His enthusiasms are sometimes more zestful than discriminating, and he reminds one accordingly of Squire Hardcastle standing on his head. The Squire would have anything old; Mr Macgowan will have anything new, or at any rate anything which is old enough to have been whirled round again as a novelty on the spin of taste and vogue. "The sun of realism sinks," he cries ecstatically. It may occur to him later that the sun rises soon after it has sunk. The detested realist will trouble him again. No art-form which has done its work properly is destroyed by the war-cries of its enemies. The worst fate that can befall it is to go out of fashion.

No doubt Mr. Macgowan's views are becoming increasingly fashionable. Quite a number of people imagine they have settled something when they call the stage, as we know it "a peep-show theatre," and acting as we know it "representational." To call an actor "representational" is apparently to be very rude about him. What is working in Mr. Macgowan's mind is the modish distrust of reason. Anti-rationalism flourishes in psychology; let us therefore have anti-rational acting and anti-rational plays. With enthusiasm, he

Mr. Hiram K. Moderwell:

"A state of partial hypnosis, at least to the extent of deadening the logical faculties and heightening the sensuous ones, is precisely that desirable for the complete reception of a work of art."

Two plays by Chekhov, "The Cherry Orchard," a comedy in four acts, and "The Three Sisters," a drama in four acts, will be performed this week at the Majestic Theatre.

Probably the first performance of "The Cherry Orchard" in English was by the Stage Society of London on May 28, 1911. The translation was by Mrs. Constance Garnett.

The comedy was Anton Chekhov's last play. Early in 1901 the Art Theatre asked him for a new one. He at first was unwilling, but an idea came into his head, and by the summer of 1902 he had sketched the plot and thought of the title. He wrote slowly. The comedy was not produced at Moscow until Jan. 30, 1904, when the 25th anniversary of Chekhov as a literary man was celebrated. The occasion was a memorable one, although he himself had never had a strong faith in the success of the new work. Mr. Stanislavsky played Gaiev; Mme. Knipper, the widow of Chekhov, Mme. Ranevskaya; and Messrs. Leonidov, Mos-

Called Comedy

of the Ineffectual .

"The Cherry Orchard" has been called a comedy of the ineffectual. The orchard belongs to the Ranevskaya family. The proprietor, on the death of her husband, fell in love and went with her lover to Paris, for she wished to forget the death of her son by drowning. In Paris she was disillusioned. The inconsequential, feather-brained woman is fond of her homestead. The play opens with her return, accompanied by a daughter and an adopted daughter. She learns that the estate is bankrupt. For her talkative brother, fond of billiards, is not practical. There is much talk about selling the orchard, which is a variable one. A merchant, whose forebears were serfs on the estate, purchases it. And so, as the money reaches it. And so, as the money received is not sufficient to keep the family in the old house, they pack up to leave forever. The merchant does not offer to wed one of the daughters. The doors are locked and an old servant, forgotten, crawls into the room, probably to starve.

The play is a study of a family gone to seed. The story is told in a series of detached sketches; there is constantly shifting action, if action it can be called. But as The Saturday Review remarked long ago: "It is not what the characters say which matters; it is what they are, and what they are doing with their lives. The Cherry Orchard is not a thesis, but a picture. It does not unfold an argument or present a problem; it reveals the lives of its people. . . . Every irregularity of speech and action in the play adds to its total effect." The old social order has failed. "Every personage in his or her own particular fashion is futile and self-centered. They know not why they live or die. They have missed the meaning of their lives. They belong to a transition from old to new. The old world fails and breaks; the new is not yet built. It is a picture of universal drift."

"THE THREE SISTERS"

"The Three Sisters" was the first of the plays by Chekhov to be written expressly for the Moscow Art Theatre, with a view to interpretation by the players of that theatre. The play was written at Yalta in 1900, rewritten at Moscow, and produced on Feb. 13, 1901. "During rehearsals Chekhov fled with misgivings to Nice, and as the date of the premiere approached he concealed his whereabouts in Naples, without the faintest hope that the play would achieve the success it did." It was at this time that Mme. Knipper, the leading woman of the Moscow Art Theatre, became his wife. Five of the important roles are still played by those who took part in the first performance.

"In 'The Cherry Orchard' love of home was Checkhov's theme; in 'The Three Sisters' that emotion is bestowed by dwellers in a provincial city on the distant Moscow which is the goal of their dreams. In order to vary his theme, in 'Three Sisters,' Checkhov introduces the cross-currents of several love affairs between his characters, affairs which are characterized by repression and have, therefore, all the greater pathetic appeal. Probably in no modern play is suppressed feeling conveyed in so intense a degree as in this simple story of a household unable to reach out for the things it desires so passionately. The members and hangers-on of a single household comprise the characters of 'The Three Sisters.' Its distinctive quality lies in the fact that the military note is predominant. The three daughters and the son of a general, a lieutenant-colonel, a lieutenant, a captain, an army doctor and two second lieutenants are the leading figures in this drama of suppressed ambitions. The three sisters of the title—Olga, Masha and Irina Prozoroff—will be played, respectively, by Vera Pashennaya, Olga Knipper-Tchekheva and Lydia Korieneva. Both Constantin Stanislavsky and Vassily Katchalov will have parts challenging the best that is in them. The former will play his original role of Lt.-Col. Vershinin, while the moth-eaten Baron of 'The Lower Depths' will undergo miraculous transformation into the refined and sensitive Baron Tuzenbach in the hands of

Katchalov. Other important roles and their interpreters will be: Andrei Prozorov, brother of the three sisters, played by Vassily Luzhsky; Natasha, his fickle and temperamental wife, played by Varvara Bulgakova; Kuligin, the schoolmaster, played by Alexander Vishnevsky; Solyony, the jealous captain, played by Leonid M. Leonido; Tchebutiklin, the grumpy old army doctor, played by Vladimir Gribunin; and the two young officers, Fedotik and Rode, by Nikolai Podgorny and Lyoff Bulgakov."

A similar view he puts in his own words:

words: "The screen has come closer than the stage to our unconscious mind, because it has operated through sight a sense that perceives directly, and not, like the car, through words alone. It has, therefore, often avoided a great deal of the false rationalizing of the conscious mind. I believe that in our future drama this logic of the eye will tend to encroach upon logic of the mind, as the new stagecraft makes the qualities and atmosphere of scenes more visually evident."

dent." To deal with such crudities as these fragments of anti-rationalism a certain crudity of answer is inevitable. Dr. Johnson's reply to Bishop Berkeley's Idealism was a rough reply to a subtle claim, but there is no subtlety about Mr. Modernwerth's demand for a professional hypnotist as the correct janitor for the up-to-date playhouse. Sense and brain are not dissociable; they are only too obviously related. Club the playgoer over the head and he will not only be saved from the dreadful tyranny of his wits; he will also be saved from "sensing" all the atmosphere in which the producer of the new school proposes to immerse him. Activity of sense and brain are simultaneous, and the judgment, "This is beautiful," is an act of mind consequent upon an act of sense. Mr. Macgowan's "logic of the eye, which perceives directly," is a pure fantasy, for the simple reason that the eye is powerless without a brain behind it, though a brain without an eye may be something worth. The amount contributed by the mind to aesthetic judgments naturally varies enormously. Pater's appreciation of "La Gioconda" was obviously more intellectual than Faletta's appreciation of sack. But there can be no judgment of the senses alone. People may often talk about "an eye trained for beauty," but if the phrase is to be valid it must mean in reality "a brain trained to use the eye with discrimination." The same is true of "good ear." It simply means a brain that can use its auditory mechanism to the best possible purpose.

the best possible purpose. The curious and distressing muddle to which anti-rationalism reduces a man is typified by the simultaneous distrust of mental faculties and praise of imagination. But what is imagination if it is not a mental faculty? What are "the imaginative and spiritual values" for which Mr. Macgowan cries out? They cannot be the product of the conscious mind because that "rationalizes falsely." How do we apprehend them if not by mind? The answer is perfectly simple. We cannot do so at all. Mr. Macgowan, despairing of the brain, suggests a power to save in "the unconscious mind." When he has explained what and where is the unconscious mind he will be a more challenging philosopher. The anti-rationalists, in order to discredit mind, confuse the abstract logical process which acknowledges two and two to be four with the finer and rarer intellectual process which builds worthily upon worthy sense-data, the imagination, in short, which made "The

Tempest" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

GUS WILLIAMS

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I, too, remember the inimitable Gus Williams (his stage name as I understand) when he sang in the old Theatre Comique, next door to Billy Park's restaurant, in rear of the present Jordan Marsh concern, Washington street.

In appearance "Gus" resembled Mr. Tigg in "Martin (huzzlewit)—a "busted" aristocrat, with a commanding look, patches and darning in evidence, plug

hat worn with a degage tilt, trousers desperately strapped down so as to conceal soiled stockings thrust into very seedy shoes, but he sported a dark, well waxed mustache as, with a little cane under his arm and wearing a pair of ragged gloves, he strutted on to the stage.

The verse of his song, with a London pronounciation that attracted me most, I have held in memory all these years and which ran as follows:

"I'm a pawty in fect, who has known  
bettaw dals.

But their glowry is faideed and gone;  
I've stawteed in life in a lot of odd  
ways

But have not found the way to get on.  
There are only three roads I'm afraid  
that are left,

I shall have to beg, borrow or steal—  
Yet I dawn't quite encourage the now-  
tion of theft.

Tho I'm awfully shabby genteel. Oh  
Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,  
I know what it is to be wanting a meal;  
My tattaws and wags I try to conceal.

Needless to say the audience rose as one and "lifted the roof," as stroking his mustache with fingerless gloves he paced the stage between verses.

That was many years ago, when Boston was a smaller but more comfortable city—when people knew each other and enjoyed their simple pleasures, and "Gus" caused many "base imitators" to essay "barnstorming," with varied success, myself among the number.

cess, myself among the number.

MT. BOWDOIN.

We have taken the liberty of correcting and revising the version of this second verse quoted by our correspondent. The song published in Boston in 1869 is now before us. "Words by Harry Clifton; music by Gus Williams; arr. by John Blum. Two other songs of Gus Williams's are named on the title page: "Diamond Takes the Heart" and "Kul-ty! Vere's your Cat?" (dedicated to the Revere Club, Boston. Williams is characterized on the title page as "The American Star Comique." Published in 1869 "Shabby Genteel" was copyrighted in 1867 by Williams.—Ed.

## RUNAWAYES EYES

To the Editor of The Herald:

With the possible exception of Hamlet's "dram of eale," no reading in Shakespeare has caused more stumbling among commentators than has the famous crux in "Romeo and Juliet," facetiously referred to as "Juliet's Run-awayes Eyes" (III-2-6). The passage in the first folio is as follows: "Spred thy close curtaine love-performing night,

That runawayes eyes may wincke, and  
Romeo  
Leape to these armes, untalkt of and  
unscene."

Various explanations of the cryptic meaning of "runawayes eyes" are given in most editions of the play and need not detain us here, except to remark that every single one fails to show even a fair degree of plausibility. None of the comments collated in the 28 page of the appendix to Furness's variorum edition encourages the belief that th

solution lies in the direction indicated by the widely divergent views of the different scholars. Any attempt to deal with this problem in a new way must regard the conjectural readings and so-called interpretations hitherto published as unconvincing and undoubtedly irrelevant. Let us look at the passage from a point of view wholly overlooked so far as I know, by the textual critic. To put the matter in the form of a plain question: Why not interpret the clause "That runaways eyes may wincke," descriptive and figurative, instead of trying to wring out of the poor phrase an impossible meaning in the belief that it must be nounal and literal? May not "eyes" personify the kinsmen and servants of Juliet's household? In calling on the hushed and secret night to see in sleep the offences of sight and speed of potential trouble-makers, who is Juliet in her mind if not the ruthless foes of her newly-wedded husband? It is easy to imagine what would be likely to happen if Romeo should be seen the orchard or caught in the act of climbing to Juliet's chamber.

It will be recalled that on his first surprising intrusion, she warns him that the place is death, considering he is and adds: "If any of my kinsmen see thee here . . . they will murder thee." As Romeo, on his second venture—highbent on the accomplishment of his nuptial mission—leaps to Juliet's arms, "untalkt of and unseen," he would seem that neither "runaway" (so pointed by the Cambridge editors) nor any of the physical and mystical entities cited by the commentators needed to interpret for us the husband's side of Juliet's call to "eyeless nig" when we consider it merely as a safety for conditions favorable to Romeo's safety and consequent security for Juliet.



Second Quarto, where the first appears, was printed from a photograph manuscript or prompt-book in the old English script that

respeare is known to have used, always must be a misreading of a resembling it in written form. ly, as a descriptive, it cannot apply to eyes which are capable of seeing (talking about what is seen, even if should suppose them equal to the of running away while locked in

What is wanted here is an epithet  
would describe the looks of " fiery  
sparkling for very wrath" should  
be discovered on this second  
line. The selection of such an  
epithet presents no difficulty, since no  
other authority than Shakespeare  
himself gives us a clue to the exact  
word needed in the following form of  
text in King Henry V. (V-2-18):  
"our eyes which hitherto have  
borne in them  
the fatal Balls of murdering  
Basilisks:  
the venom of such Lookes we  
fairly hope

have lost their quality." The poisonous hatred as Juliet's men have for Romeo may well be as venomous, and that is the point, I believe, that Shakespeare wrote. The scene, written in a rapid hand, is not easily be mistaken for "runaway" (printed runaways in some editions) by an apprentice typesetter unused to threading the mazes of a running hand and not sufficiently added to sense the strange juxtaposition when setting up the text. How easily the ideas suggested by venomous words with those of the text may be added in its modernized form: "read thy close curtain love-performing night, that venomous eyes may wink and Romeo leap to these arms untalked of and unseen."

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.  
Manchester.

## ANDEL AND THE ENGLISH

then is a Handel Society not a Handel Society? The answer seems to be: then it is an English Handel Society. Perhaps our English Handel Society is a Handel Society on the principle of a non lucendo. A Bach Society is not a Bach Society; it may perform one else occasionally, but it does not play Bach. But our Handel Society seems to exist largely to do good turns for other composers. I have before me a program of the next concert of this organization. It runs thus:

ure to "Oberon".....	Weber
"Drift".....	Dellus
Mere l'Oye".....	Ravel
Spectre's Bride".....	Dvorak

is in a country that is supposed  
 Handel mad. Perhaps there are a  
 mad Handelianists still left among  
 and I can imagine nothing more  
 related to increase their frenzy than  
 program of this kind. Let them go  
 a shade maddened, and we shall  
 some of them founding a Dvorak  
 Relius Society for the performance  
 the works of Handel.

suppose the explanation is that the  
sh public is not really fond of  
el at all; it is merely fond of the  
siah"; and as you cannot go on  
g the "Messiah" forever, especi-  
in May, there is nothing for it but  
op Handel altogether occasionally;  
there are plenty of other works by  
equally good, that it is desirable  
public should know. When I get  
I am going to found a Society for  
cal Waifs and Strays. The first  
of the society will be to rescue  
umber of humble but deserving  
s that are always put upon simply  
use they are little and can't defend  
selves. There are those four sem-  
ars at the end of the first and sec-  
bars of the main theme of the  
ic Flute" overture, for instance.  
ven't heard them for years; they  
always smudged into either a couple  
quavers or a sort of generalized  
et. Conductors and orchestral  
rs would not dare to treat the  
quavers in this way if they were  
er and could stand up for them-  
selves, the submerged tenth, the  
am and Jetsun of the musical world;  
exist, if they can be said to exist,  
all, on charity. Then there is the  
y passage in the ensemble that  
ws the Toreador's song in "Car-  
"; that is omitted from nine out of  
performances because the chorus  
who sings Mercedes is afraid of the  
notes. My Knight-Errant Society  
see that justice is done to this  
ressed damsel of a phrase.

ter a little preliminary rescue work  
is kind among the tinier waifs and  
ys of music, my society will sally  
en masse for the righting of the  
gs of the bigger victims. There  
be bloodshed at any concert at  
h a hackneyed work is given. Why  
ld pianists always play the B flat

minor Concerto of Tschaiakovsky, when there are three other concertos of his? Why should singers always give us the same half-dozen songs or so of Schumann's first period when there are scores of fine songs of his later period that no one knows? Why should it always be "Susanna's Secret" when there is the even more charming "Le Donne Curiose"? Why always Mozart and never Cimarosa? Why so poor a comic opera as "Samson and Delilah" when there is such an exquisite comic opera as "Gianni Schicchi" going begging? And why should it be, generally speaking, either the "Messiah" or no Handel at all, when Handel has written so many other oratorios? And why nothing but his oratorios, when he has written so many operas? During the last couple of years one or two of these have been revived in Germany in carefully thought-out productions; and everyone has been astounded at the vitality of them. There is enough lovely music buried in the scores of these 40 or 50 forgotten operas of Handel to keep anyone who is hungry for beauty satisfied for five years. I respectfully suggest to our Handel Society

MESSAGER AND GUITRY

Adolphe Bochet in the Daily Telegraph)

A French musician who enjoys particular favor is M. Andre Messenger. Before his appointment as director of the Paris Opera he conducted the orchestra at Covent Garden from 1901 to 1906, and more than one of his works has been applauded in London. It is now announced that "L'Amour Masque," for which he has just written the music, will be presented there in the near future. This piece has just had a most favorable reception at the Theatre Edouard VII, of which M. Alphonse Franck is the director. The libretto is by one of France's most gifted writers of comedies, M. Sacha Guitry, who in this "musical comedy" has endeavored to portray a series of conventional types, just as the Italian comedy used to do in the old days. In "L'Amour Masque" there passes before the spectator as it were a series of "masques." She is the young leading lady. She has no name, is 20 years old and pretty; She has two lovers, who help her to live in luxury. One is a baron, a type of all the rich barons who have little mistresses; the other is a fantastical Indian, a Maharajah, who knows not a word of French, and employs as his interpreter in his adventures of gallantry a worthy member of the Institut. Naturally, She is bored, in spite of her pearl necklaces and her sable and chinchilla cloaks; for luxury is nothing without love. But now her interest is roused by a certain photograph, which awakens new desires in her; this good-looking young man, how she would like to meet him. While She still muses on it a visitor is announced. Will it be he? . . . But alas! he is 40 years old, portly, and with gray hairs about his temples. But why does his face recall that of the photograph? They chat. She talks of her dreams; and he, rather sorry at having grown older since his photograph was taken, promises to introduce her to his son, and to bring him that very evening to her twentieth birthday party. Of course, he says nothing to his son. He comes himself, masked. She also is masked, and in order that her two lovers shall not trouble her that evening she has arranged for two of her maids, dressed like her and also masked, to act as doubles for her. The trick succeeds so well that the baron, blind, like all lovers, slips away with one of the maids. The Maharajah makes off with the other, but only to lose her to the member of the Institut. Meanwhile the hero and heroine, He and She, are left to tread the rosy path of love.

Such a fantasy, which has no connection with what is probable, is rendered charming by the wit and liveliness which M. Sacha Guitry has brought to his treatment of it. The whimsical dialogue, the quips and points which sparkle in the couplets from beginning to end, keep alive in the audience the spirit of gaiety which best suits this comedy of masks. M. Andre Messager's talents are well known. As in his delightful "Veronique," he displays animation, charm, and even grace—facility, and yet elegance. A musician who is a perfect master of his art, he has written a score which, while it seems improvised, yet displays an extraordinary degree of musical culture. "L'Amour Masque" is very well mounted and well sung. It is to be regretted that M. Sacha Guitry, who might dare anything since he always succeeds, did not attempt to give us the illusion of singing. M. Darmant hums the Maharajah's song with considerable charm; Mlle. Marthe Ferrare and Mlle. Marie Dubas are two servants who well deserve to be mistresses; and MM. Urban and Maurel are clever and comical. As to Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, her voice is delightfully fresh and supple; she sings like a professional singer, but remains young and natural, like a vision of youth itself.

## BACON AND SHAKESPEARE

(Manchester Guardian)  
Francis Bacon's Cipher Signature. By  
Frank Woodward. London: Grafton  
& Co. 1910. Pp. vii, 88

Mr. Woodward's method is a familiar "Baconian" device, Bacon's name, or one of its variants, according to the cipher value of its letters, is discovered in certain pages of his works and of Shakespeare's plays, the words of which are found, after judicious treatment, to give the same total. The rules of the game allow plenty of scope for the player. "Bacon" may also be, at will, "F. Bacon," "Fr. Bacon," or Francis St. Alban." Then each of these may be valued according to either of two cipher alphabets. Further, in counting the words, italics may be either counted or not, or the italic letters may be deducted from the Roman words. And when some hard-hearted page refuses to yield even on these pretty easy terms there are means of bringing it to reason. Let the reader only judge. A page of this temper seemed to occur at the close of "Romeo and Juliet." Here is Mr. Woodward's way of correcting its naughtiness:

"This is an interesting example of a count, by reason of the subtle way in which the 287 seal is introduced. I could not find it until the following line on the last page arrested my attention:

"'Prin. These letters doe make good the Fryers words.'  
"It seemed like a direction, so I did so, and found they consisted of 291 words of Roman type, which meant nothing, until I had studied the line again. What letters would make good the Friar's words? The words nearest, 'know,' 'Prin,' and 'come,' each contain four letters; deduct any one of them as letters, and the result is—287."

This is merely futile; the following, we fear, must be called disingenuous. For a "Baconian," Francis the drawer, in "Henry IV," is naturally a very red rag indeed. Now "Bacon" is represented in one cipher by 33. And the name "Francis" occurs just 33 times in the first column of the scene in question! A fateful correspondence, to be sure. But Mr. Woodward does not mention that the name "Francis" occurs also twice in the previous and twice in the following column. Does he suggest that Bacon, when writing the play, knew in what parts of his scene the first column of the printed page would begin and end? And most of Mr. Woodward's "results" similarly rest upon the childish notion that the size and limits of the printed page are known to the author as he writes.

C. H. H.

HAVE THEY DATED?

The Manchester Guardian said of the revival of "The Marriage of Kitty" in London by Marie Tempest:

"The play is no more than an agreeable after-dinner narcotic, and people who feel very gloomy about the state of the drama may take some comfort from going to see it. For it is dated by the fast woman who could not endure tobacco smoke, and by the man who kept a Scottish castle, a private yacht and a house in Berkeley square on £16,000 a year, and never mentioned taxation, it is dated still more by the fact that it has been so much approved in the past. If it were produced today for the first time it would surely be dismissed as thin and trivial, and contrasted unfavorably with the sharper and fuller flavor of the up-to-date plays of a similar type, such as 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.' However, if we do these trifles better nowadays we have no one to give them such bouquet as Miss Tempest. Cold-blooded analysis may reduce her art to a parcel of

tricks. It may sort out the clipped speech, the little bursts of speed, the choked laughs that are so uncannily eloquent. But then one cannot, while watching it, stop to analyse. That is the triumph of the actress who knows that her artifice can afford to be a good deal larger than life because it is raised to the level of art by its delightful decorative pattern."

The London Times said of "Magda," with Gladys Cooper as the heroine: "If 'Magda' were really the great work of art that many people, and all actors, suppose it to be, it would be possible to contemplate it sub specie æternitatis. But what we couldn't help feeling about it on Saturday night was that it was old-fashioned. Its ideal of family life—parental tyranny in a household of female slaves—is a thing of the past. We wonder, indeed, if such a monster as old Schwartz ever existed even in the German past, outside a lunatic asylum. Its ideal of the free, Bohemian, ultra-luxurious life of the prima donna—with parrot, courier, Italian maid, and mustachio'd singingmaster—is by this time fly-blown; the cheap caricature of the comic press. Sudermann admired it, too, evidently. It was what chiefly impressed the opposition party to Magda. Aunt Franziska had seen her entering the ballroom on the arm of the

lieutenant-governor, and couldn't get over it. Magda herself bragged of it thereby showing herself as vulgar as the rest of them. Only once and incidentally, does she speak of the joy of singing. A modern dramatist would be expected to depict the artistic temperament more accurately than that."

Thirteen readers of the N. Y. World wrote to Mr. Heywood Brown commending him for using in his column the first personal singular, instead of the plural. Mr. Brown remarked:

"As a matter of fact, we intend from now on to be both singular and plural. I is best for confidences and distinctly personal reflections, upon the rare occasions when they are brought into 'It Seems to Me,' but when there is a need to be vindictive and disagreeable, 'we' is the obvious choice, since it gives the writer the air of attacking in numbers."

When John Phoenix took charge of the San Diego Herald he wrote in his editorial announcement: "It will be perceived that I have not availed myself of the editorial privilege of using the plural pronoun in referring to myself. This is simply because I consider it a ridiculous affectation. I am a 'lone, lorn man,' unmarried (the Lord be praised for his infinite mercy), and though blessed with a consuming appetite 'which causes the keepers of the house where I board to tremble,' I do not think I have a tape worm, therefore I have no claim whatever to call myself 'we,' and I shall by no means fall into that editorial absurdity."

A man may write. In the first person with every page sprinkled thickly with "I's," and yet not be accused of aggressive, unpleasant egotism. There is Montaigne, for example. Why is it that the "egotism" of Cellini, Herbert of Cherburg, Pepys, Rousseau, Casanova, Sala, Borrow, never disgusts, but amuses the reader, while that of Charles Godfrey Leland, entertaining as his memoirs are, leads one to say, what a conceited fellow he must have been? A man may write laboriously and consistently in the third person and yet be revealed as a monster of self-conceit. We long ago suspected that Julius Caesar, although he wrote his Commentaries in the third person, did not think small beer of himself.

As the World Wags—

With the example before us of Yale casting about for a substitute for time-hallowed College Years, it is within possibility's realm that our city council may some day be in that same predicament anent our official city ode. Blushingly (for I shrink from the congratulations certain to come) I submit the following felicitous combination of heart interest, local reference and civic appreciation. Without egotism, I know it is good because I have never seen a man moved as was an editor of the Dial to whom I recently read it. The title which he suggested is—

THE ROSES KISS

A man and maid did stray one day  
down by the Franklin Zoo.  
While stars were softly shining on the  
luminiscent Charles.  
She cried, "You've bruk my heart in  
twa'n, now will you wed me true  
Although you've cash and culture and  
ancestors by the barr'ls?"  
He keesed her leeps so tenderlic, and  
said, "Such cannot be  
For my only love is Bostu-u-n-n; she's  
woith all the world to me."

## Refrain

My sires were highbrow very; and they  
came from County Kerry  
Two euphemistic palimpsests were left  
me by the will.  
We'll dance the yake-hula maybe—BUT  
(to be shouted)  
Dear Old Boston, You're 'My Bay-hay-  
be-e-e-e  
While the Roses Kiss the State House  
Dome on Beacon Hill.

A bold policeman passing by did hear  
 them words so classic,  
 He kicked a cat across the curb into  
 the thick foot traffic,  
 His voice shook with emotion; his eyes  
 ran o'er with tears,  
 He said, "Those words is sweeter than  
 I've heard in twenty years.  
 Your intemperistivity caused by vari-  
 ance of nativity  
 Is palpable and obvious. I'm thrilled  
 to hear you s-s-s-a-a-ay"

Boston. C. T. M.

MR. (NOT MRS.) MALABOR

The Notre Dame Scholastic informs us that Tom Daly read some of his poems "In inimitable Daly fashion, pathetically humorous."

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

Mr. J. H. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, read a paper on the Papuans before the Royal Colonial Institute in London. He spoke of the un-



of failing courtesy of the natives even on the most unexpected occasions.

"You may tell the same story two or three times to a Papuan, but he will laugh just as heartily or express just the same astonishment the last time as the first."

Of all bores the man known as "a delightful raconteur" is the most fearsome. When there is general conversation at the Porphyry, his "That reminds me" is a signal for his fellow-members to take up a newspaper or magazine, hurry to the billiard room, or remember that they must go home early as they have a dinner engagement. The constant telling of a story that is not too good is not necessarily a sign of senility. There are middle-aged, even young men who go about with the same anecdote which they think is humorous and they will repeatedly tell it to you in all its ghastly detail. They delight in button-holing you on a wind-swept corner: "I heard a good one yesterday. Is it new to you? Stop me if you know it." And they forget that they told you the story the week before and at 5 P. M. on the preceding day. What one of us has the courage of a Papuan? Years ago thoughtful men wore on the inside of a coat lapel, pinned securely, a card showing a wretch inside a coffin and the legend: "This man was talked to death." On an emergency the lapel was turned and the would-be raconteur would usually be disconcerted, so that his voice, to borrow the Vergilian phrase, stuck in his throat. Not always, alas; not always.

#### THE ROMAN TAXI-CAB

The Romans even before the time of Julius Caesar knew the taxi-cab, an invention, which Vitruvius, who dedicated his book on architecture to the Emperor Augustus, called "an invention of some utility, one of the most ingenious things that we derive from the ancients." By some contrivance a pebble was dropped into a bowl under the carriage (rheda) for every 1000 paces traveled. At the end of the journey the driver counted the stones and thus arrived at the fare to be paid. "The noise that each pebble will make in dropping into the bowl will inform the passenger that he has gone 1000 paces." (A similar contrivance was used for traveling by water). An elaborate description of this taxi-cab is given by Vitruvius in his 10th book, chapter IX—"Qua ratione rheda vel navi vecti peractum iter dimentiantur."

This "rheda" was used for travel, and a man could take with him his family and baggage. Driving in the city was supposed to be forbidden except for "triumphators, higher magistrates and priests on solemn occasions," yet we learn from certain Roman authors that the law was not strictly observed. Thus Juvenal, telling why one could not sleep in Rome, wrote: "The passing of chariots in the narrow turning of the streets and the bawling of the drivers when there is a full stop, will not suffer even drowsy Drusus or the sleepy sea calves so much as to nod." We doubt if there were traffic policemen in Rome.

#### Mr. Jacchia Returns

Agide Jacchia, for the past seven years the conductor of the "Pops," made his first appearance of the season in that capacity Saturday evening. His program included, among other pieces of lesser importance, the overture to "William Tell"; the march, "The Top" and the final galop from Bizet's "Little Suite"; the procession to the cathedral from "Lohengrin," and Albeniz's Spanish Rhapsody. The extra numbers included his own Tarantelle and orchestral transcription of "Elli, Elli."

Once again it was possible to appreciate Mr. Jacchia's many qualities as a conductor—his excellent musicianship, the authority of his interpretations, his arresting personality. Under his leadership the "Pop" concerts have made remarkable musical progress. Many of his programs, save occasional pieces of a popular nature, are almost symphonic in character and under his direction the orchestra often achieves performances of real musical worth, far removed from the somewhat perfunctory playing into which it has been known to lapse on occasion.

Mr. Jacchia's presence in this city has been a distinct addition to its musical life. As conductor of the Cecilia Society he seems in a fair way to revive interest in choral singing hereabouts. As director of the Boston conductor of the "Pops" he is exerting an influence for good on the rising generation of musicians, and lastly as

conductor of the "Pops" he is exerting that same good influence on a larger and less special public. In this latter capacity he is inculcating a love of the best in music by means of carefully chosen programs, programs which do not shun the lighter and less intellectually taxing phases of the art, but which never descend to the unrefined and commonplace. His mere presence at the conductor's desk insures an evening of artistic enjoyment, and whatever the piece in hand, be it a sugar-plum by Blon or Wagner's "Procession to the Cathedral," it is sure to receive an interpretation in which good taste and imagination are conspicuous.

S. M.

#### A New Field for the "Pops"

The Sunday "Pops" are a success. For the first time in 38 years, a Sunday evening "Pop" concert was ventured last night at Symphony Hall. There had been much speculation as to the appeal it might make, for under the laws of Massachusetts it is not permitted to serve refreshments at such entertainments on Sunday, and smoking also is forbidden. How would the public of the "Pops" take to an evening of music without the usual accompaniments?

The answer was evident before the visitor penetrated within the doors. The lobby was crowded. Inside, more than the usual number of tables had been set, each with a vase of spring flowers in place of the familiar order card. Five and six persons, instead of the standard four, sat at many tables. Upstairs, all standing room was taken before the concert began.

What were the reasons for this response? The program no doubt carried its own appeal. It was made up of the works of Russian composers, always favorites with "Pops" audiences. Too, Mr. Jacchia was back at the dais, to animate the players with his musicianship and his vigor. Then, no doubt, there are many who find it more convenient to visit Symphony Hall on a Sunday evening. But doubtless there were other factors. Not many years ago, wines and beer were considered a necessary part of the "Pops." Yet when they were eliminated "Pops" audiences grew larger. There has always been a section of the public, how numerous nobody knows, who have found their enjoyment of the "Pops" program diluted by the occasional sound of crashing glass and the pervading fog of tobacco smoke. These, perhaps, were present in force last night. They may constitute a new public for the new series of "Pops."

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The State Motion Picture Commission of New York ordered the Pathe Exchange to "eliminate all views of man's leg exposed where trousers are pulled by dog at dance." Mrs. Eli T. Hosmer, the intrepid and uplifting woman member of the commission, said such an exhibition would "tend to incite to crime." And now the question goes up to the supreme court.

Will the counsel for the commission quote in his argument the 10th verse of the 147th Psalm, how the Lord "taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man"?

#### DR. JOHNSON ON THE STAGE

Mr. A. Edward Newton, long known as a lover of Dr. Samuel Johnson, his words and writings, has written a play, "Dr. Johnson," which is published in most attractive form by the Atlantic Monthly Press. The friends and acquaintances of the sage are the characters and the dialogue is for the most part taken from the conversations recorded by James Boswell, Esq. There are passages in which Mr. Newton has deftly imitated the Johnsonian speech. The play contains a description of the house in which the lexicographer, poet and essayist lived with his strange companions, a humorous preface by the author and portraits of men and women that are introduced.

We note and deplore the absence of Bet Flint's portrait. She comes to Johnson asking for an introduction to the story of her life which she has written in verse. We are sorry to say that Mr. Newton has softened Dr. Johnson's famous characterization of Bet; not only softened it, but by transposition of words weakened the epigrammatic force. Swinburne quoted it correctly, good old Biblical word and all, in his essay

on Thomas Middleton, published in this country by the highly respectable firm of Harper & Bros. Oh, Mr. Newton, how could you, a devout Johnsonian, be so squeamish!

Now Bet Flint rejoiced in genteel lodgings. She played on a spinet, and a boy walked before her chair. Was her autobiographic poem ever published? On this point even the painstaking Birbeck Hill is dumb, but Dr. Johnson, who evidently had read the manuscript, remembered the first four lines:

"When first I drew my vital breath,  
A little minikin I came upon earth,  
And then I came from a dark abode,  
Into this gay and gaudy world."

Mrs. Thrale, Peg Woffington, Miss Burney, Mrs. Siddons, Hannah More and other women are in the play, but how could Mr. Newton refrain from putting on the stage the two young women from Staffordshire, who consulted Johnson on the subject of Methodism. "Come (said he) you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over the subject." According to the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, the four went to the Mitre, and after dinner Johnson, always the philosopher, took one of them upon his knee and fondled her for half an hour together.

We miss also the woman whose story told under a tree in the King's Bench Walk led Johnson to write the story of Misella for his "Rambler." Johnson, like De Quincey, was not ashamed to talk with any poor woman in the street. Mr. Newton should not have overlooked the singularly handsome girl of whom Johnson asked, for what she thought God had given her so much beauty. "To please gentlemen," she answered.

Even with these omissions, Mr. Newton's play is a delightful piece of work. Would it go on the stage? Who would have the courage to personate Johnson? In England, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton has already made up as the sage in pageants, and he has the bulky figure. In this country perhaps Mr. Heywood Brown could be persuaded to attempt the role. Both Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Brown in writing at times have Dr. Johnson's bow-wow manner.

#### AT DEAD OF NIGHT

As the World Wags:

George Saintsbury in his delightful "Scrap Book" confesses that he should always like to get up early and not go to bed till about 2; that he finds a peculiar charm about the hours between 11 and 2; that one never does such good head-work as then. "But," he sadly concludes, "not every constitution will stand an 18-hour day." Now all this must find an echo in the experience of everyone who has done "head-work," even though he may not have done it so brilliantly as the famous professor. In my salad days the hours of light were all too full of important matters, and the demands of college courses had to be met, if at all, in the dead waste and middle of the night. How corroborating thought could be as one's pen shoved merrily over the paper at that time; how satisfying to sit back and re-read half a dozen pages of MS as one drew the first whiffs from a newly filled pipe. The minutes were compact of golden silence conducive to aptness of phrase and clearness of insight. Gudrun and Kriemhild and Etzel sprang in all their Nordic glory from the page as the crabbéd mediæval dialect assumed a rugged grace; the vaultings of Noyon, Amlens and the Saint Chapel closed the imagination in a world of beauty. Then when the last task was done and a meditative cigarette was smoked as a benediction, then was the time to wander across the yard, make one's way to another green-lighted room, and pick up another owl for a stroll in the half-dawn before the end of the day. Sir Andrew Aguecheek liked such hours, and therein proved his claim to more sense than he is usually credited with. And really the only smile that ever helped me to a hope of immortality was this from the pen of Vernon Lee—or was it William Butler Yeats?—"When you were young you often said Good Night when morning was near at hand."

ACADEME.

Cambridge-near-the-Yard.

We read in the Court House News of the Lacon (Ill.) Home Journal of the sad case of William Kuss vs. Edward Damin.

## NEW COCKNEY PLAY ACTED AT COPLEY

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in the United States of "The Likes of Er," a play in three acts by Charles McEvoy. Performed by the Henry Jewett Repertory company.

Mrs. Small.....Daisy Belmore  
Mrs. Kemp.....Stephanie Day  
Sally Willard.....Caroline Willard  
Florrie Small.....May Ediss  
Mr. Bray.....Cecil Magnus  
Mr. Pool.....Katherine Standish  
Alfred Cope.....E. E. Clive  
Jim Sears.....Charles Hampden  
Samuel Bilson.....H. Conway Wingfield  
The man in the coffee house, H. Mortimer White  
The other man in the coffee house, L. Paul Scott  
A boy from the fish monger's, Wilson Verney  
Tom Small.....Harold West  
George Miles.....Philip Tonge

This is a story of Cockney life immediately after the world war. As "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" was played just before the curtain went up, there was the pleasant thought of Mr. Albert Chevalier, and one might reasonably have believed that the play was to be a coster-monger comedy, but the scene in Bridewell court, Stepmey, with the dancing to the hand-organ, the screaming of the virago, Mrs. Kemp, and the general rowing, made one think that as the Russian players were performing Gorky's "Lower Depths," Mr. Jewett, not wishing to be outdone, was producing "The Likes of Er." And as Russian is an unfamiliar speech to the audiences at the Majestic, and the dialogue of Gorky is not understood, so the faulty, indistinct enunciation of Mrs. Belmore, Mrs. Day and Miss Ediss rendered nearly all the lines given to them by Mr. McEvoy in this first scene unintelligible, and not because they were in Cockney speech.

The first two acts are very interesting. The story is simple. Sally is waiting the return of the soldier, George Miles, her sweetheart. Cope and Sears are already back from the war. They, too, are in love with Sally. George has been terribly wounded by a shell, etc has lost an arm, a leg; he has a glass eye, and his sadly mutilated face has been patched up by an operation. It turns out later that he has been made a colonel. Alfred Cope had promised George that he would report him as missing, for George believed that no woman would have him. Alfred had a genius for lies, and he told Sally amazing stories of a discouraging nature. He described George's condition to her, but as if the victim of the shell had been another soldier. Sally could not see how any woman could forsake him, however mutilated, if he had been true to her. And so Cope tells of George having amours in the east, naming especially a siren of a cafe.

But Sally will not listen to her wooers, not even to old fat Bilson, in whose coffee house she works.

Of course George comes back, "slightly" disfigured but still in the ring, and after a misunderstanding due to the lying little vixen Florrie, there is the expected happy ending, with George's left arm around the rejoicing Sally.

A simple story, told with genuine humor and unaffected pathos for two acts, with amusing, unforced dialogue, with shrewdly portrayed characters.

What possessed Mr. McEvoy to turn the first scene of the third act into a lesson in reformation? The lying, thieving, insufferable Florrie makes love to George in a brazen fashion, and then, vexed by Sally's questions, smashes crockery, while Sally urges her to the breakage, because, forsooth, it will teach her a lesson. This scene has little to do with the play; it is long drawn out, unnatural and tiresome, nor was it saved by Miss Ediss, who overacted in such a manner that one sympathized with her father, the roughneck and coiner, who whipped her savagely whenever there was no interference. Furthermore one was tempted to wonder what the expense for breakage would amount to at the end of the week.

The burden of the performance was

valiantly borne by Miss Willard and Mr. Clive. Miss Willard's portrayal of Sally was vivid and convincing, whether Sally was in a temper, delighting in the slang and repartee of the street, curious yet incredulous when Alfred told her of George's unfaithfulness, repelling her wooers, disciplining Florrie, or sad and disconsolate, convinced at last of her sweetheart's infidelity. Here was an impersonation that was without trace of artificiality, a study in the humble life of a genuine woman of an emotional nature ready to scorn, hate and love.

Mr. Clive was delightful as Alfred. His description of George's goings on and the effect of a foreign climate on the amorous propensities of any English soldier was alone worth a visit to the Copley. Throughout the play his portrayal was consistently amusing, and when at last he broke his oath to George and told Sally the truth, he moved the spectators by his simplicity in telling and by his self-sacrifice. For he loved Sally.



Mr. Hampden gave an excellent performance of Alfred's mate Jim Seal. Miss Standing's Mrs. Pool deserved commendation; and Mr. Wingfield was amusing in his courtship.

An audience that filled the theatre was greatly entertained.

**SHUBERT THEATRE—"Lady Butterly,"** a musical comedy in two acts and four scenes, with book and lyrics by Clifford Grey, and music by Werner Janssen. The cast:

Duval	Alie Casmore
Honorio Meek	Lionel Lupt
Billy Browning	Rona Wallace
Henry Crawford	Maurice Holland
Fisher	George Truett
Caroline	Frank Dobson
Mrs. Stockbridge	Mande Blume
Mabel Stockbridge	Gertrude Maitland
Alfred Hopper	Alie Cavanaugh
Edith Crawford	Gus Shy
Boboy	Janet Stone
Frances	Aline McGill
Ruth	Marion Hamilton
Mr. Stockbridge	Lionel Pape
Briggs	Alie Casmore
Policeman	Raymond Hunter

On the program "Lady Butterly" is announced as "adapted" from a farce by Mark Swan and James T. Powers. If so, it has—like the cousin from Australia with whom it concerns itself—come a long, long way. For as a farce it would have been pretty tough sledding in its present form. An exchange of baggage and a couple too many drinks formed the point of departure for the original. In the revised edition, a fugitive from justice and an unscrupulous accomplice perform wifely substitution instead. Neither version can claim much in the way of originality.

On the musical side, "Lady Butterly" comes up to the average—at least we hope the average is no lower. Several of the numbers have an excellent swing—"Sailors Sail Away," "The Bad Man Walk," "Sway with Me," for example; others, such as "Beautiful Love," have clever lyrics, and one and all have that sensuous sentimentality of tone which is the distinguishing feature of Jazz. None of that impression of virility which the Russian form of syncopation seems to give; there is a strange languorousness about even the lively tunes which suggests the east. Thus it is in the spirit of the times. The finale of act one, "Man Overboard," has a Gilbert and Sullivan touch, an ingenious rhyme scheme used to convey a story.

"Lady Butterly" is likewise fortunate in having a well balanced cast; perhaps no one is outstandingly the "star," but certainly no one is even approximately bad. Miss Cavanaugh and Miss Carroll sing well and are charming to look at; Mr. Dobson does acceptable work in the broader style of comedy. The three girls—Misses Stone, McGill and Hamilton—do considerable dancing, some of which is rather good, especially the butterfly dance of Miss Stone abetted by Mr. Long. There is a large amount of ensemble kicking, less effective, perhaps than the simpler movements such as the dance of the four kisses in "Kiss Time." Nor should one forget Mr. Pape—not long ago of the Copley Players—who gave dignity to both his speaking parts and real comedy to the one where he appears as the absent minded passenger. Also the comics of Gus Shy and Mande Blume are worth remembering. And the acrobatic dance of Mr. Spurr.

In fine, a series of specialties, with little to hold them together, and good or ill according to abilities of each.

W. R. B.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company** in a revival of "The Brat," a comedy in three acts, by Maude Fulton. The cast:

Jane De Pew	Viola Roach
Mrs. Pell Forrester	Margaret Pitt
Angela Smythe	Lucille Adams
Timron	Mark Kent
Ralph Ware	Ralph M. Remley
MacMillan Forrester	Edward Darney
Stevon Forrester	Walter Gilbert
Margot	Anna Layne
The Brat	Adelyn Bushnell

Those who saw the stock company in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" earlier in the season will find an added interest in "The Brat," for here again is Adelyn Bushnell in the part of a charming and saucy waif of a big city, this time New York.

The story of "The Brat" is a simple one, wherein this whimsical little character is brought into a wealthy home for the amusement of an author who finds in her a heroine for his latest novel and then expects to send her forth again to the uncertain life of the past.

To the Brat are given many good lines and it is for her to bring out the keen philosophy of life, which she does in a delightful manner. Edward Darney takes the part of the author, a self-centred person, who is forced to decide that there may be a few things about women that he does not know. Viola Roach, as Jane De Pew, and Lucille Adams, as Angela Smythe, have no small part in this decision. Jane is a "catty" old sweetheart of his, while Angela is the frivolous debutante who wins his love—after complications.

Walter Gilbert plays the part of the younger brother, the black sheep of the family, who, of course, proves to have

most of the good qualities of the family, and wins the heart Margaret Pitt makes a very dignified mother and Ralph Remley is an amusing old bishop. The other players did their parts in the finished manner last evening that gave the whole performance the true flavor of a St. James "first night."

## VAN AND SCHNECK

Van and Schneck, composers and singers, are the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening a large audience was deeply interested.

This act is one of the best of its kind now doing vaudeville. There is a certain neatness—yes, elegance—that characterizes their whole performance. Mr. Van, with his cooling, soft tenor, and Mr. Schneck, with his flexible, low baritone, offered a varied group of songs. They were at their best in their own compositions, such as their delightfully pertinent parody with Mr. Coue as the theme, or again with the desperate Barney Google as the subject. Besides there was always pleasure in every undertaking of Mr. Schneck, who shows a many sided talent in dialect songs that called for differentiation.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Bill Robinson, billed as "The Dark Cloud of Joy." Mr. Robinson shows his heels as a stepper to many of his colleagues of the circuit. He affects a style of step that is characteristically his own, and his dance on the improvised steps was a neat bit of invention. Enjoying his own act—not in a self-congratulatory sense—he imparts the enjoyment to the audience.

Other acts on the bill were Oliver and Oip in "Wire Collect," an interesting sketch, with a quiet vein of comedy and a tug on the heartstrings; York and King, who emerged from a tin type frame, and in the habits of 25 years ago, offered a "line" not often seen on the contemporaneous stage that included some good burlesque; Henry Stoddard and his orchestra, playing a program that leaned heavily to the jazz; Wood and Wyde and company, in slap-stick comedy and uproarious travesty in good measure; Helen Stover, making her first vaudeville appearance in this city, and contributing one of the best acts on the bill, an act that revealed a voice of tonal beauty and compass, and capable of fine dramatic interpretation, and Sims and Grill, in a gymnastic thriller.

T. A. R.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL—Mizzi** in "Minnio an' Me." Musical comedy. Fifth and next to the last week.

**HOLLIS STREET—"Lightnin'."** Comedy. Twenty-first and last week.

**MAJESTIC—Moscow Art Theatre** in repertoire. Second and last week.

**PLYMOUTH—"The Monster."** Drama. Third week.

**SELWYN—"The Fool."** Drama. Fourteenth week.

**TREMONT—Jack Donahue** in "Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Second and last week.

**WILBUR—"Sun Showers."** Musical comedy. Third week.

Mr. George Maxwell, who is accused of writing anonymously letters that made many households unhappy, has been a frequent visitor in Boston as the representative of the Ricordi firm of music publishers. His friends in Boston, and they are not few in number, do not believe for a moment that he is guilty of the offence charged against him. A New York newspaper spoke of him as a "music critic" in that city. To the best of our knowledge, Mr. Maxwell, though he may be a good judge of music, has never as a professional critic for a newspaper practised that gentle art of making enemies.

## EMIL SCHWAB

Emil Schwab, who was buried this week, was in time past a valued contributor to this column. He was especially interested in music, the drama, French literature and the life of Paris. He had seen and heard much; he had a singularly retentive memory; he wrote accurately as well as entertainingly. And when he had occasion to correct a misstatement, he did it gently, in a pleasantly humorous manner not in a cock-sure, rasping way.

## ALAS! HE, TOO, IS MORTAL

We were surprised when Mr. Herkimer Johnson showed pleasure on the receipt of a circular informing him that he had been thought worthy of being named in "American Elite and Sociologist, a National Social Register."

Mr. Johnson read a sentence from the circular: "It is assumed you appreciate the honor of inclusion! America's Upper Four Thousand Number Limited."

We told Mr. Johnson that we thought he did not care for this sort of honor; that he was nobly free from snobbish desires and ambitions. He replied that he considered the invitation only as a sociologist, not as the man Johnson, but as a leading representative of a great branch of sciences.

"But I shall not accept it. Do you know why? Look here."

And Mr. Johnson read with a trembling voice: "Your advances check for Ten Dollars will be appreciated."

## TOM PAINE

Next month a tablet in honor of Thomas Paine will be unveiled in New York by the Greenwich Village Historical Society. Paine's memory has been shockingly abused and his great service to this country ignored by many. He has been called an atheist, when he was a deist. He has been reproached for drunkenness and slovenly habits. The slanderers in his own day have been rebuked by patient, impartial investigators.

Even so, we should like to know the author of the couplet sung by rude boys when Paine took his daily walks abroad: "Tom Paine has come from far, from far. His nose is like a blazing star."

## NEWS FROM ANGORA

It appears that a Swiss syndicate wishes an exclusive concession from the Turkish government for the export of Angora cats. The syndicate figures it can buy 1,000,000 pure blood Angora cats annually at less than a dollar each and sell them in America, England and elsewhere for at least \$50 each.

When did the fame of the Angora cat spread through Europe? The first mention of the animal noted by the Oxford Dictionary was in an English encyclopaedia published in 1838. Gibbon describes a battle fought at Angora between Tamerlane and Bajazet in 1402. In this description he speaks of elephants and horses, but there is nothing about cats.

Before the Volstead act was passed our friend Eugene Golightly, at a certain hour in the evening, would give his order "with a dash of Angora bitters," but Mr. Golightly was not geographically strong. To him Angora and Angostura were the same.

Will not the protectionists, all those shouting "America for Americans," protest against the importation of cats from Angora? Will they not rush to the defence of the raccoon cat farm on a high hill near Camden, Me., and of certain cat farms on Cape Cod? The country is indeed in danger.

## AN EASY-GOING TENANT

(From the Evening Star of Auburn, Ind.)

WANTED—To rent, modern house or semi-modern house, with conveniences now or later. Phone Star.

## OUR POLYGLOTTIC FRIEND

As the World Wags:

At the dinner to Dean Briggs of Harvard, the other evening, The Herald's representative, Mr. Edmund Nohle, wrote some lines and passed them for amusement to the man next him. It went on around the table, finally reached the presiding officer, and by him was read to the company.

It is in five languages—I am officially informed—and, written for my curiosity by Mr. Noble, I pass it on to you. It's a rare reporter who can do things like that.

F. L. B.

Der Mensch est immer a l'ecole—

A tous les ages discens:

Il monde spielt des Lehrers role.

Y lang erzieht his mens.

Mals lo! quand il von Schule geht.

Ha kaum belernt son Alphabet.

(Man is always at school—

At all ages learning;

The world plays the role of teacher.

And long trains his mind.

But lo, when he leaves school.

He has scarcely learned his alphabet.)

## PLAIN ENGLISH

We read in a London newspaper that slang is out of fashion with school girls but popular in business houses. Thus the brilliantine put on his hair by the office boy is known as "Micksy." In one office the head of a department was looking for an important letter that had been mislaid. A bright young thing told him: "Why, sir, Miss Whatchueallums took that and placed it in the Oojah, you know—in the same file as the cumpivot." And when he asked her, timidly, to be more explicit, she was offended. In the outer office she was heard saying, "Well, I'm jiggered. The old Mutt can't understand plain English."

This reminds us that Mr. Daniel C. Cootey, writing in the London Daily

News about American slang says that "the cat's pyjamas"—which is supposed to be a term of praise—might be translated "the snake's eyebrows" or "the crocodile's spats."

## ADMITTED

As the World Wags:

Why go far from home in search of candidates for your Hall of Fame? P. J. Dunn & Co. run iron works in Dover street.

## HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

(The Englewood Times)

The corner of 95th street and Vincennes avenue, the resting place of many a tired walker, driver and motorist, has changed hands, that is the refreshment stand. Mr. Thomas Tyrell will conduct an up-to-date delicatessen store and ice cream stand. Mr. Peter Drumm has opened up an undertaking establishment.

May 17 1923

## 'CHERRY ORCHARD'

By PHILIP HALE

**MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Cherry Orchard,"** a comedy in four acts by Anton Chekhov. Performed by the Moscow Art Theatre Company.

Lubov Andreievna Ranevskaya, Mme. Karpov-Chekhova

Anya, Mme. Turasova

Varya, Mme. Pashennaya

Leonid Andreievich Gaiev, Mr. Stanislawsky

Yermolai Alexeievitch Lopakhin, Mr. Leonidov

Peter Sergeievitch Trofimov, Mr. Dobronravov

Boris Semyonov-Pishchik, Mr. Gribunin

Charlotte Ivanovna, Mme. Uspenskaya

Semyon Panteleievitch Yepikhodov, Mr. Moskvina

Dunyasha, Mme. Bulgakova

Firce, M. Luzhsky

Yasha, Mr. Alexandrov

A Tramp, Mr. Bondiriev

A Stationmaster, Mr. Lazarev

Postoffice Clerk, Mr. Bulgakov

"The Lower Depths" was played here

in Yiddish, we are told, before the arrival of the Moscow company. "The Cherry Orchard" has been played in Brookline by a company known as "the Amateurs."

Audiences have found "The Lower Depths" gloomy, squalid, depressing, unbearable. Yet is not "The Cherry Orchard" a sadder, bitterer play? Gorky's degraded outcasts, in rags and tatters, drinking, roaring, squabbling, complaining, nevertheless have a vague idea of something higher, something freer to come. In Chekhov's comedy there is no gentle Luka, compassionate, comforting, hopeful, meditating on the mystery of human life.

When "The Cherry Orchard" was first performed in English in London 12 years ago a critic in his review quoted a passage in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," whose contempt for foreigners was unjust and extreme. One evening at a coffee house when a number of them were talking loudly, Johnson remarked: "Does not this confirm old Meynell's observation—'For anything I see, foreigners are fools.'"

The critic said that while Russians are foreigners, it is highly improbable that they are such fools as they seemed in Mrs. Garnet's translation of the play. But what is to be thought of these characters as they appear in Miss Covan's translation and are played by the visiting Russians?

Mme. Ranevskaya, after the death of her husband and the drowning of her young son, went to Paris with a lover, who squandered her fortune and was unfaithful to her, but when she returned to her loved home in Russia with its famous cherry orchard, she found that she still loved him. He needed her. Who could better administer the medicines in his sickness? The play opens with her return. She brings with her Anya, her daughter, a governess, and a young footman.

Then the talk begins. Then they will talk—good gods! how they will talk (to change a line of Nat Lee). Mme. Ranevskaya does not wish to sell the orchard, though she is ruined. Lopakhin, the son of a serf, hard-headed, dull, who has prospered as a merchant, urges her to sell. She chatters inconsequentially, jumps from one subject to another, is a spendthrift, weeps easily and frequently—nor is she alone in this respect—talks of her past, hopes her adopted daughter Varya, one of the few sane and normal persons in the play, will marry Lopakhin. Her brother Gaiev, who has a passion for billiards and candy, is a futile person, with vague hopes of saving the estate which he has neglected. Pishchik is always borrowing money. There is the student Trofimov with his philosophic tirades. Did Chekhov mean to satirize the students of his time? Firce, the old footman, mutters and lives in the past. The governess, who does not know who her parents were, has parlor tricks which she learned in her early life of vagabondage. The clerk, Yepikhodov, is a foolish fellow to whom something disagreeable is always happening. The famous orchard is at last



ut up at auction. The merchant buys it but does not wed Varya, though she is ready to meet him more than half way. He exults in the possession of the estate on which his father was a serf, not allowed to enter even the kitchen. The house is hurriedly abandoned. The doors are locked. It was thought that old Mirce had been sent to a hospital, but some one was negligent, so he is

left inside, forgotten, no doubt to die of starvation.

In this drama of Russian life and the changing order there are moments when scenes and conversations in novels by Turgenev are suggested, as in "The Lower Depths" there are reminders of Dostoevsky; but in "The Cherry Orchard" one misses the gentleness, the sadness of Turgenev. Chekhov exposes ruthlessly the purposeless life of a family gone to seed, still pretending to a sort of culture but without fixed sincerity, without strong emotions, not even strong in egotism; men and women as autumnal fallen leaves, driven hither and thither by the wind, ready to rot. Only the merchant knows what he wants, and he is so dull outside of business affairs that he lets Varya leave without a word. "My father was a peasant, true, but here I am in a white vest and brown shoes. . . I'm rich now, with lots of money, but just think about it and examine me, and you'll find I'm still a peasant to the core." So he speaks to the sentimental maid servant, and tells her he fell asleep, reading a book, for he understood nothing.

No action, no dramatic situations, no effective "curtains", to leave one in suspense, yet the play when read is engrossing by reason of the dialogue which reveals the small souls and vivid lives of the characters. On the stage, performed in a language not understood by the overwhelming majority of spectators, the comedy is reduced to pantomime or a cinema drama without the aid of text between the scenes of pictured movement.

Yet even to one hearing the foreign speech, the art of the comedians again excited admiration, by the honesty and the perfection of the ensemble, by the devotion paid the dramatist. Decayed gentleman, light-headed lady, gushing serving maid, silly clerk, venerable retainer—all were admirably portrayed. And again one saw not an imitation of life upon the stage but life itself.

Following a program of the Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Club, we stated last Thursday that Stanley Houghton's one-act play, "Fancy Free," was performed at a meeting of that club on May 2 "for the first time in America." A. E. Holden of New York writes that the play was performed in New York in 1913.

Our correspondent is right. It was brought out at the Princess Theatre, New York, on March 14, 1913, by Willette Kershaw, Miss Hartz, Holbrook Blinn and Mr. Trevor.

A correspondent writes from Rome about orchestral concerts last month in the Augusteo. "Richard Strauss has conducted before immense audiences. There was wildest enthusiasm. Some critical individuals here are rather disturbed by the furor he has roused among the Roman public. Stokowski was a failure—small audiences and little enthusiasm. The war was evidently forgotten when Richard Strauss arrived."

All up for Mr. Coborn, who, after a walk of 2000 miles, opened his second innings as an actor last month at the Holborn Empire. Before his half century of comedy began he played in serious drama. "When on his first retirement two years ago he sang farewell songs in nine languages he earned the nickname of 'the Babel Bard.'"

"Balka," a Polish opera by Moniusko was performed by the Polish Opera of Milwaukee on May 11. It was produced at Warsaw over 70 years ago. Florid air for soprano has been sung in Boston.

The London journals say that the American actor, Robert Emmett Keane, at the Victoria Palace, has "a distinct personality." Norah Bayes was applauded at the Coliseum after nearly 10 years' absence from London for her "characterization, versatility and vocal gifts." Roderick White has been fiddling and Harold Henry playing the piano, both Americans.

"The Beggar's Opera" has passed its 1200th performance at the Lyric, Hamersmith.

The London Daily Chronicle published this same paragraph: "An inventor of popular dances explains that one of her figures was suggested by catching sight of a zigzag chimney, which gave the idea for a jazz step. Hitherto, inspira-

tion has mainly flowed from the Zoological Gardens, but in future we may expect the Chesterfield Spire dance, or the Tower of Pisa waltz. Some of our present languid 'glides' are more reminiscent of the crawl of a glacier. One teacher prescribes the placing of a book on the head as an aid to smooth gliding movements. And yet the armchair generation thinks we are growing too gay."

Mr. Vladimir Rosing, at the end of his season in this country, sailed for Europe on a vessel that bore the fair Irene Bordoni. There was the inevitable concert on shipboard. The two were asked to sing. They accepted the invitation. When Mr. Rosing saw that his name on the program was in smaller type than that of Miss Bordoni's, he refused to sing and gave a capital imitation of Achilles sulking in his tent. To appease the noble rage of the eminent Russian, 50 additional programs were printed with the two names in the same type. Then, and not before, was Mr. Rosing willing to lift up his voice in song. We are not telling this story from mere hearsay. The two programs are before us, as we write.

The gallant Col. Mapleson tells a story in his memoirs about a tenor in his company—was this tenor the graceful Ravelli? One morning in a western city the colonel was taking an early constitutional when he saw the tenor standing on a stepladder before a billboard measuring the height of the letters of his name and comparing it with those of the prima donna.

So Miss Vivienne Segal will put in book form the poetic tributes to her which have been handed in at the stage door. A methodical person, she filed them away, "hundreds of them," in scrap books. Fortunately for the domestic happiness of the amorous poets, the greater number of the tributes are anonymous.

Miss Fannie Ward, it is reported, has been rejuvenated by the Steinel method. Her face is now youthful and charming; her figure has graceful "contours." The birthday of an actress is a movable feast, but the biographers say Miss Ward was born at St. Louis in 1875, and first went on the stage in 1890, as Cupid. Of late she has worked in the cinema vineyard. Now she may return to the stage, no doubt, as Juliet.

Mme. Petrova, we learn, has a "double" voice. "Double, double, toll and trouble." Mme. Seacchi on occasions had a "triple" voice.

The entertainment industry in London has come out in opposition to the broadcasting of plays, music, songs and all other forms of entertainment as prejudicial and it purposes to take the necessary steps to protect the interests.

A gramophone concert was given in London a fortnight ago in which Mines Patti, Melba, Galli Curci and Messrs. Lloyd and Whitcomb sang; Paderewski and Lamond played the piano, and Kreisler and Zimbalist fiddled.

B. C. L. writes with regard to the program of the Howard Athenaeum sent to us by Mr. J. H. Wheeler and mentioned in this column a week ago. We regretted then that the program was not dated.

"I am sure that the program was of an entertainment in 1868 or 1869, as at that time I worked for John Gilbert, Jr., grocer, corner of West and Mason streets, and was very much interested in variety shows, such as used to be given at the Old Howard at that time. I remember very well Harry Bloodgood, Adah Richmond, A. J. Leavitt, Sherman and Mack and the rest of the performers whom you mention. At that time Adah Richmond lived in a brick house on Alden street. This house is still standing, the first house on the left hand side going from Court street. I am very sure that it was not later

than '69, for the reason that I moved to Somerville in 1870, and of course was not then as frequent an attendant of the theatre as when I lived in the city."

Employes and workers in the business of theatrical entertainment in England have petitioned the home secretary, saying that the extension of summer time has worked them injury, and asking that the change should be confined to June, July and August.

Apropos of Mr. James L. Ford's novel, "Hot-Corn Ike," Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler writes that he saw in 1877 or 1878 at the Globe Theatre a play entitled: "Katy, the Hot Corn Girl," in which little Mable Leonard took the part of Katy. She was supported by J. B. Studley, Harry Bloodgood, Annie Ward Tiffany, Rachel Noah, Lizzie Hunt and others. "It was called a 'great moral drama.' The scenes in acts 2 and 3 were laid in the slums of New York. This play, if Col. T. Allston Brown is correct—his "History of the New York Stage" swarms with misstatements—was produced at Barnum's Museum, New York, on Feb. 27, 1854.

Mr. Wheeler writes that he never heard Sol Smith Russell recite "The Shabby Genteel," but he heard Gus Williams sing it many times. "Gus Williams shot himself at Yonkers, N. Y., on Jan. 16, 1915. Why, none of his friends knew."

May 18 1923

Let us record a stirring incident of hero worship.

Mr. Percy Hammond, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, met Mr. Joseph Conrad, sailor and novelist. Mr. Hammond was as one caught up to the seventh heaven. He told of his rapture in the Tribune:

"Having had the opportunity to light Captain Conrad's cigarette, we extinguished the happy match and put it back in our matchsafe. It is there now, a proud lucifer among its less fortunate fellows; and it will remain there for at least another generation. For our young offspring, to whom we shall bequeath it, worships Conrad even more than his father does."

Why didn't Mr. Hammond secure the butt of Mr. Conrad's cigarette? That would have been a more fragrant memorial of the meeting.

Some of us remember the outcry against Amelie Rives' "The Quick and the Dead," because she portrayed the heroine as treasuring tenderly and weeping over a cigar butt which had once been between the ruby lips of her lover—or was he her husband? We have forgotten everything in the novel except this butt.

#### SCOTT AND THE GOBLET

And now the match of Mr. Conrad will go down to history with the goblet of George IV. The story is told in Thackeray's "Four Georges," and Sir Walter Scott and the monarch visiting Scotland are there named, but Thackeray told it in a more amusing manner in his "Book of Snobs." Perhaps Mr. Hammond recalls the tale.

"We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty, and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass, out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it in his coat-pocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat tails very much, and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever."

#### PRECIOUS STONES

Then there is the story of the Prince eating a cherry pie in the presence of 10 fair maidens. The Prince withdrew to take the air. The girls swooped upon his chair, rushed for the plate that held the cherry stones. Let C. S. Calverley tell the rest. One of the maidens speaks:

"And so the treasures that had touch'd Exalted lips were ours!"

"One large one—at the moment It seemed almost divine— Was got by that Miss Beaumont, And three, O three, are mine! Yes! the three stones that rest beneath Glass on that plain deal shelf, Stranger, once dallied with the teeth Of Royalty itself."

"Let Parliament abolish Churches and States and Thrones, With reverent hands I'll polish Still, still my cherrystones! A clod—a piece of orange peel— An end of a cigar— Once trod on by a Princely heel, How beautiful they are!"

#### ARTISTIC FAMILIES

So Muriel McCormick finds that keeping a gown and wrap shop interferes with her studies for grand opera. Perhaps the laurels of her stepmother Ganna will not let her sleep. However this may be, the McCormick family may yet be famous in the annals of history. Scotch singers—we even now see and hear them though David, the papa, died in 1886. Three of the family, James, Lizzie and Kate perished in the burning of the Opera House at Nice. Then there were Robert, Helen, Marjory and Margaret.

No doubt the fame of the McCormick family will also go ringing down the corridors of time.

#### CONCERNING GEORGETTE

Mme. Georgette Leblanc is now Geor-

gette Leblanc Inc. In New York early this week, she told a reporter of her singing Melisande at the Boston Opera House. He was so moved by her narration—never having heard her sing, never having seen her stained-glass attitudes—that he spelled Melisande with a "z."

#### QUESTIONS FOR THE TIME

As The World Wags:

You must admire the optimism of the New Republic. It is still trying to get the French out of the Ruhr. Why can't France be taught to survey her ruins with the same sweet composure exhibited by the New Republic? She has waited only four or five years for reparations. Why not give the German republican government a chance? The innocent German people has repudiated its former government for the crime of devastating France—so incompletely.

What makes France so cross, anyhow? Why should Germany be made to pay just because she was defeated?

It must be clear to all that the French will never get what they want by going after it.

Why can't they let the Germans buy their coal from Germans? It wouldn't cost much more than to buy it from the French.

Etc., etc.

SAM CHARLES.

Boston.

#### AN ATTITUDE OF MIND

(From the Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society.)

Great praise be to Mary

That I have a house with sound walls,  
And a heap of turf in my kitchen,  
And my man is going to the churchyard,  
Johnny, my love!

My treasure and my darling,  
You used to club me with branch and root,

And with the stout end of the flail;  
And I will praise the Noble Son  
That you died before me.

Johnny, my love!

I shall put a stone at the back of your head,  
And another at the soles of your feet,  
And twelve stones, or thirteen  
Right over your heart,

So that you cannot rise up again,  
Johnny, my love!

#### COMBINATIONS IN THE WEST

(From the Evening Courier, Waterloo, Ia.)

FOR SALE—A DAVENPORT AND WRITING desk and china closet combined. Call at 622 Eureka-st. Phone 2871-J.

(From the Tribune, Mounds, Ill.)

FOR SALE—FINE JERSEY COW, GIVING milk, furniture and chickens. 208 S. Ash st.

WILL GENTLEMAN IN GOOD CIRCUMstances, loan young lady? Not ordinary case. Prefer Mason. Box 2, 6277-Post.

This last paragraph recalls a couplet of Byron's:

"Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hor-tensius."

May 19, 1923

## 'THE THREE SISTERS'

BY PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Three Sisters," a drama in four acts by Anton Chekhov. Performed by the Moscow Art Theatre.

Andrei Sergeievitch Prozorov Mr. Luzhsky  
Natalia Ivanovna (Natasha) Mme. Bulgakova  
Olga.....Mme. Pashennaya  
Masha.....Mme. Knipper-Chaikova  
Irina.....Mme. Korenova  
Fyodor Ilyitch Kuligin Mr. Vishnevsky  
Alexander Ignatievitch Vershinin Mr. Stanislavsky  
Nikolai Lvovitch Tuzenbach Mr. Katchalov  
Vassily Vassilevitch Solony Mr. Leonidov  
Ivan Romanovitch Chebutikin Mr. Gribunin

Alexei Petrovitch Fedotkin Mr. Tamirov  
Vladimir Carlovitch Rode Mr. Bulgakov  
Ferafont.....Mme. Alexandrov  
Ania.....Mme. Skulskaya  
A Singer.....Mme. Lopenskaya  
A Home Maid.....Mme. Tarasova  
"The Cherry Orchard" is characterized as a comedy; "The Three Sisters" as a drama. The two are dramas; the two are bitter comedies of social disintegration, social decadence.

The three sisters and a brother, by no means in poor circumstances, think of nothing, talk of nothing but their escape from a provincial town, their return to Moscow, their native city, where their father, now dead, held a military command.

"We go, we go," sing the soldiers in "The Pirates of Penzance." "Yes," says the major-general, "but you don't go." The old man in Nadaud's poem was unhappy because he would die before seeing Carcassonne. Men and women in



Elizabeth Baker's "Chains," which was seen here at the Copley Theatre, do not leave the town, do not free themselves, thought they are eager to do so. For Naudaud's old man there was an excuse. Habit and timidity chained Mrs. Baker's characters. But Cheekov gives no reason why the sisters did not forsake the dull, hated town, which was enlivened for a time only by the garrison stationed there.

The brother, Prozorov, has the ambition to be a professor at the Moscow University. He lets the time go by and marries Natasha, who soon rules him and his sisters with a rod of iron, a cheap woman, born to nag, not even faithful to Andrei. The oldest sister, Olga, is a school teacher, and, romantic by nature, has had no romance in her life. Masha is the wife of Kulligin, a pedantic schoolmaster, who breaks out in Latin, a good deal of bore, especially since he is good hearted. No wonder Masha falls in love with Vershinin, an officer, cursed with a neurotic, complaining wife. He in turn loves Masha, but he is ordered away. Life to him is dull and hopeless. Irina, the youngest, is intensely romantic. Only in Moscow will her ideals be attained. Three men are in love with her. She accepts a baron, one Tuzenbach, an army lieutenant, simply because she is bored. He is of a philosophic turn of mind, not wearing his heart on his sleeve, a fine fellow; but he is killed in a duel by the quarrelsome and insanely jealous Solony. Then there is the old army doctor, sentimental and given to drink.

The three sisters do not go to Moscow. At the end of the play one says: "There will come a time when everybody will know the reason for all this suffering, and there will be no more mysteries. But we must live—we must work." Her conclusion is that of Candide's, after his adventures, and in answer to the optimistic Dr. Pangloss: "Il faut cultiver notre jardin." Irina believes that their sufferings will turn into joy for those who will live after them. "If only we knew!" While the old army doctor, humming, "Tara . . . ra-boomdey" and reading a newspaper, mutters: "It's all the same! It's all the same!"

And so everything comes to nothing. The brother after he has mortgaged the house that belongs to him and his sisters gives the money to his wife and is content to be a cuckold. Masha's affair with Vershinin is platonic and passing. Olga goes somewhere to teach and to give her life to those that need it. Irina's betrothed is killed. All the talk, philosophic, foolish, aimless, is as vanity.

The play is for the most part talk that reveals character, as in "The Cherry Orchard." The dramatist is here a reporter with a camera. There is a fire and there is a duel, but they take place off stage. Illustrated sketches of drab life, lived by persons without initiative. Only Solony carries out a purpose: he kills the Baron. Of course if the brother and sisters had gone to Moscow, and, we repeat, there is no good reason for their not going, the play would not have been written. Or if Vershinin had only sacked his sniveling wife and run off with the bored Masha! We doubt if Kulligin would have died from grief. He would have consoled himself by a quotation from Seneca.

Again one must judge the play and appraise the worth of the dialogue by reading the printed book, guessing at the characters as they in turn appear on the stage, if one's memory is not abnormally sure; observing the pantomime of the comedians. And as far as it could be understood, the acting was of a high order, by reason of its natural representation of life. Mme. Knipper-chatchova was outwardly mature for the second sister, but she fully portrayed the character of Masha, her boredom as a wife, her rapture as a loved one. Mme. Korieneva, girlish in appearance, played the scene at the end of the third act with genuine force, and so one might go through the cast, down to the silent servant who served at table. This supper scene was marvelously true to life. The stage settings were curious in that the rooms of Prozorov's house were shabbily papered and furnished, although the family is not represented as being poor.

With performances of "The Three Sisters" this afternoon and evening, the engagement will end. We have learned, if it were necessary to learn, the great value of careful attention to ensemble; that, after all, there are no "star" parts; that the least important role should be acted with the care and intelligence bestowed on that of the protagonists, that an actor should not be merely a stoutheaded bottle while waiting for the cue that tells him to come forward and speak his little piece. To say that the art of the visitors can be fully appreciated by those not knowing Russian is arrant "snobism," which is more offensive than snobism.

There have been salient characterizations: Mr. Moskvins' Tsar and Luka; Mme. Knipper-chatchova's roles; Mr. Stanislavsky's Galev and Satine; Mme. Bulgakova's Natasha; Mr. Luzhsky's

Fire; the remarkable impersonation of Varya in "The Cherry Orchard" by Mme. Pashennaya and, perhaps above all, the Baron in "The Lower Depths" as played by Mr. Katchalov. Not soon shall we forget him as he stood on the ladder in the courtyard mocking the street-walker while she indulged herself in a romantic flight.

Mr. John T. Clark has lived for 62 years at a hotel in Norwich, Ct. His friends say that if he likes the hotel, he will continue to live there.

#### FOR "BEST SELLERS"

(Adv. in the Chicago Tribune)

FURNITURE—COMB. BOOKCASE and icebox, 2 doors. Phone Edgewater 6166-J, 1547 Ardmore-av.

Specialty designed, no doubt, for the novels of Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence "Flaming Youth," Hünker's "Painted Vells," Casanova in French or in Arthur Machen's translation, Marguerite's "La Garconne"—not to mention many other books recommended impressively by Boston booksellers to inquisitive and restless ladies, young and old.

Or, perhaps, as some in flats use the bathtub as a resting place for potted plants or coal, so this bookcase will give ample room for food about to be eaten or once served, and yet by the use of "dummies" give an air of culture to the visitor. Backgammon boards, in our boyhood, when folded, bore the lettering, "History of England," "Rollin's Ancient History," or other deceiving titles.

When young Mr. Sackville Maine was showing his family about the Sarcophagus Club, as Thackeray tells the story, he called his wife's attention to the choice library containing every work of importance.

"What have we here? 'Dugdale's Monasticon,' a most valuable and, I believe, entertaining book."

Sackville selected Vol. VII for inspection, attracted by a brass door-handle growing out of its back. What did he do but pull open a cupboard, containing a housemaid's broom and duster.

#### THE OLD HOME TOWN

You kin talk of Gay Paree,  
Of Monte Carlo by the sea,  
Or chant your hymns of praise for old Madrid.

Would you know my humble choice,  
The burg that makes my heart rejoice?

It's the Old Home Town.

There's Venice with its blue canals,  
And Cairo with its dark-eyed gals,  
Havana where they ain't put on the lid;  
But I would pass the whole world by  
For just a day before I die,  
In the Old Home Town.

It doesn't boast no noted men,  
It goes to bed by halfpast ten,  
And yet to me there ain't no fairer name.

You wonder whence such reverence wells?

I'll tell you friend—my mother dwells  
In the Old Home Town.

The kings of Egypt built 'em tombs  
Should long resist old Chronos' dooms;  
They're welcome to their hollow-mock-  
ing fame.

When death comes skulking after me,  
There's just one place I'd planted be—  
That's the Old Home Town.

P. D. GOG.

#### "HAPPY HOTTENTOTS"

As the World Wags:

Your column arouses old-timers all over the world. G. W. Chandler, the etcher, of Paris, France, now in Los Angeles, writes to me:

"Shabby Genteel was sung by Sol. Smith Russell between the acts of 'Evangeline' and 'Conrad the Corsair,' and had no reference to 'The Upper Ten and the Lower Five.'"

"The old-time variety acts might not

get by quite so well now, but 'Evangeline' has no equal in latter-day shows.

"Just the same, I should be willing to give something to see a couple of long-legged, limber ginks do the Happy Hottentots. Also in the old music halls one could sit in a comfortable seat and smoke while a white-aproned waiter passed up and down the aisle taking your order for drinks."

The Happy Hottentots went something like this:

"We're two Happy Hottentots,  
Happy—Happy—Happy Hottentots  
And from Africa we came,  
That's where we gained our name."

That was half of the first verse, the closing four lines commencing with "We used to gather buchu leaves," and testified to the merits of old Doc Helmbold's buchu, a popular cure in the eighties, with a picture of Hottentots (on the label) gathering buchu (what-ever that was) in South Africa. The

team split 10 a week extra for this advertisement. After the song came some extraordinary dancing of the flip-flap "silence and fun" order. The last time I saw this team was in Cole & Middleton's Dime Museum in Chicago.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Yes, we remember how this "Buchu" was widely advertised. We also remember how some insisted that the word should be pronounced "Boohoo." The plant thus called by the natives at the Cape of Good Hope, the "dlosma crenata," should not be confounded with the pamela bush bearing the dilson berries that are eagerly devoured by the killulu bird of the Congo. We also remember how Helmbold spurged it. Did he not finally die insane?—Ed.

#### LAMENT FOR TANTALUS

The gods once chained you to a barren rock.

And damned you with an overwhelming thirst;  
Nor slaked it with a dipper full of gin:  
Hot puppy! What a tough way to be  
"curst!"

O Tantalus, my heart goes out to you!  
Old Spain's inquisitors could scheme  
and ghink

Of horrid tortures; yet, they never dreamed

Of leaving some poor bird without a drink.

SIMON CALLED SCRATCH.

#### A NOTE ON HIGHBROWS

The London Daily Chronicle is publishing letters which discuss the important question: "Does an intellectual woman make a good wife?"

"Augusta" writes from experience that a highbrow husband is not only a nuisance at home, but also a bore. "He is so much above the ordinary everyday things of life—lives so much in the clouds—that it doesn't seem possible for him to come down to the lower altitudes of the home. Home is not highbrow, and I pity the woman who is tied to a man with more head than heart."

As a deep thinker once remarked: "Much might be said on either side." We have seen highbrows running to the grocery, washing dishes, making beds, even wheeling a baby. We admit, it was a sad sight, not one for our friend the Historical and Biographical Painter; not one for a series of pictures illustrating in a Sunday supplement the home life of the celebrated Leonidas Smithers. We have known highbrows that were henpecked. On the other hand, a learned man may be in daily life a mutt.

The highbrow husband may insist that thick incense be swung beneath his nostrils at all hours. If his Arabella does not keep exclaiming: "How wonderful you are, Augustus! What could you ever have seen in stupid me?" he sulks, and thinks to himself: "There are women, by heck, who know how to appreciate me." Perhaps it is better for the woman to be the highbrow in the family—if at the same time she can run the house, keep the servant in good humor, and if necessary, cook a chop without burning it.

#### VARIOUS NOTES

"Parsifal" was performed for the first time in Dutch at Antwerp on April 10.

Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony has been performed at Rome under Mr. Coates' leadership. One critic wrote that the composer's intentions did not emerge clearly from the fog, yet the work was interesting. A new suite by Santoliquido, "Acquarelli," played at the same concert, gave great pleasure.

A new life of Verdi, by A. Bonaventura, has been published by Alean, Paris (7fr. 50c.). It is favorably reviewed.

"Musiques d'Aujourd'hui," by Emile Vuillermoz, is published by Cres & Co., Paris (6fr.).

Fragments of a suite derived from Gabriel Plerne's "Cydalise et le Chevre-pied," were performed for the first time at a Colonne concert, Paris, April 28.

Which is the most magnificent grand piano in the world? The claim is made for an instrument which comes under the hammer with other contents of Lord Foley's town house on Monday and Tuesday. The piano was built for an earlier holder of the Foley title by George Henry Blake of London, and has a case of satinwood wonderfully inlaid with ivory and ornamental woods. The inlay is in groups, which comprise classical figures and musical trophies, landscape panels, arabesque foliage, and masks. It will be interesting to note the price limit to which a modern buyer is willing to go to secure an instrument which, in appearance at any rate, can surely have no rival among the productions of today.—Daily Chronicle.

The "Wedding March" from Handel's "Joseph," which, as a writer on this

page recently recalled, was played at the wedding of the Prince of Wales and Princess Alexandra 80 years ago, is a remarkable tribute to the composer's genius. When Handel found a wedding march for "Joseph" necessary he was rather pressed for time, and solved the difficulty by utilizing a march he had written for his earlier oratorio, "Samson," where it appeared as a funeral march. But though Handel had no qualms about using the same march for wedding and funeral purposes, his example has not been generally followed, and whenever "Samson" is performed, it is necessary to substitute the "Dead March" from "Saul" for the original funeral march which proved so adaptable.—Daily Chronicle.

Richard Strauss and Weingartner, conductors of the two chief operas in Vienna, have proposed to hand over to Wagner's heirs the receipts of the performances they conduct of Wagner's dramas, owing to the impoverished condition of the Villa Wahnfried exchequer. In the case of the Volksoper, which Weingartner conducts, the directors acceded at once; in the other case—the State Opera—permission has to be obtained from Parliament.—Daily Telegraph.

Mlle. Rahna, a charming and artistic dancer from the Palace Variety Music Hall, Paris, resorted to an original line of defence when charged with giving an indecorous stage display. Harry Pilcer, the former partner of Gaby Deslys, and Mlle. Zulaika, who were summoned along with her before the Juge d'Instruction, contended that the exhibition was artistic and in no way transgressed the canons of good taste. But Rahna questioned the judge, and finding that he rarely visited music halls, and was somewhat hazy as to the tastes of the public, offered there and then to show him exactly how she danced on the stage. She reproduced at the Palais de Justice her "turn" at the music hall and was triumphantly acquitted.

#### ARTHUR BLISS

Mr. Robert H. Legge wrote in the Daily Telegraph of London (April 21) about Mr. Arthur Bliss, who, by the way, was in Boston last Tuesday.

"There can be none who ever came in personal contact with Arthur Bliss who will not regret, selfishly enough, if you like, that he, one of the brightest and most shining lights of our musical cosmos, has seen fit to return to the land of his forebears, to California, in fact. Arthur Bliss, old Rugbeian, Cantab, quondam Guardsman, most energetic and virile of young composers, has thrown in his lot with America, from which land came his ancestors, and thence he is departed today. But, though it may be for years, it won't be forever that he is gone, ostensibly to plough the land and to grow oranges. He is gone to Santa Barbara, which, be it known to you, is not two hours' railway journey from Los Angeles, the home of the art and industry of the cinema. I confess frankly to a certain definite conviction that this musician so richly endowed by the Muses with musical brains, musical instincts, and music (not to say also musician-ship) will prove the leader in a movement bound to come for the perfection of music, the art, in conjunction with 'the picture' in their most glorified form. I fancy Arthur Bliss returning to us in probably a very few years as the composer par excellence of the cinema. I can see the rising in the near future of a cinema Bayreuth with Arthur Bliss as its prophet. His is precisely the new mind for the new world, alert, active, untiring, and full of knowledge and mental acquisitiveness. California may and will develop his experience. But nothing will dim the brightness of the years he was the leader of that genus known to all and sundry as 'the Young British Composer.' May all good fortune attend him in the new world and a cordial greeting on his return full of even greater accomplishment."

#### PERSONAL

The London Times speaking of Roland Hayes's recital last month said that while it would be difficult to make more musical sounds than he gave in an air from "Aclis," and Debussy's "Les Cloches," his German was not so good. "The defect seems to be a want of solidarity. All the separate parts of singing have been carefully studied, but the results are not brought together enough, and so each song pleases by some special quality, but only occasionally by all. We get too much the impression of the song having been studied for itself, and not enough the feeling that it is merely a particular instance to which the art of a lifetime has been applied."

The London Times says that Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," a play at one time under the ban in London, has been made the basis of "the most impressive film which so far has come us from Germany."



So Mr. Sothern and his wife, Julia Marlowe, will revive Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" next season, a play "which has not been seen on the American stage for many years." Will they play in modern dress and thus follow the example of the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre which celebrated Shakespeare's birthday last month by dressing the characters in "Cymbeline" as faithfully as possible in the clothes of our own time?

The reason given for this extraordinary costuming was that Shakespeare's directions as to the period of the play are incongruous. The Britons, who wore woad or skins, are usually dressed in garments of the middle ages. How did the experiment turn out? Some of the critics were merry and made mock of the performance. The Times, however, said with an air of rebuke that nothing would be easier and nothing more foolish than to treat the performance with ridicule.

According to report the King, now in full-dress military uniform and now with a crown and ermine cape, reminded one of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and sometimes of a peer in "Iolanthe." The Queen had a scarlet wig and "the tight fitting and sinuous gowns that are the sure mark of a 'vamp' on the movies." Cloten did not sport a monicle, but he was the idiotic dandy portrayed by Huntley or Grossmith. Princess Imogen was unobtrusively gowned—like Princess Mary—"the sort of girl one might meet in a nice suburban tennis club any lucky day."

## Imogen in Knickerbockers Was Discreet

When she took to men's clothing in the pursuit of her lover, it was to a discreet and wholly unremarkable knickerbocker suit. Leonatus, Iachimo and the other young men wore dinner jackets at night, and in the day time either lounge suits or flannels with sport coats.

"The court physician has the garb and bedside manner of Harley street, and the courtiers of Cymbeline, in their morning coats, look quite dreadfully like minor members of Mr. Law's unimportant Ministry." Belarius yielded (in knickers, a sombrero and a bandolier) to British authority (in khaki with a red hat). The Briton soldiers were dressed as Tommy Atkins; the Roman legions as Bersaglieri.

The Manchester Guardian, it will thus be seen, was too amused to be indignant; it contented itself with calling the performance a lugubrious joke. The Daily Telegraph was convinced that the production had only a "stunt" value. When Cymbeline entered as the very model of a modern major-general "the comic opera suggestion of his costume so worked upon his mind that he betrayed a strong tendency to sing his words in the last scene." The Times found the weakness, not the strength of the play made ridiculous by modern dress.

## WE ARE NOT ELIZABETHANS

And the Times thus freed its mind: "It is irrelevant and unnecessary to argue that, because Elizabethan actors wore Elizabethan clothes, we ought to be happy with posthumous Leonatus in a dinner jacket or with the First Gaoler going into battle in tin hat. It is irrelevant to say—though it is true—that Elizabethan audiences liked a little revue mingled with their historical plays and that a topical allusion or a piece of slang pleased rather than alarmed them. We have either gone back from that or advanced beyond it—put it which way you will. Our audience is not Elizabethan. To pretend that it is or ought to be is a piece of sterile pedantry. When, in the midst of a play with an ancient setting, we find ourselves laughing at a modern joke, we may enjoy the joke, but our enjoyment breaks the illusion of the play. Thus it happened at Birmingham last night, the moment the drama languished, and the strangeness of costume was given a chance to insist upon our remembering it, Cymbeline and the Romanians were far away, and their emotions seemed unreal nonsense."

Before the performance the Manchester Guardian hoped that nobody would be stupid enough to go to the Birmingham Theatre with a mind to titter, even if Iachimo were to emerge in evening dress from a traveling trunk of today. "Titters in theatres are enemies of the human race."

Apropos of this production, the Daily Chronicle published this paragraph: "Perhaps the most amusing instance of Shakespeare in modern or contemporary dress was that when Quin produced 'Coriolanus' at Covent Garden in 1749. An old print of the time shows Garrick's famous rival as a supremely comic Roman. On his head he carried a brace of nodding plumes, and a full-bottom wig of George III period. His natural fat was given the appearance of additional avoirdupois. At his hips the big surcoat widened out to a crinoline ballet skirt. Enormous sleeves opened upward from wrist to armpit. Quin's ladies, Volumina and Virgilia, were just as fantastic in huge billowy gowns, with yards of frilling at the sleeve, and throttling neck-belt to complete the inconsistency."

When "Hamlet" was first played at the Theatre in Japan, a few years ago the

Prince, according to the Kobe Herald, appeared first in a silk hat and swallow-tail coat, then on a bicycle, clad in a bright blue cycling suit and striped stockings, and then in evening dress with a flower in his buttonhole. Ophelia, for the purposes of the play, was transformed into a fellow-student of Hamlet at the Imperial University of Tokyo.

And what extraordinary costumes were worn for years in plays of old Roman or Grecian history on the Parisian stage!

## RESPIGHI'S "BELFAGOR"

Respighi's new opera "Belfagor" was produced at La Scala, Milan, on April 26. The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph described it as follows:

The libretto, written by Claudio Guastallo, mingles naive mediaeval comedy with classic mythology and rabbinical demonology, and is taken from one of Machiavelli's stories, the "Novella Placivissima di Belfagor," parts of which five great masters, Halevy, Andrews, Legrand, Christensen and Puccini, had already set to music. Belfagor, an archdemon, is chosen by lot by his fellow-devils to return to earth, and find out by personal experience whether it is really true that the perdition of most husbands is caused by their wives. Belfagor is given a bag of 100,000 golden ducats with which to make a really fine impression. He lands in a village on the Tuscan seashore where Miroceto, the village leech, a careless father and drunken husband, has three pretty marriageable daughters, of whom the most modest and most attractive is Candida. Belfagor forgets he is a demon, and falls really in love with Candida, but she already has a true lover, an honest sailor lad to whom she is married in the end, to the confusion of Belfagor.

The incidents are varied and amusing. Candida is forced by her father to accept marriage in consideration of the 100,000 ducats, and goes to live in a gorgeous castle, a magic creation of the demon Belfagor, but she refuses to accept him as her husband and after one month of virtuous struggles she escapes with her true lover, the sailor lad Baldo. She confides to her mother that at the wedding ceremony with Belfagor she had secretly withheld her consent, and had not replied to the priest, on which account the wedding bells remained mute. On the day when she would really marry Baldo the wedding bells would really ring, and so it eventually turns out. In answer to her prayers to the Madonna the miracle is performed, and the opera ends with the ringing of the wedding bells. The performance elicited considerable applause at the conclusion of each act, but it was more an applause of esteem and encouragement than of real spontaneous enthusiasm. The truth is that the music has all the merits and defects of present-day operatic compositions, which consist generally of the studied exclusion of rhythmic melodies and comprise only a succession of languid, harmonic sounds. The execution becomes exceedingly difficult, and the artists have only the greater merit in giving some life and reality to the characters they represent. Miss Margaret Sheridan was specially asked to undertake the interpretation of Candida, and her voice seems to improve with every fresh appearance. Each time it is sweeter, firmer and more fascinating, with a marvellous quality of pleasing. Though not Italian, she is each time warmly and enthusiastically cheered by the public of the Scala, with whom she has become a great favorite. It is with regret that they learn that she is to leave Milan, and will sing in Chicago next winter. The baritone, Stabile, gave a

wonderful creation of Belfagor, and it will be interesting to see him in "Falstaff" in Rome two weeks hence on the occasion of the royal visit.

Five great masters, Halevy, Andrews, Legrand, Christensen and Puccini. Halevy and Puccini we know. Pray, who are the remaining three?—Ed.

## TRAILS AND FILMS

Apropos of "The Covered Wagon," a film play, which will be shown at the Majestic Theatre beginning tomorrow, Mr. Henry MacMahon has written an interesting article about the Oregon trail, over which "covered wagons" moved. This film play is based on the novel by the late Emerson Hough.

The subject recalls some of the most romantic events in American history, particularly the progress of the prairie schooners from Missouri river points westward to the occupying of Oregon and other regions on the extreme frontier back in 1848. Their path was the vague, obscure and as yet almost unknown Oregon trail, 2000 miles of it, stretching away to the northwest through eastern Kansas, mid-Nebraska, Wyoming, the northern edge of Utah, Idaho, the southeast corner of Washington, and Oregon. 'Twas little more than the nearly obliterated trackage and debris of two score seasons of occasional hardy explorers, trappers, traders and scouts. Two prior covered wagon expeditions had tried it, but had come to untimely deaths.

Dating back to early in the last century when the government officers, Lewis and Clark, first pushed across the prairies and over the Rockies, it was made a bit more definite by the celebrated journey of the congressional missionary Whitman, who reached Walla Walla 100 years ago last summer and founded there a Christian settlement and college among the barbarous Indians. This, and the Astoria settlement on the Oregon coast, definitely located the Pacific northwest as initially occupied by citizens of the United States, gave point to Secretary Daniel Webster's arguments with Lord Ashburton, and finally won from Great Britain recognition of American political rights in that quarter of the world. But as is well known, possession being nine points of the law, Oregon and Washington had to be possessed as well as ruled. The political title alone would not have amounted to much more practically than a few centuries before the celebrated division of eastern and western hemispheres of the world by Spain and Portugal—excellent theory but vague practice!

"The Covered Wagon" book and play deal with the real conquest of the trail by the great prairie schooner trek of American history, an incursion into unknown lands comparable to the Aryan migrations into Europe or the Goth and Saxon conquests of the western half of the wide Roman realm.

It was the custom to start at a number of Missouri river points and converge at Grand Island, where, after crossing the Platte, the united caravan journeyed northwestward. Some started from Council Bluffs, others from St. Joseph, but the particular band with which the story deals outfitted at Westport Landing (now Kansas City), made its way to the site of the present Leavenworth, and proceeded across the boundedly fertile valleys and timber ranges of eastern Kansas and southeastern Nebraska to the common meeting point at Grand Island, Neb.

The chief dangers of the plains were Indian attack or the Indian setting of prairie fires, menacing the whole caravan and its possessions. These dangers were safely avoided or conquered, and the swollen rivers were crossed without loss of life.

Farther on, as the trail proceeded into the more desert regions and into the sterile Rockies, intolerable climatic conditions, privations and sufferings, especially starvation and thirst, offered terrible obstacles. Many lost heart and turned back, only to be scalped by Indians hanging on the flanks for stragglers. Death, marriage and birth proceeded apace in the itinerant city. A welcome station stop was Fort Bridger in Wyoming, where the gallant scout, Jim Bridger, welcomed the traveling parties in a buffalo hunt that had the double aim of sport and replenishing the larder.

The trail looped along and into the northern edge of Utah. Here came word borne by a Kit Carson scout that gold particles had been found in panning the streams of central California. Half the expedition fell away and bore due west, lured by the bright hope of gold, despite Capt. Wingate's urgings not to abandon the plough-and-furrow aim wherewith they had started out to create golden wheatfields in the Northwest.

The faithful half of the pioneer prairie schooner families trekked through Idaho, taking a line considerably to the south of Boise and crossing over into Oregon close to the boundary between that territory and the future state of Washington. They arrived in driving snow and blizzard. Nevertheless brave old Jesse Wingate stuck the plough through the snow into the soil and

turned the first sod of Oregon earth, which was eagerly divided up among the covered wagon families as souvenirs of the reaching of their quest.

Followed the rapid filling of free lands, the building of shacks, the getting ready for spring and the planting of the seed that the settlers had brought with them. Within a comparatively short time Oregon was admitted to the Union as a free-soil state. Though all the pioneers had been sure that railroads would never penetrate the wilds they had traversed, soon after the civil war the bright lines of steel grew and grew and extended apace until they stretched from the Missouri river to San Francisco and from Ogden, Utah up to Portland, Or., following roughly the California-Oregon pioneer trails.

"The Covered Wagon" is really of love and adventure, but it follows faithfully the Oregon trail.

Ysaye as conductor. "That all too familiar quotation beginning, 'Be not afraid of greatness,' divides the great ones of the earth into three categories. It seems that a fourth must be added, for of late there have been brought before us a few examples of those who have thrust greatness from them. A 'born great' pianist suddenly elects to become a symbolical patriot; another pianist of the achieving group takes to the writing of operas, and now one, who has always been regarded here in England as among the very few authoritative violinists of the old school, comes to us in the guise of conductor. And at the end of the concert at the Albert Hall yesterday afternoon one was left wondering and wondering why this thing should be. For Ysaye as a violinist is an unthinkable loss. He plays directly inspired, and not as the scribes. Of course, it was inevitable that something of his authority and lofty musicianship should find its way through him to the London Symphony Orchestra, and through it to the audience—and especially in that wonderful Schumann Overture to 'Manfred' and in the Adagio of the Grieg Pianoconcerto; and you may argue that he has not thrust his greatness from him but is dispersing it that its influence may be more widely felt. But the whole point of greatness is that it should be accumulated and concentrated upon one single spot. Its culmination steals upon you unawares, and for only a moment of time. Disperse it, and you render its culmination impotent. Ysaye, as conductor, yielded none of those still small moments that he brings as violinist."

It may be remembered that there is a Gervase Elvess fund for musicians, named after the admirable English tenor who met his death at the Back Bay station in this city. The fund was started less than two years ago to help musicians in the further study of their art, and to assist those whom sickness or the after effects of the war have placed in straitened circumstances. Twenty-five hundred pounds had been raised by May 1 of this year, and between £600 and £700 have been already disbursed in small sums.

At first sight it may seem a little extravagant of Miss Anna Hegner, the Basle violinist, to offer to a London—or any other—audience five programs, every one of which contains concertos and concertos only. But so it was thought of Harold Samuel with his wonderful Bach week last year. The unusual happens successfully in music as in other matters. Just how long it is since Miss Hegner last played in London I know not; but I recollect her appearance here with her (late) brother, Otto Hegner, some 30 years ago. Now she is coming back to illustrate the development of the violin concerto by means of these five concertos from Bach to Bruch, in which no less than 16 concertos will be played, with the help of the Queen's Hall Orchestra and Sir Henry J. Wood.—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Dolmetsch and family are giving three concerts at No. 6 Queen square, of which the first was on Wednesday. No one would be foolish enough to go to these things in a critical spirit. Of course, they could be played better, but they might then lose the flavor which alone makes them worth having. Music is so wide a thing that it admits all the enthusiasms, and we should be sorry to miss this voice from the chorus. It is all very pleasant and, incidentally, it obeys the Hindu canon of art, by which nothing must be complete or perfect—otherwise it would be the work not of man, but of the gods.—London Times.

## THE FILM WORLD

For some time past a so-called prologue has been tacked on to the beginning of every new "super-film." A prologue, indeed, is now looked upon as one of the obligatory concomitants of any film that pretends to superiority over the ordinary picture play, the "program picture," as it is somewhat



intempestuously designated in the ver-  
gular of the cinema industry. The  
reason for this is not very clear, un-  
less it is that we, in this country, must  
ways follow docilely in the footsteps  
of our friends across the Atlantic,  
where prologues, like almost everything  
else connected with the exploitation of  
films, originated. As usual, moreover,  
we are adopting the practice just as the  
United States, having put it to the test  
and found it wanting, are on the point  
of discarding it. To say that not one  
film prologue in 10 is worth listening to,  
or looking at, as the case may be, is to  
put it mildly. What this innovation  
really amounts to is a tacit admission  
that the silent drama has not suffi-  
cient vitality to stand unsupported on  
its own feet. This is a sorry and  
totally uncalled-for admission. The  
moving picture play which requires  
some kind of supplementary explana-  
tion or synthesis to render it intelli-  
gible is obviously a total or a semi-  
failure.

All things considered, it may be as-  
sumed that the prologue will become  
extinct before long. Another menace  
to the supremacy of the picture play  
is not to be disposed of so easily. The  
musical accompaniment to the film has  
always been tending to usurp pride of  
place ever since the day when it was  
first recognized to be practically in-  
dispensable. In order, as some one has  
said, to break the uncanny silence of  
the picture house and satisfy the  
natural craving of the ear for sound  
while the eye is engrossed by silent  
action. It is another case of the sur-  
vival of the fittest. In some instances,  
if the orchestra has not actually suc-  
ceeded in submerging the pictures alto-  
gether, it has, at any rate, robbed them  
of their primary importance on the  
program. The vassal, in fact, is gradu-  
ally gaining ground, preparatory to

usurping the place of the master. As  
larger and larger sums have to be dis-  
bursed for his music, the theatre owner  
is necessarily forced to economize in  
other directions. The pruning axe is  
applied to what should be the main  
feature of the entertainment, the pic-  
tures. This, perforce, reacts pre-  
judicially on the film producer. The lat-  
ter, unable to obtain so remunerative  
a price as formerly, is constrained to  
turn out films of inferior quality, which  
are cold-shouldered by the public. This  
is not to imply by any means that the  
worth of a film must necessarily be  
measured by its cost. As Lord Riddell  
justly remarked in his address at the  
Stoll Picture House the other day, a  
really vivid screen play produced in a  
bare hall may be far more impressive  
than another made in palatial settings.  
—Daily Telegraph.

#### PLAYS NEW AND OLD

Somerset Maugham's "Jack Straw"  
was revived in London last month. "It  
is only 15 years old, this farce of Mr.  
Maugham's, and yet it seems older than  
any history that is written in any  
book."

Rosina Filippi's "The Bennets," an  
adaptation of Jane Austen's "Pride and  
Prejudice," has been revived in Lon-  
don. A version of the same novel by  
J. C. Squire and Mrs. Squire was  
brought out in London last year. Jane  
Austen created her incidents and char-  
acters for one medium and here are  
sacreligious hands trying to adapt them  
to another, entirely different. "The  
Bennets" is a good entertainment, but  
the very cleverness of the adapta-  
tion is its downfall. It is so similar to  
the original and yet so absolutely dif-  
ferent. Jane Austen has been trans-  
lated into a new sphere where her  
characters are distinctly not at home,  
and they seemed to stride forlornly  
across the stage (some of them so upset  
that they could not even remember  
what they had to say) until such time  
as they could return to their proper  
place in the book.

The British players, "Rhine Army  
Dramatic Society," were for four years  
in the Deutsches Theatre at Cologne.  
The curtain went down for the last  
time early in April. The players had  
performed "Hamlet" without cuts, "The  
Knight of the Burning Pestle," the en-  
tire works of Shaw and Wilde, most of  
Galsworthy's and other plays, British  
and foreign, ancient and modern. "The  
German public has been amazed at the  
wealth of the modern dramatic lit-  
erature of England which has been re-  
vealed to it by these amateur players  
and the producers."

Clive Currie is the author of a new  
theatrical version of "Nicholas Nickle-  
by" which has been produced in London.  
The author played Newman Noggs "and  
his performance was only marred by  
the way in which he was inclined to  
linger over the parts that most ap-  
pealed to him."

#### "OLIVER CROMWELL"

John Drinkwater's new play, "Oliver  
Cromwell," was produced at Manches-  
ter (Eng.) on April 23. The Manchester  
Guardian had this to say about it:

Mr. Drinkwater hasn't set himself to  
reconstruct history, but rather to in-

ternate the soul of history in the  
persons of those who made it—that is  
to say, his purpose is not historical  
accuracy nor biographical verisimilitude,  
but dramatic significance and dramatic  
beauty. Drama is, as Aristotle says of  
poetry, "a more philosophical and  
higher thing than history," and it is on  
the dramatic side of this alliance that  
Mr. Drinkwater lays his values. Not, of  
course, in the cheaper sense of dramat-  
ic, or he would have taken the rugged,  
violent, arbitrary and fanatical elements,  
the spectacular elements, of Cromwell's  
nature, and made a film play out of  
them. He has done better than that,  
because his conception of drama is of a  
thing of spiritual forces. He has chosen  
the nobler, the libertarian, elements in  
Cromwell, and shown them working  
against the spirit of tyranny in high  
places, and prevailing, as they pre-  
vailed over those other qualities in  
Cromwell himself, to the salvation of  
England. It is the soul of him rather  
than the whole of him that Mr. Drink-  
water has shown, just as it was the  
soul and not the whole of Lincoln.  
Indeed, the play has many "Lincoln"  
parallels. "But I have a faith," he says  
to the agent of the Earl of Bedford,  
like Lincoln at Gettysburg, "that the  
people of this country are born to be  
under God, a free people"; and Lin-  
coln's "If I ever get a chance to hit  
that thing, I'll hit it hard" is re-echoed  
in Cromwell's vow over a Star Chamber  
victim of his own town: "Before God, I  
will not rest until all that it stands for  
in this unhappy England is less than  
dust." It is Cromwell the liberator that  
Mr. Drinkwater has presented, and  
after all that was the essential Crom-  
well. "It will be a freer land because  
you have lived in it, my son," is the  
death-bed tribute of his mother. "Our  
name may be forgotten, but it does  
not matter."

The play has even less dramatic syn-  
thesis than "Lincoln" had, less unity of  
action. Its eight scenes may almost be  
viewed as tightly compartmental. But  
then it is not by rising action, or in-  
deed by action at all on its more man-  
ifest side, that Mr. Drinkwater gets his  
effects, though he has a very sure  
sense of dramatic situation. It is less  
by its structure than its texture that  
this play tells; what its author can do  
with words and by withholding words.  
It is not merely that he has fashioned  
a fabric that by its simplicity and un-  
iversality brings the Stuart age down to

today and throws today back to the  
Stuarts; he has so spun it and woven it  
that you feel his little words big with  
the import of great principles and the  
presence or imminence of great events.  
The terse, nerve-set phrases in them-  
selves convey the intensity of action  
and the tensely of inaction. The scene  
of Hampton Court, where Cromwell  
and Ireton confront the King with his  
perfidy, is in situational effect alone a  
dexterous piece of dramatic cunning;  
but it is the phrasing that completes  
the force of it:—

Cromwell: Here are ten lines of the  
bitterest damnation that ever came  
from the mind of treason (taking the  
paper again). . . Word blaspheming  
word as we have spoken. Disastrous  
man!

Ireton: How far has this gone?  
Charles: We are not before our  
judges.

Cromwell: It will come. . . Know this,  
Charles Stuart, that when we draw the  
sword again it is the sword of judg-  
ment. Out there many call you the man  
of blood. . . Blood is upon us again,  
blood spilled for a perfidious King. The  
sword that we had put by forever! My  
God, how I have feared it. Well, so be  
it. We go to the field again—but then,  
prepare you for the reckoning. It shall  
be to the uttermost.

Charles: This argument is ended.  
Cromwell: All arguments are ended.

And the next scene, on the day of the  
execution, is even more remarkable for  
its power of atmospheric suggestion.  
From the window of Cromwell's house  
looking out to Whitehall the little  
family group, by what they don't say  
no less than by what they do, are  
made imaginatively to convey the  
event to us and invest it with all its  
tragic significance. Each scene had  
something beautiful or moving, or both,  
and each actor's special contribution to  
it was beautifully or movingly made.  
Whether "Oliver Cromwell" has the  
career of "Abraham Lincoln" or not  
few who saw Mr. Ainley's company in  
it would be prepared to say that with  
"Lincoln" the mould was broken.

C. P.

#### OPERA IN LONDON

(By Ernest Newman)

The operatic prospects are none too  
cheerful. As is generally known, we  
should have had a season in July by the  
Vienna Volksoper, under Weingartner,  
but that a music hall impresario has a  
lease of Covent Garden till well on into  
the autumn. The whole episode is a  
charming commentary on the state of  
opera in this country. Everyone looks  
to Sir Thomas Beecham as our only  
hope. His plans, if he has any, are as

yet undisclosed. It is understood that  
he has been offered the directorship of  
an important foreign opera house, where  
he will have a free hand and a large  
subsidy. This, however, would pre-  
sumably occupy him for only a few  
months in the year. He has reason  
enough to be a little tired of England,  
and a little sceptical as to the chances  
of opera here, but he is probably still  
incurably idealistic, and it is hard to  
believe that he will not make at least  
one effort more to shake us out of our  
traditional torpor.

He would necessarily have to do  
things on rather different lines if he  
were to begin again. The problem and  
the chances of English opera have  
changed a good deal during the last  
few years. Opera in English, with other  
towns served as well as London, is no  
doubt the ideal thing, but the fates are  
all against it at present. We simply  
have not the singers to make up a first  
rate company, and I myself cannot see  
that it would be worth Sir Thomas  
Beecham's while simply to do in another  
way what is already being done by the  
two leading British touring companies.  
Not even by raking together all that is  
best in them both could he hope to  
create a first rate organization; several  
of the singers who were at their best  
from about 1913 to 1920 are now rather  
below their best, others have appar-  
ently been lost to opera altogether. Find-  
ing the music halls and musical comedy  
more profitable. Others have left the  
country, others appear to have given up  
altogether; and there are not enough  
promising new singers coming along to  
make up the deficiency. Moreover, I  
can imagine Sir Thomas Beecham re-  
coiling from the task of once more mak-  
ing artists out of rather raw material.  
Latterly I have seen and heard several  
of his old singers who are now engaged  
in other kinds of work. Almost with-  
out exception they have degenerated.  
It is easy enough to see what has hap-  
pened. When they were with Sir  
Thomas Beecham they were kindled by  
his genius to an inordinance they  
could never have achieved on their own  
account; I particularly have in mind  
one singer, whom I heard quite lately,  
who used to do excellent work in a  
small way in the Beecham company,  
but who has now reverted to the com-  
monplace that seems natural to him.  
These people were merely flaments  
through which Sir Thomas passed the  
electric current of his own genius; now  
that the current is withdrawn they are  
merely so much ordinary wire again.  
So far as I can see, nothing short of a  
miracle could present Sir Thomas, dur-  
ing the next three or five years, with  
the material for an English opera com-  
pany that, even with the hardest work,  
could be made into an instrument fine  
enough to satisfy his artistic ideals.

Sooner or later, no doubt, we shall  
have international seasons in London.  
Unfortunately, as Sir Thomas Beecham  
pointed out in a recent interview, in-  
ternational opera is expensive, and the  
class that used to be able to pay for it  
is now much poorer than it used to be.  
But it is incredible that a city like  
London should remain forever in its  
present ignominious state as regards  
opera. Perhaps London society only  
needs skilled organizing to make inter-  
national opera once more possible; and  
if anyone is competent to tackle the  
whole problem it is Sir Thomas  
Beecham. Nothing, needless to say, can  
be done this year.

#### A REPERTORY THEATRE

(Manchester Guardian)

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre  
has now been at work for 10 years, and  
it has every reason for self-congratula-  
tion. The record which it has published  
of past and present activities is cer-  
tainly calculated to rouse envy in cities  
to which a good play is only occasion-  
ally wafted on the wings of accident.  
Now the company, which traces its ori-  
gin to an amateur group of players, has  
its home team, its touring team, who  
will visit Manchester on June 4, and has  
also been proving to Londoners by a  
temporary occupation of the Regent  
Theatre that there is a very large and  
enthusiastic public for British opera.  
Repertory theatres, to escape the in-  
fant mortality that so often overtakes  
them, must have two guardians—faith  
and finance. Birmingham has been  
lucky in both, and it has made the  
very most of its luck. The real diffi-  
culty in this country is to establish a  
public tradition of taking the theatre  
as a normal and necessary amenity of  
life. Many people who would be horri-  
fied to miss the contact with imagina-  
tion and ideas that good novels supply  
still regard a visit to the theatre as a  
convivial outing for social purposes in  
which art has little concern. We have  
never accepted the continental view  
that a great city can hardly maintain  
its name without being itself respon-  
sible for plays and operas. British be-  
lief in private enterprise is particu-  
larly strong in regard to the arts, and  
it is therefore most welcome to read

such a report of the Birmingham Repertory  
Theatre can send out. The general  
experience in this country is that good  
plays will find a good and large public  
in time, but that building up a tradi-  
tion of such playgoing makes heavy de-  
mands on faith and patience. In Mr.  
Barry Jackson, the founder and direc-  
tor of the Birmingham experiment, not  
only his own city but the nation as a  
whole has an example of ardor and en-  
durance gladly met and we hope in-  
creasingly rewarded.

There is no doubt that some animals  
have the highest intelligence, not  
merely instinct. An elephant is now  
starring with great success in a film  
drama; dogs have also been "featured"  
—to use the jargon of the press agent.  
In "Trifling Women" a chimpanzee  
does amazing things, so amazing that  
many have thought he was a man in a  
monkey's skin. Unworthy suspicion!

Let these sceptics read the story of  
a hurglar in a flat in the Rue Saint  
Dominique, Paris. The tenants, Mr.  
and Mrs. Malateste, have a pet monkey.  
Returning from a dinner they found the  
door of the flat open and the rooms in  
disorder. The monkey was seated be-  
fore the door of a locked cupboard. He  
was in an excited state, and he pulled  
at his master's coat to draw his atten-  
tion to this cupboard, whereupon Mr.  
Malateste, revolver in hand, opened the  
door. A strange man was inside. He  
called out: "Don't shoot; I'll put up  
my hands." Before the police took him,  
he said that as soon as he had entered  
the cupboard the monkey shut the  
door, turned the key and then mounted  
guard.

How different the behavior of the  
monkey of the Rue Morgue in Paris, as  
told by Edgar Allen Poe.

#### "RAUS" WITH THE MONEY CHANG- ERS

As the World Wags:  
I went to see the following in law's  
evening's Transcript:

"I've hundred volumes, the remainder  
of the library of William James were  
placed on sale to members of the Uni-  
versity at one o'clock this afternoon.  
Of the library of over two thousand  
books over a thousand were selected  
and presented to the University by the  
James family. The remaining books were  
then placed on sale to University pro-  
fessors during Monday, Tuesday and  
Wednesday of this week. Rev. Karl  
Reiland, Rector of St. George's Church  
New York will conduct the services in  
Appleton Chapel tomorrow morning."

I protest against the invasion of  
Appleton Chapel by the money changers  
on the Sabbath, even though the auc-  
tioneer is a New York clergyman. Per-  
haps he is a rival of the Rev. Percy of  
there.

As a crusader after truth and right-  
eousness, you may make what use of  
this you see fit. HARVARD 1904.

May 13.

#### ADD "HORRORS OF PROHIBITION"

(From the Homer, Ill., Enterprise)

To Whom It May Concern: Rumor  
has been doing her duty this week and  
in so doing mentions the names of T. H.  
Morrison and Ben L. Hall as being in-  
strumental in taking my money, etc.,  
otherwise naming the above gentlemen  
"robbers." Such is not the case as ver-  
ified by the undersigned. I simply fell  
off the water wagon again and before  
reasoning powers were gone I gave my  
money to a certain business man, who,  
since my normalcy has returned, has  
also returned my valuables entrusted to  
him. The undersigned repudiates au-  
thentically that the above gentlemen did  
not rob him, but did befriended by taking  
him home.

[Signed] ALBERT HINTON.

#### A QUERY

(For As the World Wags)  
Addressing notes or manuscript  
To one called Don Marquis  
What title should I use, pray tell?  
I'm puzzled as can be.

With name already titled  
Just "Mr." seems so flat  
And even "Hon" or "Esq" seem plain  
While "Sir" is not quite pat.

Would he like a British title?  
I could call him "Lord" or "Duke"  
Would "Excellency" please him  
Or just incur rebuke?

Is his melodious cognomen  
From Spain or from old France  
Would "Senor" or would "Sire" do?  
I dare not take a chance.

Unto a mighty collymist  
A title's surely due  
Please kindly tell a shy contrib  
The proper thing to do.

CLARISSA BROOKS,  
Worcester.

#### OLD BILLY DEVERE

As the World Wags:  
Mr. William L. Robinson recently in-  
cluded in your column to William Devere  
"the Tramp Poet of the West."



and me Western  
understand

Good, old Billy Devere—song writer, poet, actor. He wrote "Norine Maureen" in an hour or two, for his little sister to sing at the high school graduating exercises.

Norine Maureen, I am out in the gloaming

Down where the nightingale's singing  
its lay,

Over the meadows I'm waiting you  
coming

E'er the dim twilight has faded away.  
The sun kissed the occident long e'er we  
started

And sank it to rest 'neath the ame-  
thyst sea.

Remember the promise you made when  
we parted,

Norine Maureen, I am waiting for thee.  
Chorus:

Norine Maureen, the bright sun in its  
splendor

Shall fall to efface heaven's tear-drops,  
the dew;

The mother shall cease her first-born to  
remember

E'er I, darling Norine, prove faithless  
to you.

Billy's fortunes were at a low ebb  
about 1880, and he took a job as stage  
manager, leading man and playwright  
at Slensby's Variety Theatre, Milwau-  
kee, a typical resort for men only. De-  
vere wrote, or constructed at rehearsals  
as they went along, a new after-piece  
each week. It followed the old. Great  
days—you remember them. Rentz-Sant-  
ley, fat girls in swings, amazon marches.  
Long afterward Billy made a tremendous  
hit as the sheriff in a Hoyt comedy, and  
played it for long runs. I am ashamed  
to confess forgetting the name of it. I  
think he died during such a run.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

### AN HONEST LANDLORD

(From the Jewish Advocate)

#### EAT AT THE

PUBLIC RESTAURANT CO. INC.

17-21 ESSEX STREET

(Formerly High Grade)

Observing a daring man in an air-  
plane writing an advertisement high in  
the sky, Mr. Herkimer Johnson re-  
marked to us: "There should be another  
revision of the Old Testament, the 19th  
Psalm will then begin: The heavens  
declare the glory of Jones's tooth paste,  
the Flor de Sewer elgar, or the Garotte  
Reversible Collar, depending, of course,  
on the firm that outbids the others for  
the privilege of insertion.

Billboards marring the scenery are  
bad enough, but soon we shall not be  
able to see the sky by day or by night  
without being urged to buy something.

### AND YET FALSE TEETH ARE NEEDED

(From the N. Y. Evening Post)

#### DENTIST ARRESTED IN COUNTERFEITING CASE

#### IN THE NOSE

"From 19,000 to 40,000 boxes of snuff  
go to Alaskan towns each month. The  
old-time snuff habit is said to be at-  
tracting women and girls, while all ages  
of boys and men are addicted to it."

Billy Seward bought Alaska for the  
United States. It is said that when  
in the United States Senate he was  
making a calm and logical speech  
against the South before the civil war,  
he stopped for a moment that he and  
a southerner bitterly opposed to him  
might exchange the courtesy of the  
snuffbox.

Snuff taking was not uncommon in  
northern Vermont and western Massachu-  
setts when we were young. The family doctor

Bewho was never tired of relating what  
Mr. Benjamin Brodie said to him in  
London was an inveterate snuffer. We  
knew old ladies who snuffed. Did they  
if faintly the tobacco in church? Our im-  
pression is that as a rule they chewed  
"The Caraway seeds during the sermon. Pope  
Innocent XII excommunicated all those  
found taking snuff or using tobacco in  
any form in St. Peter's at Rome, and  
Pope Urban VIII published a decree of  
excommunication against all who took  
snuff in any church. Yet King James I  
in his famous "Counterblast to To-  
bacco" did not mention snuff. The habit  
prevailed earlier in Ireland and Scot-  
land than in England. There is a wealth  
of anecdote about snuff-taking and  
snuff boxes. There are wild-eyed, rest-  
less collectors of the boxes even now,  
not necessarily the gold and diamond-  
encrusted ones which, filled with gold  
coins, were presented by kings to those  
who had pleased them, but boxes with  
portraits or scenes painted within the  
covers, or with verses or mottoes often  
of a scurrily nature.

When Richard Mansfield played Beau  
Brummell, there was discussion over the  
hand that should hold the box and the  
hand that should take the pinch.

Are there many musical snuff-boxes

here in private collections?

### CHARLES'S EGG SHELL

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Mr. Percy Hammond and  
his treasuring the burnt match with  
which he had had the ineffable pleasure  
of lighting Mr. Joseph Conrad's cig-  
arette. Your story reminded me of Ham  
house, the Earl of Dysart's residence at  
Petersham, near Richmond. In a little  
breakfast room there is the remnant of  
a breakfast which Charles II enjoyed  
there, including the egg shell. The egg  
shell is the, so regarded, chef d'oeuvre.  
In a house filled with beautiful things,  
like a palace. Everything remains as it  
was, in the room, when Charles left it.  
The room is kept locked; never shown;  
the legend remains intact like the rest.  
Poor, charming Charles! It was one of  
the last new laid eggs he was to eat, I  
believe. There is something tragic  
about that poetic memory—for any one  
—Isn't there? Like the last spring  
morning, the last moonlit night, the last  
—but, I won't go on. G. W.  
Boston.

### AT THE OLD HOWARD

As the World Wags:

Would Mr. Wheeler, B. C. L., or  
other old-time Howard fans remember  
the drop curtain used at that theatre  
about 1870? It represented heavy  
draperies parted at the centre and  
showing a forest in the distance. It  
was replaced later by the Garden of  
Eden, painted by Orrin Richards,  
who painted the scenery at the old  
Howard for several seasons, turning out  
some wonderful work, notably massive  
panoramas of the great Boston fire and  
the siege of Paris.

Some of the songs sung by Gus  
Williams at the Howard in the early  
seventies would go well today: "Ten  
Thousand Miles Away," "I Should Like  
to," "Where's Rosanna Gone?" "Beau-  
tiful Girls," "I Feel so Awful Jolly  
When the Band Begins to Play," "That's  
Where I Live When I'm Home," "Good-  
by Charley," and the motto songs, as  
they were called, "Increase of Crime,"  
and "Remember You Have Children of  
Your Own." These songs were all pub-  
lished and may occasionally be found in  
old song books but they have been un-  
obtainable from music dealers for many  
years. W. H.

### A MORNING PRAYER

(For As the World Wags)

Very early in the morning at the  
rising of the sun  
When the stripes in the wall-paper  
reappear Dear, one by one,  
And our neighbor's prompt alarm  
clock starts the day with  
vicious zeal.  
And the early milkman's motor  
chortles forth a raucous squeal,  
While the bottle boys shriek com-  
ments as to who was ordering  
cream,  
Please, oh please, my precious  
daughter, don't relinquish that  
last dream.  
Clients are not early risers—school  
does not begin till nine—  
You and Dad can both afford to  
slumber on a little time,  
Shut your eyes and sleep again,  
Dear, don't leap out demand-  
ing clothes,  
Dad will pay a dollar, Betsy, for  
just one more little doze.  
CLARISA BROOKS

### WHAT IS TE-REWTH?

As the World Wags:

"What is truth? said jesting Pilate.  
But was Pilate jesting? We doubt it."  
You might well, for the remark is the  
profoundest and most enlightened one  
in the scriptures. It is the sum of all  
material and speculative knowledge, as  
well as their origin. If we were able  
to conceive or define truth, which we  
are not, we would still be able only  
within the scope of human reason,  
which may be the maddest of mad  
dreams—and probably is. Pilate's  
question is ample enough to contain  
the universe. And containing the uni-  
verse, it might a jest, after all.  
"What is the truth? was asked of yore;  
Reply all objects, truth is one,  
As twain of halves aye makes a whole;  
The moral truth for all is none."  
JETHRO SAHMSINGER.

Beulah.

### CAMP-MEETING SPIRITUAL

Ah ain't go no beau  
To take me to a show  
Er movie; an' Ah never go  
Out a-steppin', an' Ah don't smo-  
ke.  
Ah guess Ah must be awful slow!  
Ah'm jus' chuckful of bitter woe;  
An' Ah sit an' sigh sometimes so  
Ah guess mah little heart is bro-  
ke.  
Ah ain't got no beau!

COSETTE.

## "COVERED WAGON"

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First show-  
ing in Boston of "The Covered Wagon,"  
a Paramount picture adapted by Jack  
Cunningham from the novel of the  
same name by the late Emerson Hough,  
produced by James Cruze and presented  
by Jesse A. L. Lasky:

Will Banion.....J. Warren Kerrigan  
Molly Wingate.....Lola Wilson  
Sam Woodhull.....Alan Hale  
Mr. Wingate.....Charles Ogle  
Mrs. Wingate.....Ethel Wales  
Jackson.....Ernest Torrence  
Bridger.....Tully Marshall  
Kit Carson.....Guy Oliver  
Jed Wingate.....John Fox

Before the showing there was an  
overture and there was singing by Etta  
Bradley, Marguerite Porter, Ruth Nor-  
ris, Clara K. Leavitt, Ben Redden, the  
"Majestic Ensemble," conducted by  
Frederick Arundel. Hazel Rees danced.  
Mr. Redden has a good voice.

"Songs of 1849," the program said.  
The typical melody of the evening was  
"O Susanna," with "Alabama" in the  
chorus changed to "Oregon." Was "Su-  
sanna" sung in 1849? We missed that  
grand old chorus in "The Plains," the  
"Ode Symphonie," by Jabez Tarbox  
that was heard by John Phoenix at  
San Diego:

"Oh, we'll soon be thar  
In the land of gold,  
Through the forest old,  
O'er the mounting cold,  
With spirits bold—  
Oh, we come, we come,  
And we'll soon be thar.  
Gee up Bolly! Who, up, whoo  
haw!"

Hough's novel, published as a serial  
and also in book form, has been read  
by tens of thousands, if not hundreds  
of thousands, so it is not necessary to  
describe the various incidents of the  
famous emigration by wagon caravan  
from Westport landing (now Kansas  
City) to Oregon; nor is it necessary to  
remind the reader that Sam Woodhull  
was a sneaking scoundrel; that the  
slandered Will Banion was a noble fel-  
low; that old Wingate was not a judge  
of men; that Jackson was a devoted  
friend.

The story is followed closely enough,  
and the more exciting incidents are  
vividly pictured; the tolling caravan,  
the burial in the desert, the buffalo  
hunt, the fording of the great river,  
the prairie fire, the attack by Indians,  
the steady march through the snow.  
Many of the scenes are impressive;  
many excite surprise, and the spec-  
tator may well wonder how it was pos-  
sible to secure the results even when  
he remembers the skill exercised in  
realistic photography and in photo-  
graphic tricks and deceptions. The  
crossing of the river recalled the Fourth  
of July orator, who, dilating on the  
hardships of early settlers, said that  
they were often obliged to drive their  
cattle a dozen miles for water, fording  
three large rivers on the way.

Nor was the rough and tumble fight  
between Banion and Woodhull forgot-  
ten, nor the disgust of Jackson when  
the chivalric Banion refused to gouge  
his bitter enemy. Then there was  
Jackson and Bridger's imitation of Wil-  
liam Tell's great act that they might not  
forget the days "when friends were  
friends."

There was much that was picturesque  
as well as impressive and exciting.  
There was hardly any padding; there  
were very few appeals to foolish laughter  
through exaggeration, though the boy  
Wingate might have chewed less  
tobacco. There was very little "hokum."  
The prayer scene was simple and effec-  
tive.

And it is a good thing to be reminded  
in these days of stalwart Americans who  
with their women braved all sorts of  
dangers to found states beyond the  
Mississippi. Not without reason was  
"The Star Spangled Banner" played as  
a prelude.

The play was forcibly acted by princi-  
pals and minor characters; by the  
crowds, Indians and pale faces; by the  
oxen and horses. The management of  
the masses, the various dispositions of  
the caravan, the views of the plains and  
deserts, valley and hills—these were ad-  
mirably planned and realized.

In our boyhood American history was  
wretchedly taught in the public schools;  
in colleges it was neglected. "The Cov-  
ered Wagon" should induce the young,  
also the old, to acquaint themselves fur-  
ther with the settlement of the West.  
Mr. MacMahon's article on the Oregon  
Trail, published in The Herald of last  
Sunday, was something more than an  
advance notice of "The Covered  
Wagon."

ST. JAMES—"The Broken Wing," a  
comedy-drama in four acts by Paul  
Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Played

in Boston two years ago for 10 weeks.

The cast:

Phillip Marvin.....Walter Gilbert  
Jerry Waldron.....Lionel Bevans  
Luther Farley.....Mark Kent  
Capt. Innocencio Doe Santos  
Edward Darney  
Gen. Panfilo Aguilar.....Harold Chase  
Sylvester Croes.....Houston Richards  
Inez Villera.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Cecilia.....Viola Roach  
Ouchita.....Anna Layne  
Basillio.....Ralph M. Remley  
Marco.....Harry Lowell

This play was perhaps more timely a  
few years ago than it is now. There is  
talk of overseas, strains of the familiar  
"Over There," and last of all the man in  
uniform. It is an aviator's uniform in  
this case and the hero makes a thrilling  
entrance in an airplane which crashes  
through the roof of a Mexican cottage.

In the cottage there is, of course, a  
charming, sweet and innocent Mexican  
girl. She is the ward of an American,  
a retired sea captain, who lives there,  
just 150 miles from the border. Inez is  
her name and, though she is a Mexican,  
she detests them. She wants an Ameri-  
can husband, and it is for this that she  
prays.

Her prayer is supposedly answered  
the day that the airplane crashes in on  
them. Philip Marvin, the aviator, who  
loses his memory as a result of the  
shock. Inez, fully confident that he  
has been sent to her in answer to her  
prayer, renounces her fiancé, a desper-  
ate and villainous Mexican captain.  
Things turn out the way all audiences  
seem to want them to, however, and  
everyone lives happy ever after.

By far the most interesting thing last  
evening was the well-managed crash  
of the huge plane. The play itself is  
entertaining, nothing more. It savors  
of "The Bad Man," with just a bit of  
"Tiger Rose" in the character of Inez.  
The dialogue is ordinary for the most  
part. The characters of Inez and Capt.  
Innocencio Dos Santos were more true  
to life than the others.

Miss Bushnell and Mr. Darney had  
these two roles, and except for occa-  
sional relapses into their natural speech,  
their broken English was well spoken.  
Mr. Gilbert suggested very nicely in-  
deed the badly shocked aviator and did  
some good work in the second act. The  
rest of the cast, including that excellent  
comedian, Mr. Richards, played well.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Mitzi in "Minnie-  
an' Me." Musical comedy. Sixth  
and last week.

COPLEY—"The Likes of 'Er."  
Comedy. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Monster."  
Drama. Fourth week.

SELWYN—"The Fool." Dra-  
ma. Fifteenth week.

SHUBERT—"Lady Butter-  
fly." Musical comedy. Second  
and last week.

## ELEPHANTS PLAY BALL AT KEITH'S

The man or woman who is so old or  
so world-weary as no longer to feel a  
real thrill in the heart when a troupe  
of huge elephants comes solemnly out  
on the stage and begins to dance, is  
confessedly ready for another phase of  
existence.

There were none such, however, in  
Keith's Theatre last night when Pow-  
ers's mighty performers appeared and  
went through their really remarkable  
gyrations. Every eye was fixed un-  
winkingly on the great beasts and every  
hand enthusiastically applauded when  
the act was over. The elephants' base-  
ball game was a corker and so was the  
barber shop scene, where the elephants  
go through the motions of lathering and  
shaving one another. These elephants  
are among the best-trained in the world  
and their turn is exceedingly interest-  
ing to watch. There are plenty of other  
good things on the bill this week. Jack  
Osterman, with his monologue, "Fifteen  
Minutes of Something," proved a red-  
hot favorite and had to respond to re-  
call after recall. Boston audiences know  
him of old and appreciate his particular  
brand of fun-making.

A one-act farce, "Thank You, Doc-  
tor," featuring Eleanor Hicks and  
Chester Clute, is a laughable and well-  
acted skit which "went over big." Bes-  
sey Clifford's artistic posings provided  
a series of beautiful pictures. The  
variety of costumes and vari-colored  
lights added greatly to the effects.

Millership and Gerrard provide plenty  
of clean, snappy comedy and graceful  
dancing in their revue and McKay and  
Lawrence Sterling, roller skate artists,  
show the uninitiated a thing or two  
in their performance.

Vincent O'Donnell, the "Miniature  
McCormack," brings out several new  
songs, well sung; Burke and Durkin,  
in "A Tete-a-Tete in Song" display



skill of a high order, and Swor and Conroy, in "Pleasure Seekers," keep the ball a-rolling effectively. A pictorial presentation of Aesop's fables and the Pathe and Topics of the day features, as usual highly entertaining a large audience at every performance.

May 23 1923

Accomplished peerers into the future say that the world will soon come to an end; others say that the sun is growing cold, and that the earth's supply of cold will last only 6000-odd years. Mr. William J. Bryan insists that every one should sign the pledge, beginning with President Harding. We read from time to time in the newspapers that Europe is in a chaotic condition; our civilization is passing and London and New York will be as Babylon and Heliopolis.

It is high time to read this saying of Ernest Renan:

"Let us leave the fortunes of this planet to be accomplished without regard to their conclusion. Our outcries will make no difference, our ill humor would be out of place. It is quite possible that the earth may be missing her destiny, as probably worlds innumerable have missed theirs. But the universe knows not discouragement; each check leaves it young, alert, full of illusions."

This reminds us that Mr. Herklimer Johnson, another deep thinker, is especially eloquent in discussing aesthetic subjects, radiantly hopeful in the future of mankind, after he has eaten three plates of corned beef and cabbage, to which he is passionately addicted.

#### FOR COLLECTORS

Do not despair of obtaining genuine Chippendale furniture. A descendant of Thomas Chippendale's sixth son, John, is engaged in the cabinet-making business today in Newcastle, Eng.

#### WHILE THE LEVIATHAN IS HERE

Mr. Collier drew an amusing picture of how the steamship Leviathan would give a name to all sorts of articles for sale. (Perhaps Mr. Herklimer Johnson will henceforth describe his work in 14 volumes, not yet published, as "Leviathanic" instead of "colossal.")

When Emile Bergerat visited Antwerp in 1877 to witness the Peter Paul Rubens Festival, he found the name "Rubens" given to saucers, dishes, book covers, cravats, garters, handkerchiefs, collars, pipes, canes, umbrellas. The name was even turned into an adjective to denote surprise, wonder, as the French word "epatant," the German "pyramidal"—first-rate, splendid. Possibly the Boston book shops will be crowded with customers loudly demanding Thomas Hobbes's "Leviathan."

But surely no woman in Boston, young or old, would have the courage to ask for a "Leviathan" garter, unless she were suffering from elephantiasis.

#### INFORMATION WANTED

Mr. Henry B. Olds of Norwich, Vt., writes to The Herald: "In our church steeple hangs a Paul Revere bell over 100 years old. I have been told that there is a record kept of these old bells. How and where can I find it?"

#### BEYOND THE HARBOR BAR, BOYS

(A song of freedom dedicated to bootleggers and the New York dancing hall which, in order to evade the police restrictions on non-stop dancing competitions, hired a yacht and carried the deluded competitors out to sea beyond the three-mile limit.)

We needn't venture far, boys,  
To be no longer slaves—  
Beyond the harbor bar, boys  
(While Mister Johnson raves).  
The enterprising guy sees  
The unrestricted High Seas  
(And those are your and my seas)  
Where Freedom rules the waves.

Beyond the bar at anchor  
There rides a happy fleet,  
And joys for which you hanker  
Are shipped aboard complete;  
On land recurrent crises  
Deny the man of vice ease,  
But out upon the High Seas  
He does himself a treat.

Secure from interference  
The record breakers prance;  
Rum-runners make appearance  
And gambling hell's advance:  
For these are dodging, sly seas,  
The oh-for-shame-and-fie seas—  
I told you, on the High Seas  
Old Adam gets his chance.

With this retreat before us  
Quite reconciled we are,  
And we defy in chorus  
The meddlers who would mar  
Our own jolly High Seas,  
The ad-lib and spry seas,

The life you self-to-rye seas,  
And dance until you die seas,  
Our anything but dry seas  
Beyond the harbor bar!  
—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

#### A EUGENIC TRIUMPH

(Adv. in the Chicago Daily News)

MISS HELEN B. PALMES—Your brother has made good at last and has 3 little children who want you. Communicate with E. J. STANLEY, 911 9th street, Oregon City, Ore.

#### AN INSTANCE OF TRANSMIGRATION

"William Beebe returns from Galapagos with Cormorants and a Giant Turtle."

"There are legends about the gigantic tortoises on these islands. By the way, Herman Melville, describing these dismal cinder heaps, a group of extinct volcanoes, preferred the older Spanish name for them, the Encantadas, or Enchanted Isles, and he spelled the second name, Gallapagos. In those fascinating chapters, 'The Encantadas,' first published in Putnam's Magazine in 1854, and afterwards included in 'The Plazas Tales,' a book to be ranked in power and interest next to 'Moby Dick,' Melville speaks of the superstition cherished by sailors concerning the tortoises. 'They earnestly believe that all wicked sea officers, more especially commodores and captains, are at death (and, in some cases, before death) transformed into tortoises; thenceforth dwelling upon these hot aridities, sole solitary lords of Asphaitum. Doubtless so quaintly dolorous a thought was originally inspired by the woe begone landscape itself; but more particularly, perhaps, by the tortoises. For, apart from their strictly physical features, there is something strangely self-condemned in the appearance of these creatures. Lasting sorrow and penal hopelessness are in no animal form so suppliantly expressed as in theirs; while the thought of their wonderful longevity does not fail to enhance the impression."

The accent in "Galapagos" falls on the second syllable, but we shall continue to accent the antepenult if only for the line in Fitz James O'Brien's "Wharf Rat": "And a girl in the Galapagos Isles is the burden of his song." Poetic license—this putting a Gallapagos girl in the sailor's song; there were no girls there, unless he visited Charles's Isle when a Peruvian soldier, a Creole from Cuban, ruled there for a time.

H. M. T. in the Nation and Athenaeum a year and a half ago spoke of Melville's remarkable description, "A tortoise does not seem to be a subject that would accelerate a writer to eloquence, but the doomed tortoises of the Galapagos move Melville to one fine passage that to me seemed far more subtle and startling than anything in the 'Opium Eater.' The Encantadas deserve to be put within everybody's reach." H. M. T. wished that a publisher would take these pages and reissue them in a volume with some of the earlier chapters of "Mardi" and that extraordinary story, "Benito Cereno."

#### "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" Pleases Big Audience

At the Tremont Theatre, the official opening of George M. Cohan's latest production, "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" in two acts and six scenes. The cast includes many names familiar to Cohan fans.

Jimmy Whitney	Bobby Watson
Bob Morgan	Jack McGowan
Lillian Smith	Marjorie Lane
Kitty Jones	Dorothy Whitmore
Casper	Albert Gloria
Mrs. Casarone	Adelaide Gloria
Buddie O'Reilly	Bobby O'Neill
Johnson	George Bancroft
Rosie O'Reilly	Virginia O'Brien
Polly	Mary Lawlor
Cutie Magee	Emma Hale
Pete	George Hale
Mrs. Montague Bradley	Margaret Dumont
Steve	Johnny Muldon
Molly	Pearl Franklin
Hop Tor	Eddie Russell
Fannie	Betty Hale
Annie	Bernice Speer
Ethelbert	Tom Dingle
Gertude	Patsy Delany
Roscoe Morgan	Walter Edwin

On such occasions as Mr. Cohan condescends to open a new show in Boston—and there have been several—Boston ought to feel properly flattered, and to tell the truth it seldom fails to respond. Last night a record crowd was on hand for the premier; standing room was at a premium long before the appointed hour so that some of those who had been fortunate enough to get seats were forced to fight their way through to their places. Nor was their trouble for naught; they saw a good show.

The older Mr. Cohan gets the wiser he grows, especially as regards knowing "what the public wants." He has learned that above all it wants "nep"

and "go." So "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly" is not lacking in das and punch. Ever the actors drive it; ever, too, cheerful men and vigorous motion give a quality of playfulness to it all. Everybody seems to be having a good time—including the spectators.

Mr. Cohan has learned that the public likes poor girls who wed millionaires. And again he has provided one. And that it likes songs that rhyme "moon" and "June," or "love" and "dove." Again he is most obliging, in the way he responds to this demand. He also has found that the public likes lots of pretty girls who dance. No more is necessary. The "young ladies of the ensemble" did fair last night to kick through all eternity; in their repeated appearances through a show lasting nearly four hours they lacked somewhat in variety—and this despite an undoubted talent for their work. All this has Mr. Cohan learned.

But he has learned much more. Ever since he "gave up" the theatre during the actors' strike, he has been developing a taste for satire which he has on several occasions been able to indulge: Witness "The Tavern." In fact, that renunciation on Mr. Cohan's part has had a very beneficial effect on his work. One might wish that others of his fellow producers would be tempted to follow his example. As a result, he has seen fit to turn "Rosie O'Reilly" into a satire on his previous work by the introduction of a running commentator in the person of "Jimmy." He has likewise seen fit to brand the ace on the title-page as "poking fun at Cinderella." Mr. Cohan knows his public. He does not, however, let his satire prevent his getting in the conventional happy ending. For the rest it is often witty and carried off admirably by Mr. Watson.

Mr. Cohan has likewise gone yet further. He has returned to that style of presentation dear to the theatre-goers of the Gilbert and Sullivan era; more than half of his songs definitely advance the plot, or at least comment on it in a tuneful and ingenious way. Particularly good is his use of the chorus for this effect; and for once the chorus sang so it could be understood. "G. and S." also, is his style of lyric—fast and furious are his rhyme schemes—"old sleuth" and "whole truth" is one such pair. Result: Songs that have an irresistible swing to them, for the music fits in well with the scheme of things. Nor should such bits as "Poor Old World," "Just Act Natural" and sundry dialogues in verse be forgotten for wittiness of idea.

In short, in his old age, Mr. Cohan is waxing genuinely clever. Coupled with his undisputed genius for presentation, he has a future ahead of him. If he will cut out some of the old stuff (and in his little speech last night he promised so to do) he will have a capital show. His opening audience showed him, by its applause, "what the public wants." Knowing Mr. Cohan we have no further fear.

Mr. John McCormack, tenor, and Miss Willa Cather, "the world's greatest novelist"—let us see—what are the titles of her novels?—are settling in Paris the affairs of the nations. Mr. McCormack does not see any chance of the monarchy returning to Germany. He has been in Berlin and talked with Berliners. The United States should at once cancel all the debts owed to it by foreign nations. The only days of peace in Ireland were those on which Mr. McCormack sang in Dublin. Miss Cather, who thinks that France has wonderful qualities of concentration, declares that the new American novel is better than the old-fashioned ones. Thus she deals a death blow to the admirers of Hawthorne, Howells, Henry James—for Mr. James was once an American and wrote American novels—not to mention others who have been mentioned respectfully.

Mr. Channing Pollock, returning from Paris, said to a reporter that the Parisians were "self-centred." No tree was planted in his honor in the Bois de Boulogne.

Mr. Max Rich of Boston writes to The Herald: "Seeing in your column a reference to the 'Happy Hottentots,' I would state that they were Bostonians who performed under the names of Beatty and Bentley. Beatty's original name was De Fatti. He lived in Chardon street; Bentley's was Monty Flynn, and he lived at 18 Stanford street."

A correspondent asked us whether Alice Atherton was in the cast of William Gile's "Horrors" with H. E. Dixie and Louis Harrison. She was. So were Willie Edolin, W. A. Mestayer, Louise Searle, Ellen Chapman, Lina Merville, Jennie and Jessie Calef, not to mention others. What became of the attractive Calef girls after they left the Bostonians or the Boston Ideals?

Among the programs sent to us recently by readers of this column is one of "Horrors," which was seen here at

the Globe Theatre in March, 1879. The character was described on the bill by atrocious puns. Thus Runsetjee Bumsetjee, the power behind the throne, "gets thrown out of the town." The Begum d'Lite will "be—gum to the last." The Rajah Zog, "fond of hearing from the planets, tries to plan it so as the prince will marry the princess." The audience, no doubt, laughed wildly at still more hideous puns in the play itself. It did in Albany, N. Y., where we shouted with glee when one comedian asked: "How do you like your eggs, Uncle Tom?" To which the answer was: "Well, hardly Eva," for the gag in "H. M. S. Pinafore" was then in the mouths of all, from the judges of the court of appeals to the frequenters of Joe Walter's oyster shop.

Miss Laurette Taylor, whose Nell Gwynne did not meet the approval of New York critics, has discussed with a reporter Nell's character—"Nell Gwynne is an exhaustive study." It appears that Nell drank too much; that many things about her "are not printable, but in spite of it she is a fascinating figure." Miss Taylor says that by reading about characters in plays of a period, "you get an enormous amount of knowledge." This may induce the critics to reconsider their verdict on the performance.

Here is an example of the corps d'esprit among Parisian writers about the theatre. The Paris Journal quotes this passage from Comedie: "To have an air of distinction or an air of vulgarity, are things that exist although the manner in which some speak of them may excite ridicule. Georges Feydeau had the true elegance."

To which the Journal says: "This is signed by M. Paul Souday, a man who has distinction, the one of all his contemporaries that snores the most harmoniously at dress rehearsals."

The Journal deposes the changes in melodrama. There is nothing that ruins an enameled face so completely as tears. The Parisian woman of today does not dare to cry in the theatre; and so the melodramas of 1923 are enameled; they, too, do not dare to weep.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, according to report, will not sing at the Metropolitan Opera House unless she can name the other singers for this or that opera. Mme. Jeritza, who has delighted New Yorkers in some of Miss Farrar's roles, is not so fussy.

It is said that the Moscow Art Theatre will return to this country in the fall. During the summer months Bostonians will have time to study the niceties of the Russian language, so that they will be able to dilate still more effectively with the proper emotions at a performance.

We hear that Mitzl Niklsch, pianist, and son of Arthur Niklsch, will make his first appearance in the United States next season at Boston with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"D. L. M." reviewing "Anna Christie" in the Nation and the Athenaeum of London, praising the first three acts of the play, and enthusiastic over the performance, although he thinks there is more in the play than Miss Pauline Lord gives, deprecates the "feeble and giggling" last act. "We must let the play stand as a marvelous torso with a plaster head," Mr. Jones's settings excited the critic's admiration. "Here is a scenic artist who can show you a sea-fog that can almost be tasted, and a blaze of sunlit blue sky that wafts the whole scent and atmosphere of the waterside through a cabin door opened and shut in the flash of a second. And there are those who tell us that realistic scenery is past!"

More than once Mr. Ernest Torrence, playing Jackson in "The Covered Wagon," persuaded us that he was still taking the part of the Scotchman in Victor Herbert's musical comedy, "The Only Girl."

Carton's satirical farce, "Mr. Hopkinson," which Mr. Jewett will soon bring out at the Copley Theatre, is now nearly 20 years old. Mr. Clive tells us that while most English farces of that age are hopelessly old-fashioned, "Mr. Hopkinson" is as fresh as if it had been written this year. Mr. Clive will take the part of Hopkinson, and Miss Willard will play the scheming Duchess. R. C. Carton's real name, by the way, is R. C. Critchett. Does any one know his Christian name? Is it merely an initial? We had a schoolmate named Clarence X. Munson, but "X" did not stand for Xerxes or Xenophon, Xenocles or even Xiphlinus; it was an initial, nothing more.

So "Liza," a musical comedy, performed by a negro company, is coming to the Wilbur. When it was brought out in New York at Daly's Sixty-third Street Theatre last November, Ras Johnson on the stage remarked to Ice Cream Charley: "One drink of that liquor makes morning seem like afternoon."



"We have too many people sticking at the wrong things and not turning these wrong things into the right ones. These are tragedians cast for the comic parts, dramatic critics who ought to be writing plays, artists and literary men of talent working at advertisements. And, rather pathetically, these slide in a bit of art where they can."—Manchester Guardian.

The Italian puppets that have created a sensation in London, are four feet high. Those to be seen tomorrow afternoon and evening and Saturday afternoon at the Barn, 36 Joy street—the afternoon performances are at 3 o'clock—are about nine inches in height.

May 25 1923

## Bakule Chorus Wins Audience at Tremont Temple

The Bakule Chorus of Prague, Frantisek Bakule, director, gave last night, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, a concert in Tremont Temple, which was well filled with a warmly appreciative audience. Before the concert began Mr. James Jackson, the treasurer of the commonwealth, made a short but impressive speech of welcome, in which he spoke of the significance of this visit of the children, how it would aid in the desirable mutual understanding of the nations. He paid a tribute to Czechoslovakia for its spirit in recovering pre-war conditions.

The audience rose when "The Star Spangled Banner" (in English) and the national hymns of the foreign countries were sung. The program was long and varied. It comprised these songs in English: "Abide With Me," "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Dixie"—the last was repeated, so enthusiastic was the audience—ballads, love songs, humorous songs, several dances, folk songs, and Smetana's "Farmer's Song." Three piano pieces by Smetana, to be played by Marie Mikova, were also on the program.

The singing of the children was singularly expressive. They showed a regard for nuances that might well be imitated by our own choral societies. The tonal quality was pure and euphonious. When solos occurred they were sung with genuine feeling. The young girl who sang the solo in "Water Is Flowing Next My Window" has a beautiful voice. The absence of self-consciousness was refreshing. An unusual and interesting concert, which reflected great credit on the chorus and its director.

We spoke the other day of snuff-taking in New England. It is surprising that the Old Farmer's Almanack did not inveigh against the practice, for Mr. Thomas had much to say against smoking; but in Mr. George Lyman Kittredge's entertaining "Old Farmer and His Almanack," we find no mention of snuff. There are amusing paragraphs against "Segars" and smoking. Perhaps the most delightful quotation is one from the story of Mrs. Rowlandson, who had been taken captive by King Philip. (She was the wife of the minister of Lancaster.) Philip paid her the compliment of asking her to smoke with him. This did not suit her.

"Though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a bait, the Devil lays to make men loose their precious time: I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is: But I thank God, he has now given me power over it: surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe."

### A MARK OF GENTILITY

Yet good Mr. Sylvester Judd in his "History of Hadley"—he characterized tobacco as a "nauseous and noxious plant"—says that snuff was advertised in Boston for the first time in 1712. "To take snuff was accounted genteel," but farmers' families seldom took it, and it was not for sale in Hampshire until near 1760, when it was first sold in bottles. The snuff boxes were usually of silver. "After yellow snuff was brought here in bladders, about 1786, snuff-taking was much extended. Mac-coboy snuff was sold some years later. Snuff-takers are now less numerous than heretofore." Judd began to write his "Hadley" in 1857. The book was published in 1863, three years after his death.

### "HANG-DOG SWAMP"

There is a curious foot note in Judd's "Hadley" to the statement, "By a law the colony, a dog that bit or killed

sheep was to be hanged." This hanging sometimes gave a name to the place of execution. "I have noticed the name 'Hang-dog Swamp' both in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The dog was taken to the woods, a leaning saddle was bent down, and a cord was fastened to the top and to the dog's neck; the elastic saddle then sprung back, with the dog dangling in the air. In former days, cats and dogs were sometimes hanged at the heavy end of a well-swipe." (Staddle: A young tree left standing when others had been cut down).

Was any dog or cat in New England convicted and sentenced after a fair trial in court? Animals were prosecuted in France and Switzerland. Rats, mice, pigs, dogs, cocks, cows, caterpillars—in fact, nearly the whole animal kingdom—was liable to punishment by legal process. Draco and Lycurgus provided for the formal trial of animals for misdemeanors. Barthelemy de Chassaneux (1480-1542), a famous lawyer, defended rats in a trial at Autun. In the course of his masterly argument he told the judge that his clients found it difficult to obey the summons because they were obliged to cross a region abounding in cats, who were the more alert from knowing about the legal proceedings. This able advocate was poisoned by a bouquet of flowers.

### OUR NEW YORK LETTER

EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENCE IN THE BEST MANNER OF THE EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENTS

By O. O. O.

We regret that today space allows only these extracts from the letter sent to us through the courtesy of "Tantalus"

"New York City—Thoughts while strolling through Central Park: There goes Walter Damrosch, the chewing-gum king, arm-in-arm with Challapin, the new Mexican ambassador. Two girls in bobbed hair. The fad is growing. Jack Barrymore, just in from his tour in 'Bombo.' I hear he has made so much money that he is going to risk some by putting on Shakespeare's 'Richelieu,' with his sister Edith as Portia and brother Lemuel as Iago. The Woolworth building, which Singer put up on his profits from the Underwood typewriter.

"Nothing else has so impressed me in evidence of New York's amazing growth as the statement of a friend of mine who manages one of the telephone exchanges. For obvious reasons, I do not use his name; but he told me there has been an increase of more than 500 per cent. in the number of telephones of all kinds installed in the Greater City since 1823—a bare 100 years. A big town!

"At the risk of losing my two weeks' guest card, I must tell you of a bit of repartee at which all Broadway will soon be roaring in mirth. 'Twas the other night at the L—bs' Club, an organization of Theopians and actors. Two of them argued with heat about their popularity; but friends intervened. As the taller of the two was leaving he relented and called out: 'See you tomorrow, Jim.' Quick as a flash came the retort from the still angry Jim: 'Not if I see you first!'

Joshua Sylvester Loq:

"Tie better fall, then still to feare a Fall;

'Tis better die, then to be still adying;

The End of Pain under the Complaint withall;

And nothing grieves that comes but once, and flying.

"This life's a Web, woven fine for som, som grosse;

Some Hemp, some Flax, some longer, shorter some;

Good or ill Haps, are but the Threds across;

And first or last, Death cuts it from the Loom."

### BUY HOT CORN

As the World Wags:

"Katy, the Hot Corn Girl," received its first production in Boston at the Old National Theatre in the late fifties of the 19th century. It was dramatized from a story that was originally called moral, afterwards just the opposite. One of the Melville sisters assumed the title part. I think it was the actress who, after her marriage was known as Marie Bates. Many will recall the song set to the music of the "Prima Donna" waltz, the first stanza of which ran as follows:

"Oh come and buy hot corn.  
Oh come and buy hot corn.  
And oh my song from night till morn,

Is still, come buy hot corn."  
A friend of mine who was visiting New York city at the time, thought he would try the vland so musically advertised, but when he saw it unrolled from a red flannel petticoat, he passed on his way without tasting.

Adah Richmond kept house for John Stetson in Alden street, originally Al-

den court. She was one of his many housekeepers before he married the prize beauty of the circus.

### BAIZE.

The "Prima Donna" waltz! We remember it well. It was attributed to Julien, who finally died mad. Facetious persons in the sixties used to sing to the tune:

"Jean Baptiste, pourquoil  
Jean Baptiste, pourquoil  
Do you grease your dog's nose  
with tar?"

and then laugh wildly and look about for admiration and applause—Ed.

May 26 1923

How pleasant it is to find newspapers discussing the question whether there is a verb in the English language "to antidote"! Mr. Harding recently employed the verb, but Mr. Harding also revived the word "normaicy," which is now used ad nauseam.

There certainly is a transitive verb "to antidote," and it is of a respectable age. John Taylor, the water poet, in 1630 described a woman as "antidoted, well perfum'd and painted." The Rev. William Gurnall, "a man of great excellence of character," wrote in 1655: "Be careful to antidote thy soul against receiving infection." There are other instances, but the only author of high reputation quoted in the Oxford Dictionary is Samuel Richardson, who wrote in his "Pamela": "Incapable of antidoting the poison he has spread."

There is a Latin noun "antidotum," a classical, but not a Ciceronian, word. This, in turn, came from the Greek. Some one coined the verb "antidotare" to be used in medical writings. Hence the French "antidoter," but old Randle Cotgrave, including it in his French and English Dictionary—our copy is the edition of 1673—translated it: "To furnish with preservatives, to preserve by antidotes, to arm, or assure against poison with counter-poyson." He did not recognize the English verb "antidote," nor did Robert Sherwood in his "Dictionary English and French" (London, 1672).

The words antidoter, antidotal, antidotically were once in use. Perhaps Mr. Harding may revive them with "antidotary," which, as a noun, may mean an application of the nature of an antidote, a practitioner who gives antidotes, or a book describing antidotes, and even a dispensary.

In that curious book by T. Blount—"Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language, Now Used in Our Refined English Tongue" (fifth ed., London, 1681), "antidote" is given, but as a noun, not as a verb.

### REVERE'S BELLS

As the World Wags:

In answer to the query in this morning's Issue as to information concerning the bells of Paul Revere, I would say that the article was published by the Essex Institute in their historical collections for 1911 and 1912, copies of which can be obtained by addressing our publication department.

HENRY W. BELKNAP, Secretary.  
Salem, May 23.

### THE BILL OF CRIMES

As the World Wags:

Does it not occur to Mr. Washburn, his traducers and defenders, in and out of Charlestown, that while murder is a malum in se good ale is only a malum prohibitum? L. X. CATALONIA.

### AN INDESCRIBABLE ACCIDENT

(Lincoln (Ill.) Courier)

The ligaments in James Corwine's left ? ?? were torn Sunday afternoon when the Ford car he was driving collided with the Ford car of Thomas Wilson's. The accident occurred on Pulaski street. Neither of the cars were damaged, although Mr. Corwine received quite a painful injury.

### TO MISS CLARISSA BROOKS

(For As the World Wags)

I have a word to say, my friend,  
I have a word—'tis this:

Oh, be it note or manuscript,  
'Twill go to Don Marquis.

And that is all I have to say:

But, prithee, hark to me:  
There never was a coluimist

Whose name was Don Marquis.  
CARLOS GIOVANNI.

### FROM COURTEOUS NIPPON

The American Photographic Publishing Company of Boston received the following letter from a Japanese gentleman living in Ibaraki-Ken:

March 2, 1923.

Dear sir I am very had feel pleasure photographa

This time very are to be very sorry please your's Company publish of American-Photographa Catroug

I wish I want you to send me Catroug I do believe and to send me Catroug.

I think highest sipreme happy

I also send you my Country's full of pretty flowers at new spring cherry

season of scenery  
yours truly

The tragedy of prohibition was the downfall of Delmonico's. In our boyhood a delicious and favorite dessert was Delmonico pudding. No one, even a rude boy, would have dared to speak of it as "puddin'." Is the recipe gone forever? Alas, the cook that made the pudding, the excellent Mrs. Murphy, and the mistress she served—say, rather, ruled—long ago fed on honeydew and drank the milk of paradise.

### A LONG LIFE, AND A MERRY ONE!

(Chicago Evening American.)

On the other hand, the report of a woman investigator sent out by Chief Collins was to the effect that she visited the cafe on the evening of May 10 about 10 o'clock and found every evidence of immortality.

### "TO CATERPILLAR"

As the World Wags:

I opine that the erudite man, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, may find the following communication of interest.

In my boyhood in the early '50's I used to hear a lady from Maine say, whenever she heard of some man's exaltation in life: "I hope he won't caterpillar." A queer verbal use of that word. Some years ago I spoke of it to Miss Katherine Ward, who helped to make the Century Dictionary. I think she found that the word was sometimes so used. Methinks that the word "butterfly" would have been more appropriate, as a man would be more likely to fly than to crawl in a happy change of his fortune.

I am surprised to learn that one of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's favorite diets is that of corned beef and cabbage.

My elder brother told me that I was not prepared to die because I did not like to eat fresh cod. Perhaps corned beef and cabbage, that is, a love of the same, may be a preparation for death. I should think that three plates of the mess, as Mr. Johnson is said to indulge in, would certainly be so. I like a good preparation of salt cod, so I may be half-ready to leave this world. I used to like Mr. Johnson's ambrosia, but half of a plate full is all that I now care for. I never expect the honor of dining with Mr. Johnson.

J. VAUGHAN MORRILL.

Brookline.

There is an English dialect (Herefordshire) verb, caterpillar, but it means to plague, torment, render helpless. "I was never so caterpillared in my life." In old English slang a "caterpillar" was an "infantryman."—Ed.

### BEFORE THE LARK

M. Clemenceau, rehearsing his "Volte du Bonheur," revived recently in its operatic form at the Opera Comique, Paris, told the singers that he rises at 3 o'clock. They thought he meant 3 P. M., No, it is 3 A. M., and he works till 10 A. M. A young man once asked Louis Veuillot, the savage polemical writer, the secret of his success. Veuillot invited him to call on him at 5 A. M. When the young man called, Veuillot pointed to the empty bed and said: "There is the enemy."

### THE INDIGNANT DEBTOR

(Addressed to an Importunate Firm)  
Hot Springs, So. Dak May 5, 23.

Gentlemen:

Enclose Please find Check to pay for my Bills \$122.23 I am sure surprised at you sidraffing me when I told you I could not send you the money yet, you

did not even ancer my letter. I think you are a find bunch of business guys down there, you ought to come out and learn the western speared, well hear is your money. I want you to understand I never do pay eny Sid Drafts so save your self the trouble next time

yours Truly,

MRS. SAM CHRISTENSEN.

### ONLY A WEEK

A Correspondent in Portland, Me., writes: "How long must be the period of probation of the Wieseswig family of Lynn, recently arrested for selling moonshine, before they are entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame?"

### 50-50 ON DAYLIGHT SAVING

(From the Mellon, Wis., Weekly)

Beginning with Sunday, May 13, the postoffice will be open on Sunday morning from 9 o'clock to 10 o'clock, instead of 9:30 to 10:30.

PAUL A. BROWN, Postmaster.

## Boston Stage Society Celebration of "The Cape"

The transformation of an old stable on Beacon Hill into a modern Little Theater was celebrated by the Boston Stage Society last night with the opening of this new playhouse at 36 Joy Street, when "The Cape Cod



ettes" of Mrs. Melanie Leonard presented. An anticipant audience crowded the novel auditorium, fables nearly a century ago, and the audience excitedly over the peculiar form of the batik panels and tapestries decorating the red brick walls of the playhouse.

In an opening speech before the Marionette sketches, Lawrence Bolton, president of The Boston Stage Society, welcomed the audience to the first play produced in the auditorium and said in part:

We are glad to see you here and, in fact, we are glad to be here ourselves for a week ago and up to this very morning, we did not see how the performance would be possible, because, not until a very short time ago, did we actually secure the building permit that would enable us to go ahead with the remodelling of this building.

Of course, it is not nearly finished, as you may see; but in this short time we have cleared out the interior, scraped the walls and ceiling clean, arranged for the stage, and made the necessary exits, which was a difficult proposition, but we wanted to justify your faith in our society; for, as you know, we were supposed to begin our season last November and we were to produce a series of plays and concerts.

However, due to the difficulty we had in getting a building permit, our program had to be given up; but we are presenting this to let the public know that the Boston Stage Society is still here and active and that it is ready to put on a real series of plays next season, where the amateur actor and playwright will have opportunity for development, if the public wants us.

In connection with our work here we are to train at our open-air theater at Camp Arey near Provincetown this summer, young people interested in the drama, who would like to assist in the performances during the winter season in Boston.

The sketches enacted by the Marionettes were clever and well adapted to the adult audience. "A Morning at Cape Cod," although several times repeated in Boston at various performances, occasioned many a chuckle, while "The Knight and the Troubadour" and "Mlle. Marie"—a product of a member of the "Forty-Seven Workshop" at Harvard—were also well appreciated. "The Sad Fate of Glub-Grub," an African savage tragedy, and a brief symbolic sketch showing the vanity of dabbling in the verities of life, were more philosophical but equally appealing.

The cards and programs were printed by Miss Jane Poor, who manages the Brick Oven and runs the private printing press for the theater.

Certain Englishmen, writing to London newspapers, finding, as Charles Reade once said, "no other waste pipe for their intellect," are disputing concerning the longest word in any language, the longest sentence, the longest poem.

We had supposed the longest sentence in English, longer even than any spun out by Wm. M. Evans in the Beecher trial was the magnificent one of Hazlitt's in his essay on Coleridge included in "The Spirit of the Age" beginning: "Next he was engaged with Hartley's tribes of mind," but in the notes to John Payne's "Collected Poems" a sentence of 603 words. "Every clause hangs on its proper peg, every adjective, every adverb has a reason for existence."

There is a sentence in Margaret Mass of Newcastle's "True Relation of Birth, Breeding and Life," which has 16 sentences and 30 pages.

James invented a word of 75 letters to describe a dish compounded of fish and fowl. Mark Twain in his "Huckleberry Finn" against the German language "Versammlungen" were not alphabetical processions. He boldly forward a Swadish name given the name "trin-til" to a disinfectant he called "Speem" to our knowledge is Carl Quene, and yet longer the length of this

#### LINE TO CLARISSA

(For As the World Wags)

Clarissa, dear, you're self-deceived.  
No lord of high degree  
Is that great prince of persiflage  
Whom you call Don Marquis.

His most "melodious cognomen"—  
Pure English to the root—  
Sounds like the title "Marquis" borne  
By Granby, Lorne and Bute.

Don's forbears never heard the cry  
"A la lanterne, marquis!"  
His "Lantern" happily can boast  
No tragic pedigrees.

Few Frenchmen, it is true, can match  
His Gallic play of wit  
(Which, even in his Frenchest hour,  
He calls a "jeu d'esprit").

Nor is he of Hidalgo blood,  
With ancestry in Spain,  
Even though his fancy well might claim  
A Don Quixotic strain.

He's plain Don Marquis, as you'd say  
Rube Lord or Mercy King  
Or Mr. Baron Ireland—  
This name is not the thing.

Then dry your tears, Clarissa love;  
What peer hath Don's acclaim?  
Were he to sign Beelzebub  
We'd love him just the same.

W. E. K.

#### SWITCH-BRUSH

As the World Wags:

I wonder if the term "switch-brush" (meaning a whisk broom) was in use in your little village in the sixties. A relative of mine went into a nearby drug store the other day and asked the young clerk for a switch brush. He replied that they never carried them—they sold only regular hair brushes.

On her way out of the shop she noticed a quantity of whisk brooms, and then it dawned upon her that the clerk thought she wanted a brush for a switch (false hair). It was rather surprising that the young man was familiar with the word switch—meaning false hair—for I understand that it went out of vogue at the time that cricket—meaning a footstool—disappeared from our language. Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson knows the exact dates. F. C. F. Somerville.

We never heard "switch brush" for "whisk broom." "Switch brush" is not in the great Oxford dictionary, nor did Dr. Wright include the term in his huge Dialect Dictionary.—Ed.

#### DID HE HAVE HIS "SOONER"?

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the suggestion that prominent government officials take the pledges. Some of your readers doubtless remember the great movement in behalf of teetotalism some 35 years ago. The publisher of a prominent western newspaper, himself opposed to the movement, offered the sum of \$100 for the best argument against it. Many and verbose were the remonstrances. The prize was awarded to the laconic statement sent by the editor of a country newspaper: "I'd sooner be dead-drunk than sober by compulsion."

VERITAS.

#### THE SAD CASE OF MR. POOLE

(Elgin, Ill., Daily News.)

Frank Poole is confined to his home with an abscess on his right foot.

#### TRANSFORMED BY MARRIAGE

(Pueblo, Col., Chieftain.)

Married in Nebraska—Jos Corey, a hustling young Syrian business man on Northern avenue, last week quietly slipped off to Alliance, Neb., and on Tuesday, May 8, became a benefit.

#### PROFITABLE ERRANDS

(Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.)

RINGS—LOST—SAT., MAY 19, 23, IN The Fair, by poor woman that runs errands for a living. Two new diamond rings, 2 bank books, \$11 in cash, in the shoe shining parlor or going to the elevator. Cent. 6567.

#### MELVILLE AND CONRAD

(From Henry Seidel Canby's "Definitions")

"Melville crossed the shadow line in his pursuit of the secret of man's relation to the universe; only magnificent fragments of his imagination were salvaged for his books. Conrad sails in an open sea, tamed by wireless and conquered by steel. Mystery for him lies not beyond the horizon, but in his fellow-passengers. On them he broods. His achievement is more complete than Melville's; his scope is less. When the physicists have resolved, as apparently they soon will do, this earthly matter, where now with our implements and our machinery we are so much at home, into mysterious force as intangible as will and moral desire, some new transcendental novelist will assume Mel-

ville's task. The sea, earth and sky, and the creatures moving therein, will again become symbols, and the pursuit of Moby Dick be renewed. But now, for a while, science has pushed back the unknown to the horizon and given us a little space of light in the darkness of the universe. There the ego is for a time the greatest mystery. It was Conrad's opportunity to brood upon the romance of personality at the moment of man's greatest victory over dark, external force."

#### "BAY-RUM OR VULCANITE TODAY, SIR?"

(Leonore Correspondence Stretcher (N.L.) Free Press)

J. McDonald and family of Ranson have moved into the hotel building and has opened up a barber shop and is prepared to do vulcanizing.

The Herald described last Sunday the performances of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" at the Birmingham (Eng.) Repertory Theatre with the players wearing modern dress.

When Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" was produced by the Elizabethan Stage Society at the King's hall, King street, Covent Garden, on Dec. 10, 1912, the producer, Mr. William Poel, pointed out in notes printed on the program that there is nothing in the text of the play that justifies its production as a picture of Greek or Trojan life of the Homeric period. And so there were experiments in lighting against a spread of black and purple draperies: "now Rembrandtesque effects of warm glow and shadow, now cold streaks of limelight, footfalls deafened upon a carpeted floor, curtains gliding across—the whole thing designed in the modernest of modern ways, to work upon the nerves instead of upon the free imagination."

Although there are many references to armor in the play, Achilles wore a soft Elizabethan hat and feather. Ulysses, "in sober habit and beard of formal cut, suggested a purely politic Elizabethan gentleman." Pandarus talked with a cockney twang. Achilles in top boots and Patroclus smoked short clay pipes. Ajax was a mixture of Falstaff and Sir Toby. Cressida, a "giddy giglet," spoke in falsetto and pranced, not walked. Paris laughed so loudly in the company of Helen that he almost drowned everyone else's conversation. And, wonder of wonders, Thersites was played by a woman, apparently a Scot.

Mr. Poel maintained that "Troilus and Cressida" was written with the object of satirizing Chapman's "extravagant claims for the ethical teachings of Homer's Iliad," also "to voice the public disapproval of the withdrawal of the Earl of Essex from the court in that year," and he insisted that Shakespeare wished his play to be considered as of a comic character. To this the Times replied: "We don't believe a word of it. We don't believe Shakespeare or any other true artist ever wrote anything in that way. He wrote it, we dare swear, just because he felt like it; it was the expression of his mood—and not a pretty mood."

The Greeks were dressed as Elizabethan soldiers; the Trojans in the Renaissance classic costume of the contemporary masque.

#### Mixture of Buffoonery, Heroism, Triviality

This singular play, described by Adolphe Brisson when it was performed in French at the Odeon, Paris, in 1912 as "a monstrous mixture of buffoonery, triviality, heroism, lyricism, preciosity and irony, was performed by the Yale Dramatic Association in the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, on June 17, 1916. The performance was probably the first in this country. The play was produced as a satire on the Trojan war. Helen was represented as a fat, middle-aged matron. The only realistic way to bring her on the stage, because the war had lasted so long that even modern beauty aids would have been insufficient to preserve her face and figure. Hector was played by a gigantic football guard and heavyweight wrestler.

And so Mr. Poel, the Yale students, and a few critics would have us believe that in this play Shakespeare set an example for Melville and Halevy as they were planning their "Belle Helene." It is a pity that George L. Fox did not conceive the idea of burlesquing "Troilus and Cressida" as he burlesqued "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." We see him now as the hero in those tragedies, so amusing that even the grave Edwin Booth found pleasure in witnessing the travesty of "Hamlet" in which Fox out-Boothed Booth.

A Shakespeare enthusiast, compelled by business to be in Berlin during the London "First Folio" Tercentenary celebrations, is wondering whether after all, he wasn't better able to do real homage to the immortal bard than his compatriots at home. True, he couldn't attend memorial services and banquets. But he had the choice, in the German capital, of seeing either "King Lear," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," or "As You Like It." And their simultaneous presentation at three of Berlin's best playhouses had nothing to do with the "First Folio," but was a normal feature of the theatrical season. In Vienna he could have seen "Antony and Cleopatra" in a new setting at the Municipal Theatre, which already has six Shakespearean plays in its repertoire.—Daily Chronicle.

#### PERSONAL

C. Herbert Workman died at sea shortly before the steamer conveying the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company back to Australia arrived at Hong

Blanche Marchesi's "Singer's Pilgrimage," published in London, contains advice to singers, opinions on singers, players, composers, conductors, managers, with amusing anecdotes.

A young violinist, Giannarelli, was recently compared at Florence to the greatest virtuosos.

Mr. Paderewski will play with the Colonne orchestra in Paris on June 9 at a concert in aid of the monument to Edouard Colonne.

Mme. Magdelaine du Carp (Magdelaine du Four), whose piano playing gave great pleasure in Boston, gave a recital in Paris this month.

Kong. The company had been touring in India and the far east. Born in 1873, he is described in the obituaries as an old and famous Savoyard. Famous, no doubt, for he had played at the Savoy theatre in South Africa, Australia and the far east in every Gilbert and Sullivan operetta except in "Ruddgore," but he was not at the Savoy until November, 1895. It is said that he played "Kong Point and Koko" so often that "his tongue would occasionally in spite of all his care, play him false with the vowels and say such things as 'his striggles were terrific' and 'deliberately rib me.'"

William Henry Pennington, an actor from 1863—he left the stage before the 20th century began—died at Stoke Newington on May 1. He was a tragedian of the old school, "with its stilted action and ridiculous posings, its affectations and hidebound adherence to stale tradition," a "correct" elocutionist. Yet Gladstone took great interest in his career and Pennington was known as "Mr. Gladstone's own tragedian." Pennington had played with Phelps, Miss Marriott when she took the part of Hamlet, and he was leading man at Manchester when Genevieve Ward made her debut there on the English stage as a tragic actress (Oct. 1, 1873). Born in 1832, he ran away to sea, enlisted in the 11th Hussars, took part at the battle of the Alma, and received a ball through the calf of his left leg in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, where his mare was shot under him. He would have lost his life if a sergeant-major had not picked him up and put him on a loose horse. Pennington sat for the frenzied hussar, the middle figure in Lady Butler's painting, "Balaclava."

Adele and Fred Astaire dancing at Liverpool, where Alfred Butt produced "an American musical comedy adapted for the English stage under the title 'Stop Firting'—lifted the spectators off their feet." One dance was encored six times and the audience clamored for more.

The Daily Chronicle of London eulogizing a music hall singer, Harry Champion, found one of his songs so admirable that it quoted a verse: "In my Mallaby-Deeley suit I fell in the sea;

The missus grabbed the boat-hook And began to fish for me.



But when she had got a bite  
I cried, You clumsy brute!  
You've stuck the jigger-mazoo right  
in  
My Mallaby-Deeley suit."

Even if there is an allusion to the "sartorial activities" of a certain member of Parliament, is the song so amusing that it would make a man if he were alone, all by himself, no one

near him, far off in the woods, as Hannibal of Yale used to say in the Seventies? The Chronicle also found Mr. Champion's other songs, "I Like Pickled Onions," "Boiled Beef and Carrots," "Wotcher, My Old Brown Son," "I See You've Got the Old Brown Hat On," deservedly popular.

Walther Straram, who was an assistant conductor at the Boston Opera House (1912-14), has been conducting a series of orchestral concerts in Paris. The program of the fourth included Anton Webern's "Passaglia," four pieces by Bartok, Casella's "Pages de Guerre," Honegger's overture to "The Tempest," and Ravel's "Valse." The Monestrel said that while he knows how to set a composition in order, he lacks warmth and spirit. It spoke of his "mathematisme."

The same week Mr. Koussevitzky conducted Honegger's "Chant de Jole," which was praised and called "remarkable."

Jules Chevallier, who was esteemed in Paris as a teacher of singing, is dead.

There is an indefinable quality in the art of Mr. Roland Hayes which sets him in a place apart from most other singers of the day. It is not merely that the voice is a remarkably sensitive medium for the reflection of the most intimate shades of meaning, although that alone would suffice for complete enjoyment. But, added to that, his style has an unfailing suggestion of spontaneity about it which gives you the impression that he is singing because it is the most natural way in which he can express himself, and not because he is faced by an audience which has to be entertained. There was no question of the spell which he cast over the crowded audience which went to hear his only recital this season at Wigmore hall. So much was only to be expected, since in all—or nearly all—that he did he gave us that perfect adaptation of the means to the end which enables one to sit back with the comfortable assurance that everything will be as nearly right as human limitations will allow.—London Daily Telegraph.

#### ESSEX DANE'S PLAYS

The Walter H. Baker Company of Boston has published in a volume of 228 pages nine plays by Essex Dane, the wife of that excellent actor Arthur Lewis, whose performance here of Mr. Justice Grimdyke in "The Legend of Leonora," with other performances, will not soon be forgotten. Few actors today speak the English language with so great beauty and significance.

Miss Dane is a Californian by birth, but she left that state at an early age and was taken to Paris and London by her father, who was a journalist. It was her intention to be an opera singer. She studied singing with Alberto Randegger and Manuel Garcia, and took the part of Carmen in a special performance in London. She decided to devote herself to the theatre. She even appeared in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiens in a little French play of her own, based on a tale by Jean Richepin. With her husband she put on a play of their own, "A House Divided," in London (1910).

She played with Mme. Rejane in "The Eternal City" and in this country has appeared in various roles, chiefly in New York. Her poems have been published from time to time in newspapers.

These nine short plays are of varied character. "When the Whirlwind Blows" and "The Wasp" are of a melodramatic nature, tales of revolution with the elements of suspense and surprise, tales told with fine discretion, with dialogue that is significant and without extravagance. "A Serpent's Tooth," is a little tragedy of Hindu life. That Miss Dane has a lively sense of humor with a whimsical twist is shown by "Wrong Numbers," "Fleurette & Company," "The Wooden Leg"—a story that would have amused Thomas Hood—and above all by "Happy Returns." "Cul-de-Sac" is a tragic episode in a physician's life. "The Workers at the Looms" is in a different vein from any one of the other plays. It is fanciful and poetic, yet there is a thrust at Futurists and Cubists, typified by "Two strange looking figures, in velvet coats, exaggerated ties and long hair," who are seen "gibbering and gesticulating, and making strange moves at each other."

Several of the plays have been acted with marked success.

#### "THREE HINDU PLAYS"

To the Editor of The Herald:

In the account which appeared in The Boston Herald of the three Hindu plays produced in the Huntington Chambers, on the 9th, inst., it was stated that the play called "Savitri," or "Love Conquers Death," was "adapted" by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta from the Mahabharata. In the programs which were distributed at the time of the performance, "Savitri" was described as a "lyrical drama adapted by Mr. K. N. Das Gupta from the original Sanskrit and translations (from the Mahabharata) by Toru Dutt, Komsch Dutt, Sir Edwin Arnold and others." As both of these statements are entirely misleading, if not untrue, a little correction I think will not be out of place.

The story of "Savitri" as staged here is not "adapted" from the original Sanskrit and "translations" of the Mahabharata by the authors quoted above, but almost the whole of it is taken from Toru Dutt's version of it in "The Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan," published by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., London, 1882—with a word or line changed occasionally. The descriptive portions of the story (in Toru Dutt's poem) were put in the mouth of "Meera," a creation of Mr. Das Gupta, no doubt as she is totally unknown in the original Sanskrit version of "Savitri" in the "Mahabharata." Besides, the fact is that Toru Dutt's "Savitri" is not a translation in the same way as Tagore's version of the "Farewell Curse" (also produced by Mr. Das Gupta) is not. In both, the original episodes are taken from the "Mahabharata," but the poets gave their own interpretations to them. In the "Life and Letters of Toru Dutt," published by the Oxford University Press, 1921, the author says, "it is with unfeigned wonder and admiration that we turn from these experiments to the noble poem of 'Savitri,' recreated and clothed in fresh beauty by Toru from an episode related in the 'Mahabharata'" (Ibid. p. 331). Mr. Das Gupta has produced "Savitri," together with Tagore's plays, in various places in this country, but while the name of Tagore has always been mentioned, the name of Toru Dutt has somehow been forgotten in connection with a play in which his name has been associated! If the "Union of East and West" really believes in its creed, "that truth is ever the same," as quoted from Tennyson in its prospectus, it is difficult to understand how one whom the Rt. Hon. Fisher (former minister of education in England) described "as the most significant figure in the long history of the contact and interfusion of East and West" (foreword to Toru Dutt's biography) could be so scantily mentioned, in fact utterly ignored, in a play in which everything that is good has been borrowed from her without acknowledgement, and the rest sadly marred by raw efforts to "adapt" it.

There is no necessity to write more, but if any one, especially of the Harvard Dramatic Club, so desires, he or she may find out the truth by comparing Mr. Das Gupta's "adapted" version of "Savitri" with that of Toru Dutt, or any genuine translation of the "Mahabharata" from the original Sanskrit (e. g., P. C. Ray's), both of which are available in the Widener Library, Harvard University.

BIRAJA S. GUHA,

Assistant in Anthropology, Harvard University.

The reporter of The Herald received information about the "adaptation" of "Savitri" from Mr. Das Gupta, who then spoke as one having authority.—Ed.

#### "EVANGELINE" AND OLD TIMERS

To the Editor of The Herald:

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson's letter in today's Herald again raises the issue regarding Sol Smith Russell's singing the "Shabby Genteel" between the acts of Evangeline. I cannot recall ever hearing him sing anything, but some day when I have time I will go over to the Widener Library and look this matter up.

Let us for a moment consider the original cast of Edward E. Rice's "Evangeline." The featured singer and star of the cast was Eliza Weathersby, Nat Goodwin's first wife. There was Nat as Le Blanc, Harry Hunter as the Lone Fisherman, Clara Fisher as Evangeline, E. S. Tarr, M. C. Daley, Ada Green, Henry E. Dixey, "Dick" Golden and others whom I do not now recall. Dixey and Golden appeared in the first act as the "Two Deserters" and they also did the "Heifer Dance." This, I think, was about 1878. In following seasons Evangeline was sung by Lillian Conway and by Venie Clancy, who had previously

sung with Alice Clancy and whose sister, Helen Clancy, was leading woman for Frank Mayo.

I think we are apt to look back on these things with the eyes of youth and forget that our enthusiasm for such things has faded with the years. At any rate, revivals of past successes are seldom successful. Witness the revival of "Ermine" two or three years ago. The cast was good, the music and dialogue unchanged and the costumes and scenery adequate. I looked forward to it with great pleasure and I was sadly disappointed. It was nowhere a great success. Fashions and styles change in the theatre as elsewhere, and any actor or manager will tell you that it is almost hopeless to revive an old favorite.

Where can we dig up from the past anything stronger or better than "John Ferguson" or "Anna Christie" or plays who would act them better? Who that saw George Marion back in the days of "A Brass Monkey" would have thought he could do such a part as Clovis with such excellence?

I am afraid that, even if they could be produced with the original casts such things as "The Brook," "Vacation," "Fun on the Bristol," "A Messenger from Jarvis' Section," "Mixed Pickles," "Tourists in a Palace Car" and a hundred others, great in their time, would be disappointing to Mr. Robinson, Mr. Chandler and all the other old timers and to F. E. H.

Boston

P. S. During the season of 1893-4 I chanced to come across Frank Mayo in a one-night stand in this state. He had revived "Davy Crockett," which the old timers will recall as a hot favorite among the melodramas of its time. He played to about \$50 gross and told me with tears in his eyes that he had, once played the same thing in the same theatre to over \$1200. A year or two later he produced "Puddinghead Wilson," which put him on "Easy street" to the time of his death. He died suddenly in a sleeper, of heart failure, somewhere in the middle West.

The Hoyt comedy to which Mr. Robinson refers was "A Texas Star," featuring Tim Murphy as Maverick Brander and Flora Walsh as Bossy. William Devere acted a small part and was also stage manager.

#### MUSIC IN ENGLAND

The program of the concert by the Handel Society in London on May 1 did not contain a single example of Handel's music. The Daily Telegraph said: "That is the bare fact which may excite some comment. It may be that the choir, having drawn inspiration from Handel for 37 years, felt an irresistible impulse to seek beauty further afield. The spring is here, which sends people to all kinds of adventurous quests, and it would be absurd to expect choral societies to be impervious to its influence. If we demur to the choice it is not because it ignored Handel, but because of the inadequacy of certain substitutes. Mr. Dellus's 'Sea Drift' and M. Ravel's 'Ma Mere l'Oye' were excellent, and just what one would expect from a society which has at its head so young and enterprising a musician as Mr. Eugene Goossens. But 'The Spectre's Bride'! What was Dvorak's tattered spark doing at this feast of Handelian trunfts? We can sympathize with the desire of a Handelian enthusiast to have a shot at modernity, which is just as natural as the desire others have felt to be—if only for a few hours—Julius Caesar or

Mephistopheles. But to accept in place of any work of Handel the worst cantata of Dvorak is like going from Windermere to Wigan for a holiday."

Yet there was a time—not so long ago—when "The Spectre's Bride" was regarded in England as an inspired work.

Great music, like great poetry, has many meanings, and as no one can say which was uppermost in the composer's mind or, indeed, that any was, we are entitled to read it as we understand it, or by or individually. We descend, musically, from the Elizabethans, a most concrete race of men, and our generation has taken Bach to its heart, as others took Handel and Brahms, more for his happy workmanship than for his orderly argument—as also we take the Elizabethan madrigals. And what we like about Mr. Samuel's way of doing the thing is just this tasting of the present good, and this belief that in seeing a part clearly we shall somehow come more quickly to a conception of the whole than in any other way.—London Times.

At a violoncello concert in London there were combinations of four, six, twelve and more, besides solos. "The performance of the Bach Air (from the orchestral suite in D) by 50 players, with pianoforte accompaniment, was a complete realization of all that one had felt to be potential and inherent in that wonderful melodic creation, and that not merely because of an added quantity of tone, but chiefly because of

the unity of sound existing among the performers with regard to phrasing and rhythmic progression. The works in parts were not so fully effective. These were the 'Hymn,' by Klengel, composed for the funeral of Arthur Nikisch, and a MS. study called 'Dawn,' by Felix White—a first performance. Both employed 12 instruments. The first—as, indeed, seemed inevitable—was thick and muddy, although there were momentary phases of poignant expression; the other is a work which, for all its ingenuity, skill and genuine impulse, gives the impression that it is laboring under difficulties unnecessarily self-imposed. But it marks a distinct technical advance. For those to whom 'cello tone is the culmination of sound-beauty, we can imagine no more complete experience than the Bach performances. These alone justified Mr. Walenn's assertion. But he will not find universal agreement, for some there are who are possessed by a black melancholy in hearing such sounds, and 'affection, mistress of passion, sways it to the mood.'"

We lay stress on style; oratorio style is becoming, like oratorio, a thing of the past. That is inevitable; though some people will think it a pity.—London Times.

#### THEATRE NOTES

In view of the frequent protest here against the importation of German and similar musical comedy into English theatres on the plea of its superiority to our own, the following remark in a letter I recently received from an English friend, a business man in Berlin, formerly a member of the casts of several musical comedies in London, will be interesting:

"The lighter musical efforts, I suppose, do not interest you vastly, and I don't wonder. Those here (Berlin) are almost without exception, the last word in abject drivel—and dirt. Fritz Masary has carried Leo Fall's latest effort, 'Madame Pompadour,' into an enormous success. All the musical comedy composers will try and copy American and English revue music, and the German can no more write it than he can dance it. The best that can be said of Fall's music is that he prefers to repeat his own music to that of other people!"

One sees pretty well how a great writer might take up a second-rate work, keep what he liked of its plot, and even of the less vital bits of the dialogue, and in the end turn out a first-rate thing. In fact, it was Shakespeare's favorite way. He always liked to have something to start from, some novelette or middling contemporary play or stodgy historical narrative. He evidently avoided steadfastly the dreadful moment of sitting down to a desk with no syllable of printed matter lying upon it and trying to create a new masterpiece absolutely out of the void, spiriting the very notion and first words of it up from the vasty deeps of the mind, wherein there is not even a Hollinshed to cling to and crib from. There have been such fundamental creators, but earthier happy is the author to whom creation seems to present itself most woefully in the form of wholesale correction, the inspired blue-pencilling and pulling-about of another fellow's pre-existing exercise.—Manchester Guardian.

"Ned Kean of Old Drury," by Arthur Shirley (Drury Lane, May 8) treats of Edmund Kean's earlier life: "It is different from and rather better than the traditional melodrama of the 'Lane,' for though studiously and often stickily romantic, the play is a study of a character, and not just a piece of very raw material for the scenic engineer."

Of "Her Temporary Husband" by Edward A. Paulton (Duke of York's Theatre, May 8) the Manchester Guardian said: "For people who like jokes about dying invalids this is capital stuff, and for those who can still see the soul of comedy in a man putting on a beard and pretending to be somebody else there is fun in plenty. Nobody appeared in pyjamas, but there were some handsome bathing dresses in view."

R. C. Carton's "One Too Many" (King's Theatre, Hammersmith) did not gain success. "Its plot is extravagant and many of the comic scenes border all too closely upon buffoonery." "Some of the situations are amusing, but little of the dialogue is above the average." "Disappointing, conventional."

Lytton Strachey contributed a remarkable article about Sarah Barnhardt to the Nation and the Athenaeum, in which he says that her achievements proved conclusively that it is possible to be a great actor "without having the faintest notion, not only of the intentions of particular dramatists, but of the very rudiments of the dramatic art." The mastery over her medium was so overwhelming that it became an obsession. "The result was that this extraordinary genius was really to be seen at her most characteristic in plays



of inferior quality. . . . Fortunately the daughter genius of Jean Racine was of such a nature that it was able to lift hers on to its own level of the immortal and the universal. Racine had enough intellect for both. And so Mr. Strachey says the greatest of all her achievements was in "Phedre." "The 'voix d'or' has often been raved over; but in Sarah Bernhardt's voice there was more than gold; there was thunder and lightning; there was heaven and hell. But the pitcher is broken at the fountain; that voice is silent now forever, and the terror and pity that

lived in it and purged the souls of mortals have faded into incommunicable dreams."

#### NEWMAN ON SINGERS (Manchester Guardian)

As usual at this period of the year, most of my time is being spent at the Scottish competition festivals. I do not seem to be missing much, however, by being mostly away from London; the one reflection that gives me a pang is that I shall not be able to hear either of Battistini's recitals this month. Some day, when humanity is really civilized, bad singers will be punished by law, not for their sins against art, but for their physical cruelty to their hearers. Those gentry do not seem to realize that when we listen to a singer we unconsciously make sympathetic movements in our own throats; that is why, for example, some of us feel so tired after a long spell of high soprano coloratura singing—our own larynxes rise in sympathy with the pitch, obeying the same law that makes us unwittingly kick the man in front of us when the centre forward has the ball at his foot and an open goal. It follows that when a singer has a bad production all sorts of disagreeable sympathetic maladjustments go on in the throats of those who are listening to him, or, at any rate in the throats of those who themselves have the singing instinct in them. Conversely, a singer who really knows how to sing gives a delightful feeling of ease in our own throats; to test which one has only to listen to Battistini, who, at the age of 65 or so, still produces his tone with the naturalness of a singing bird. And to hear Battistini in some of the Italian opera arias of the early 19th century is to understand, perhaps for the first time in our lives, what the now despised Bellini and Donizetti and Mercadante and the rest of them were driving at. They were, after all, not such fools as the post-Wagnerian generations have come to think. They wrote primarily for singers who could sing; once their idiom is accepted as the natural one of their day, and given a modern singer who takes it as the normal thing, instead of loftily condescending to it, we see how much that is really vital can be said in it.—Ernest Newman.

#### SWAN'S "SCRIBBIN"

In his book on "Scriabin" (John Lane Ltd.), Mr. Alfred J. Swan reveals admiration that knows no bounds, and unquestioning faith. There are, of course, the first qualifications of the biographer, and they are in this instance quite innocent of any sinister design to hide less amiable aspects of the hero's character. Honesty is always transparent, and we are not blind to the weaknesses of Dr. Johnson because Boswell set him up as a pattern, nor do we think of Scriabin as an Admirable Crichton because Mr. Swan has written in his praise. For him Scriabin was first an elf, then a Titan. For us he was first a most successful imitator, and in his later developments aspiring towards an ideal which completely evaded his grasp. But on this point we must agree that to differ is not to quarrel. Only time can prove the prophets right or wrong. For the present we can only testify according to our own feelings and convictions. What matters is that in his little volume Mr. Swan has given us all that is essential for us to know about Scriabin and his art. He describes briefly but lucidly the opening scenes of the Russian composer's life, his impatience in the schools, his marriage, the break with his wife and the liaison with a young admirer, his travels, his death. The critical side of the volume we must praise with inevitable reservations as to the writer's conclusions. This fact, however, does not in the least detract from the author's merit as a lucid exponent of somewhat intricate and elusive problems.—Daily Telegraph.

#### CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

(London Daily Telegraph)

"There must be some ways of overcoming the evil that holds the motion picture down to earth and prevents it reaching its rightful plane," said Mr. D. W. Griffith a few months ago. After examining the question from different angles the producer of "The Birth of a Nation" added, it may be remembered, that the most urgent reform in his opinion was that theatres should discard the usual practice of giving continuous performances and, instead,

show films only at fixed hours announced in advance. The same authority frankly admitted that the exhibitor who followed this advice would probably lose money, but, on the other hand, he would have the satisfaction of contributing materially to the enhancement of the silent drama in the eyes of the intellectual elite. "I feel sure," Mr. Griffith declared, "that there will be found somewhere a brave soul who, for the sake of what it means to motion pictures will try the experiment of not permitting visitors to his theatre to take their seats after the principal picture has been on for half an hour. He would be doing a great good, and every producer would rise up and call him blessed."

This antipathy of the celebrated director for the continuous performance, which he regards as a menace quite as grave as censorship for the future of the film industry, is based on the premise that there is no vital difference in status between a play on the legitimate stage and a screen play. No stage producer, however brilliant, he contended, could long maintain his supremacy in the eyes of the public if his audience habitually straggled into the theatre whenever they liked during the performance. He would lose all heart in his work if he felt obliged to plan his plot in such a manner that it could be seen backwards or forwards indiscriminately. So with the film producer. "Why?" asks Mr. Griffith, "do some of the most brilliant minds of the age sneer at the motion picture as something cheap and ridiculous, if not because producers purposely base their screen plays on hackneyed themes? They are convinced that any subtlety they may be tempted to introduce will be completely submerged when the last scenes are viewed first and the first scenes last."

#### TWO KINDS OF FAME

(The London Times)

The tributes paid to Sarah Bernhardt insist, and rightly, upon her prodigious fame. She had no rival while she lived. There may be, as our dramatic critic says, a greater actress living; but the world does not acknowledge it. To the world Sarah Bernhardt was the greatest of all actresses and without a second. Yet there was one thing said about her, and by an actor, which is not so much an exaggeration as a mistake—namely, that her memory will endure for eternity and her name will never be forgotten. This is language that might be used of Plato or Shakespeare or Mozart, but not of any actress or any mere executant that ever lived. The fame of the great creators increases with time; a lengthening posterity applauds them with cumulative conviction; but the fame of executants must grow fainter with the lapse of years, and is only preserved by what others have said about them. We remember Garrick by an epigram on his King Lear and by Boswell's "Johnson"; we remember Rachel by the account of her acting in "Villette"; while as for Burbage, his name survives only because he played Hamlet. All these enjoyed the roaring and the wreaths in their lifetime as no creative artist has ever enjoyed them; Paganini saw and

heard his public as Bach never did; but we can hear Bach's music, and we cannot hear Paganini's playing; he is to us a name preserved by a drawing, a description, a few anecdotes. The great executants have genius; like orators, they can sway a crowd; but their genius, because of its very nature, is spent in the moment, like the genius of the orator. The orator's speech may be preserved in print, but those speeches which have most immediate effect on an audience seldom keep their magic for the reader. Burke, alone of our great orators, survives in literature; and he was the dinner-bell of the House of Commons. He spoke, as it were, to posterity; while Fox spoke to the men before him and swayed them as if he were a great actor or a great fiddler. He had the genius of the executant, the genius of the moment, which Burke must have lacked, that genius which enjoys the intoxicating reward of the moment and then suffers the penalty of gradual oblivion.

We do not even know of the great executants of the past, which had pure genius and which won success by the help of some strain of charlatanism in their genius. Because they were judged only by their contemporaries, they are subject to all the chances and errors of contemporary judgment. If the creators were thus at the mercy of contemporary fame without the revision of posterity, the greatest of them would never have come into their own. It is not that posterity is always wiser, but it makes different mistakes; its taste changes, and changes of taste are the ordeal to which fame must submit before it can be secure. If Dr. Johnson could admire Shakespeare, then Shakespeare must have virtues that will outlast every vicissitude; but there is never a Johnson to judge the great orators or the great actors with the detachment and the altered standards of another age. And the Abbe Liszt should we enjoy his playing if we could

hear it now? Should we like it more or less, than the playing of Rubinstein or Mme. Schumann? We do not know; he is a great name, but only a name, because he is subject to no revision by posterity. He must have had the genius of the executant, but the can never be sifted and tested like the genius of the creator. He had his reward, and we should not grudge it to him just because it was so great; but we must distinguish between the two kinds of fame; and it is wholesome for the great executants themselves to remember, at the very moment of triumph, that the wreaths will fade.

## "LIZA" OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Liza," a musical comedy in two acts and 11 scenes. Book by Irvin C. Miller; lyrics and music by Maceo Pinkard; special lyrics by Nat Vincent. Performed for the first time in New York at Daly's Sixty-third Street Theatre. Orchestra led by Lt. Tim Brynn.

Squire Norris.....Alonzo Henderson  
Liza Norris.....Margaret Simms  
Nora.....Gertrude Saunders  
Uncle Pete.....William Simms  
Parson Jordan.....Packer Ramsey  
Judge Plummer.....Quintard Miller  
Ras Johnson.....R. Eddie Greenlee  
Dandy.....Thaddeus Drayton  
The sheriff.....Will Cook  
Tom Liggett.....Billy Mills  
John Jones.....Doe Doe Green  
Ice Cream Charlie.....Irvin C. Miller  
Boddilly.....Emmett Anthony  
Mammy.....Miss Cornell Vigil  
Mandy.....Madeline Belt  
Harry Davis.....Snippy Mason

The dancers danced with a superbly barbaric gusto. There was at times a frenzy that suggested Voodoo rites in Haiti, a savagery that might have been displayed by the Africans in "Batouala." Yet the barbaric and the savage were singularly in vistic control. The rhythm of the ensemble, the co-ordination of steps, gestures and posturings with the delicious music, all this was remarkable. Perhaps this was particularly true of the various dancing bands, the Brown Skin Vamps, the Gallington Flappers, the Dancing Honey Girls, and the Strutting Dandies. These last brought to mind the glories of the old Cake Walk. There was nothing that was perfunctory. No thought of a signalling master in the wings. There was wild spontaneity.

And when there was solo dancing, especially by the men, whether they were silent or polyglottic in dialogue, there was the same apparent recklessness as of a sudden improvisation.

The plot is fortunately a slim one, for, although the dancers needed a rest from time to time, the audience was impatient for their return. There was an attempt to raise money for a statue to a dead mayor of Gallington, Tenn. This attempt gave opportunity for farcical scenes, as the one in the barber shop, the one in the cemetery. These were the inevitable side walk front stage conversations, an amusing one between one man at a jail window, while the barber chaffed him from the outside. Unfortunately, one or two of the players gave consciously, or unconsciously, imitations of Bert Williams, but there was only one Williams, and the imitations were welcome solely because they brought that comedian to mind.

There was singing by Miss Simms, Miss Saunders, Miss Belt, Miss Welch, Messrs. Greenlee, Anthony and others; also by the chorus. There were songs sentimental, as "My Old Man," and songs grotesque.

But "Liza" is, first of all, a dancing show, and the dancing is well worth seeing. The music for these dances is exciting; it would goad on the dancers, if artificial quickening were necessary. The orchestra is an excellent one for the purposes required, and here and there was fascinating orchestration.

The young women, too, are well worth seeing, in motion or in repose. The one that came into the barber shop to have her shoes shined did not say a word as she sat in the chair. It was not necessary for her to speak, for she had Atalanta's better part, and thus was eloquent. No wonder that the two barbers lost in admiration could not shave. Her sisters on the stage were well favored, and in the frenzy of the dance one again praised the wonders of beneficent Nature.

An audience that filled the theatre was loud in laughter and applause.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us yesterday that he would like to visit England this summer, to stop for a few days in every cathedral town, not so much to see the cathedrals as to drink ale, for he had been informed that ale was particularly good under the shadow of a cathedral. He will not go. Chill penury represses his noble rage. We consoled him by saying that Bostonians returning from England assured us that the ale now pulled in a pewter quart

was sadly lacking in body and strength. But many will nevertheless visit England; some to visit places made famous by novelists. There are books descriptive of the London and English country of Dickens. One can journey with Mr. Pickwick or Little Nell. There are guide books with maps to the "Wessex" of Thomas Hardy. "The Dover Road," "The Brighton Road" and other "Roads" by Charles G. Harper contain much curious information. Now comes forward Mr. Beresford Chancellor with "The London of Thackeray," whose London was chiefly that of the West End, the haunts of the rich, fashionable world. "Dickens chose to portray the London under his eyes. Thackeray in large part is back in days of Queen Anne and the early Georges, seldom past the Regency; but when he permitted himself to picture the London surviving into his own day, as in 'Pendennis' and 'Vanity Fair' he proves an acute observer."

W. E. Henley, in his brilliant essay on Thackeray, wrote: "How thoroughly he understands the feeling of them that go down into the west in broughams!" Henley preferred Dickens, although he admitted cheerfully Thackeray's "pre-eminence as a writer of English and the master of one of the finest prose styles in literature."

And so again the question comes up. Do you prefer Thackeray to Dickens, or Dickens to Thackeray, as the young lady from Chicago asked, who later in a discussion about architecture said she favored "the pointed ironic rather than the open carthartic."

But no one should visit London for the first time without having read Leigh Hunt's delightful book, "The Town."

#### ADD "REVERE BELLS"

Mr. Harold G. Rugg, assistant librarian of the Dartmouth College library, writes: "Practically all the information regarding these (Revere bells) may be found in a pamphlet entitled 'Bells of Paul and Joseph W. Revere,' published in Boston in 1911. In this pamphlet by Dr. A. H. Nichols he traces 398 bells. It is interesting to know that many of the Revere bells came to this valley. The college had two; there is one in Hartford, Vt., and two in use in Woodstock, Vt., and bells from the foundry were in use in Danville, Peacham, Randolph and Bellows Falls."

#### PROGRESS

In a rocking-chair Grandmother used to sit,

Telling tales in the firelight's glow—  
Of Indian raids on the block-house forts,  
Bears in the Summer, and wolves in the snow:

No one had ever invented then  
Bed-Time Stories by Radio.

The forests are gone, and the last frontier—

Gone with the wolves and the buffalo;  
And those of us who were children then  
Soon will find it is time to go:

Praising heaven that he were spared  
Bed-Time Stories by Radio!  
—Double Barrel.

#### IF THE CREAM DOESN'T BEHAVE, IT WILL BE WHIPPED AGAIN

(Adv. of the Boone, Ia., Dairy Marketing Association.)

Our Whipped Cream Must Be Good  
or We Will Make It Good!

#### A CLERGYMAN'S TRIBUTE

Mr. John C. Abbot, president of the Frances Jewett Repertory Theatre Club, has received the following letter from the Rev. Boynton Merrill, associate minister to Dr. George A. Gordon: "The likes of 'er' seems to us a thoroughly unusual play, one that no sympathetic and discerning person could witness without being made acutely aware of the possible splendor of certain human emotions and capacities."

"Clever writers are prone to caricature and serious writers are apt to sentimentalize mawkishly in the presence of romantic love. The writer of this play, at once clever and serious, clothes this ancient and eternal thing in characters wistful, pitiful and splendid, and through the veil of their uncouth garb and speech he causes the glory of it to shine. The theme of the piece might be, now abideth and prevailth faith, hope and love. We most heartily commend and indorse it."

#### ET IN ARCADIA EGO

As the World Wags:

If your chronicles of the fine arts in Park street would include music, which would seem to be right, they should begin at the bottom of the street, namely, in the Park Street Church. For in that church, in the corner room overlooking the Common, dwelt and labored (more or less) in 1882 and 1883, a young musician who was beginning to attract some atten-



tion as an orchestral composer. He was the organist of the church and the rent of his room was a part of his salary. It was a very satisfactory arrangement for him, for he had made a joyous escape from the purlieus of the Lawrence building (149A Tremont street), which was at that time infested with voice and piano teachers. All day long the ambient air was filled with the shrieks, wails, thumps and bangs of their pupils. Musical composition was impossible except in the middle of the night, and even harmony lessons were difficult to give except on the keyboard. But in this beautiful, silent room, reached by a short flight of steps from Tremont street, he found a haven of refuge. It had been used as a study by former pastors of the church, but some of them had not left behind them enough of the odor of sanctity to interfere with musical inspirations of a secular character. The nearest neighbors on Tremont street—they were of our "best people"—were quiet, very quiet. The silence was broken only by the footsteps of occasional pedestrians or the distant rumble of the horse cars slowly winding up the slope of Tremont street. To that room came, among others, Horatio Parker and Arthur Whiting, with their fugues and canons. Perhaps they brought with them more than they carried away from their teacher! Many of the good singers of the time came in occasionally and some meetings and rehearsals were held there. The poets and painters came also, and the jovial brood of William Hunt, now organized as the Paint and Clay Club, found it agreeable to drop in after the other places were shut up. But if "Mary Elizabeth" could have established her tea room a few years earlier, how convenient it would have been for breakfasts!

And there was the organ in the church above. It could be played, and sometimes was, in the middle of the night.

Ah me! It was 40 years ago. The brimstone has been pretty much eliminated from that historic corner, and sometimes I wish I were there yet. Boston. G. W. C.

## MARY YOUNG HEADS THE BILL AT KEITH'S

The vaudeville lover will find much to his liking at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, for there is an interesting playlet, several good dancing numbers, a musical act that is much better than its kind and two excellent "nut" acts thrown in for good measure.

Mary Young heads the bill in Margaret Mayo's miniature farce, "Wanted, a Baby." The piece is an excellent vehicle for her, for it is in the lighter vein that she excels. There is plenty of action and, like all good farces, it speeds along in sizzling fashion. Others in the cast played with spirit and understanding.

One of the features was the singing of "The Chieftain Capoulican," the Indian baritone. It is a pleasure to see this singer take his rightful place on the bill, for only two seasons ago he followed the curtain raiser. "Since his last appearance here Mary Garden, attracted by his wonderful voice, assigned him leading baritone roles with the Chicago Opera Company, and his success is now a matter of musical history. Last evening he was heard in a varied group that included ballads, as well as operatic arias. His entrance, in the song of his fathers, as one emerging off stage as from the woods, was dramatically significant. His is a full-throated baritone, vibrant, always musical, capable of coloring at will, astounding when dynamics are brought into play, yet always with the suggestion of plenty of reserve. This was the more evident when employed to florid passages of sustained song. Altogether an unusual act in vaudeville.

Another act that scored was that of Enille Lea and company in a dancing act. Miss Lea is now conceded one of the most graceful dancers on the circuit, and this is best exemplified in her back shoot. Nor is this all, for she creates the illusion that she might go on forever, and when she alights there is the suggestion as one gently dropping into down. Her colleague, Mr. Rock, shot his legs into the air with astounding ease, and there was delight in the pair in duets that called for unanimity and rhythm.

Other acts on the bill were Dooley and Dales, in a great laugh-getter; Willie Solar, another laugh feature of the genus "nut"; Bobby Folsom and Jack Denny and their Metropolitan Or-

chestra; Block and Dunlop, in chatter and dance, and "The Clown Seal," in interesting stunts. T. A. R.

## "MOLLY DARLING" MOVES OVER TO THE COLONIAL

Enthusiastically Received on Its First Presentation There

"Molly Darling" was enthusiastically received by a large audience last evening, when it opened at the Colonial Theatre, after leaving the Tremont Theatre to make way for "The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly," the Cohan show that is there at present.

Jack Donahue is back as chief fun-maker and dances his way cleverly through a succession of scenes replete with color and melody. Mary Milburn again plays the fresh, vivacious part of Molly, and the rest of the cast also remains the same.

"Molly Darling" offers an evening of good entertainment; there is plenty of fun and action, and the music is light and decidedly tuneful—the kind of music that is hummed after the final curtain.

## "The Man Who Came Back" Never Lacks for Thrills

ST. JAMES—"The Man Who Came Back," a drama in five acts by Jules Eckert Goodman. Staged by Addison Pitt. The cast:

Griggs.....	Houston Richards
Mrs. Gaynes.....	Anna Layne
Thomas Potter.....	Mark Kent
Charles Reiding.....	Harold Chase
Henry Potter.....	Walter Gilbert
Capt. Trevelan.....	Edward Derner
Oliver.....	Viola Roach
Margelle.....	Adelyn Bushnell
Capt. Gallon.....	Ralph M. Remley
Herry, a waiter.....	Harry Lowell
Gibson.....	Lionel Berans
Sam Shew Sing.....	Atwell Allen
Hinkle.....	Howard Carewe
Myrtle.....	Lillian Abbe
Fanny.....	Norah Layton
Togo.....	Lavinia Hawlike
Tommy.....	Bernard Pathe

"To hell with your authority," thunders Capt. Gallon of the Night Hawk in the midst of the interminably long second act of "The Man Who Came Back," and Henry Potter was shanghaied to begin the last lap of his race to make the name of Potter a "name to be dragged in the gutter."

Beginning with a first act that sounds like the front page of a metropolitan daily newspaper in action, "The Man Who Came Back" swings from the home of Thomas Potter of Wall street to a San Francisco music hall, to a Shanghai opium den and then Henry Potter, "working every foot of the way," travels the 9730 miles back to his father.

"The Man Who Came Back" is another of the plays dealing with a prodigal son, an irascible father, and a girl who helped the son to come back. There is always a perennial interest in the black sheep and the drunkard and the audience last night was at its highest pitch as Walter Gilbert, as Henry Potter, tossed off one highball after another, and flung witticisms of a drunken order at his father's representative who spent his days in pursuing him and his nights in avoiding him.

Viola Roach as "Just a common garden olive" did an excellent bit of characterization in six speeches, and Adelyn Bushnell as Henry Potter's partner in misery showed her versatility as an actress in a part that demanded everything from ingenuousness to the patched reminiscence of a dope fiend in the worst dive in China who dreamed of "digging worms in soft gardens."

For a stock company presentation the reeking fumes of joss and the Golden Gate of San Francisco rising from the waves were atmospheric, to say the least. The Boston Stock Company is fortunate in its possession of Walter Gilbert as a leading man, and from the moment that he swung into the room in his dressing gown nonchalantly avoiding his father's eye to his triumphal return the audience was with him, applauding his every gesture and slip of the tongue. On the whole we would say that the company is to be recommended for its presentation of a play that run as long a time as a Broadway success, and is perhaps the parent of such Broadway ventures as Mrs. Fiske's, "The Dice of the Gods" and "Morphia," the play that Stuart Sherman is starring in now.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

COPLEY—"The Likes of 'Er." Comedy. Third Week. To be followed later by Carton's farce, "Mr. Hopkinson."

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon." Film play based on Emerson Hough's novel. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Monster." Drama. Fifth week. Holiday matinee tomorrow. The Thursday matinee will be omitted.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly." Musical comedy. Second week.

The hot days of last week brought with them a pleasant slight: Men, women and children in the cool of the evening sitting on the stoops of their houses in certain streets. In the years when "summer cottages" were unknown, when a few weeks at Saratoga Springs or Newport were a vacation if there were no hospitable country relatives in prosperous circumstances, city stoops were filled at night even in Beacon street. The young Augustus wooed Arabella sitting on a step with her. The passer-by on the dimly-lighted sidewalk heard low voices, laughter loud or suppressed, murmurs like the cooing of doves. "Now, too, let the plain and squares, and tender whisperings at nightfall, again and again be sought at the preconcerted hour." If Horace had been living in Boston he would have found a Latin word for "stoop," even though it is only for the United States or Canada. Stevenson crossing the plains described "gardened townships" which "spoke of country fare and pleasant summer evenings on the stoop."

Today Mrs. Grundy frowns on these evenings. "It isn't done by our best people." And so they do not know what they lose. They are afraid of being taken for dwellers in Gopher Prairie, yet Main Street is found in every large American city, and its "residences" with their households are described in the society columns of our newspapers. Why should one not read on Sunday morning: "Mrs. Golightly entertained a select party on the stoop of her palatial residence last week. Among those present were Mr. Clarence Giveadam, Mr. Percy Montessoro, both members of exclusive clubs, Miss Fanny Dashaway and Miss Nancy Knickers of last season's debutantes, and Miss Jane Winterbottom of Chestnut Hill, whose novel of Boston social life is now in the hands of the publishers, Blurb and Knockem."

## PARISIAN AMENITIES

The Paris Journal notes that the Revue des Deux-Mondes is in its 93d year. "The May number has 240 pages and costs four fr. 50. The daily newspapers cost only three sous and if the quality of the paper is a little worse the form at least is much more practical for purposes of wrapping or putting at the bottom of a bureau drawer."

## A TATTOOED BODY IS MORE STYLISH

(Adv. in the Elgin Daily Courier.) WANTED WHITE CHAUFFEUR—WITH own half-ton paneled body. Excellent proposition for right man. Must live in Elgin. Address Box 5-P-35, cars Courier.

CHEAP ENOUGH AS CANALS GO (Adv. in Oak Park Oak-Leaves.) FOR SALE—18 FT. CANAL; PRICE, \$40. 1915 S. 5th av.

## FOR THE HALL OF FAME

As the World Wags: Allow me to introduce Mr. Hipkiss of Toledo, O., originator of the modern dance. TRAVELER.

## REQUIESCUNT

(For As the World Wags) They bear no tramp of feet That woke stern other days; Gone, too, the fevered street And all the pomp of praise.

For them earth's sun is set And shepherded the fold; Our years are with us yet But all their days are old.

Yet if their sleep be long The journey is at end; Now silence is their song And honor is their friend.

To pride of race they gave A yeomanry of soul. A plume to crest the brave. A parchment for the scroll.

This is their guerdon day. The cloth of gold is spun. The year is at the May. They rest whose work is done.

EDWARD YERNA.

AN EFFICIENT TEACHER (From the Milford Daily News) "I had the misfortune to fall down a flight of stairs, striking hard on each step, and arrived at the bottom, before the horrified onlookers, with only some bruises, due entirely to the instruction I had received from President D. M. Staley of Boston 20 years ago, which I practise regularly each morning."

A TOWN TO VISIT  
O little town of Eborse, Migh.  
Can this all be a lie?  
About your miles of boathouses,  
All full of Scotch and rye?

The twenty thousand boot-leggers  
The papers brought to light,  
Their hopes and fears for all the beers  
That pass through you each night?  
Providence. NOAH VAIL.

ADD "THE IDEAL HUSBAND"  
(Health-Hints in Aurora, Ill., Beacon-News)

Is it dangerous for my husband to sleep with a cat in the bed? He gets a bath once a week and never runs around outside.  
Answer—Then he is safe to sleep with.

It has been said that the late Sadie Martinot, whose photograph at one time was on the mantelpiece or in the looking glass in the rooms of many Harvard students, was first seen on the stage of the Boston Museum. Was she not a drawing card at the Boylston Museum before that? And was not her first appearance on any stage at Josh Hart's Eagle Theatre in New York in the fall of 1876 when "Ixion" was playing? Mr. Charles P. Sawyer of the New York Evening Post says she was engaged there as "extra lady" at \$5 a week, but when Maude Branscombe was taken sick, Sadie replaced her in a leading part. When Planquette's operetta, "Rip Van Winkle," was produced in London (Oct. 14, 1882) two years before it was performed in Paris, Miss Martinot was the original Katrina. She was, for some reason, replaced by Camille Dubois, who was seen in this country with Lydia Thompson. The incomparable Fred Leslie played Rip.

Miss (or Mrs.) Flora Sprague Hazard, writing to the New York Times, says that she would not even with free tickets see a play by Shakespeare. She would not go to the Chauve Souris because she doesn't like foreigners. She has not seen "Rain" for she does not like "realism that is an empty sham." She shuns mystery plays and plays that leave a bad taste in her mouth, and she "won't stand for lace ruffles on men nor hoopskirts on women." What will she see? "I've never known a real honest-to-goodness dramatic critic, so I never believe what they say of a play until after I've seen it for myself." Miss (or Mrs.) Flora is evidently "beastly particular." She says nothing about the cinema.

In Ripon, Wis., a duo-plano concert was given by Mrs. W. H. Barber and Miss Viola Shave. And what didn't they do to the composers!

And in a concert tonight given by the Coleridge-Taylor Association in Steinert hall, Miss Pipes will be the solo contralto, while Justin B. Sandridge will play the piano.

In London Mr. Foster Why, "an American singer," has been heard. No critic was so rude as to put in his review a comma after Foster.

Years ago a London critic, not pleased by the whoops and garglings of an Italian tenor, dismissed him by saying: "We wonder who taught Senor —, and why?"

Miss Dal Buell, pianist, of Newton Centre, gave a recital in London on May 9. The Daily Telegraph said that she "created an impression favorable enough to encourage the desire to hear her again," though there were occasions when her "happy gifts tended toward mere exuberance and others when she was led into affecting a superficial brilliance." Her essential qualities were "a refined intelligence, an acute rhythmic sense, and the ability to think and feel in terms of phrases and groups of phrases."

A London journal says that Frank Waller, who has been conducting orchestral concerts in Germany, was "formerly assistant of the Boston Symphony orchestra." When?

Here is a pleasant paragraph in the Paris Journal concerning the Renaissance Theatre: "They say Cora has left the theatre. She'll never play here again! But there is not much sadness mingled in this regret. They say this because it is necessary to talk about something."

Comodia of Paris published an interview with a young violinist in which he said he was the nephew of Martha Brandes, the actress, and this placed him in the first rank of "virtuosos of the future." The reporter at the end



remarked: "It is the evocation of this  
aunt's fine talent in the bow of the  
nephew."

Minot Beale and Walter Hansen will  
play sonatas for violin and piano by  
Loelliet, Beethoven and Lekeu in Re-  
dential hall, New England Conservatory  
of Music tonight.

Parisian critics did not treat Mr.  
Channing Pollock's "Sign on the Door"  
with due reverence. This conversation  
in the lobby of the theatre where it  
was performed was reported:  
"Do you know what this sign ought to  
say?"  
"What?"  
"Entrance forbidden. Danger."

Balfour Gardner's "News from Why-  
dah" was recently rehearsed by singers  
in an English village. Mr. C. Arm-  
strong Gibbs wrote to the Daily Tele-  
graph that the plucky half-dozen tenors  
were laborers or gardeners who would  
meet in a barn for their lunch hour and  
devote 30 minutes to food and the other  
30 to practising their parts. "And yet  
some would tell us there is no en-  
thusiasm for music in this country! We  
finished by tackling 'News from Why-  
dah.' Any of your readers who  
knows this attractive little work is  
aware that certain passages are of a  
fiendish difficulty. We spent some time  
wrestling agonizedly with two pages  
of truly appalling climax. The next day

at Sunday school the rector overheard  
two small boys: 'Did you hear the  
singin' yesterday?' 'No, did you?' 'No.  
Oh didn't, but my fawer said as 'ow 'e  
went past the village 'all, and it  
sounded to 'im like a dawg caught in  
a trap!'

Note and Lines:  
Yes, Rice's "Surprise Party" was a  
wonderful group of entertainers. We  
roared with delight at this atrocity  
spoken by one of the characters: "I am  
of a roving botanical mind, and don't  
care 'bout any gal of any kind."  
Speaking of Eva, I once assisted the  
stage manager at an amateur produc-  
tion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A wire-  
rope pulley arrangement was installed  
and Little Eva was to be hauled up to  
an opening in the flat through which  
gauze-covered aperture she appeared,  
wing-bedecked, and with heaven-starred  
background as old Uncle Tom's soul  
took flight. All went well until we  
hauled her up, but to our dismay the  
pendant rope slowly turned, as ropes do,  
and the audience had a rear view of  
the little angel, wings, port pantalets  
and all. The play was ruined and the  
curtain lowered. The audience was  
ticked to death.  
LANSING R. ROBINSON.  
Boston.

The Saxophone solo which is typical  
of the "Innocent" in the Suite No. 1 of  
incidental music to "L'Arlesienne," is  
usually played here by a clarinet, and  
the effect is thereby greatly lessened.  
Next Saturday night when the Suite  
will be performed at a "Pop" concert,  
the solo will be played on a saxophone  
by Mr. Laus, the excellent first bassoon  
of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Every one connected with musical  
journalism knows that nowadays  
newspaper offices are inundated with  
attempts by artists and their agents to  
get what they inelegantly call a "write  
up." More than that, paragraphs pour  
into every newspaper office lauding to  
the skies every kind of music and mu-  
sician in turn, paragraphs which,  
though really written by the artists  
themselves or their agents, are in-  
tended to appear as an expression of  
the views of the newspaper publishing  
them.—London Times.

M. Antoine proposes that the Theatre  
Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, should be  
turned into a sort of Comedie Fran-  
caise to be managed by a group of au-  
thors or actors.

Arnold Bennett has said that by the  
time a play has been running a week  
it has become three plays: The play  
the author wrote, the play the actors  
produce and the play the audience  
makes of it.

We were surprised when we read, a  
few days ago, in the New York World  
a dispatch from Paris stating that a police  
report describing the personal appear-  
ance of the Saviour had "just been dis-  
covered in an old Latin text in the Vati-  
can"; that it was forwarded by the  
"Pro-Consul Publius Lentulus, who, it  
is stated, was the predecessor of Ponti-  
us Pilate."

When the New York World published  
th's story in 1906 as a dispatch from  
Berlin May 18, the description by Pub-

lius Lentulus was "discovered in the  
library of the Lazarist Fathers in Rome."  
This faked story is a very old one. It  
was fabricated probably toward the end  
of the middle ages. As the story goes,  
the letter of Publius Lentulus was ad-  
dressed to the Roman Senate before the  
crucifixion. But the Publius Lentulus is  
unknown to history. Valerius Gratus  
was the immediate predecessor of Pon-  
tius Pilate. The successor of Pilate  
was Marcellus. From the year 15 to the  
year 38, that is, for about 15 years before  
the Saviour began his public ministry  
and about five years after his ascension,  
there was no Lentulus. The Eutroplus  
who is said to have found the letter in  
the archives of the Roman Senate is  
equally a mythical character.

The letter with a portrait was in a  
15th century manuscript of the Evan-  
gelists in the Jena Library, and it is to  
be found in writings of the 16th, 17th  
and 18th centuries. It was long ago  
translated into all the European lan-  
guages, although its authenticity was  
attacked successfully by the learned  
Johann Reisk, who died in 1701; before  
that by Valla and by Varenus.

There are exhaustive articles concern-  
ing portraits of the Saviour and the  
Virgin Mary in Gabriel Peignot's "Re-  
cherches Historiques sur la Personne de  
Jesus-Christ, sur Celle de Marie" (Dijon,  
1829). A second edition was published  
at Paris in 1835.

Lines to W. E. K.  
(For As the World Wags)  
Now that Clarissa's set aright  
By Don's admiring friend,  
Another reader would attempt  
This quaint dispute to end.

Don Marquis is the writer's name  
At home as well as when  
It's signed to witty paragraphs  
Done by his brilliant pen.

Not so with Baron Ireland;  
No "Mr. Ireland" he.  
Nate Salisbury is his cognomen  
When he's at home for tea.

It were not wise to cite the name  
Of any other bard,  
For I might be, like W. E. K.,  
Hoist by my own petard.

MR. AND MRS. ADENOID SENT  
REGRETS  
(Lafayette, Ind., Journal and Courier)  
Adam Walker and wife and mother,  
Mrs. Schroy, were Sunday guests of  
tensilitis.

ADD "UNNATURAL HISTORY"  
ITEMS  
(Foley, Ala., Onlooker)  
One first class new milk cow and her  
last year helper calf, 16 months old for  
\$75 that is a bargain. The cow makes  
8 lbs of butter the week also one 12  
inch plow, one lime and fertilizer sower  
8 foot wide, one spring tooth harrow.  
Aug Zimmerman, 2 miles east of Elberta  
on Pensacola road.

BUT THE NIGHT CLERK WAS  
AWAKE  
(Hotel Pennsylvania Register, New York)  
We have among our guests today Mrs.  
I. Freeman of Albany, N. Y. She came  
in during the night.

OBSESSED  
Sex! . . . Sex! . . .  
Yes: sex! It holds me in thrall,  
And forces on me words wherewith I  
seek to hide  
Just what it is that's the matter with  
me,  
Oh, but it is that I know I am sexstic  
—sexotic!  
I plan in conio sexions; I quote in sex-  
cerpts;  
I seek sustenance in sextracts; I am  
become  
A thing sextraordinary: I am vivid with  
it;  
And I vibrate like a in the diatonic  
tonic  
Whene'er I pass a churchyard and see  
the sexton.

A SMALL TOWN SIGN  
(Seen by "Ocular")  
HAVE YOUR CAR WASHED HERE  
A good first class wash. . . . . \$2.00  
An ordinary wash. . . . . \$1.50  
No wash at all . . . . . \$1.00

FOLK WORDS FOR "LAUREL"  
As the World Wags:  
A farmer friend, in a town a dozen  
miles west of Manchester, N. H., refers  
to mountain laurel as "Spoonhunch"  
and "Spoonwood." The spelling is  
phonetic. He has never seen the words,  
but says they are in common use.  
Boston. S. A.  
The Tillia glabra, Lime or Linden tree,  
is known as basswood (as in Vermont) or  
spoonwood. See Frederic Pursh's "Flora  
Americae Septentrionalis" (1814). Pursh,

a native of Siberia, twice visited the  
United States as a botanist, and died at  
Montreal. William Darlington in his  
"American Weeds" gives these names to  
the Kalmia latifolia—Mountain laurel,  
Calico bush, Spoonwood. In Vermont  
it is known as high laurel or calico bush,  
and the Kalmia angustifolia is called  
there the sheep laurel or low laurel.  
We find no information about "Spoon-  
hunch."—Ed.

THE JOCOSE REPORTER  
(Paris (Ill.) Daily News)  
Lizzie Ford, 38 (not a sister of the  
Dodge Brothers), and Leonard Johnson,  
47, both of Terre Haute, were issued a  
marriage license by Clerk Myers.

COLD ROAST TROWELS OR A RAKE  
SALAD?  
(The Groton Landmark, Ayer)  
Refreshments of cake and ice cream,  
potted plants, cut flowers and garden  
tools found a ready sale, and orders  
were also left to be filled.

OTIUM CUM DIG  
As the World Wags:  
It would ease my mind very much—  
my body, too, for that matter—were  
you good enough to inform me whether  
the scholarly and epicurean Mr. Herkl-  
mer Johnson is to include in his colos-  
sal work a treatise on man's varying  
ideas of perfect relaxation.

His stethoscopic sense has doubtless  
detected the firm, soothing goodness of  
a midsummer afternoon's rest on the  
quarter deck of a steamer in mid-ocean,  
which Mr. Tomlinson described in his  
book, "The Sea and the Jungle."  
Distinct, indeed, this Englishman's  
idea of rest from that of the Lithu-  
anian who is my colleague on the  
sweeping bridge of a scouring mill:  
Small farm—work one hour—rest two  
in shade—drink beer—shoot rabbits.  
Rather hopeful in these arid times, and  
yet sublime!  
Mr. Johnson could make much of such  
a subject. I crave that he wield his pen  
thereon. PICARDY.  
Lowell-for-the-Nonce.

June 2 1923  
Mr. Max Beerbohm has taken away  
his cartoons from the Leicester Gal-  
leries in London. The outcry against  
his audacity in caricaturing royal per-  
sons was too much for even his brave  
soul. In a letter authorizing the with-  
drawal, he says that the drawings were  
conceived in a spirit of "light-hearted  
fantasy." He might have added, with  
his tongue in his cheek, that the Eng-  
lish, to quote from the "Complete Works  
of Artemus Ward," "have no idee of  
first class Humer."

A special cablegram to the World of  
New York says: "It is tradition in  
England since early Victorian days that  
the royal family should not be carica-  
tured." "Should not," but they were.  
It is not necessary to go back to the  
years of George III. and the great car-  
icaturist, Gillray, powerful, often coarse  
and brutal. Nor is it necessary to re-  
fer to the savage cartoons of the youth-  
ful Cruikshank, illustrations for equally  
savage attacks on royalty by William  
Hone.

Let us speak only of Queen Victoria's  
reign. Punch was never weary of pok-  
ing fun at the Prince Consort. He was  
pictured as proudly showing Victoria a  
hat of his invention; as playing in the  
nursery with a box of toy soldiers which  
Louis Philippe gave him. Some of us  
remember the striking cartoon by Matt  
Morgan in the Tomahawk of London.  
The Prince of Wales (afterward Ed-  
ward VII.) was shown as Hamlet on the  
platform of the castle running after the  
ghost of George IV., and there was  
this legend: "Go on, I'll follow thee."  
This was at a time when the dissolute  
behavior of the prince shocked not only  
his honorable mother, but thousands of  
honest Englishmen.

When Mr. Max Beerbohm visited  
Boston with his half-brother, Beerbohm  
Tree, he was a delightful companion.  
With his black hair smoothed straight  
back on his head, he reminded one of a  
earned seal.

By some mistake questions concern-  
ing household matters sent to The  
Traveler were included in this column  
last Wednesday. Letters addressed to  
us giving sound advice about sewing  
buttons on underclothes and disposing  
agreeably of grapefruit have been  
handed over to the proper department  
of The Traveler.

Some interesting letters about old  
theatre programs and comedians in  
Boston will be published in The Herald  
of next Sunday (tomorrow).

LOOKING BACKWARD  
(George Augustus Sala)  
Brother, we must die. It needs not  
the digging Trappist to tell us so. It

needs not the moralist with "Disce  
Mori!" It needs not the looking glass  
that shows us the wrinkled brow and  
grizzled locks. We must die; and we  
are gravelled, and worn, and sick, and  
sorry; and in the night we pray for  
morning, and in the morning cry out  
that it were night. But they need not  
be grim ghosts, those memories of the  
old pleasant follies and "High Jinks."  
They did not all belong to the folly  
and recklessness of wayward youth.  
They were jovial and exuberant, and  
merry and light-hearted; trivial, cer-  
tainly, and, maybe, undignified, as  
when you, John Kemble, rode the hip-  
popotamus at early dawn among the  
cabbages in Covent Garden. . . . I  
hope we shall not all be brought to  
judgment for all the rejoicings of our  
youth; for the assize would surely be  
too black, and shuddering mercy  
would tear the calendar.

SPOON ETIQUETTE  
The manager of the Auditorium Hotel,  
Chicago, received the following letter  
from Honolulu:

"Has the management of the hotel  
ever published any sort of book or pam-  
phlet wherein some rules of etiquette  
were printed? There is a man here from  
Chicago who declares he saw in the  
above said booklet, a statement which  
said that it was perfectly correct and  
proper etiquette for one to leave one's  
spoon in one's coffee while drinking it,  
as long as one held onto the spoon. I  
thought the best way to prove to him  
that he's wrong, was to write direct to  
you, and get a statement from you that  
you never did print such a thing, that  
is if you'll spare me a few minutes and  
do it. The reason I'm so interested is  
that he made a big bet on it, two to one,  
that he's right."  
To which the manager replied: "We  
have never advised guests to hold onto  
spoons or other silverware."

JUMBOISM  
As the World Wags:  
I have been surprised at the attitude  
that a great size and a sounding name  
have for the people, as instanced in the  
crowds who have visited the Leviathan.  
Are not most of desirable things in this  
world small? Pearls, diamonds, the  
green buds on the trees, raindrops,  
small books, little new peas—the list is  
too long for your space.

Anatole France tells us that Cleo-  
patra was a little woman, and it was  
always the youngest son, who brought  
home the tiniest dog (in a walnut) to  
offer to the Princess.

Boston. A GRANDMOTHER.  
Mortals for centuries have been drawn  
toward what was big in nature or in art.  
Some no doubt wish to see the Levi-  
athan because the word is in Holy Writ.  
Others may have been fired to curiosity  
by reading the "Hortus Sanitatis":  
"The Leviathan often lies in wait for  
the whale, and fights with him; and  
all the fishes of the sea which behold  
the fight flock quickly to the tail of the  
whale. Now if the whale be overcome  
he must die, and those fish, too, which  
he had girdled with his tail, are quickly  
swallowed. But if the Leviathan can-  
not overcome the whale he emits from  
his jaws a most foul stench with water;  
but the whale swallows the water and  
rejects it, and repels that very foul  
stench, and so saves and defends him  
and his."

There go the ships, says the Psalmist;  
"there is that Leviathan whom thou  
hast made to play therein." Concern-  
ing the figure of Cleopatra there are  
various reports, but Sappho was a little  
dark woman with black hair, and Al-  
caeus says that she had a beautiful  
smile.—Ed.

OMAR NOW SAYS  
As the World Wags:  
Perhaps these stanzas are not inap-  
propriate to your column:  
My justly famous jug of wine's no more;  
At least, it's empty—which was ne'er  
before  
The case, or never so for longer than  
It took to find the blessed tavern door.

The book of verses underneath the  
bough,  
Ah me! that's where the fallen leaves  
are now,  
(O leaves that once such joyous  
roundels sang!)

Unless perchance they lured some va-  
grant cow.  
And as for thee, who shared the joy  
When wilderness was Paradise—once  
coy  
And virginal queen—without the fre-  
quent jug  
Thy buxom charms serve only to annoy!  
Boston. W. H. CUNNINGHAM



June 3 1923

Dr. Franz Deuticke of Vienna declares "that left-handedness means an abnormal sex balance; that in both men and women the right side is the predominantly sexual one, and that consequently left-handedness means in a man more or less effeminacy and in a woman more or less masculinity."

We in no way approve this opinion. We believe that babies are born ambidextrous; that nurses and parents thwart nature by favoring the right hand.

Dr. Deuticke should read "The Coming Man," a series of letters by Charles Reade. They were contributed to Harper's Weekly, and in 1878 they were published in a little book (4½ inches by 8). Reade was never more vigorous, never more amusing, not even in his "The Eighth Commandment," than in this plea for cultivating both hands from infancy, maintaining that mothers and nurses impregnated with traditions "check infants, with superstitious horror, in the use of the left hand, which, nota bene, the poor little victims invariably attempt, and do their best to make a Pagan tradition an immortal truth, and keep mankind one-handed and right-handed. . . . I declare that the grandest effort of the biceps muscle is done by the left arm of living men, four times out of five, and the highest triumph of difficult, skilful, swift and precise manipulation is invariably done by the left hand." To prove these assertions Reade invoked a cloud of witnesses.

Here is an example of his sledg-hammer style:

"And, as a certain intellectual character who is best described as the anatomical ass, has been stirred up by these letters, and has repeated his chimeras with that needless incivility which enlivens most asses when they try to reason, I can give him time to tell the public, if he can, in what part of the brain or bowels of an infant anatomy he can find the superior power and the superior dignity of the left hand."

The lop-handed mania can never be understood by pedants whose minds run in a tunnel. Did Reade in his wrath write "left" for "right"?

#### AMBIDEXTERITY AND DOUBLE SPEECH

About 20 years ago the Italian, Prof. Santori, insisting that children should be taught to use both hands equally, because the almost exclusive use of the right hand results in a weakening of all the muscles on the left side of the body, advanced the theory that the power of speech would be doubled if men made equal use of both hands. He pointed out that hotel waiters speak several languages with equal facility, and he argued that this is because they, for the most part, are ambidextrous.

Last month a London journalist, discussing Dr. Deuticke's conclusion, wrote that the surest test of left-handedness is not that of throwing a stone. "With a man it is the manner in which he normally clasps his hands together. Nine men out of ten will do it with the right thumb uppermost. The tenth will have his left thumb on top, and he will be in some degree or other effeminate." This seems nonsense to us. We have observed the hands of Mr. Herkimer Johnson. When clasped, the left thumb is over the right one, and he is far from being effeminate.

#### HE DID

(For As the World Wags)

He called upon her for a date.  
She said, "I'll be a trifle late;  
Now you just sit down there and wait."  
—He did.

"I'm dry," she said, in his machine;  
"I'd like some mints; I've never been  
So parched; please get some winter-  
green."  
—He did.

They drove; she started in to shout,  
"Good Heavens, what are you about?  
You missed him by an inch—Look out!"  
—He did.

"Your dancing," said she, "is abuse;  
When you bump me around I bristle;  
I wish you'd please get off my shoes!"  
—He did.

Homeward traveling, side by side,  
He asked to kiss her, she replied,  
"Just let your conscience be your  
guide."  
—He did.  
Cambridge. VEE DEE.

#### LONG WORDS

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the "longest word," I understand from a clerical friend that the word

"antihistatidnarianistically"

was once pronounced in an allocution by the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. I rather suspect its authenticity. Perhaps one of your correspondents can give you the reference. You will notice that in sheer numbers this prodigious word beats the alphabet by just one letter.

Cambridge.

H. L. STUART.

The late Dr. Benson may have used this word, but it has not found its way into the great Oxford Dictionary. —Ed.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of long words, though it be a waste of breath, has

"honorificabilitudinitatibus,"

put into the mouth of the Clown-Costard (Act V, Sc. 1 "Love's Labour Lost") been cited?

What does it mean? How did Shakespeare know what it meant? Where and how did he get it? Thirteen syllables, 27 letters. I don't want to start anything, but you seem to have opened the way to light on the subject.

JAMES RUSHTON,

Ashburnham.

"Honorificabilitudinitatibus" is an adaptation of the mediaeval Latin (about 1300) of "honorificabilitudinitas." Is is a "grandiose extension" of "honorificabilitudo," meaning "honorableness." Dante cited "honorificabilitudinitatibus" as a long word in his "De Vulg. Eloq." The Nurse in Marston's play, "The Dutch Courtesan," says to Crispinella: "My servant, Master Caquetteur, desires to visit you"; to which Crispinella answers: "For grief's sake keep him out; his discourse is like the long word, Honorificabilitudinitatibus, a great deal of sound and no sense." The word is in Thomas Blount's "Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting Hard Words" (1656) and in the later dictionaries beginning with Bailey's, the dictionary consulted by our grandfathers, who, in some instances, linked heavily the words they thought their children should not know.—Ed.

#### OUR OVERCROWDED CLASSROOMS

(Forest Park (Ill.) Review)

After a few words of greeting, each was assigned to a freshman with whom he attended classes, in the gymnasium, at orchestra rehearsal, in the science laboratories, wherever they might be held.

#### FILL YOUR BINS NOW

(Chicago Journal of Commerce)

FINE COAL PRICES  
DROP 100 PER CENT.

The Vienna Folk opera will give 1 per cent. of the receipts derived from performances of Wagner's operas to his widow Cosima.

The Concertgebouw of Amsterdam will celebrate next year the 60th birthday of Richard Strauss with the aid of the composer. It was Strauss who once replied to a rash reporter who asked him whose music he liked best: "Mine." Recently in Rome Strauss expressed admiration for the works of Debussy and Charpentier.

Giorgio Polacco not long ago conducted "The Valkyrie" at Vienna.

The Harmonie Nautique of Geneva celebrated its 40th anniversary by a Charpentier festival.

Diaghilev's Ballet Russe will give performances at the Gaité, Paris, the latter part of June.

C. Armstrong Gibbs wrote to the London Daily Telegraph: "The starting of a village choir is not all honey for the conductor. East Anglians are proverbially suspicious of being 'put upon,' and early on I fear I lost one or two recruits, who could not understand being lathered as I lathered them. They would persist in taking my insults as personal to themselves, and were unable to realize that to a conductor, so long as he is actually functioning as such, his choir is to all intents and purposes an inanimate object to be cursed and cajoled into efficiency. But now happily that is all changed, and my choir and I understand one another admirably. As one of the sopranos remarked to my wife, 'We don't take no notice of what Mr. Gibbs says,' a phrase not intended to be taken literally, but applying that I had received license to curse and swear to my heart's content."

It seems that Mr. James Agate from his earliest years fixed his gaze on dramatic criticism. He tells us this in his volume "At Half-Past Eight." The Manchester Guardian seemed a possible goal; the Saturday Review was ever beyond reach, but he made up his mind to try. "In those days Prime Minister, King, or even Pope, was as nobody in comparison with him who should be dramatic critic to the Saturday Review. Quite a number of men know what it is to realize childish ambitions; there must be many a successful grocer, draper, or what not in this country today who can lay his plump hand on his well-covered heart and throw off one of those improving little self-helpful autobiographies: Many years ago a poor boy stood outside the gates of my park and said to himself, 'One day that great house and all that is in it shall be mine. Gentlemen, that poor boy was me—I mean I.' The real rarity is the man who can keep his hand on his heart and continue: 'And it is just as big an adventure to me today to be living in this great house as the poor boy imagined years ago that it would be.'"

Mr. W. A. Adlington, reviewing Mr. Agate's book, says that it is his great fortune to be this rarity. Mr. Agate, the reviewer says, writes amazingly well, and he knows it, but is not puffed up. "The impression of him that I bring away from reading his book is that of a good and faithful servant who is firmly determined not to let his talent be wrapped up in a napkin. Modesty he has, but from false modesty he is remarkably free." As Mr. Agate himself says: "I know the fate of my book. I realize that not a century, but a year hence, it will exist only on some topmost shelf in the British Museum. Yet this knowledge has not prevented me from putting into each and every essay the utmost urgency and thrust for beauty of which I am capable. . . . The function for which the dramatic critic requires both his eyes is twofold—his present duty towards readers desiring to know which theatres to visit and which to avoid, and his obligation to the actor whom he, the critic, can alone preserve for posterity."

#### Red-Pepper Hours of Reviewing Plays and Players

Mr. Agate has his say about the hardships which the critic of a daily paper in London faces; he has to have his article in type 90 minutes or less from the time of curtain-fall. This leads Mr. Adlington of the Daily Telegraph to forget Mr. Agate's book and say that speed in reviewing is largely a question of temperament.

"Mr. A. B. Walkley has put it on record, I believe, that even when he has plenty of time at his disposal he still prefers to write his criticisms immediately after the performance. Mr. E. F. Spence once told in the Westminster Gazette how at one time in his career he was forced to begin his notices actually in his stall while the play was going on, and yet was able to leave the theatre with his mind made up as to the play's merit, and to write, not simply a description of the play, but a reasoned judgment, from which later reflection gave him no desire to depart. Personally, I prefer writing about the play immediately it is finished, always provided, that somewhere between leaving the theatre and putting pen to paper in Fleet street I am able to think of a significant first sentence. Upon this, for me, the whole criticism depends. The sentence (fortunately for my own peace of mind) need not be strikingly clever, or witty, or profound, but it must serve to throw my mind forward to the main idea upon which the expression of my judgment of the particular play is based. It must, so to speak, pick out that idea with a spot-light along whose bright beam my mind can travel easily. Failing this, I am lost in darkness and despair. Ninety minutes, from being an allowance of time generous enough to permit ordered thought and leisurely writing, dwindle to nothing. I am suddenly oppressed with the knowledge that down below, in the composing room men are waiting impatiently to 'set' my criticism, and that I must send them words to set, whether those words adequately represent my thoughts or not. Whatever comes into my harassed mind, however banal and commonplace it may be, must go down on the paper—there is no time for consideration, no chance to choose the right word if it will not come at call. At such times I would give anything to be able, like Mr. Agate, to go home and 'sleep off' the play before writing about it."

#### PERSONAL

The annual meeting of the Oliver Ditson Society for the relief of needy musicians was held in Boston on May 25. Reports of the operations of the society for the year past were made. These officers were elected: President, Arthur Foote; trustees, G. W. Chadwick, Charles A. Ditson, Wallace Goodrich; secretary and treasurer, Arthur R. Smith.

M. Dandelot laments the neglect of chamber music in Paris. While that of Schumann, Franck, Chausson and Beethoven is frequently heard, that of Mozart (the "exquisite" violin sonatas), Haydn, Schubert, Lalo, Saint-Saens, G. Faure, Bernard, Lazzari, Plerne, Ropartz, Roussel—M. Dandelot quotes at random, is performed only "discreetly."

Dr. Hans Luedke has invented the oskalyd which has the sonority of the organ with the "agility" of the piano. Truly a fearsome instrument.

Otto Lohse, a conductor not unknown in this country, will not conduct at the Laispse Opera House after July 31, 1924. Wilhelm Furtwaengler will not go to Berlin as was reported: he will remain at Laispse to conduct the Gewandhaus concerts.

Sir Landon Ronald says that English guarantors of musical societies are not munificent. When there is an appeal for money, however small the amount, there is a chorus of groans. He also is quoted as saying that the British press with the exception of some special periodicals does not encourage the production of new works. This statement seems to us unfair. It certainly is not true of the Times and the Daily Telegraph.

Connie Ediss, that joyous lady, has been playing the wife of a profiteer in Keble Howard's new sketch "An Or-

der to View" at the Palladium, London. "She makes of that lady as ridiculous a figure as the most inveterate enemy of her class could desire." The play itself was adversely criticised.

A Paris newspaper denies formally that Pearl White will enter a convent. Emile Vuillermoz speaks of "the reasoned and scholastic polytonalism of a Darius Milhaud or the anchylosed pirouettes of our poor old Satie."

A student of the University of Washington reviewed in the university paper a recital by Josef Hofmann. At the third piece the student's imagination began to work. "There in the fourth piece I got the thing. Hearing him play I could imagine a town burning up, burning all up, fire engines, ladders, smoke . . .

"Next I tried in the same way for a football game. It worked! End runs, a forward pass, punts."

Sir Squire Bancroft, the first of the stage knights, was 82 years old on May 14th.

Can any readers supplement the information kindly supplied by Mr. Riley, secretary of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, as to Jenny Lind's earliest programs? In her day vocal recitals as we now know them had not been evolved. Jenny Lind sang, at a concert in Liverpool in August, 1850, an aria from "Il Puritani," the Cavatina from "Der Freischuetz," a ballad by Sir Julius Benedict, especially composed for her, "Take this flute whose thrilling lay," aria "Non paventare" from "The Magic Flute," a group of Swedish melodies, and in a duet by Rossini with Signor Belletti. A few days earlier Jenny Lind sang in "Messiah" in the same hall.—Daily Telegraph.

A statue of Saint-Saens will be unveiled at Dieppe and there will be an International Music Festival in his honor on July 7, 8, 9.

Morgan Kingston of the Metropolitan Opera house sang in London on May 13. His art is "broad and straightforward and devoid of all subtlety. His voice is definitely limited, both in power and in variety of color and his best asset is that he is aware of those limitations. Never once did we hear him force his tone, so that his renderings of the Siegmund song and the Lohengrin farewell were satisfying because the rise and fall and the light and shade were held in close relation throughout. There was nothing titanic in the effect, and yet one



test that has seen it had been wrested from the music and could be imparted to those who would become intimate."

The London Times of May 14 said of Kathleen Goodson, pianist: "We recognize in her playing the artistic ideal and confidence, and, of course, the technical skill; and to these she adds an understanding of concerto-playing, of give and take with the orchestra. Yet it somehow left us cold. It seems external only. One wishes for something more vital, without quite knowing what it would consist in if one could have it, though probably in rhythm—something that would focus it all and halo the souls out of men's bodies."

Fernand Pollain, a French violoncelist, who made his first appearance in London on May 11, was applauded as an artist of outstanding merit.

Of Maggie Teyte as Mme. Butterfly, the London Times said: "Hers is just the voice for the part, a voice which can be emotional without screaming, and intimate without self-consciousness. And then she is able to look the part as well as sing it, which is denied to most sopranos. Indeed, the only incongruity to the eye is when her three-year-old child stands beside her and reaches to her shoulder. But this is unavoidable and unimportant. The great thing about her performance is that she carries every one with her in each mood, from the childish prattling about when the robins nest to the tragic climax of the ending."

Mr. Alfred Williams, who is known and appreciated as an historian (if this is not too austere a word) of the Upper Thames, and those who dwell on its banks, has composed an entertaining book called "Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames" (Duckworth). He has gone about from village to village and persuaded (by a fine art he tells us) the folks to sing him their songs, and these he has written out, and very quaint and amusing they are. The labor of gleaming them must have been enormous, and we can well believe Mr. Williams when he tells us that in 19 months he cycled over 13,000 miles. Some of the songs had been sung from generation to generation for 400 years.—Daily Chronicle.

#### CELLIER'S MACBETH

Frank Cellier played Macbeth at Stratford-on-Avon last month. The London Times reviewed his performance at length, finding it immensely under-acted. "It has about it the all-British restraint which makes foreigners angry with us when we go abroad. . . . He treats the whole part with cold and studied reserve. 'If there must be fireworks,' he seems to say to Lady Macbeth, 'I am not the man to play with them in public. You can orate for both of us. You keep them thrilled with your candle and your bloody hands and give me a chance to investigate this extremely interesting assassination complex which I have discovered in my own mind.' . . . When Lady Macbeth tells him he had been a fool to bring the daggers from Duncan's room, and that he must return them, he gives his head a dismal and embarrassed shake as old men will who have been doing their best to amuse the children and are told at the end of it that they don't know how to play. And Macbeth probably did feel that his wife had not appreciated his efforts. . . . True, he was a soldier, but a sword is very different from a dagger. You may flourish a sword with the world's approval, but daggers and a dark staircase make up an individual and spectacular business, and probably Mac-

both disliked it for that reason. So Mr. Cellier has presented him to us with a sense of the ridiculousness of extreme action, a murderer who finds subterfuge embarrassing and clearly resents being hustled into his nightclothes when the murder is done and there is knocking at the gate."

#### THE CALEF SISTERS

To the Editor of The Herald: I noticed recently in The Herald this query: "What became of the Calef sisters?" As a cousin, I am sending this information.

There were seven Calef sisters on the stage at different times, viz.: May, Jennie, Jessie, Emma, Lillian, Gertrude and Grace.

May played Hebe in "Pinafore" with the Boston Ideal Company. She left the stage to marry Edward Martin and never returned. She was a gifted pianist and although she had a large family she kept up her musical activities. Her children inherited her gift of music and one daughter is a teacher of music in Philadelphia. Mrs. Martin passed away about three years ago in Media, Pa., which had been her home since her marriage.

Jennie first appeared on the stage as a member of the Boston Museum Company, and afterward played many years with E. E. Rice in his various productions. She married Andrew Waldron and they played together in their own company for many years. She passed away in Chicago about six years ago.

Jessie married Charles Shackford and

left the stage many years ago. She now lives in New York.

Emma played in the Rice production in this country and in Europe and passed away in Boston several years ago.

Lillian played the part of Hebe in the juvenile Pinafore company during a long run. After that she played in her sister Jennie's company. She married Harry Leonard, an actor, is now a widow and resides in Boston. Gertrude began her stage career at the Boston Museum at the age of 6. After her marriage to William S. Breen she left the stage and died in Boston.

Grace, the youngest, after playing some years left the stage, married and died in Philadelphia some years ago.

EMMA J. CROCKER.

Somerville.

#### BILLY DEVERE AND OTHERS

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

It was a joy to read in The Herald recollections of old Billy Devere, actor and poet, and to learn for the first time that he was the author of the well remembered "Norline Maureen." I wonder who wrote the music? I do not recall the Hoyt comedy in which your correspondent, Mr. Robinson, says Devere played the sheriff, but in 1898 I recall him vividly in Hoyt's illustration of the possible adventures of "A Stranger in New York." In an excellent cast headed by Otis Harlan. Big Billy Devere played the role of I. Collier Downe, celebrated as a brilliant wit; a pathetic figure, however, whose wit was never laughed at, and the "I call you down" soon came to be the motto of all the other characters. Downe aspired to cut a figure among the girls, but the dashing Stranger, "name, residence and business not stated" on the playbill, was the centre of feminine interest, much to the disgust of the big clubman in a rather ill-fitting evening suit. I remember that in an endeavor to create a prejudice against Harlan's dapper Stranger, Downe told the girls to keep away from him, as he was accustomed to tell stories unfit for anybody to hear. To Downe's great dismay, on Harlan's next succeeding entrance, the girls rushed upon him and surrounded him, with breathless requests to tell them some of his droll stories. Next to Harlan, Devere was the "hit of the show," as we used to say.

Apropos of "A Stranger in New York," that musical comedy provided the first starring vehicle for Hattie Williams, a now practically forgotten favorite of a number of musical plays, once upon a time. It came about through rather cellular circumstances. The late Marie Jansen originally had the leading female role in the "Stranger." The company played in Fall River, and after the performance Miss Jansen was a guest at a very convivial supper. The next day she had fallen by the wayside, and was among the missing when the company arrived at the succeeding one-night stand, New Bedford. Consequently her understudy, Hattie Williams, was given the role, which she filled with such success that the engagement of the erstwhile Nady of casino fame, was terminated. Thereafter, I believe, Marie Jansen entered vaudeville, and appeared no more in regular musical attractions.

WILLIAM M. EMERY.

Fall River.

#### "EVANGELINE"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

In the Dramatic and Musical Review of today's (May 27th) Herald you publish a letter signed F. E. H. in which a reference is made to the original production of "Evangeline." The writer thinks the original production was in 1873; I have a program of the Boston Museum, however, dated July, 1876, which I think was the original production, in which Eliza Weathersby appeared as Gabriel, Lillian Conway as Evangeline, Harry Josephs as Catherine, W. H. Crane as Le Blanc, N. C. Goodwin, Jr., as Captain Detrich, James S. Maffitt as the Lone Fisherman and with Golden and Dixey as the fore legs and hind legs of the Helfer.

On the same bill, preceding "Evangeline," Nat Goodwin and Rose Temple appeared in a sketch by J. Cheever Goodwin, called "Dick Alias!" In this piece Goodwin gave imitations of Sothorn, Sol Smith Russell, Lawrence

Barrett, Stuart Robson, Gus Williams and Owen Marlowe.

FRANK E. FOWLE.

Malden.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Having read the article in today's paper regarding "Evangeline," let me state that I was present at its premiere, the summer of 1876 at the Boston Theatre. Laura Joyce was Evangeline; Harry Josephs, Dame Hatley; Harry Murdoch, Capt. Detrich (his make up was a perfect representation of Ben Butler); Maffitt, the Lone Fisherman, and, if I am not very much mistaken, Eliza Weatherby, Gabriel. That was the original production, with the chorus "Ring-ting-ting" and "Where art thou now my Beloved," afterwards replaced by "Come to me quickly, my Darling."

That was when Clara Fisher was Evangeline and Nellie Larkello, Gabriel. The company was John Steaton's. It traveled extensively through the eastern states and Canada. Eugenia Paul (Mrs. Jefferson) was Eulalie.

ELIZA HALL.

When Miss Hall says the first performance of "Evangeline" in the summer of 1876 was at the "Boston Theatre" does she not mean to say "Boston Museum"?—Ed.

#### OLD PROGRAMS

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The "Happy Hottentots," Walter J. Beattie and Morris Bentley, associated with Felix de Grasse and Charles Camm as the Big (slim shin) 4, performed their specialty in "Aladdin" at the Boston Museum, commencing June 19, 1882. "Aladdin" was one good show, played by a remarkably good company as follows:

Willie Edouin, George W. Willson, George W. Howard, James T. Povers, Miss Marie Williams, Miss Topsy Venn, Miss Lillie West, Miss Rose Temple, Miss Irene Perry, Miss Clara Ellison, Fred P. Ham, W. E. Perkins and others. Other specialties were introduced by the Famous Girards in their "Aesthetic Quadrille," and a quartet composed of T. B. Dillaway, W. W. Tuttle, W. H. Stedman and D. W. Good. Those were the happy days.

JOSEPH H. WHEELER.

P. S.—I enclose program of the St. James Theatre, probably of the vintage of 1871.

Our old friend Dollie Bidwell, according to this program played in "The Loan of a Lover." We remember her at Exeter, N. H., in those thrilling dramas "Pretty Panther" and "Strathmore," in 1870 or 1871. Miss Jennie Engel was billed at the St. James as "the Vocalist of the Period"; while "The Great Venturoli" was "Premier Assoluta from the Grand Opera, Milan." Miss Millie Turnour on the flying trapeze was "the aerial sensation of the day." Billy Carter sang "new airs and sweet strains." There were character duets by "the talented" Freeman sisters; Ethiopian songs and dances by Turner and Lester; the Dally brothers in their lightning clog dance; the champion skaters, Alfred and George Moe. Harry Bloodgood, as Ole Bull, and A. J. Leavitt as the agent played in the latter's "The Norwegian Soloist."

And Jerry Cohan, "the justly celebrated and versatile comedian," gave his "original specialty, the Second Hand Store."

"Look out for Stupendous Attraction on Monday, Aug. 28."

#### BATTISTINI

Battistini, the celebrated baritone, now 67 years old, gave a recital in London, May 12. We quote from London journals:

What new thing shall there be said of Battistini? Or, indeed, of any of the exponents of the "Bel Canto" style? What aspect can be discovered that will in the least disturb that serene and eternal phenomenon? For when we hear so great and high a singer as Battistini we are hearing the expression not so much of a personality, which cannot endure, beyond its appointed course, as of a tradition which, haply lighting upon a man, takes him and moulds him to fulfil its own avowed intent—a thing which therefore has no end so long as there be ears to hear and minds to understand. That tradition demands utter subservience from its adherents; as soon as any one of them shows the least sign of exploiting personality or yielding to a momentary whim, then the miscreant is cast out as being unworthy to bear the burden laid upon him. In Battistini the tradition has found so ideal an equipment that he would certainly be chosen as the leader of the faithful few of his time, were it not that preference is at set variance with the tenets of this severe and even-handed school; for as soon as you admit rank you must needs admit personality too.

Wolfram's song, of course, is in itself "bel canto" pure and simple, but to hear "Eri tu" and the prologue to "Pagliacci" song in straight and continuous lines of beautiful sound, uninterrupted by the chokes and explosions which have become the stock-in-trade of operatic singers, was a unique experience. There were times indeed when it seemed that the audience would prevail; that audience had made it clear from the beginning it was out for thrills and throbs, however they were obtained, and, perhaps, so that it should not be disappointed entirely the great man stooped to display one or two of the old tricks, as in Giordano's "Andrea Chenier." But this only served to reveal how far above these mechanical devices he has risen, and how darkly ignorant was the audience not to realize it.—Daily Telegraph.

Signor Battistini's recital at the Queen's hall on Saturday was well attended and enthusiastically applauded. In all singing the "what" is of less im-

portance than the "how," and that is only more than usually the case in his. He does habitually with his voice what the best singers are always trying to do with theirs, but only sometimes succeeding. The art of assisting Nature by removing obstacles and leaving her alone is one of the last things we learn. Anyone who has dug trenches soon learns to let the weight of the pickaxe do all the work and to interfere with it as little as may be, because his results are tangible; unluckily for singing there is, because it is a matter of taste, no similar sanction; and so singers go on trying to improve Nature. Signor Battistini leaves his voice alone, and that simple act of self-denial wins him the applause of thousands whenever he chooses. It is so simple that we could all do it and so difficult that few do. He sang "Eri tu" and "O Lisbone alfin ti miro," and, of course, "Largone factotum"—but the songs did not matter; it was that voice; they were no more than the Shapes it pleased to assume for the moment. Signor di Veroli accompanied.—The Times.

#### HOLST'S "PERFECT FOOL"

(Manchester Guardian)

There was a pre-war atmosphere at Covent Garden on Monday (May 14), but if the jewels and the dresses were of the kind that would have delighted the heroine or hero of a Bennett novel, the excitement and the interest shown were not due merely to the appearance

of a star or to the new creations of famous milliners. An English opera was performed for the first time, and the performance more than justified the choice. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Holst's work, there is no denying its right to rank for resource and originality amongst the best half-dozen operas of recent times. "The Perfect Fool" is satire—which is only natural in an age of Robots and insect plays. Italian opera and Wagnerian opera—Mr. Holst turns and rends them both very skillfully if not quite effectually, for of course these things have a way of going on living long after their decease has been certified by competent authorities. This is nothing unusual. The new generation—if it is really new and sanguine—invariably turns against the old. All that matters is that the turning should be ably done.

"The Perfect Fool" is capital fun, but its music is excellent apart from its comic uses. It will not kill other operas, but live by their side in peaceful amity. The singing was good and the scenic arrangements are a very considerable improvement on anything the National Company have done at Covent Garden so far. There was a full house, and the applause at the end was long and enthusiastic. All the members of the cast had obviously been carefully prepared, and the performance, which Mr. Eugene Goossens conducted, was in every way worthy of the great occasion.

Add to this the snippy remarks of Ernest Newman in the Manchester Guardian of May 18: "Being still in Scotland, I missed the production of Gustav Holst's opera, 'The Perfect Fool,' at Covent Garden on Monday. I only refer to the subject here in order to congratulate Mr. Holst on his gift for parody. The ballet music from the opera has been given two or three times at London orchestral concerts during the last couple of years. Nothing was told us about the opera itself; we were just left to judge the music by the light of nature. So judging it, I said of it once that I did not think it was Holst at his best; it reminded me too much of Stravinsky and others. The perfect fool, I murmur to myself, c'est moi. I ought to have had more sense than to believe that Holst would ever write like Stravinsky, except in the way of a joke."

#### THEATRE NOTES

J. B. says in the Manchester Guardian that to enjoy "A Piccadilly Puritan," by Lechmere Worrall (London, May 14), you must have reason along with your hat and coat and take your seat with simple faith. The author, adapting a novel by Miss Gertie U. S. Wentworth James, will ask you to believe in a good little girl who pretends to be a bad little girl in order to find out whether the handsome and prosperous gentleman from the backwoods who has caught her eye is in fact a Galahad. So she fools him and tempts him, and you will have to believe that they breed real durable Galahads in the backwoods. "There is a wicked baron." Faith is also demanded for the little girl's aunt who was a great actress once, and now obliges with an impersonation of an alcoholic lady in order to keep things going.

The Herald last Sunday spoke of the short plays by Miss Essex Dane (Mrs. Arthur Lewis), published by Walter H. Baker & Co. of Boston. One of them, "Wrong Numbers," was performed by the Stage Society in London on May 13. The Daily Telegraph found the play "ingeniously constructed if not wildly original."

A. A. Milne has written a play, "Success," which is said to be on a large



scale, having a more than usually serious purpose. It is in three acts. The scenes are in London and in the country, "while the story is modern and wholly devoid of the fantastic element which the writer so frequently introduces into his work."

"For Goodness Sake" is entitled in England "Stop Flirting."

Milne's "The Lucky One," which has been performed in New York and Boston, will be produced at Cambridge (Eng.), by the A. D. C. on June 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12.

John Masefield's new play, "Melloney Holtsprun," will be produced by the Playbox in London.

The "Rhesus" of Euripides will be performed in Greek at Oxford on June 23.

"The Green Goddess," with Mr. Arliss, will be brought out in London early in September.

A new musical version of Sheridan's comedy, "The Duenna," may be seen in London this year. It was produced recently as a comic opera, with music by Thomas Linley, at Birmingham.

#### MUSIC, NEW AND OLD

A new piano trio by Gabriel Faure was performed at Paris, May 12. It is said that it ranks in quality among his more prominent chamber works, for it is "translucent, melodic in a super-refined manner, and of a structure half-veiled." The tonalities are D minor, F major, D major. The first and the third movements end on an almost passionate repetition of the theme with the wish to proclaim the definite key. In the Andantino there is one of the effect of "balancing," that characterizes the composer of the song "Les Berceaux." In the finale the piano runs murmuring between the violin and the violoncello.

A comic opera, "Hassan, the Rat Catcher," by Simon Bren, has been performed at Wurzburg. Is the story that of our old friend the Pled Piper already treated by Nessler and Neuendorff?

Roussel's "Padmavati," an opera ballet opera begun just before the world war, is about to be, or is already produced at the Paris Opera. Padmavati is the name of a Hindu woman, who living in the 14th century, was the beautiful wife of the King Ratar-Son. The Mongolian Sultan Alasuddin coveted the kingdom and the wife, so he waged war, besieged Tchitor. Padmavati, rather than fall into his hands, mounted the funeral pyre. It is said that the chorus plays an important part; that the music is vocally difficult.

Dr. Arne's ballad opera, "Love in a Village" (produced in 1762), was revived in London on May 10 and 11 by the Mayfair Dramatic Club. (The pasticcio, for Arne collected old English tunes and borrowed from Handel, Purcell and others, was produced in the United States as early as 1766, and was for a long time popular. It was performed in Boston at the New Exhibition Room on Nov. 23, 1792). The Times found the libretto not sufficiently interesting or well planned to suit modern taste, in which it differs from that of "The Beggar's Opera." There is no question about the music or about the form of the work as a whole. No progress or development can interfere with the simple fact that a charming song or duet sung at an appropriate moment always justifies its interposition into the action; in fact, justifies the actual existence of opera as a form of art. These early ballad-operas are just the same as latter-day works of the kind, with the single exception that the ensembles are fewer and are very simple in design. It is a pity that the libretto is not more entertaining, so that so much delightfully fresh and fragrant music could be saved. Arne wrote some good tunes in this work, and he selected others equally good. But they want good singing, better singing than that heard on Friday, which was chiefly unsatisfactory on account of the singers not understanding how to use rubato. The simpler and more direct the music, the greater the art needed to round off the phrases with grace and style. Still, the presentation had its points of vivacity and general surety, the music had been neatly scored for flute and strings by Mr. Alfred Reynolds, and the staging was simple but adequate.

Talk of a record run! Where in the annals of British opera will you find a parallel to that of "The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric, Hammersmith. There the piece reaches its third anniversary and its 1240th performance on Tuesday, June 5. Every one present will receive a souvenir in the form of

a reproduction, suitably framed, of an original sketch of a setting by the late Claude Lovat Fraser.—Daily Telegraph.

A very formidable and interesting affair is the list of works performed at the symphony concerts by Sir Dan Godfrey and his Municipal Orchestra at Bournemouth, during the winter, from October to May. One hundred and twenty-three orchestral works were performed, of which 44 were English, 37 were given for the first time at Bournemouth, and of these 31 were English. Any number of the compositions are, I think, quite unknown to London. For example, have we yet heard here Dorothy Howell's ballet, "Koong-Shee," Ethel Scarborough's fantasy, "Promise," Brent-Smith's "The Southdowns," Rhapsody, Eldington's "Out of the Mist," Dunhill's new symphony? During the recent festival at Bournemouth no fewer than 167 works were performed, of which 93 were English, and represented 46 composers.—Daily Telegraph.

The music for "Puss in Boots," played by the Italian Marionettes in London on May 11, was written by Cesar Cui as an operetta for his grandchildren. It is scored for a chamber orchestra. The music is described as seldom if ever "Russian," but light, simple, graceful, delicate "without any attempt at being ever in the least original."

A recital of Brahms, such as that with which Mr. Borwick marked his anniversary, draws its own audience. It is a congregation which prefers to have its religion set forth in words of which it understands the meaning. Some think that in Brahms the inspiration was greater than the workmanship; others, that the workmanship stifled the inspiration. Let us say then that, subject to human limitations, the balance was about right. Still, on the whole, his devotees have been driven of late years into the position of apologists. The world has recognized his solidity and dignity, but it seems to have seen in his neglect of the imponderabilia the same cause at work as has ousted German music from the hegemony of Europe. For he is intensely German. His music leaves nothing to chance; in its beginning it completely foresees the end; it states, not hints; even its dreams are ordered. Was a sagt muss auch B sagen, but a wayward world does not always see the necessity; it is apt to reply, Sie haben ja immer so recht.

On the other hand, Brahms, and his devoted admirer, Hausmann, did not always play his music as it is written, but with considerable latitude. This is the justification of Mr. Borwick's excessive rubato. But there is no record of Brahms having played the right hand habitually before the left, and that should possibly be altered.

June 4 1923

Lord Newton's bill for regulating unsightly methods of advertising was before the House of Lords last month. This bill proposed to stop the writing of puffs on the sky by means of smoke from aeroplanes. Lord Birkenhead opposed this clause, declaring that the prohibition could have been conceived by "only an unphilosophic, unbalanced mind." He moved the omission of this clause and said that he was not sensitive, but that Lord Newton was "evidently of a very sensitive disposition." The Manchester Guardian made this comment: "The argument seems to be that since Lord Birkenhead is not sensitive nobody else has any right to be. On, then, with the pill puffs for the empyrean, and let the roseate hues of early morn blush a little deeper as they find themselves the background for a tribute to somebody's hair-restorer. But, unaccountable as it may sound, the Upper Chamber was quite unconvinced by Lord Birkenhead. It rejected his amendment by 80 votes to 32, and Lord Newton's clause stands unaltered."

Before anyone gets excited over the question whether smoke advertisements should be permitted in this commonwealth would it not be well to consider the billboard and painted advertisements that disfigure cliffs, pastoral regions, views of shores and hills?

#### AS SHE SHOULD BE SPOKE

Mr. John Masefield is of the opinion that the English language is best spoken, not in Dublin by university men as has been said, not in Oxford, not in Cambridge, not even in Boston, Mass., but in—Scotland. He said this of Edinburgh some time ago; he now says it of Glasgow.

Londoners are naturally irritated. One says: "Supposing him to be right, it is not to be concluded that a Glasgow accent is to be cultivated. English is as barbarously mispronounced there as a general rule as it is in London, though in a far different way. What is true is that the farther north

you go, the easier it is to find people who can be taught to speak English as it should be spoken." The writer gives this explanation: The southerner is too lazy to pronounce chest notes; in the north people speak with open throats.

#### ADD PERILS OF SURFACE-CARS

(Wilmington (O.) News-Journal)

Street car lines went out . . . aagwah holUnpo ur(TA early in the morning and not a wheel turned for the rest of the day.

#### HELP THE FARMER

As the World Wags.

Their president tells the Kiwanis that a great little way to help the farmers is to get "rube" and "hick" out of the vocabulary. He seems to think that they are interchangeable; and they are well-nigh antonymous. Rube, hick, boob, jay, yap, goof: each has its distinctive meaning. A man may be two or more of them, although a hick is seldom a boob, and never a rube; and a man may be any one without possessing a soupçon of the essential attributes of any other. . . . Persons who like to think they are refined may get along without using any of the words. It is best that they should try to do so; for persons who think they are refined are generally wrong about that and about all else. However, "boob" belongs in all meticulous dictionaries, and will soon be taken in.

TANTALUS.

#### "CHARACTER VOCALIST"

As the World Wags:

If "F. E. H." will take the trouble to look up the files of The Herald and the announcement of the opening of the season of the Howard Athenaeum Monday, Aug. 14, 1871, he will find this announcement—"First appearance in this city of the great HUMORIST, CHARACTER VOCALIST and FACIAL DELINEATOR, SOL SMITH RUSSELL." He will also find "The Champion Ethlopan Troupe, of the World, HUGHEY DOUGHERTY, WILLIAM ARLINGTON—BOB HART—BILLY SHEPARD," and furthermore—

"The two Champion Song and Dance Couples HARRIGAN & HART, the original 'Little Frauds' and 'Mulcahey Twins' and JOHNSON and POWERS," and among other things "The Majilions."

Will "F. E. H." please note "Character Vocalist" in the description of Sol-Smith Russell?

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

#### AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE

J. A. T. of South Chatham asks whether the mill in our system of coinage was ever of any practical value. "Were any mills ever made in the United States mint?"

Patrick Kelly in his "Universal Camblist" (1811) wrote: "A uniform way of keeping accounts has been established in the United States (by an act of Congress in 1789), namely, in dollars of 10 dimes, 100 cents, or 1000 mills." Thomas Jefferson, two years after this act was passed, reckoned that at 20 cents a pound of something was 3 mills a dish. John Quincy Adams in his "Report on Weights and Measures" (about 1820), said that if a tradesman in any city of the United States was asked what is a dime or a mill, the chances were four in five that he would not understand the question. Chamber's Encyclopaedia says that as a coin, the mill has no existence. But that does not answer J. A. T.'s question, and on that point the oracles are dumb, though they have much to say about James Mill, John Stuart Mill and "The Mill on the Floss."

When there was talk of a decimal coinage for Great Britain the mill was to replace the farthing and be in value the one-thousandth of a pound. Ten of these mills were to be a "victoria."

In Hong Kong at the beginning of this century the denominations were the dollar, 50, 20 and 5 cents in silver, and the cent and mill in bronze.

"No Trespassing. Police Take Notice" is not an uncommon sign. In Derbyshire this sign is seen in certain places: "Trespassers will be Photographed." Is there a man with a camera all day in wait behind a tree? And would a photograph be taken as evidence in court if the trespasser stoutly denied?

#### BABBITT JR.

(For As the World Wags)

My neighbor lifts the shade across the way; And stands in fancy robe to note the day.

Loos'ning girdle, turns with stately mien, To draw the usual morning tub, I ween.

"You use Pears soap?" on his return I'd ask; As well in view, pursuant of his task, Thrusts shirt in trousers, gray tho' sometimes brown; Bends then for shoes. Now shakes the pant-leg down.

Across the room for collar, stud and tie;

Does he, I wonder, know the moments fly?

Passing the window, cap is on I see; The day is fair: a light coat it will be. A blank! I watch the door across the way.

A boyish form, a bag, a flash of gray. He clears the steps! A rush is down the street.

As times of yore: "Good-by Lad!" I repeat.

M. A. M.

June 5 1923

In spite of his proverbial shyness Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio is again in the spot-light. One day we read that he threw an easy chair into a lake because the placing of it that he might comfortably see a regatta reflected on his strength. Now we read that he is preparing for a last exploit in which he "ultimately hopes to die."

We all shall "ultimately" die, as outspoke brave Horatius. Even Signor d'Annunzio will not escape. And while he has shown on land and in the air that he is not afraid to die, he should remember the saying of Bert Williams: "Death is so permanent."

What is this last exploit? Will he be slain on some battle field, sword in hand? Will he fly to the north pole in an aeroplane? Will he be the first to wave a flag on the top of Mount Everest?

We read in a dispatch from Brescia that the intrepid Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio has become reconciled with Ida Rubinstein, the dancing and miming actress, and at the age of 69 he will return to her. Another proof of his amazing courage, if proof were needed.

#### HEARD ON THE LINKS

"We were just finishing the last 18 when—"

"How many holes have you played?"

"Twenty-seven. Why?"

"You spoke of the last 18."

"Drinks. . . . As I was saying . . ."

#### ENGLAND'S "BEST PEOPLE"

Maurice Francis Egan, reviewing "Lady Palmerston and Her Times," begins in this cheerful strain:

"The frankness of the English aristocracy is one of their most refreshing qualities. If a very old family has two or three lunatics stored away and living somewhere their relatives do not hesitate to say, 'Oh, yes, Lord George is balmy, and naturally all his children are rather balmy, too!' As a rule, the upper classes in England never seem to be ashamed of their ancestors. That is left for the middle classes."

#### MR. HIPKISS OF TOLEDO

As the World Wags:

Mr. Hipkiss of Toledo, O., has written me that "Traveler," in this column, has committed a gross error in connecting his old name with a new dance, for, he adds, an Englishman sojourning in Toledo without wine, without song and without end has little cause for dancing.

He asks me to make a correction, for modesty's sake, and to state that if he is to have a sure place in the Hall of Fame he believes it will be won through a new invention which is to meet a crying need among baffled prohibition officers and legislators with a dry sense of humor. This great boon to the suffering will have a three-gill capacity, will be carried on the hip and will be known among the elected as "Le Balser."

JOHN QUILL.

#### "THE BETROTHED"

(Being Time's revenge on the hero of the "Departmental Ditty" of that title—a revenge which is surely foreshadowed in the information that "cigars rather smaller and milder than those made for men" are now being specially manufactured for women.)

"Open the new cigar-box!"—that's what I hear her say; For Maggie and I have quarrelled, and darkened (for me) is the day.

But darkened for her? Not likely! She powders an insolent nose, And lights up a "dusky beauty"—and away her trouble blows!

Open the new cigar-box, out with her favorite weed, And her lover can sulk till doomsday for all that Maggie will heed!

Would I make my peace with my despot? There's a rival in the way; I'm left for a Laranaga, cut out by a Henry Clay.

And as for that Johnny in Kipling's, with his mixture of smirk and whine, And his rot about "Priest of Partagas," I wish he'd a case like mine!



In love there is one who kisses, and one who turns the face—  
By Jove, since the Kipling jingle I've  
dropped to the second place!

Perhaps I pay for his bluster—I get my  
nose put out  
To even things up for the lordly way he  
chucked his weight about.

So talk to me not of the solace in a Hen-  
ry Clay or a Book—  
I'm a case for Mr. Hardy—Time's latest  
Laughing-stock!

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

### OUR CLERICAL CORRESPONDENT

As the World Wags:  
The gentlemen of the press have been  
giving us choice bits of ecclesiastical  
news of late. We hear that "as the  
Russian Easter dawned the waiting  
thousands surged toward the number-  
less mosques of the Soviet capital." At  
the wedding of Princess Mary we  
learned that "the primate and three at-  
tending bishops, wearing capes, moved  
forward." The New York Times, how-  
ever, received the prize:  
"Following the Patriarch Meletios  
came Bishop Yallor, who seated himself  
on the altar."

### THE VICAR OF BRAY.

DOUBTLESS, A MEMBER OF THE  
WELL KNOWN SINN-FEINBERG  
FAMILY

As the World Wags:  
Has your attention been called to the  
invitation issued to all the Clan O'Brien  
or a special O'Brien night in honor of  
young Mr. O'Brien, neatly printed in  
emerald green, and signed J. Feinberg?  
GALWAY TOWN.

### ADD TO "SACRILEGIOUS AR- CHAEOLOGISTS

Lawn Ridge Column in Wyoming (Ill.) Post-  
Herald.)

Emery Stewart and Hamilton Phillips  
are moving the Presbyterian cemetery.

### SAXONY AND HESSE

As the World Wags:  
Reading novels by R. S. Surtees I  
find that his heroes often don a "Sax-  
ony" coat and sport "Hessian boots."  
That was a "Saxony coat?" I have a  
ague idea what "Hessians" were.

E. S. D.

A Saxony coat was one made of cloth  
woven from wool of Saxony. We re-  
member that Surtees' Mr. Sponke on an  
occasion put on his "dress blue Sax-  
ony." Saxony coating was Saxony wool  
made in coating styles. Saxony flannel  
as usually scarlet. Saxony cord, black  
ribbed, was used for cassocks and acad-  
emic gowns. Hessian boots were a high  
boot with tassels in front at the top. In  
Peter Simple a man was dressed in  
blue cotton net pantaloons and Hes-  
sian boots.—Ed.

### "HUNCH" AND "HUTCH"

In answer to "S. A." a correspondent  
D. W. writes that "spoon hutch" (also  
or "mountain laurel" is in Webster's  
new International Dictionary (1919)  
among words seldom used. But "S. A."  
asked about "spoon hunch." In Eng-  
lish dialect "hunch weather" is damp,  
foggy weather that makes men  
unch up their shoulders, and animals  
contract their limbs. Is it possible that  
hunch" is thus used in connection with  
the mountain laurel? Why the com-  
bining with "spoon"?

## BILL AT KEITH'S

By PHILIP HALE

The bill at Keith's this week is di-  
versified. It contains several excellent  
features.

In these days it is pleasant to see  
dancers who do not insist on an "in-  
terpretation" of Beethoven's 7th sym-  
phony, the life of Joan of Arc, or pic-  
tures by Boecklin. Dancers who are not  
merely weak imitators of Ruth St.  
Denis or of the Miss Duncan of the early  
and romantic days. And so Adelaide  
and Hughes in their first set of dances  
delighted the eye. When they talked  
they were not equally grateful to the  
ear. The pantomimic act would have  
been better if it had been shorter, and  
their patter at the end was silly.

Fortunello & Cirillino, who had been  
seen here in the Greenwich Village  
Follies, are a surprising pair, conspicu-  
ous for their ease when they are most  
surprising. Their feats are as uncon-  
ventional as their manner of perform-  
ing them.

Fortunately for the spectators that  
prefer these exhibitions of athletic skill  
to the harp and to sentimental songs,  
there were Emma Frabell and brother,  
graceful and agile on the slack wire,  
and Ernest Mack and Margia LaRue  
daring on roller skates. "The Swivel  
Neck Twist" of the latter is well worth  
seeing.

A one-act comedy in vaudeville is  
often either foolish or bawdy, usually  
both, but Edwin Burke's "Like and Dis-  
likes," played by Marion Murray and  
Messrs. Clucas and Sherrad is amusing  
in that it treats a common failing of men

and women in a satirical manner. After  
the wife has reconciled her husband and  
former suitor and read them a moral les-  
son, she at the end is bitten by jealousy  
when she learns that the former adorer  
has married a woman whom she hates.  
"And why do you hate her?" the hus-  
band might ask in revenge.

Muth more was enthusiastically ap-  
plauded for her singing about the red-  
head man Sarah Green's sweetheart  
and other inflammable and inflaming  
males. She has a way with her, ir-  
resistible, not too vulgar, but by no  
means subtle. To please those who  
might have been disturbed by the  
frankness of her confessions, she sang  
a song about mother's love, a song of  
the species that years ago was ex-  
pected from what was known as a  
"serio-comic vocalist." It is needless  
to say this song about "m-m-mother"  
appealed to the same persons who had  
applauded lustily her "blues," for the  
Americans are a sentimental race.

Ben Pierce and Lee Ryan—the lat-  
ter giving a vivid performance of lusty  
old age—pleased greatly. Others on the  
bill were Roxey La Rosca, who evidently  
enjoyed playing the harp, and Mr.  
Duveen, who sang Canio's air from  
"Pagliacci" faster than we had ever  
heard it, and with the appropriate sobbs,  
besides songs in English and in French.  
There were also Aesop's Fables mod-  
ernized for the screen with cartoons by  
Paul Terry, paragraphs by newspaper  
humorists and the Pathe News.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—"Molly Darling."  
Musical comedy. Second week at  
this theatre with Jack Donahue  
"of the laughing feet."

COPLEY—"The Likes of 'Er."  
Comedy of Cockney life after the  
war. Fourth and last week. End  
of the season. Reopening on Mon-  
day, Sept. 3.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered  
Wagon." Film play based on Em-  
erson Hough's novel of the same  
name. Third week.

ST. JAMES—"The Man who  
Came Back." Drama. Revival.  
Second week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie  
O'Reilly." George M. Cohan's  
latest musical comedy. Third  
week.

WILBUR—"Liza." Musical com-  
edy performed by a colored com-  
pany. Second week. Special  
midnight performance on Thurs-  
day beginning a few minutes be-  
fore midnight.

June 6, 1923

We have received a letter from a lady  
in Albany, N. Y., asking us to introduce  
Horace Walpole to the readers of this  
column. Horace Walpole needs no in-  
troduction. His letters abounding in  
gossip, often malicious, are surely fa-  
miliar to many of our readers. Thack-  
eray was too contemptuous toward him.  
Macaulay sneered at him for his re-  
searches after "Queen Mary's comb,  
Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van  
Tromp smoked during his last sea fight,  
and the spur which King William struck  
into the flank of Sorrel," but these  
trifles are by no means inconsiderable.  
One can find pleasure in the gossip of  
Suetonious about the Roman emperors  
when a stately history of their reigns  
would be hard reading and less informing  
about their characters and Roman life  
and manners. There are lives of Sir  
Walter Raleigh, but it was left for gar-  
rulous old John Aubrey to tell us that  
Sir Walter was "damnable proud"; that  
the rich pearls in a chain about his  
neck were nearly as big as those painted  
in his portrait "in the great parlor at  
Downton"; that he had a most remark-  
able aspect, an exceeding high fore-  
head, long-faced, and sour ele-lidded, a  
kind of piggy-eie." The Baron Grimm  
found Walpole a man of "excellent tone"  
when he was in Paris in 1768 "in spite  
of his pale and seedy air due to frequent  
attacks of painful gout," but Grimm re-  
proached him for publishing a magnifi-  
cent edition of Lucan's "Pharsalia"  
when he might have spent his time and  
money on a splendid edition of Horace  
or Virgil.

Another correspondent wishes us to  
boon the novels of Dinah Maria Mu-  
lock, or at least to revive interest in  
them. When we were young we read  
her "John Halifax, Gentleman." We  
now remember only a page in which  
she went out of her way to be disagree-  
able about Lady Hamilton and Lord  
Nelson. We believe that she drew John  
as a perfect man, not to say a perfect  
gentleman." Was he a prig? We've  
forgotten.

### FOR SOCIETY CLIMBERS

(From "Perfect Behavior," by D. O.  
Stewart)

"Many prospective hostesses prefer to  
send written notes instead of the en-  
graved invitation, especially if the din-  
ner is to be fairly informal. This sort  
of invitation should, however, be ex-  
tremely simple. I think that most well-  
informed hostesses would agree that the  
following is too verbose: 'Dear Mr.  
Burpee: It would give us great pleas-  
ure if you would dine with us on Mon-  
day next at 7:30. By the way, did you  
know that Mr. Sheldon died yesterday  
of pneumonia? Cordially, Estelle G.  
Besserabo.'"

### A SUBTLE ADV.

A FINANCIALLY responsible man  
wanted as manager by distributor for  
\$1,000,000 California company to estab-  
lish office and appoint salesmen to sell  
a Wine Grape Juice with a written guar-  
antee as to purity and satisfaction. This  
Grape Juice has no preservatives added  
and positively must be kept in refrig-  
eration to prevent fermentation and de-  
velopment of alcoholic content. De-  
mand for product and large commis-  
sions assure profitable business. Write  
— New York city."

### WELL-INFORMED

As the World Wags:  
Perhaps you would like this from the  
Illustrated London News (May 12) the  
page called "The World of Women."  
Speaking of the Royal Academy. "A  
bust of the late American Ambassador  
George Harvey, I loved, perhaps be-  
cause I've grown to love his memory  
through his 'Life and Letters.'"  
Boston. R. W. G.

### STRAW THEN, FUR NOW

As the World Wags:  
Are men lacking in their sense of  
the fitness of things? In February a  
daughter asked me for a straw hat.  
That is, she had arranged with her  
mother for the hat; what she wanted  
of me was the price. No, she wasn't  
planning a trip to the balmy South;  
the hat would be worn in New Eng-  
land's winter and occasionally reach  
our house drooping under a coverlet of  
snow. The daughter didn't need the  
straw hat, nor want it; she wished to  
be numbered among the women who  
have a keen sense of the fitness of  
things. If a married man goes up into  
the zenith, attempting flight from  
straw hats in winter and furs in sum-  
mer, he finds nothing for his lungs. If  
he sinks into the earth with his weight  
of family peculiarities, his lungs balk  
at soil and rock. He is confined to a  
narrow sphere 'twixt sky and earth  
and must accustom himself to these  
peculiar sights and customs among  
women. Nor is his lung power given  
him here to be exercised in protest.  
Perhaps this is a warning to us men  
that straw hats for women in Febru-  
ary are ordained—yet it seems to me  
that any married man could be for-  
given a search through his wife's  
family genealogy for indications of  
mental curvatures, against a daugh-  
ter's desire to appear in February in a  
straw sky-piece.

I saw one of these February dreams in  
straw which ran to a point at the side,  
suggesting molasses candy that had co-  
agulated before it had had time in  
which to run away. I saw another, of  
creamish gold, on which a decrepit  
feather duster was clinging at one edge,  
the duster smiling in its rejuvenation.  
On Tremont street in February I shied  
past one of these new inventions, straw  
which suggested a cross between a con-  
sular chapeau and a corn crib. Near the  
top was an indentation, as though a flat-  
iron had slipped. Undoubtedly in femi-  
line interpretation the dent added in-  
dividuality and style—or possibly it was  
the hallmark of the dent in father's  
pocketbook. Perhaps this is the model  
for women of 1923 who ride in auto-  
mobiles, handy and "cute" as a lunch  
holder or in which to carry water to a  
thirsty radiator at the roadside.

But why in February? If we men had  
ventured out into the gaze of a February  
public, wearing superior faces and straw  
hats, we would have met with sympa-  
thetic glances and eventually been  
shoed into Danvers or East Cambridge.  
A male acquaintance of mine robes him-  
self in an ancestral straw lid and linen  
duster when about to search ashes for  
precious pieces of coal, but he does this  
in respect for the coal he finds; he has a  
good reason. While in such wearing ap-  
parel I'm sure the 1923 women wouldn't  
let him ride in their automobiles, but if  
he should paint the hat and stick up a  
few feathers on it it's likely they would  
give him the seat of honor.

Why not, in retaliation, a summer  
snowshoe fad among men of stature?  
The traffic officer would have a special  
use for snowshoes; waving extra signals  
stopping traffic with his feet, pushing  
the crowds back handily with them.  
In front such shoes have the sweep of  
an armored tank, and behind they have  
the kick of a mule. There are many  
uses for them yet untouched. For instance,  
with them men could tread gently on

delicate subjects, nor sink into the  
mire of discussion; a joy to their friends  
and a scourge to their enemies. Men  
could cross the crowded street, walking  
on automobiles as well as on heads  
without much expense in material dam-  
age, getting home quickly. A fad of  
practical value.

But a straw hat topping a fur coat,  
flannels and galoshes! According to  
Mark Twain, however, New England's  
climate consists only of samples; hence  
it may be, after all, that women are  
wise and that the men are the only  
ones who are queer. H. C. P.  
Fitchburg.

June 7, 1923

Sadie Martinot might have said with  
the poet Horace: "I shall not wholly  
die." We infer from letters received  
that the word "Sadie" may be found  
written on the hearts of these correspon-  
dents, as "Calals" was on the heart of  
poor Mary of England.

Mr. C. H. Fowle of Williamstown, who  
saw her at the Boylston Museum in  
"The White Fawn," with Eveline Con-  
stantine and company—it was in the  
week of Feb. 16, 1878—writes: "Person-  
ally, I have always thought, Sadie the  
sweetest thing I ever saw on the stage."  
He saw her afterward at the Boston Mu-  
seum in "Hiawatha," "My Son," "Pina-  
fore," "Two Orphans" and various other  
plays (1878-1882). "In 'the Shaugraun,'  
with Dion Boucicault, how the boys did  
envy Boucicault when he and Sadie were  
hiding under the eask together."

There's an excellent picture of Dion  
and Sadie as Shaun and Arrah in "Ar-  
rah-na-Pogue," by Mr. Townsend.

M. B. Leavitt, in his huge volume,  
"Fifty Years in Theatrical Management,"  
says that he made a contract with Sadie  
in 1888. "For a long time I had watched  
her career with great interest, from the  
time previous to when I first saw her as  
a very young and beautiful girl in a fe-  
male minstrel scene, in the Boylston  
Museum in Boston. Even at that early  
period, I recognized she possessed unus-  
ual talent, which ultimately led to her  
rapid advancement. . . . It was agreed  
that she should furnish the plays in  
which she was to appear, and during the  
summer she wrote me to Paris from an  
Austrian resort that she had secured the  
desired material." But Mr. Leavitt can-  
celled this contract in favor of J. C.  
Duff, who "had secured her services for  
a production he was about to make at  
the Standard Theatre, New York."

Unfortunately Mr. Leavitt was not  
always accurate. (He makes the as-  
tonishing statement that Ed. Rice's  
"Evangeline" was produced at the  
Boston Museum in 1870. We shall have  
something to say about "Evangeline"  
next Sunday.)

Late in 1885 Miss Martinot tem-  
porarily disappeared from the stage.  
She was not seen again in New York  
until Sept. 27, 1890, as Mrs. Horton in  
"Dr. Bill." Wilton Lackaye then took  
the part of Dr. Bill. J. W. Jennings, J.  
B. Polk, Isabelle Evesson, Louis Eld-  
ridge and Louise Allen were among her  
co-mates. It was the first performance  
at the Garden Theatre.

We have a shocking confession to  
make: We never saw Sadie Martinot,  
nor have we seen "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"  
but, as we have sat through "Ben Hur"  
—it was late in life—our education has  
not wholly been neglected.

From "The Psychology of Laughter"  
one learns why Mr. Charles Chaplin sets  
the theatre a-roaring. His performances  
are based on "the general principle of  
lack of energy when an abundance of  
it is expected, of difficult ties; awkward-  
ness and clumsiness when there should  
be ease grave and manifestation of  
energy in response to the external and  
internal stimuli and situations."

Gene Stratton Porter gives this ad-  
vice: "To your library add music—vio-  
lin, piano and harp, played by hand if  
it is a possible thing." To this the Chi-  
cago Tribune adds: "Some of the more  
advanced pianists, violinists and harp-  
lists are said to be meeting with suc-  
cess in playing by hand. You'd be sur-  
prised. Mrs. Porter, at recent progress  
in such things."

The London Daily Chronicle praises  
"Little Tich" as "the comedian of  
movement," in which he is "supreme."  
He also cracks jokes. "It is not easy to  
forget his tale of the lady to whom he  
sold a set of false teeth on the hire-  
purchase system, but, when he asked  
for the money, 'She bit me, sir, bit me—  
with my own teeth!'"



June 8 1923

The New York Times of June 3, giving a list of recent performances in Paris, says that "The Veil of Happiness," "Georges Clemenceau's story which was made into a libretto by Ferrier and put to music by Pons, had its initial performance at the Opera Comique."

To begin with, Clemenceau's "Veil of Happiness" was a play, not a "story." Turned into a lyric comedy, it was produced at the Opera Comique as far back as April 26, 1911. The recent performance was a revival.

The annual reunion of the Alumni Association of the New England Conservatory of Music, which will take place on Monday, June 18, at the Hotel Vendome, will consist of a short business meeting at 6:30, followed by a cabaret, with "frivolous entertainment and general dancing." The announcement is issued by James E. Bagley, retiring president of the association.

Mlle. Henriette Regnier of the Paris Opera and author of "L'Harmonie du geste," has named the new dances for Parisians the Francesca, the Arlette, the Caryatis and the Mazouze. The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph wrote that the report of the committee on these dances was being awaited with breathless anxiety by multitudes, but it is questionable whether the majority of dancers care what they dance—or think they are dancing—so long as they are dancing something.

The Daily Telegraph also said with reference to the craze for dancing in Paris: "In Montmartre people dance in hotels and restaurants till breakfast time, the guests including not a few venerable-looking gentlemen who, one imagines, must, when not on holiday, be severe and unbending church wardens in peaceful villages."

And so when "The Black Crook" was thought to be an immorally sensual play, Uncle Amos and other staid New Englanders rushed to Boston, put on false whiskers, and snatched a fearful joy.

"Young Boswell," talking with Mme. Matzenauer for the New York Tribune, was lost in wonder and delight. "As she talked Young Boswell watched her eyes. There was something lyric in them, and in the way she tossed her head. Her black hair, colorful voice, her way of pushing a lapus-lazuli bracelet up from her wrist, and then letting it fall again, and her ambition to be an orchestra conductor some day—these were the things Young Boswell remembered as he walked home."

They say he has never been the same man since that memorable day.

For some years "Creative" welders of the bow and fiddle have been called violinists. Mere executants, however brilliant, are "fiddlers." But Mr. Jack Blanton of Paris, Mo., makes this distinction: "A violinist is one who plays by note and restrains the foot from keeping time, while the fiddler is one who plays by air and pats his foot during the process."

Even when we hear Ysaye, we are reminded of Artemus Ward at Aspinwall on his way to San Francisco.

"At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoops in the dazzling waltz."

So great is the mysterious power of the association of ideas.

There was a Music Festival at Evanston, Ill., recently. The following advertisement appeared in the Evanston News Index:

FESTIVAL TICKETS FOR SEVERAL

concerts; also white flannel trousers, length 29; electric train parts and doll house. Phone 204.

We can understand the need of the trousers, for they were probably a part of the costume "de rigueur." But what were the hearers to do with the train parts and doll house? Throw them at the artists?

Last year it was said that Mr. Ben Hecht was at work on a play "Under False Pretenses," based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini; that Mr. Leo Ditrichstein would take the leading part. What became of the play?

We have received a letter from Mr. Hiram Arundel of Lexington. He recently explored his attic, and as a result now calls for help.

"What was a 'faculty' and why should a person be taxed for having one?"

"Joseph and David Eckley, agents, advertise 'a complete assortment of George Youle's patent cabooses, just received from New York.' What's a caboose?"

"Did the name 'Hillsborough treat' originate in our little New Hampshire town or has it an earlier origin?"

"Was Ann Moor a fake—exposed in her own time? Ann More of Tutbury, Eng., 'who has for more than three years lived entirely without food' sold @ 12½¢ by Nathaniel Coverly, corner Theatre Alley, Milk street."

"Did your grandmother sing Perry's Victory to you? Are you familiar with 'Deacon Tiber's son Ezekiel's account of Perry's Victory, as sung with great applause by Mr. Robertson of the New York Theatre?' Tune, 'The Old Woman Squat in the Hay-mow.' If so, what are the words to the original song?"

"More later, as explorations go forward."

Our fellow-laborer in the vineyard, Mr. Whiting, in his valuable advice to all suffering in hot weather, concludes by saying: "Don't tax your brain; this induces rush of blood to the head. Keep your mind as blank as possible." Nevertheless, and although our name is not Oedipus, we shall endeavor to answer Mr. Arundel's questions.

#### FOR MR. ARUNDEL

1. "Faculty." From the end of the 14th century to the end of the 18th one meaning of "faculty" was pecuniary ability, means, resources, possessions, property. Gibbon speaks of an expense so heavy that it surpassed the faculties of the magistrates. Burke: "We raise no faculty tax."

2. A caboose is a cooking oven or fireplace erected on land, as well as the cook room of merchantmen on deck, or the workmen's car of a freight train.

3. To use the language of the street, you've got us. Is "Hillsborough treat" a "Dutch treat"?

4. Ann's name was Moore, not Moor. She was born in 1761, the daughter of a laborer, one Pegg. Having deceived many by her fasting, after Moore, her husband, deserted her, she confessed to her imposture in 1813 after a second watch had been organized. There are several portraits of her, one representing her in bed in a garret. Pamphlets were written about her, some by learned men. Her face was not displeasing and she was described as "a woman of great resolution and cunning." Nothing is known of her after she was arrested for robbing her lodgings.

5. Our grandmother—we knew only one—did not sing when we visited her; not even hymns from "Watts and Select." There were several songs about Perry's victory. One beginning "Ye tars of Columbia, give ear to my story,"

Who fought with brave Perry where cannons did roar,"

was published as a broadside in this state. There is a copy in the Essex Institute, Salem. See Eggleston's "American War Ballads." "Mr. Robertson of the N. Y. Theatre" is vague. "The Old Woman Squat in the Hay-mow" is unknown to us. We ask the aid of folklorists. The wonder is that Mr. Percy Grainger has not used the tune for an orchestral fantasia with a formidable battery of percussion instruments, including the Deagan steel marimbas, wooden marimbaphones and nabimbas.

#### APPROPRIATE FUNERAL MUSIC

We read that the high school band, engaged for Memorial day exercises in Plano, Ill., played "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here" on entering the graveyard.

#### THE MILL NOT COINED

We are indebted to Mr. Noble of The Herald for the following note in answer to a question recently asked concerning the coinage of the mill:

"From 'Money and Banking,' by Holdsworth (Appleton), p. 58: 'The coinage system established by act of Congress in 1792 provided, as to minor kinds of coins, only for copper cent and half-cent pieces. In 1857 the half-cent piece was continued and the weight of the cent reduced. In 1864 the present cent was issued—also a two-cent piece. In 1865 a three-cent piece (25 per cent. nickel), and in 1866 a five-cent nickel, were added.'"

#### NOT SISTERLY

As the World Wags:

A carton of cigarets was among my winnings at bridge, played at home. "What cigarets does your brother smoke?" asked the loser of Sister Belle, who replied: "Mine."

JETHRO FELL.

#### THE MARINERS

We sail strange seas, without a chart;  
We dream of ports we know not of;  
We trust to guidance of the heart,  
Our compass faith and hope and love.

What future days may bring, and where  
Our anchors drop, we cannot know;  
Meanwhile, how distant is despair!  
What bliss to hear the strong winds blow!

What joy to feel the ship heave on!  
Enough it is the waves to ride;  
Enough to see returning dawn  
Reveal a still unbounded tide.

LAURA BLACKBURN.

#### E PLURIBUS UNUM

(The Peoria Edition of the Home Friend)  
The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Schwellitzer, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Schroeder and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell was christened.

#### TENDER AND VIGILANT

(From the Exeter, N. H., News Letter)  
As the 9:55 A. M. express to Boston was approaching Exeter last Sunday its locomotive was crippled by the breaking of an eccentric rod at the eccentric end. It dropped to the ground and the cloud of dust caused by its dragging told Tender Heartz of the Salem street crossing and other spectators that something was amiss.

#### DID HE SING?

As the World Wags:

If Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith will ignore the advertising of the Howard Athenaeum for the opening of the season of 1871-2, and take the trouble to consult the program files at the Widener Library, he will find these numbers on the bill for the week of Aug. 14, 1871:

Sol Smith Russell  
Original Characters  
Sol Smith Russell  
Eccentric Character  
Strong Minded Woman

Will Mr. Griffith please note that the program makes no mention of anything that could be construed as vocal efforts on the part of Mr. Russell?

I may add that among the mass of newspaper clippings there on file I can find but one reference to his having ever done any singing, and that was in a piece called "Edgewood Folks," which was before my time.

Surely, Mr. Griffith's experience as a manager must have taught him that in those days especially press agents sometimes erred in their announcements.

FRANK E. HATCH.

Boston.

June 9 1923

Mr. Lankester, a London police court magistrate, says that the impecunious wear spats in order to conceal the shabbiness of old boots. (And so in the seventies many in this country wore the Lord Stanley cravat to cover a soiled shirt.)

A London journalist makes the statement that English civilians first wore spats after accounts reached England of the gallant behavior of Highland regiments at Lucknow. He quotes "an authority on dress":

"We were all anxious to imitate them in some manner. The kilt was palpably impossible in our English towns and cities, and in a scrutiny of the Highland dress there was nothing so suitable for adoption as the spat; so the spat we took."

"For a time it was quite the rage in London. Every man and every youth made his display of spats; and even when the novelty and the remembrance of its origin died away the wearing of the spat continued."

The word "spats" is found in Capt. Charles James's "Military Dictionary" (1802). From a line in Hoggs's "Shepherd's Calendar" (1820) it would seem that black spats were not then an uncommon article of dress. Lucknow was relieved in 1857.

It is said in London that the word is a contraction from "spattering," because of the protection afforded against the spattering of mud and rain. A West end shoemaker points out that spats sheathe and inclose the uppers; therefore the word comes from "spathe," a sheathing leaf enveloping the inflorescence of certain plants.

Now "spat" is simply an abbreviation of "spattedash," a kind of long gaiter or legging of leather or cloth to keep trousers or stockings from being spattered, especially in riding. The word is as old as the latter part of the seventeenth century.

In the good old Drury Lane melodramas that came to this country the villain, usually a baronet, dressed irreproachably, sported a glossy silken and spotless spats. He smoked cigarettes. His associates in crime were a handsome adventuress of a stormy past and a curate who had fallen into disgrace by appropriating "what wasn't his'n." In the end the curate repented and confessed. The adventuress, exposed, left the stage with a defiant, mocking metallic, "Ha! Ha!"

#### BY LAKE CANOBIE

(From the Lawrence Daily Eagle)  
The Teachers' Association of Methuen held a most enjoyable outing at Canobie lake yesterday afternoon and evening. The cool shade of the pines and the refreshing winds proved a decided relief to the sweltering heat of the city, and all took advantage of the salacious atmosphere to indulge in many diverting sports.

#### THE "YOU'RE ANOTHER" ARGUMENT

As the World Wags:  
"R. W. G." comments in your column today on the "well-informed" woman writer of the Illustrated London News. Kindly inform him that her mistake is not so bad as that of leading American newspapers and magazines, (including the Literary Digest), in stating last year that St. Andrews University (where J. M. Barrie gave his celebrated address) was in Glasgow. Some of them wrote Edinburgh. A BRITISHER.

June 6.

#### THE BUILDING INDUSTRY

(North Stratford Item in the Coos County Democrat)

Our maternity club is one of the most active, effective and beneficial organizations in town for the upbuilding of the community. Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Shira, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hare, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Tremore, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nugent, Mr. and Mrs. John Ridlon are announcing the arrival of sons and daughters.

(Bloomington, Ill., Pantagraph)

Building Permit issued—Ellis Halford and Claudia Gutzwiller of Springfield were married in this city by Justice Weinman.

#### WITH THANKS

(For As the World Wags)  
If titled Names promote our Fames  
When Signed to Verse and Song,  
I'll be a Noble Lady and  
Admit I'm in the wrong.

I did not think to gain such Aid  
From Brother, Bard and Oracle.  
It was Revenge for which I prayed—  
My question was Rhetorical.

You see, Don Robert P. Marquis  
Lights Cigarettes and Lamps  
With Manuscript—did some one Hiss?  
And even Keeps our Stamps.  
Worcester. CLARISSA BROOKS.

#### THEN AND NOW

I never met an educated person who was content that the theatre should go down before the pictures; I don't think I ever met one who preferred the pictures to the theatre. And the point is that more people are interested than ever before in good plays, and especially more young people. It is hardly too much to say that when I was a young man there were no good new plays. We hailed anything specious or anything that wasn't quite idiotic, and I'm sure it would be harrowing to see plays again which I've praised as a dramatic critic. I can go back to the times of "Still Waters Run Deep" and "Diplomacy" and "My Awful Dad" and "The Gamester." I don't say there was no fun in these, but think of them as dramatic literature to represent a generation! We still have this kind of thing, but then we had nothing else.—A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

#### HEARD ON THE BOSTON COMMON

"Long days ago old Boston fair  
Beside the ocean's brine,  
Was deemed the home of English rare,  
A literary shrine."

"Twas there that Longfellow sang on  
And Emerson, I vow—  
Oh shades of Masters dead and gone,  
Oh where, where are you now?"

"And then I says, says I, they're three  
for a quarter, ma'am—"

"He's a darn bad egg—"

"And then Callahan hit him—"

"An' he gits four dollars a day—"

"The Police Gazette sells good in the country—"

"Aw, any machine kin climb that hill—"

"An' then, Norma Talmadge she—"

"The city wuz never in such bad shape as it is today—"

"G'wan, they made an earned run in the fifth—"

"She's a good dancer, but the rest of the show is rotten—"



"How in hell can it be good for four dollars a quart?" VEE DEE. Cambridge.

A KELIOLOGIST IS LOOSE

Mr. John J. O'Connor writes that many cards like the one he inclosed have been left at houses in Roxbury.

Professor Hilling Kelioiogist, Etc.

Tell on Luck, Apparitions, Hidden Treasure, Dreams, Etc. Prospects, Flowers, Journeys, Numbers, Colors, Love, Speculations, Ointment, Salve, and Cologne. Agent and Miscellaneous: By an Appointment.

ALL PRICES.

Kelioiogist? The theatrical press agents have coined as remarkable a word: Mr. So-and-So, the famous Scenarioist."

THE SYMPATHETIC REPORTER

(Knox College (Ill.) Phi)

Andrew Stewart ('21) and Dorothy Gordon (Knox '21) were wed the 5th of April, 1922. If true love, as they say, never runs smoothly, we predict for them happiness par excellence. "Birdie" is teaching in the high school at Niles, Mich.

WE STICK TO GOOD OLD DOC EVANS

As the World Wags: "She was 72 years and 10 months old, and had been known as a practitioner of the Dr. Muirroe system of treatments."

What is this system? Boston. H. V. LAWRENCE.

READ THE SOCIETY COLUMNS

As the World Wags: Down here in the region of the peasantry, we are wondering why you do not oftener inform us as to the summer proclivities of Miss Jane Winterbottom. We enjoy your pen-glances of Mr. Herklimer Johnson, but miss Miss Winterbottom's quaint apothegms. Fall River. V. W. H.

RICHARD BIRNEFIELD LOQ

"Man's life is well compared to a feast. Furnish with choice of all varietie: To it comes Tyme; and as a bidden guest He sets him downe, in Pompee and Majestie; The three-folde Age of Man, the Walters bee. Then with an earthen voyder (made of clay) Comes Death, and takes the table clean away."

The Rev. Dr. Stuart L. Tyson denies the report that he purposes to rewrite the Bible. (He had been quoted as saying that the first five books must be wiped out; that "the Revelation of St. John the Divine" was worthless; that the Bible must be wholly rewritten.) If some would have their way and blot out the last book in the New Testament, the lines of Burns—

"How he, who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand, And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command"—

would soon need an explanatory footnote.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wade Hampton Ellis, who is said to have a peculiarly intimate knowledge of the Bible, believes that the stories put into Ilmericks will be useful in familiarizing Americans with Holy Writ. For example:

A tyrant was Hiram of Tyre, Who farmed out his people for hire— For Hiram could hire 'em And hire 'em and fire 'em— Hence came the name Hiram of Tyre.

The immortal three hundred of Gideon On water alone crushed the Midian; But when they came back From slaughter and sack, What was the drink they were giddy on?

If Vashti had only undressed her, We never had heard of Queen Esther, But the beautiful plan She worked at Shushan Makes us ever with romance invest her.

The fact remains that there is an excellent version of the Bible known as the King James's.

"OLD TENOR"

Mr. George P. Bollivar writes: "I came across the phrase 'old tenor' yesterday. From the context, I infer that this has nothing to do with a singer. Will you enlighten me?"

"Tenor" in the 18th century was the value of a banknote or bank bill. Old tenor, middle tenor, new tenor referred to successive issues of paper currency in the colonies of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Without an adequate

specie basis the credit of much paper money could not be sustained. For many years 45 shillings came to be the value of one dollar. This was called old tenor. Accounts were kept and contracts were made in it. Here is an illustration.

At Boston, on July 23, 1763, Thomas Williston sent this bill to the province of Massachusetts.

"For sundries bought for the use of the gentlemen selectmen in going down to Rainsford Island:

	£	s.	d.
Rump of beef and pieces to roast.....	5	0	0
Two tongues.....	1	10	0
Cucumbers, mustard, salt and meal.....	1	4	0
Bread and biscuit.....	2	15	0
Lemons, hundred and a half.....	15	0	0
Two bottles of elaret and elder.....	3	15	0
Pipes and tobacco.....	1	0	0
Butter, pork and fat.....	2	10	0
Onions and pepper.....	0	11	0
Sweet majorum and twine.....	0	4	0
Cheese and cayenne.....	1	18	0
Spirits.....	3	0	0
For roasting the beef and charcoal.....	1	5	0

Old Tenor.....£39 12 0

Lawful money.....£5 5 7

A proposal for the establishment of a NATIONAL PEST-HOUSE with a few suggestions for detention therein.

We all have detestations And pet abominations. Some folks would drown them all off if they could; But I prefer a Pest-house In which to let them rest. How's That for a suggestion? Pretty good?

The first man that I'll nominate Is one that I abominate— The man who pesters through my telephone. He calls my number, then asks, "Wh'is 'is?" Or runs before I reach there. This is A bird to shut within those walls of stone.

Another friend selected By many is respected— The one with large and soft, cold, flabby hands. They feel so wet and sticky, molster Than a dead fish or slimy oyster. I'd keep him in the Pest-house in tight bands.

He's unfit for society— This man with a satiety Of what he thinks is knowledge, in his head. No human could be half so wise As he, in his own fatuous eyes; So lock him in the Pest-house till he's dead.

Then there's the noxious goop Who gargles with his soup, The gink who steps before you in the line, Your neighbor who keeps chickens That you hate like the D(ickens)— In granite walls they should be left to pine.

If you have a selection Who belongs in this collection Of nuts that sometimes may cause you to worry, Just make the nomination— Give us his name and station: We'll have him in a dark cell in a hurry. LAWRENCE WILLIAMS.

It is hard for old stories to die. A correspondent sends us the venerable "pump-handle" wheeze. This time it is dated Red Hill, O., 1921. Its genuineness is vouched for by "the dean of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., a cousin of Maj. F. H. Briggs."

Plays and Players That Once Amused Bostonians

There are programs of "Revels," "Hlawatha," "Horrors," played by Rice's Surprise Party at the Park in 1879. Alice Atherton, Lina Melville, Marlon Elmore, Pauline Hall, Jennie and Jessica Calef, Louise Searle, Ella Chapman, Willie Edoulin, H. E. Dixey, Louis Harrison, George W. Howard, W. A. Mestayer, were in the company. Sometimes it was "H. E. Dixey," sometimes "Dixie" on the programs.

Who recalls now the Colville company in "Babes in the Woods" at the Globe early in 1879? Eme Roseau was the bright, particular star. Chas. H. Drew had been tenor for Alice Oates's opera company. W. B. Cahill took the part of the cruel elder, while Drew and Marlon Elmore were the sweet infants "who took the 1st prize at the baby show." On Feb. 20, 1879, Marie Williams played Robinson Crusoe with William Gill as Friday at the Globe.

When Rice's Surprise Party played "Babes in the Woods" at the Globe in April, 1879, the wicked uncle was Louis

The Herald has received from several correspondents old programs of Boston theatres. The advertisements in these programs are at times as interesting as the casts and the description of plays. Take, for example, the bill of the Boston Museum for Feb. 9, 1880, when a "farical fantasy, "Midsummer Madness," by T. R. Sullivan and W. W. Chamberlin, was on the stage, with May Davenport, Rose Temple, Sadie Martinot, Mary Shaw, Kate Ryan and Messrs. Barron, Warren, Wilson, Graham, Hudson, Burrows and Schiller. (May Davenport was to have a benefit on Feb. 14) and Sardou's "Patrie," adapted by T. Russell Sullivan, was in preparation. Turning to the fourth page we find this astonishing advertisement:

"Gentlemen will please not soil the floor with tobacco juice. During the Acts Chew de Forrest's Substitutue for Tobacco. Price 10 cents."

This advertisement was not printed in the bill of the Boston Museum of Jan. 20, 1877, when "Evangeline" was performed for the benefit of Eliza Weathersby and for the 100th time in Boston. W. H. Crane, Le Blanc; N. C. Goodwin, Jr., Capt. Deitrich; Harry Hunter, The Lone Fisherman; Lizzie Webster, Gabriel; Harry Josephs, Catherine. Golden (the Policeman) and Dixey (the Headsman) appeared in "The Heifer Dance," (act 1 and scene 3), and at the opening of act 3 there was a "grand moonlight march by Miniature Centennial and soldiers of the present day, under the command of Miss Hattie Richardson, who will sing the popular song, 'One Hundred Years Ago.'"

As "De Forrest's Substitute for Tobacco" was not mentioned in this bill, did gentlemen in the audience soil the Museum floor?

At the Howard Athenaeum, in December, 1878, Haverly's United Mastodon Minstrels with "Eight End Men in New Style Suits" presented a program, including "wonderful allegorical tableaux by 12 Star Clog Dancers." There were seven of these "satue clog dances." One of them was "Our Champion Boston Nine." But we miss "Ajax Defying the Lightning," although the seventh was "The Dying Athlete." "Gen. Butler hats" were advertised in the program and Mr. A. W. Lovering of 399 Washington street had bought \$15,000 worth of gold and silver watches and was giving them to buyers of books. "I sometimes sell a thousand books in a single hour." The Globe Cocktail Bitters sold by Seth E. Clapp & Co., if taken before meals, gave "a generous and biting appetite."

Harrison and the babes were Willie Edoulin and Ella Chapman. That month at the Globe Alice Atherton played Robinson Crusoe and Edoulin, Friday—"He is so pale they call him Friday, week." Bostonians used to guffaw at jokes of this nature.

There are bills of Scanlan and Cronin in "Transplanted"; Hoyt's "Midnight Bell"; Ben Woolf's amusing "Hobbles" in which Eliza Weathersby, Nat Goodwin, Elma Delaro, Jennie Weathersby, T. H. Burns and W. J. Stanton were really funny—all in 1879.

George F. Rowe in "Brass" was in 1876 at the Globe. F. Chippendale then played here for the first time as the curate, Horatio Tibbets.

When Bouccault produced "The Shaugraun" at the Boston Theatre in 1876, Dan Maguinns was the police agent; Mrs. Thomas Barry played Claire and Mrs. T. M. Hunter, Moya, while Ed J. Buckley was the Captain Molineaux.

We should like to see Billy Kersands again in his "Senegambian Revel," announced by Callender's Georgia Minstrels. The 100th consecutive performance of Gilbert's "Engaged" by Agnes Booth, Mrs. Gilbert, Sydney Cowell, Minnie Palmer and Messrs. Lewis, Whiting, Owen, Cullington and Riggs took place at the Park on May 23, 1879.

MAUDE ADAMS

(The Chicago Tribune)

Maude Adams, coming back, will come all the way, we should say; for she went away when her vogue was at peak, after having been through two decades the most popular actress in the American theatre. No other player of the day had been managed with such care and caution—or, perhaps, the better way to put it were to say that no other so sanely submitted to good management. It was the idea of the late Charles Frohman that what she had for the public was vendible only in the theatre, and not in restaurants, at race tracks, in dance halls, nor in the newspapers as the vicarious author of articles on how to cook or the prospects of Dempsey as opposed to Gibbons. To see Maude Adams, you paid as you went in.

Save only Laurette Taylor, maybe, nobody else among our actresses has displayed the precise allure which Miss Adams has ever had for the public; the especial quality known as magnetism, but really, we suspect, calling for classification as communicable charm. She was not, in the minor matter of talent, for all plays, nor for any variety of plays: none of us cares to recall her in Shakespeare, in "L'Aiglon," in "Chantecler," and some odds and ends mistakenly mounted for her. We found her an exquisite comedienne in "The Legend of Leonora"; and she was vital in "What Every Woman Knows," also. She owed a lot to Barrie for both items, and, so, got back something of what Barrie owed to her for "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan."

"EVANGELINE"

The Herald has published conflicting statements concerning the first performance of "Evangeline." Some write that it was at the Boston Museum; some say the Boston Theatre; some

name the Globe; others say the first was in New York.

Mr. Joseph H. Wheeler of Medford writes that the first performance was at the Globe, Boston, in the summer of 1875. "I believe it was done in New York previously. I may be entirely wrong about this, as I am depending on my memory, and it was a long time ago. Laura Joyce was Evangeline and sang 'Where Art Thou Now My Beloved?'"

J. A. Barker of Brookline gives a date, June 9, 1875; the theatre, the Globe.

Evangeline ..... Laura Joyce  
Eulalie ..... Lizzie Hunt  
Catherine ..... Louis J. Mestayer  
The Queen ..... Ada DeMont  
Le Blanc ..... Harry Beckett  
The Lone Fisherman ..... Jas. S. Maffitt  
Gabriel ..... Ella Morant  
Michael, a violinist ..... D. J. Maguinns  
East ..... James C. Dunn  
Captain Dietrich ..... H. S. Murdock  
King Booriboola Gha ..... E. S. Tarr  
Lo, the dusky savage ..... E. K. Collier  
The Reporter ..... Florence Lee  
The Policeman ..... H. A. Cripps  
Hans Wagner ..... Charles Rosine

Add to the cast as thus given, Two Sailors, Henry E. Dixey and Mr. Court-right. Eva Brant was the Queen on June 7, the first night of the performance.

"Who's Who in the Theatre," (London and Boston, 1922), says: "Produced at Cambridge Mass., in 1873 and at Niblo's Gardens (sic) New York, 28 July, 1874."

As a matter of fact the first performance of "Evangeline" on a public stage was at Niblo's Garden, New York,

on July 27, 1874, if contemporaneous newspapers are to be believed. Evangeline, Ione Burke; Eulalie, May Arlington; Catherine, Louis J. Mestayer; the Queen, May Vernon; Gabriel, Connie Thompson; Le Blanc, William H. Crane; Basil, James C. Dunn; Felicia, C. F. Mackintosh; Michael, W. B. Cahill; Captain Dietrich, William Scallon; King Booriboolah Gha, Edward S. Tarr; The Policeman, James Martin; Hans Wagner, Charles Rosene; The Lone Fisherman, Jacob W. Thoman.

Columns might be filled with stories about "Evangeline." J. Cheever Goodwin's libretto was tinkered in turn by John Brougham, B. E. Wolf and John J. McNally. Mr. McNally's edition was used for the 100th performance at the Boston Theatre, a benefit for Mr. Rice, June 30, 1880.

It was said that Nat Childs also worked on the libretto.

It would be interesting to tell of the various men and women that took part in the many performances throughout the country; to tell the story of Mr. Rice's suit against John Stetson and Cheever Goodwin; how there was an "Evangeline" planned with a female Lone Fisherman. When the Rentz-Santley Burlesque Company gave "Evangeline" at Liverpool, June 11, 1883, with Nellie Larkelle as Gabriel, the piece was slated unmercifully. "Stupid" and "vapid" were the mildest epithets in a condemnatory reviews. Joe W. Harris played the Lone Fisherman.

At the benefit performance at the Boston Theatre on June 30, 1880, Sol Smith Russell, Richard Golden and George W. Howard played in turn, Le



Blanc. The Lone Fisherman of the first act was James S. Maffitt, of the second Alice Atherton; of the third Harry Hunter and at the end Mr. Maffitt in addition. Evangeline was played by Dora Wiley and Mlle. Jarneau; Gabriel by Alice Atherton and Louise Searle; Laura Joyce took the small part of Mary Ann; Willie Edouin and E. E. Rice those of the two deserters. Carrie Perkins was the Hans Wagner; John J. McNally was the Headsman. Mr. Dixey was in the cast, and the chorus included Louis Aldrich, Charles T. Parsloe, Tony Hart, Pauline Hall and many stars. A silver bowl with ladle was given to Mr. Rice.

Can any one inform us about the "performance in Cambridge in 1873" mentioned by one or two?

At the benefit for Napier Lothian at the Boston Theatre on June 30, 1873, the "Evangeline" march by E. E. Rice, dedicated to Mr. Alexander of the Cunard Company, was performed. Mr. Rice conducted it.

At the Boston Museum in 1877 the cast included Eliza Weathersby, Lizzie Webster, W. H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, Harry Hunter, Richard Golden and H. E. Dixey (who gave the helter dance in the third scene of the first act), James Nolan, Harry Josephs and others. The 100th performance for Eliza Weathersby, was on June 20, 1877.

One of our correspondents spoke of John Stetson's touring company. When it gave "Evangeline" at Booth's Theatre, New York, in December 1878, the company included Nellie Larkelle, Clara Fisher, Eugenia Paul, Gus Williams, James Maffitt, Harry Josephs, Larry Tooley.

#### SERIOUS EVANGELINES

There was a serious play "Evangeline." When it was performed at Tripler hall, New York, on March 19, 1860, the cast was as follows: Evangeline, Kate Bateman; Baptiste, Joseph Jefferson; Gabriel, George Jordan; Fr. Fell-cien, J. H. Stoddard; Basil, H. Pearson; Mme. Latour, Mrs. Henry Vining; Benedict, Chas. Kemble Mason. Miss Bateman, "the renowned child-artist," appeared in this play at the Boston Theatre on April 23, 1860.

There was another serious play, "Evangeline," founded by Thomas W. Brockhurst on Longfellow's poem, with "Interpretative" music by William Furst. The play was produced at the Park, New York, on Oct. 4, 1913. "Monotonously mournful," it failed. Evangeline, Edna Goodrich; Gabriel, Richard Buhler; Baptiste, Ralph Bunker; Basil, David Torrence; Benedict Bellefontaine, John Harrington. "Was there ever a play on the stage in which people prayed so much? It seemed last night as if they were forever on their knees; giving 'thanks for nothing,' making fervent pleas and getting—nothing." Mr. Arthur Hopkins was sorely vexed by the attitude of the critics. He wrote a furious letter to the newspapers. It began: "Smothered beneath an avalanche of ridicule and abuse, the most significant theatrical production of the past decade is threatened with a brief life in New York, and for an unprejudiced hearing must take the road."

#### WILLIAM SEYMOUR WRITES:

To the Editor of The Herald:

I have before me a copy of your valued paper of yesterday, June 3—with two letters anent "Evangeline," from Frank E. Fowle and Eliza Hall, respectively. When Miss (?) Hall mentions Harry Josephs as Dame Hatley in the cast of "Evangeline," is she not thinking of the burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan," which was produced at the "Selwyns" several years before 1876—wherein Stuart Robson enacted, Capt. Crosstree and Kitty Blanchard was the William? But, ante-dating both Mr. Fowle and Mrs. (?) Hall I have before me, also, a little pamphlet, with this title, page: "Globe Theatre (Boston). The new picturesque extravaganza, 'Evangeline, or the Belle of Arcadia,' with original music. Monday evening, June 7, 1875. Every evening at 8 and Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2. Text by Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Mr. Edward E. Rice. First produced in the United

States at Niblo's Garden, New York city, July 28, 1874" (was not the date July 27th?) Then follows a humorous preface, by the authors; the argument of the play; and the cast of characters. I was in Boston during the spring of 1874, having just finished my season with Laurence Barrett and Alice Oates, playing an engagement at the Boston Theatre, was living at the Evans House (corner of Mason and Tremont streets), and at her apartment, after the performance, many of her friends and admirers used to congregate. Among them were J. Cheever Goodwin and "Ed" Rice, and your humble servant. And there, on several evenings, I had the pleasure of listening to the music of "Evangeline"—played by its

composer—and, in a few instances, sung by Alice Oates—before it had seen, or been behind, the footlights.

I remember a production of "Evangeline" in San Francisco in 1878—with Sol Smith Russell and George S. Knight in the cast—but my program of same is not at hand.

I met Ed Rice in New York city only a few months since, and he is hale and hearty as ever, and quite as optimistic. This may be an old story of him, but it is a true one. One of his companies was playing in Boston (at the Park, I think—I was then managing the Tremont, so it is more than 25 years ago) and salaries were several weeks in arrears. The manager of the company, fearful of a strike (although there was no "Equity" then) sent Mr. Rice this telegram to New York: "Company will not go on if you do not give them something." To which Ed replied: "Give them my kindest regards." And they went on playing.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury, June 4.

#### RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

To the Editor of The Herald:

Edward E. Rice of Rice's Surprise Party with Mr. Goddard once ran a job printing office as Rice, Goddard & Co., in Milk street, between Hawley street and Morton place. The firm was a jovial one. Mr. Goddard, later, became Dr. Goddard I think, and Mr. Rice attended to the printing for the Cunard Steamship Agency (Mr. James Alexander) on State street. I am sure Mr. John Ryan ("Balze"), your stage historian in Dorchester, will recall all this and probably be able to name the young man of the printing firm who for many years afterwards was ticket seller at the Hollis Street Theatre.

If Marion Manola wasn't at the old Boston Museum, surely Spray Arlington was, and she was a general favorite. When the Georgia minstrels and Carn-cross and Dixie's Troupe from Philadelphia crowded Beethoven hall in 1896, who can but remember Dick Little's bass profundo in "Sadie Ray" or Ad. Ryan and his stump speeches? . . . Dr. Thompson with Julia Wilson was rising to fame and fortune at the Howard in "The Old Homestead," though the play then had a different name. I saw Thompson in Toronto in "The Sea of Ice," in 1865, and in "The Octoroon" about the same time.

I was sent down to the Revere House once to get a breezy interview with Sothorn. My card was good naturedly returned with the word to "go ahead and make up an interview," which I did. I was rewarded the next day by an invitation to "take a fly at an Irish stew" at midnight with his lordship. I still possess Sothorn's note announcing the stew.

Emma Abbott of Peoria ple-fame, wasn't regarded as a great operatic star here despite Jimmie Morrissey's incessant work as press agent, but she had a decided vogue in the West. About this period the long competitive walking fever came into fashion, and Bertha von Hillern tramped the sawdust for six days right under the eyes of the great Beethoven in front of the big organ in the old Music hall.

Boston. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Was Ad. Ryman ever a member of Carn-cross and Dixie's company? We find no record of it. In 1871 Hart, Ryman and Barney's minstrels were organized. Later he was with Emerson in San Francisco, and in New York with the San Francisco minstrels. When was with this company we heard make his famous speech about Sam. J. Tilden. With George Thatcher in 1880 he formed Thatcher and Ryman's Minstrels in Philadelphia. Two years later he went to Australia. He was again with Emerson's minstrels. In 1887 he organized a company with W. H. Rice and John Hart. At last having been with dramatic companies he killed himself in 1896. There was no one like him as a stump orator. His wit was keen and he appealed to the intelligence.—Ed.

#### CONCERT AND OPERA

The University of Goettingen has for three years given annual festivals of Handel's operatic works. On July 4 and 15 the operas will be "Rodelinda," "Giulio Cesare" and "Otto." The last opera occasioned the famous row between Handel and the singer Cuzzoni.

Wilhelm Kieffeld is completing the opera "Peter," which Tchaikovsky left sketched.

Lord Berners is writing an opera based on the Handel story of Sakuntala.

Arthur Bliss has written an orchestral piece inspired by Poe's "Mask of the Red Death" and another due to Wyndham's scenario, "The Street Comes into the Room."

Two short ballets were produced last month at the Paris Opera: One with the music a concerto by Giuseppe San Martin; the other "Presques" by Philippe Gaubert, originally a suite for flute and piano.

Apropos of a revival of "Haensel and Gretel" at Covent Garden the Times

asked: "Could not something be devised to make the 'dream pantomime' less Teutonically sentimental?"

"Catherine," a new comedy with music

taken from Tchaikovsky's compositions will be produced at Birmingham (Eng.) with Jose Collins as Catherine the Great.

"Alfredo Campoli is a boy of 17 who played the fiddle at the Wigmore hall on Friday, May 18, with an assured manner and, what is more important, an excellent tone and a faultless ear. He played the 'Trillo,' Max Bruch's G-minor concerto, the adagio and fugue from Bach's G-minor (unaccompanied), and other things. The double stops and octaves are a pleasure to hear, and there is a warmth of color which is attractive. The phrasing seemed a little erratic or unfinished at times, not from carelessness, however, but impetuosity—a fault, if it is one, which years will easily rectify. Altogether, there is considerable promise."

Apropos of the revival of "The Merry Widow" in London, the Daily Telegraph says: "The Merry Widow" was never a masterpiece in its modest kind—Lehar himself wrote much better music later—but it brought to the domains of the musical play in London an unaccustomed atmosphere, and brought to London also a new star of a rare and brilliant effulgence. And incidentally it contained a waltz—one of the most aggressively commonplace of its sickly sentimental type ever written in modern times—which, apart from its insidious banality, was helped enormously to popularity by the situation in the play that inspired it, and by the invaluable charm and personality of its two interpreters. The waltz, which fortunately does not set the standard of musical taste for the rest of the score, still remains. But gone from the stage she used to grace is Miss Lily Elsie, the original and inimitable Sonia." Nor was Joseph Coyne, her companion, on the stage.

When "Faust" was performed at Covent Garden last month the Daily Telegraph commented on the popularity of the opera: "For years it has consistently held its place in the repertoire of every traveling company as well as in the fitful London seasons, and even now, when its 'gross absurdities and incongruities have long ago become by-words, and have ceased to provide a target even for the most obvious order of wit, this strange alliance between a wire-pulled puppet (for so can the musical score be fittingly described) and an illegitimate descendant of a masterpiece stands as consolidated as ever. And why? There is no one reason to be given, unless it be that Gounod was so consummate in the art of wire-pulling that we have grown accustomed to the jerky movements from one scene to another, and have been deceived either into thinking them natural or into ignoring them."

#### THE FILM WORLD

(London Times.)

Following closely those sinister figures "Moriarty" and "Dr. Mabuse," "Dr. Fu-Manchu," the oriental arch-criminal created by Mr. Sax Rohmer, and perhaps the most terrifying of the trio, now appears on the screen. "Imagine a person," directs his creator, "tall, lean, and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat-green. Invest him with all the cunning of an entire eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present. . . . Imagine that awful being, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the yellow peril incarnate in one man."

The feature most worthy of remark about this production, which consists of a series of fifteen films each dealing with a more or less self-contained episode in two reels, is that it is British, for our native producers do not commonly undertake these melodramatic medleys of murder and mystery. It holds, however, as much interest and as many thrills as the usual product of its type from abroad, and is more intelligently and convincingly presented judging from the first four episodes shown to the trade last week. The manner in which the personality of the chief character is supposed to dominate even incidents in which he is not seen is especially cleverly conveyed. Mr. H. Agar Lyons acts forcefully as the super-schemer. Mr. Fred Paul is convincing in the part of a police agent sent from China to bring him to justice.

The Knock-Out, a British film, a Napoleon (Samuelson) production, shown lately to the trade, is a virile, wholesome entertainment of the most acceptable kind to English people. Its features include several humorous scenes with a "Cockney" flavor, two fine glove fights; a horse race, and an unexpected ending. The story does not matter much, but the succession of the lively incidents which accompany the hero's progress towards fame in the

boxing ring, and great riches, inspired by his Cockney girl, excite much laughter, and now and then induce a dimming of the eyes. For the picture is beautifully acted. The character studies by Miss Lillian Hall-Davis and Mr. Rex Davis are perfectly natural. Mr. Tom Reynolds provides some clever comedy as a Hoxton music-hall manager in the early stages.

#### LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE

Special interest attaches to the attempt to be made today by the Ancient Society of College Youths to break the English record for bell-ringing. The members will use the tower of Southwark Cathedral and ring the 12 bells. It was in this tower that the society gave its first great performance in change-ringing in 1684, when 2160 changes were rung. The bells were recast half a century later, when 64 cwt. of new metal was added. The society was founded in 1637, and derived its name from its first meeting-place, St. Martin's, College hill, upper Thames street. The members ring every Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral.

A volume on the eve of publication in France has been withdrawn on account of its funny incorrect rendering of our subtle English tongue.

In the past there have been some classic screams of this kind, and they deserve to be immortal.

When Congreve's play, "The Mourning Bride," appeared in a Parisian dress that lady had metamorphosed into "L'Epouse de Matin." But Colley Cibber's one-time popular comedy "Love's Last Shift" certainly went one better than that when it became "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour!"

#### OBITER DICTA

There are few singers who can, like Miss Megan Foster, make us forget the singing master by singing a song perfectly naturally. She makes it seem as if

singing was her ordinary way of speaking, of telling us something, as if what she has to say can go best in song, or, at any rate, as if the things were not worth singing about were not worth telling at all. If only the tremolo-mongers could hear her—but then they would never understand. They think the song is there to show the world that they can sing, whereas she sings because otherwise people might not know there were such lovely songs in existence. A song is a pretty "toy," as the greatest singer of this country once called it, and she leaves it at that.—The Times.

Serious music in the larger forms is less a statement of fact than our expression of values.—The Times.

Not so very long ago some enthusiastic people were regarding Mr. Bartok's music as revolutionary stuff chock full of iconoclasm. Today those same enthusiastic people are probably worshipping its one other shrine, while the congregation of worshippers that has taken their place now sings a different tune, lauding the composer for being a reactionary in whose mouth no butter would melt. The real fact is that Mr. Bartok is a very gentle composer indeed, extremely thoughtful in his work, and so fond of the jolly folk music of Rumania that his treatment of it just escapes sentimentality.—Daily Telegraph.

When Mr. Borwick had finished playing Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor a remark was heard among the audience to the effect that this is a work difficult to make interesting. To us it seemed that Mr. Borwick had just given the answer; the only way is not to try. So many modern players of Schumann take too much on themselves; they marshal the musical ideas before an audience, insist on their contrasts, and try to define their relevance, as though they would bully the composer into being interesting and the hearers into being interested. Mr. Borwick refuses this method. He takes the music as it comes. His rhythm is splendid when an untiring rhythm is wanted, in the finale of the sonata, for example; but if Schumann enjoys an irrelevant reverie he drops at once into his mood.—The Times.

Miss Hegner's second concerto-recital was for the fiddlers—who were there in large numbers. She played "The Virtuosi," of which the program by Mr. Edwin Evans gave us an interesting account—Vlotti, De Berlot, Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski. Musically, they are little; instrumentally, they are much. They speak the stage language, instead of the literary, and it "comes across," for similar reasons to those Mr. Bernard Shaw has just been giving. One has the added feeling of sympathy with the player, who at last has notes to play which lie under the fingers—even if they have to be rather good fingers. They have to be good, because when there is nothing to speak of in the music—in Vieuxtemps, for instance—there must be a good deal to talk of



afterward in the play. But we leave that to the fiddlers. A mere member of the audience can only murmur vaguely something about the shape of the phrases, the imperturbability and security of the touch, and other effects of which the fiddlers have the causes at their fingers' ends.—The Times.

Composers are not always good exponents of their own works, but he (Bartok) is. They are apt to play them as poets read their poems, fusing form and substance so completely that nothing stands out. That may be the ideal, but human limitations being what they are, we need foreground and background. This he gave, but not as one would have expected from the printed notes; in fact, there is a good deal of sous-entendu in them. Much that occupies space and looks very black on the paper is intended to be almost inaudible, tenuto marks and inoffensive-looking rests create epochs, octave-passages are mere glorifications of staccatoed notes, two tonalities are not to be the blatant ugliness they look, but one of them is to be a mere suggestion—something just to say what the meaning is not, and yet somehow is. For notation must always lag years or decades behind practice, and that is the sole justification for tradition, a much-abused word and thing. If Bartok should one day become famous it will be something for those to remember who heard him explain his own works.—The Times.

#### BARTOK AND BRAHMS

(The London Times)

Under the auspices of the British Music Society, a recital of Bartok's works was given by Miss Jelly d'Aranyi and herself. It began with piano pieces roughly in an order of their complexity, and finished with the two violin sonatas, the second being played first. Of the execution of this music it is enough to say that it was in perfectly safe hands, and that a more complete ensemble can hardly be imagined.

Those who ask, quite reasonably, for melody in music do not always remember that melody is inextricably bound up with harmony, no more to be separated than the "music" from the "meaning" of verse, and that it is impossible to have a "new" melody without some novelty in the harmony. As Browning's music depends on his meaning, so does Bartok's melody depend on his harmony. In this we hear at every moment the footsteps of the past. There is Palestrina's fondness for different spacings of the chords, Bach's moving of one part of the harmony before the rest (No. 9 of the three-part inventions, for instance). Purcell's melody suddenly flying off to some relevant harmonic note. Beethoven's superposition of one key on another (more sedulously practised by Stravinsky), and the exploration of extreme ranges and the vivid

part-writing of his posthumous quartets (imitated also by Strauss). Still commoner is the habit which separates the classical period from our own of sounding a chord together with its resolution (practised by Schoenberg), and that metrical alertness of which Haydn was the prophet and De Falla is the disciple.

These are there; whether the use made of them is such as to make a name for the user it is for time to show. We hear the detail, but our ear refuses as yet to grasp the principle. After five minutes of it we exclaim, as we do with Chinese music, "How monotonous!" Yet we know that Chinese music has gone on for 3000 years, making very good sense to somebody; so we suppose that, in three or thirty years, this may, too, to our mushroom Europe. And we are the surer of this because we understand the earlier works better than the later, the first sonata (after three hearings) better than the second (after one).

We are sorry to see that some of Bangor's prominent citizens were not moved to tears by Gov. Baxter's half-masting of the flag on the Capitol at Augusta in honor of his dead dog. The Bangor News admits that this dog was a great and good one. "So good and great a dog that he had a pass on the Maine Central and was not obliged to ride in the baggage cars with common bow-wows destitute of anything like class and without political interest."

Nevertheless one citizen asked—we quote from the Bangor News—"If the American flag is half-masted on the state house in memory of a dog, what would have happened if one of the Governor's cows had dropped dead? Or if he should lose a good trotting horse? And just what would be suitable on the demise of the Baxter tomcat? It seems to me that if a dog calls for flags at half-mast a fairly good horse ought to be honored with a procession of the national guard, and an order for the state employees to wear mourning for 30 days."

Other citizens of Bangor suggested that in case the cost of a suitable monument for the animal should exhaust the

contingent fund in the hands of the state treasurer, a public subscription be started at once for the purpose of raising funds for the painting of a portrait—a good barking likeness of the late Baxter setter to adorn the rotunda of the Capitol at Augusta, where according to the Governor's expressed views and sentiments, the deceased would be in the company of his equals."

And this in Gov. Baxter's own state! There no statute there against lese-majeste?

#### AN EPITAPH MERCHANT

(London Daily Chronicle)

John Hopkins, parish clerk and undertaker, sells epitaphs of all sorts and at all prices. Shaves neat, and plays the bassoon. Teeth drawn, and the Salisbury Journal read gratis every Sunday morning at 8. A school for psalmody every Thursday evening, when my son, born blind, will play the liddle. Specimen epitaph on my wife:

My wife 10 years not much to my ease,  
But now she is dead, "In coelo quies."

Great variety to be seen within.—  
Your humble servant, John Hopkins.

#### POET ON POET

Mr. Witter Bynner thus describes Mr. Carl Sandburg:

We see his shadow and mistake it for  
a haymow  
Or a ton of brick;  
We feel his breath and believe it soft  
coal or a breath from the stock-  
yards  
Or from a watering cart;  
We hear, in his teeth, an automobile  
horn  
When all the time he is a cat, catching  
poems.

And up to the present time Mr. Sandburg has not done a thing to Mr. Bynner.

#### WEEDS

I travel at Chautauqua circuit,  
For I am a civic expert—talker;  
I tell the yokels—at a hundred a throw—  
How to run their town;  
And they nod and applaud;  
Then they rush for their big machines  
And I toll the dusty road to the hot  
hotel;  
I drink ice water, and sweat;  
I pack my soiled linen;  
I take a train at dawn for home;  
When I get off at the station  
The drayman says to the ticket agent:  
"Well, there's our biggest failure  
Back from tellin' folks how to succeed;  
And I sneak up a side street to my house  
And see a lawn filled with dandelions."

#### ABORIGINE

A NOTE ON OVER CROWDING  
(From the People's Journal)  
"Well, when the girls get to wearing  
corsets again, it may make a little more  
room in the street-cars."

THE CANDID ADVERTISER  
(Adv. in Lima, O., Daily News)  
WANTED—Housemaid for general  
work. Salary, \$12.50 per week with two  
one-half days vacation per week. Must  
be willing to put up with late meals,  
mischievous boy, nervous 7-year-old  
girl, wife and irritable husband, do  
ironing and be alone most evenings with  
children. Must have some one at once.  
Don't call unless conditions agreeable.  
L. B. Timmerman, 418 South Kennil-  
worth avenue.

BOLD FRIEND TO WHOM?  
"Baldwin, the name of the prime min-  
ister of England, means, a bold friend."

MOVING PICTURES  
(For As the World Wags)  
Once again this yearly moving  
To tired nerves is far from soothing;  
And I scan the daily's column  
With a face both tense and solemn.

There at last I see it rated;  
Just the place for which I've waited;  
Ah, how swiftly I go to it  
In my mad, hot haste to view it.

Disillusion there awaits me,  
And an exit, quick, I make me;  
Though I try to act the hero  
Down my spirits go to zero.

Then a friend so full of pity  
Searches all around the city  
And a little house discovers  
Which surpasses all the others,

As I go to seize the treasure,  
Study it and take its measure,  
Loudly forth these words are vented:  
"This apartment's just been rented."

Now I'll go unto the river,  
And plunge in without a quiver;  
Deep, down neath the placid waters  
There must be some vacant quarters.

But that inner voice of warning  
Stops me from the dead performing,  
And I feel hope fast returning  
With a new idea discerning.

Out upon the Boston Common,

There are lodgings now, but, crelong,  
Even there, unless I hasten,  
I may find the room all taken.

EDITH W. CHENEY.

Cambridge.

FROM FURNITURE SALES ADVS.  
"Monstrous Furniture Sale Now On."  
"87 Mahogany or Walnut Cedar  
Chests."

#### THE SHORT AND THE LONG OF IT

As the World Wags:

Reading Brown's "Short Studies in Evidence" I came across this passage: "At the Liverpool county court there was a dispute with a dressmaker about the fit of a certain bodice. The plaintiff who refused to take it alleged it was too short and too much padded. The dressmaker stated that bodices were now cut short on the hips and as to the padding it was necessary on account of the lady being deficient in the place where the padding was placed. The plaintiff did not desire to have her figure improved by the dressmaker, she was quite satisfied with it as it was. The question of misfit or fit appeared to be incapable of decision, till at length the dressmaker demanded the bodice should be put on. The plaintiff at length consented to do so, and adjourned for that purpose. On her return the judge and court proceeded to criticise the fit. The judge at last made a suggestion—such a suggestion, just like a man! That surely the fault of the bodice being too short might be remedied by bringing the dress higher up; but then his honor appears to have forgotten all about the ankles."

#### UNQUITY.

Cambridge.

The old question arises with hot weather—or, as the poet sang, the old sorrow wakes again—belts or suspenders? The tailors sometimes ask "Which?" Sometimes, without asking, they provide for both. This reminds us that Mr. Herkimer Johnson, being informed that a certain tailor employed a skilful cutter and was reasonable in his prices, went to the shop. He selected a cloth that pleased him—blue serge he told us—and said with a jaunty, careless air: "What will a suit cost me?"

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars," said the tailor, without blushing and looking him straight in the eye.

"Haven't you anything better?" said Mr. Johnson, not to be outdone. "No? Well, perhaps this will do. I'll think it over." And Mr. Johnson left the shop. He went to what is known as "a ready-made suit emporium" and found a highly respectable suit for \$45, so that his appearance this summer, if he has his hair cut, will be almost human. But we wonder, which is said in the German song to be the miller's joy, but it is not pleasing to the reader.

Years ago the Burlington Hawkeye said: "It is the sight of fat men in helmet hats that makes some other men murderers." Is a coatless and perspiring American more presentable with belt than with suspenders? There is a foolish rule in some clubs that a member must not remove his coat unless he is belted. But there are men who cannot wear a belt without the shirt bulging—it is fatigued—or the drawers crawling to the knees. (It is true that wet suspenders are not a pleasing sight.)

#### A NOTE ON GALLOWSES

When was the old term "gallowses" superseded by "braces," and when did the word "suspenders" first come into use?

George Augustus Sala in 1883 asked the former question. He discoursed in his characteristically informing and pleasing manner.

"I hate braces. I never wore any till I was 15. When I was approaching adolescence—" Sala was born in 1827—"the fashionable wear for a young Parisian was no braces, a handsomely embroidered belt round the hips, and in summer, no waistcoat." Mr. Sala put these last five words in italics. "Under these circumstances, you could show something noticeable in the way of a shirt front; and those were the days of chemises de cinquante francs—and more. I hope that our boating, cricketing, yachting and lawn-tennis playing boys never wear braces. Our grandfathers never wore any. I don't think that more than sixty years have passed since 'gallowses' came into general use; and the obstinate determination of Sir Charles Wetherell never to brace up his nether garments was, if I mistake not, once alluded to in a Parliamentary debate. What would be thought of Mr. Henry Irving in 'The Corsican Brothers' fighting a duel in braces? It is certain that Lord Chesterfield never wore braces. The lords and beaux that Hogarth drew wore no braces. Were they made fashionable by the Regent, or by Beau Brummell? Sydney Smith writing to a newspaper in the year 1843—the Canon being then 73 years of age—enumerates braces among the 18

changes in social manners which had taken place since he was a young man. 'I could not keep my small-clothes in their place, for braces were unknown,' says S. S." When Sala wrote this there was no great Oxford dictionary.

#### "BRACES" AND "SUSPENDERS"

The old word was gallowses, Bailey's Dictionary (1730): Contrivances made of cloth and hooks and eyes, worn over the shoulders to keep their breeches up, the word is marked in the Oxford Dictionary, "now dial. Sc., and U. S." There was a mezzotint engraving "The Quarrelsome Tailors" published at the end of the 18th century. In the background was this inscription over a shop: "Simon Snp Makes and Mendes Men's and Buoy's Ready Made Clothes. N. B. Neat Gallowes for Breaches."

The word "braces" was apparently not used before the 19th century. The earliest quotation in the Oxford Dictionary is dated 1816. There is a quotation from Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" (1848): "I have embroidered for you a very beautiful pair of braces."

"Suspenders, Chiefly U. S." The earliest quotation is from the Massachusetts Spy 1810. "Part of the buckle of his suspenders and several pieces of his coat . . . were extracted from the wound." Sydney Smith wrote in 1841: "Correspondences are like small cloths before the invention of suspenders; it is impossible to keep them up"; so the word was not unknown in England.

Alice Morse Earle says in her "Two Centuries of Costume in America: 1620-1820: 'It is amusing to an outsider to read the articles of dress over which Quaker Saints were 'exercised.' Suspenders caused an Ohio meeting many anxious moments; umbrellas at various times were offensive."

#### MAGINN'S MAXIM 139

With suspenders, drawers can be kept in place even if General Humidity is conquering and the mercury is up to 99. With a belt, drawers mock all endeavors to keep them in place unless one humiliates himself by using safety pins.

Brilliant and learned William Maginn in his 139th maxim of Odoherty wrote nobly concerning the supporting of drawers. He was a long time in discovering the most convenient method.

"It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual schemes of looping are, all of them, liable to objections. The true way is to have two small pieces of tape placed horizontally along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waist band; and then pass the brace under the open part of the tape, before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches. This is one of those inventions which will stand the test so long as the present general system of breeches-making is retained; but that I freely admit, appears to me to be by no means free from radical defects. The pressure comes too exclusively on particular parts of the shoulders. By a row of buttons all round, this evil might be remedied. That again would involve inconveniences of quite another, though perhaps an even more distressing, order. On the whole, this is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected; and I hereby promise, by means of a separate and distinct maxim, to make not only the fame, but the fortune, of the man who, within six months from this date, satisfies me that he has paid proper attention to the hint now conveyed."

This maxim was published in Blackwood's Magazine in September 1824.

#### EVILS OF EDUCATION

(Evansville (Ind.) Press)

The Boonville high-school alumni banquet was held at Clark Gym last night.

#### MERE MAN

(In Liberated Lines)

A frightened fly crawling around crater  
Of active volcano,  
A diminutive minnow fighting for food  
In vasty deep,  
An antediluvian ant absolutely annihilated by  
A troglodyte's tread,  
How much more in Creation's cycle  
Is mere man?  
An intelligent ion, an anguishing atom,  
Struggling toward what?  
Brookline. LAND CRAB.

## KEITH'S HOUSE

Not a dull or uninteresting act marred the bill which opened at Keith's last night, and the applause which the large audience gave each number gave assurance to the performers that their efforts were appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed.



Lou Tellegen, presenting his own one-act playlet "Behind Youth," supported by a cast of three, was the cynosure of all eyes. Complete silence pervaded in the audience during the few minutes given over to the playlet and the well known international actor was able to present his part with all the feeling and fervor for which it called. He was ably supported by his cast and generously divided the applause of the audience with them.

Although the bill was made up with the usual singing, juggling, dancing and feats of strength, it was nevertheless just enough different to be particularly interesting. Louise and Mitchell, billed as the "Belgian Wonders," proved to be tumblers, much to the surprise of everyone after the opening song. In this act Louise was the "strong man" and her feats, mixed with her little mannerisms, proved highly entertaining. Hazel Crosby was forced to answer to several encores after she had finished presenting her "Opera a-la-Syncopation."

Surprise, laughter, wonder and almost hysteria greeted some of the stunts of Ferry Corvey, the musical clown. His clown work was funny and his playing of un-named instruments

was both harmonious and excellent. Without cracking a smile himself "Senator Ford from Michigan" succeeded in raising chuckles, laughter, and great applause at his really clever remarks concerning up-to-the minute topics.

Lillian Broderick, who had a dance number with Tom Bryan, was not still a moment, and during her appearance showed a brand of dancing that was a delight. Both dancers were ably assisted by Lucille Jarrot at the piano. Zeida Santley was "Little Miss Everybody" and her imitations were true to life. Walter and Emily Walters won the audience over, particularly the ladies, by "The Baby's Cry," which ended a really clever act of ventriloquism. Clifford and Gray won well-merited applause through their hoop juggling ability. Pathe News ended the evening's entertainment.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Third week at this theatre with Jack Donahue "of the laughing feet."

**MAJESTIC**—"The Covered Wagon." Film play based on Emerson Hough's novel of the same name. Fourth week.

**ST. JAMES**—"The Man who Came Back." Drama. Revival. Third week.

**TREMONT**—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." George M. Cohan's latest musical comedy. Fourth week.

**WILBUR**—"Liza." Musical comedy performed by a colored company. Third week. Special midnight performance on Thursday beginning a few minutes before midnight.

Many articles have been written to celebrate the bi-centenary of Sir Christopher Wren's death. Was any of them more dignified in the expression of his peculiar quality than this paragraph in Aldous Huxley's "On the Margin: Notes and Essays"?

"But Wren's most characteristic quality—the quality which gives to his work, over and above its pure beauty, its own peculiar character and charm—is a quality rather moral than aesthetic. Of Chelsea Hospital, Carlyle once remarked that it was 'obviously the work of a gentleman.' The words are illuminating. Everything that Wren did was the work of a gentleman; that is the secret of its peculiar character. For Wren was a great gentleman; one who valued dignity and restraint and who, respecting himself, respected also humanity; one who desired that men and women should give with the dignity, even the grandeur, befitting their proud human title; one who despised meanness and oddity as much as vulgar ostentation; one who admired reason and order, who distrusted all extravagance and excess. A gentleman, the finished product of an old and ordered civilization."

### A BALLADE OF VAIN INQUIRY

(With acknowledgments to a women's page correspondence on the use of cosmetics.)

Some questions have only one way: They are answered—and there is an end;

My query, O Maid of Today,  
Is not of this easier trend;  
The more it is mooted and penned  
The deeper the mystery grows;  
I put it once more (as a friend),  
Oh, why do you powder your nose?

By which I intend to convey  
A sense that will here comprehend  
The whole of the blessed array  
That barber and chemist can lend;  
Rouge, powder and penoll they vend,  
And I lump 'em all in (as this shows)  
When my humble inquiry I send,  
Oh, why do you powder your nose?

To capture distinction, some say,  
But others then sternly contend  
That faces when powdered display  
A sameness that can but offend;  
Their bloom is of only one blend  
Like a vastly too regular rose—  
If this is the way that you vend,  
Oh, why do you powder your nose?

### ENVOI

O Princess, I beg you unbend,  
Take note of our suppliant pose!  
What does this palaver portend?  
Oh, why do you powder your nose?  
—LUCIO, in the Manchester Guardian.

### FROM "MENAGIANA"

(Edition of 1715)

Barbin had a country house which he had taken great pains to beautify. The view was extremely limited. Despreaux dined there one day in summer. Leaving Barbin, he said to him: "I'm going to Paris to get a breath of fresh air."

"My father told me that dancing masters were not among the most graceful; that fencing masters were not among the most courageous; that after a man said he was going to speak without vanity, he never failed to make a vain speech, and consequently a foolish one, for vanity does not exist without foolishness."

### OLD-TIME COMPETITIONS

They say now that "Noctes Ambrosianae" is dull reading; how could any reader of Blackwood's tolerate the reckless abuse of the just and the unjust, or find any humor in the verbal combats of Christopher North, the Shepherd, Odoherly, Tickler and the other gluttons and toss-pots. We find these volumes amusing, even the annotations of R. Shelton MacKenzie. There were surprising feats of skill and endurance in 1822, long before the champion long-distance dancer, the champion dishwasher and the champion pie-eater whose exploits are faithfully recorded in our newspapers. We quote from No. V:

Mr. Tickler. Odoherly, did you read to other day, in the newspaper, of a Liverpool barber shaving 80 chins, in a workmanlike style, within the hour?

Odoherly. I did; but a Manchester shaver has since done 100.

Mr. Tickler. It must have been a serious affair for the last score of shaves. When the betting became loud, 6 to 4 on time, I am surprised the barber got his patients to sit.

Mr. North. Was he allowed to draw blood?

Odoherly. Only from pimples. I like these (sic) sort of bets. They encourage the useful arts. I won a cool hundred last winter, as you may have heard, by eating a thousand eggs in a thousand hours.

Mr. Tickler. Hard or soft?

Odoherly. Both—raw, roasted and poached. It was a sickening business. I ate a few rotten ones, for the sake of variety.

Chieftain. One of my Tail drank a thousand glasses of whiskey in a thousand hours; and we had great difficulty in keeping him to a single glass an hour. He did it without turning a hair.

### 100 OR 101?

The Bideford Daily Journal, commenting on the statement that an "elderly woman recently observed her 101st birthday," says that it leaves the reader in doubt whether she was 101 or an even 100 years old. For in speaking of birthdays most people have a tendency to ignore the most important one, to wit, that on which the person is born. From this point of view the woman who observed her 101st birthday would be 101 years old. If she observed her 101st birthday anniversary, that's another story.

This reminds us that an Englishwoman, Mrs. Mary Ann Bullen, who will be 101 in July, says she intends to look for "a nice young husband with plenty of money," when she leaves the hospital where she is now a patient.

### NOT ENFORCED

There are acts of Parliament still in existence that no Englishman dreams of obeying.

One, passed in the reign of Edward III, forbids more than two courses being served at dinner or supper, except on certain holidays.

Another act forbids the eating of meat on Sundays. The penalty for disobedience is a fine of £1 or imprisonment for a month.

ence is a fine of £1 or imprisonment for a month.

The Sunday observance act of Charles II's time makes it illegal for any person to cry or sell goods, to use a boat, wherry or barge, or for any tradesman, workman or laborer to do any "worldly business" on the Lord's day.

### THE NEGLIGENCE OF THE FEMALE

(From the Decatur Herald)

BORN—To Herman Petrofsky, 1353 East Grand avenue, May 19, a son.

### SANGUINE PARENTS

(Sandwich, Ill., Free Press)

BORN—A bright baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hodge, this (Thursday) morning.

### "TWO MEN WITH SAME ALLEGED WIFE HELPING EACH OTHER GET RID OF HER."

This story of harrasing domesticity in New York brings to mind "that Brute Simmons" in Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," a volume worth reading and re-reading. Mr. H. G. Wells also wrote excellent short stories before he began to regulate the clock-work of the universe.

Anatole France's novel of the French Revolution, "Les Dieux ont Soif" has been made into a play and produced at the Odeon, Paris. Pierre Benard of the Paris Journal, says the auditorium is too large, the stage too remote. "The theatre is old, it's too old. Even when one plays a piece about the Revolution, it still has the air of being an anachronism." Benard does not introduce the delightful Brotteaux in the play, and so M. Benard remarks: "Brotteaux was, indeed, too intelligent to be portrayed on the stage."

Now that Elsie Ferguson is separated from her husband everyone must admit that at last she is a true artist.

It is reported that Lionel Tertis, the famous English viola player, will come to America in the fall. Some years ago, he was engaged as first viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but he changed his mind and did not come.

The widow of Haddon Chambers, the playwright, has married Capt. George Reilly who, in the war, was in the British secret service, and had exciting adventures. She was known on the stage as Pepita Bobadilla.

T. R. R. was at the Evanston (Ill.) music festival. He was deeply moved by the singing of Bruennhilde's death scene in "Dusk of the Gods" when the lady next him said in her rapture: "Say! she's gotta great heddahair! Ain't she?"

We recently read in a New York newspaper that Mr. J. R. Towse, the dramatic critic of the Evening Post was leaving a theatre after the third act, when the manager caught him in the lobby and said: "But Mr. Towse, there's another act." "Yes; that's why I am going."

A good story; it was told of Charles Mathews, who towards the end of the second act of a three-act play, was irritated by a man, who, in the front of a stage box, and in full view of the audience, ostentatiously put on his overcoat, muffler and hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mathews at last, "but the play is not over; there is another act."

"Yes, Mr. Mathews, I know," answered the other, pleasantly; "that's why I'm going."

How the use of a little tact may "go a long way." A Correct Letter to a Bearded Lady:

"My Dear Mrs. Lenox: I wonder if you would care to go with us to the opera Wednesday evening? The Cromwells have offered us their box for that night which accounts for our selection of that particular evening. 'Beggars cannot be choosers,' and while personally we would all rather go on some other night, yet it is perhaps best that we do not refuse the Cromwells' generous offer. Then, too, Wednesday is really the only evening that my husband and I are free to go, for the children take so much of our time on other nights. I do hope, therefore, that you can go with us Wednesday to hear 'The Barber of Seville.' Sincerely, Esther G. (Mrs. Thomas D.) Franklin."—From Mr. Stewart's "Perfect Behavior."

### Notes and Lines:

Sol Smith Russell sang so constantly, I even remember the lines of some favorite songs (barring an occasional hiatus). Rootily-toot she plays the flute, in a very charming manner. Rummy-ti-tum she beats the drum, or the keys of the grand piano.

(Hiatus) ? Since Sister Mary learned to play we've all gone wrong.

Also, dressed in a German conception of our militia uniform, marching quaintly the while:

Ein, zwei, drei, vier, hold your head up high

As we go by we hear the ladies cry, "Oh, dear me, come over Mister Goetz And see the little Germans in the Turn Verein Cadets."

Sol sang on all occasions. He was an incomparable artist in the comic line. The voice was nothing, it was his method; he talked the songs, with nice shading and synchronized facial expression. He didn't strain or give the impression of trying to sing. Mr. Hatch missed lots of pleasure. Can anybody name a real comic singer now? Bert Williams is dead.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

Ganna's again to abandon her career, which, let us shout, is, among careers, the world's non-stop foundling. Per her custom, she will, Mr. Hearst pays cable-tolls to tell us, pause long enough to sing "Rigoletto" in Paris. We are beset with a notion that one of these days she will sing "Rigoletto" in Paris, or somewhere; her pauses are, to us, ominous.—Chicago Tribune.

Was "For Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond" the first line of "And the Band Played on"? Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly would like an answer.

### Notes and Lines:

Mr. Frank B. Hatch is in error, I think, as to Sol Smith Russell not singing here in the 70s, for he sang (in Music Hall, was it not?), in a piping voice, the comic ditty beginning:

"They locked me in an upper room  
And took away the key,  
Because I would not wed a lad  
Who did not love me."

Russell was rigged up as a maiden of many years, with corkscrew curls, white apron, and so on. He drawled out the last line in a mirth-provoking tone and with grimaces that always shook down his audiences.

Boston. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

In that negligible planet known in the Sunday supplements as the World of the Theatre, highbrow is a term of especial opprobrium and malefic implication. To managers, a highbrow is anybody who expresses a liking for any play which takes in less than twenty thousand dollars a week with the usual Wed. & Sat. Mats. To confederates in music-pieces, a highbrow is anybody who does not weaken with loud laughter when the funny fellow pats the distressed soprano on the back and says "Clam yourself! Clam yourself!"—Chicago Tribune.

Is the wicked baronet on the stage ever a blonde? Why should stage artists today always wear the queer velvet coats that were affected by artists years ago? Ambassadors in plays are usually represented with a white pointed beard.

Will Mr. Arthur Hammerstein succeed in persuading Puccini to write the music for an operatic version of "The Light of the World"?

This is a dancing generation. The gramophone has set so hot a pace in the home dance that the search for gayety abroad is considered impolite without the dance that follows the dinner or interrupts the supper. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, discussing the troubles of the theatre recently, gave his view that the really oppressive competition is not that of the cinema but that of the ballroom. Perhaps the restaurant is a partner here in the distress of the theatre. With hotels of the Grand Babylonian order everywhere advancing and throwing in the dance

and the cabaret with catering that already rivals that of the best restaurants, some change is inevitable. The general public do not appear to be satisfied with caviare; they want caviare and extras.—Manchester Guardian.

Miss Joan Hay, English actress and singer, arrived in New York "under an assumed name." Why? That she might not be asked to sing in the inevitable and boresome concert on the ship?

M. Clemenceau at the rehearsals of the opera "La Voile du Bonheur," based on his play of the same name, criticised savagely attitudes, gestures and intonation. When Lafont, taking the part of the leading character, Tchang, was speaking, Clemenceau flung up his arms in dismay and shouted: "Do you know that Tchang is supposed to be a god."



and do you really think that a god would speak like that? When a god speaks he roars, and his muttering is like thunder."

A commission of two producers and two actors in Paris has decided in the case of a complaint brought by a dramatist against a popular comedian that a comedian cannot interfere with an author's text or interpolate wheezes of his own. It may be remembered that Hamlet was of the same opinion.

June 15 1923

Members of the Porphyry Club and other clubs in Boston should be interested in Mr. Wilson-Taylor's remarks about changes in club life in London in the course of the 25 years that he has been secretary of the Bath Club. (At the presentation to him of a piece of silver and an illuminated address, the first five names of subscribers were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Prince Henry, Prince George and Mr. George Harvey, who comes from one of the oldest families in Peacham, Vt.)

One of the most noteworthy changes that Mr. Wilson-Taylor has observed is the reduction of waiting lists. In some of the old Service clubs it used to take 4 years for a new member to secure election. On Jan. 1 of this year one famous club had only 25 candidates on its books.

This reminds us of a remark made by a crotchety old member of a Boston club. "Before the war a candidate had to have special qualifications, and his credentials were rigidly examined. I hear that today the election committee asks only two questions: 'Has Jones money enough to pay his initiation fee? If he has, will he pay it?'"

A great innovation in the London clubs was the introduction after the war broke out of women waitresses, even at the Athenaeum. Some clubs still retain them for their "deftness and ability."

"Clubs differ today from those of 25 years ago in the sense that a member rarely joins a club unless he seriously means to make use of it, and the result of this is that, instead of a man belonging to half a dozen clubs at the same time, as in the old days, he is now generally a member of one or two, of which he makes constant and regular use. The result is that the clubs which are popular are used by a larger percentage of their members than formerly—a fact which is emphasized at luncheon or tea time.

"Another difference is that in old days a member would take minute care in the election of his dinner—probably going down to the club at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to order in advance something for himself and his guests. Today the tendency is to have a set dinner at a fixed price, which members can supplement with other dishes, if they wish."

More London clubs have bedrooms than before. "What the clubs really want is new young blood, and we are lecturing at each meeting a larger proportion of men of 30 years and under than older men. The question of increasing subscriptions is a difficult one, after the war there was a general increase in subscriptions, and it is still a problem where the young man joining a club is concerned."

**LONDON'S LARGEST CLUB**

We read that the London Club, which opened this year with a membership of 5000, has a hall where 1500 can dine or do a dance; a billiard saloon with 40 tables; a table tennis room with 30 tables, as well as reading, writing, smoking and card rooms, tea lounges and quick service buffets. The house is large enough to accommodate 20,000 members. The inner door man wears a blue coat and gorgeous crimson plush breeches. Of course, the Demon Rum is an honorary and honored member.

And for all this size and magnificence the annual subscription for men is a guinea; for women, half a guinea; for country members, 10 shillings.

**THE "WIDOW" NOLEN**

As the World Wags:

The passing of the famous tutor, the "Widow" Nolen, brings to mind a jingle written many years ago by Henry Ware Elliot:

No observer would suppose,  
From his unassuming clothes,  
This to be the famous Widow whom the student body knows;  
A man of wealth immense,  
Not lacking all pretence,  
He makes the cyclopedia resemble thirty cents

He can give the whole of Mill  
In one concentrated pill,  
Or discourse at moment's notice on the freedom of the will;  
He will translate Voltaire  
With the greatest savoir faire,  
And will read Indo-Iranian and never turn a hair.  
Dead or dreaming, drunk or sleeping,  
Nolen puts you through,  
But gratitude takes early wing when Nolen's bill is due. B. A. C.

**FIRST CLASS IN AMERICAN HISTORY**

As the World Wags:

I submit the following bit of history, from the leading editorial in the leading agricultural journal of New England, the New England Homestead of May 28: "It will be too bad if Maine is the only one of the original 13 states to refuse this chance of working together on one thing for the first time since the signing of the declaration of independence." B. L. H.

**UNANIMOUSLY ELECTED**

As the World Wags:

If there are any unoccupied niches in the Hall of Fame kindly reserve two for Drs. Paul C. Boire and Ernest W. Auger, dentists, who are drilling their way to fame and fortune in this city. Manchester, N. H. G. H. B.

**DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES**

As the World Wags:

Little Alyse awakened about midnight and asked mother to tell her a fairy tale.

"It's too late, darling," mother replied, "father will be in shortly and he'll tell us both one." AX.

**LONGER THAN THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED ARM OF COINCIDENCE**

(Hammond (Ind.) Lake County Times)

Pickpockets stole a gold watch from the pocket of James Johnson, 95 Douglas street, in Hammond yesterday while he was in the Polk street station at Chicago.

**ADD "EVILS OF INFLATED CURRENCY"**

(Adv. in Chicago Daily News)

\$175,000 CASH, BAL. EASY TERMS, takes my \$675 restricted res. lot on Eberhart-av. near 95th st. car line and 4 blocks to I. C. station; price includes sewage, water, gas, and sidewalk; no agents. Ad. P. F. 22, Daily News.

**SHAVING WITH PUMICE STONE**

(London Daily Chronicle)

The Wiltshire "Beavers," who are using pumice stone instead of razors, are adopting a plan followed in the 17th century. Samuel Pepys used a pumice stone. Writing on Sunday, May 25, 1662, the diarist says: "To trimming myself, which I this week have done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. Marsh, when I was last at Portsmouth, and I find it very easy, speedy and cleanly, and I shall continue the practice of it." Six days later he tells us: "I cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face, as I now do my chin, and to save time, which I find a very easy way and gentle." The Arabs of Palestine often use pumice stone to "clean up" after shaving with pieces of broken glass bottles.

June 16 1923

A correspondent calls attention to the fact that Beranger years ago wrote a long poem, "La Sainte Alliance des Peuples." The title was undoubtedly suggested by the unholy "Holy Alliance" fashioned by Metetrich and others at Vienna after Napoleon was sent to St. Helena. Beranger saw Peace descending on earth and bidding the French, English, Belgians, Russians and Germans, "peoples equal in valor" to form an alliance and shake hands. The whole poem, long as it is, should be well translated and published at this time, if only for the pleasure of "sentimentalists."

**THE GOOD OLD DAYS**

Readers of Thomas Hardy's "May of '07 Casterbridge" remember the sale of a wife and what came of it. It has been said that sales of this nature have been rare, but they have taken place in this country and within a year or two among resident foreigners. Years ago Punch published a picture of a Frenchman's idea of an Englishman, soliloquizing, and saying, "Rosbif—I'll sell my wife at Smithfield."

Last month the Daily Chronicle of London gave this information to an inquiring correspondent:

"Feb. 11, 1882, at Chapel-en-le-Frith, wife, child, and furniture, sold for 11s; April 16, 1802, Hereford, butcher's wife, 41 4s and a bowl of punch; Feb. 14, 1806, Mrs. John Gorsthorpe, Hull Market, 20 guineas; Oct. 10, 1807, Knaresborough, wife, 6d and a "quid" of tobacco; March 25, 1803, Sheffield Market, wife, one guinea; May 2, 1832, Alfreton, wife sold in tavern for glass of ale; Oct. 20, 1832, Belfast, wife sold for one penny and a dinner.

"All this occurred, of course, in what are affectionately termed the 'good old days.' They will never come again, so it's no use hoping."

**NERVE STRAIN**

("Golf for Health, Instruction and Treatment by a Nerve Specialist. Apply Psychologist. —An agony column advertisement.)

There's a complex in my putting, and I very greatly fear  
That my mashie shots are hampered by repressions;  
I think I'd better call upon this cove and let him hear  
My full (and doubtless horrible) confessions.

Will he tell me that my trouble when I fizzle all my drives,  
When I merely pat the ball instead of hit it,  
Is because I really hanker for a harem full of wives  
And I haven't had the courage to admit it?

Or shall I have to murmur (a la Coue) as I shave,  
"Every day my drive gets straighter, aye, and stronger;  
And it's simply inconceivable my putting should behave  
In the ghastly way it has done any longer?"

Or will it just be bromide and good counsel once again  
That leaves us as our wise physician's debtor—  
"Don't overwork, don't oversmoke, and get to bed at ten,  
And I think we'll find our game is getting better?"

I do not know; but henceforth when my golf's a thing of shame,  
And my spirits on the verge of zero border,  
I shall not assure all comers I am vliely off my game—  
I shall merely say my nerves are out of order.  
—Lucib in the Manchester Guardian.

**A SENSITIVE POET**

In his "Reminiscences," E. F. Knight, the oldest survivor of English war correspondents before the world war, tells of a negro poet at Domenica, who sent the Duke of Sutherland a letter containing these phrases: "Being a poet, I am not conversant with daily matters. . . . Being a poet, I am sensitive to August Company, and dare not hazard a call. . . . Will it please your Royal Highness to accept a few copies of my poesies. . . . P.S.—It would be presumptuous for me to dictate what gratuity would be seemly for said poems."

"She is Norma Talmadge, one of my most favorite movie actresses."  
To which "Tantalus" replied: "That is correct movie talk, which has nothing to do with language."

**A LARGE FAMILY**

(From the Augusta, Me., Journal)

"Mrs. — died at her home at the age of 45 years. She is survived by the Central Maine Power Co."

**INSIDE OUT**

"Those who talk of Gov. Smith as a presidential candidate, said the statement, 'only brand themselves with the infamy that is inside of them and that they ought to conceal.'"

**YES, HE SANG**

As the World Wags:

About the year 1878 I attended a concert (?) in Music Hall in which Sol Smith Russell, costumed as a tramp, sang "Goose with Sage and Onions," a song which I never had heard before and which I have never heard since. Tw.

The president of the Lincoln Park (Chicago) Aquarium is Mr. E. R. Pike—not Pickrel.

As the World Wags:

"Save representatives on premises afternoons, daily, between 3 and 6 o'clock, will show suites."

What makes them savage? The desire to frighten away tenants with children? W. L. R.

**"EVERY KNOCK'S A BOOST"**

(Mokena (Ill.) News-Bulletin)

Mrs. Laramore was taken to the Blue Island hospital last Thursday. She is getting along as well as can be expected.

**A NOVEL ONCE FAMOUS**

As the World Wags:

The editor of this column and not a few of its contributors have from time to time brought to the attention of readers of The Herald many of the less known works of merit of the earlier generations. If my memory serves me right, I have never seen any allusion in this column to Henry Brooke's "The Fool of Quality." The book is known to me only from a very favorable comment

on it in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago." Where can information about this book, and its author be found.  
CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE  
Taunton.

"The Fool of Quality, or the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland," by Henry Brooke (1706-1783) was first published in five volumes in 1760. You can read about his other novels and his plays and poems in the National Dictionary of Biography or in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.—Ed.

**A PATHETIC LETTER**

The chieftains of the Agua Caliente Indians of Palm Springs addressed this letter to the Riverside Enterprise, Riverside, Cal., explaining why they refuse to sell their ancient canyon lands to the government for use as a national monument:

"We have seen an article in the Riverside Enterprise about the Agua Caliente Indians and about Palm and Meddlo and Andreas canyons, and we have been hearing the same things. Some one writes this and says the palm trees are threatened with destruction and the cattle eat the palm trees and Indians burn the palm skirts in their ceremonies.

"So we ride today all over the can-

yons and we look very careful everywhere to see what damage has been done. We cannot see any damage, only Mr. Cree has used palm leaves to make him a house and Mr. Maloney has used palm leaves to make him a house. Everything is just the same as has always been since we remember and one of us is nearly 80 years old. We keep them the palms, always the same. Sometimes there is fire and some leaves burn off.

"Fires are in cities, too, and burn houses where the police are. But they do not grow again, the houses. Palms get new leaves and new trees grow up and there are always as many big ones. Our cattle do not hurt the palm trees. These canyons are the only place we have for our cattle for grazing and water when not much rain like this winter. And if we have our cattle in other parts of our land white men shoot them. So we must keep them in our canyons to make a living.

"White people have taken away so much water and best land we cannot raise crops like we used to.

"Two times every one has said we do not want to sell our land for any money. It's our old land, and we get wood and water there. We want to keep them always instead of the money. We have kept them this way long time.

"If the government let us control them we will always take care of them so they will be like this for every one to see. We do not care if people camp in our canyons if they get permit from us. Everybody can use it just the same as a park if they get our permits. So we hope we can keep our land that we have left.

"PEDRO CLIMO, Captain Agua Caliente Indians.  
"FRANCISCO PATENCIO.  
"LEE ARENAS."

**WONDER-WALKING**

There is a wonder in walking home,  
And gathering dreams all along the way,  
Choosing the furnishings for my heart  
Here are the ones that I found today:

A house with a rain barrel, painted blue;  
A crooked brass lantern above a door;  
The ruffle of clouds in the gentle sky,  
And wind silvered leaves of a sycamore.

A crippled boy whistling a marching song;  
A quilt, sewn with hollyhocks, on a line;  
Then, sudden and sweet, from a weathered hedge,  
The drifting perfume of the egline-tine . . .

There is a wonder in coming home,  
Bringing in dreams from along the way;  
Colorful tapestries for my heart . . .  
These are the ones that I found today: DIREXIA.

It is a pleasure to learn American geography from well-educated Englishmen. We quote from the London Daily Chronicle:

"Springfield, the Massachusetts city which is making special efforts to induce Mr. Lloyd George to visit it whenever he goes to America, is one of the oldest of American cities, for it was settled originally in 1636, though not incorporated as a city till about 70 years ago. It lies on the famous Connecticut river, and is noted for various educational establishments, including the American International College and the Y. M. C. A. College; it has also considerable manufactures. Springfield is a favorite name in America, for there are three other cities of the name, in one of which Abraham Lincoln is buried."



Only three other Springfield in the United States? And not a word about the Springfield armory, unless it is included among the "considerable manufactures." The Daily Chronicle should read "Marco Paul at the Springfield Armory," by the excellent Jacob Abbott.

#### HYPNOTISM AND WASPS

Mr. Robert McAllan, a London hypnotist, should visit Boston. A man went to him suffering from locomotor ataxia. Mr. McAllan hypnotized him and he now walks a mile every morning before breakfast. A wasp stung a woman on her wrist, and there was a swelling as big as half a crown. He put his thumb on it, and while she was hypnotized, the inflammation disappeared in 10 minutes. "The lecturer emphasized that these results were not the effects of hypnotism, but were purely qualities of the mind which were dormant in ordinary circumstances." Verily this is a little world of great wonders.

#### AFTER DEAN SWIFT

As the World Wags:

I read of the modern flapper that she is more this and more than her ancestors. As a protest, these are my sentiments:

Those cherry lips I cannot kiss,  
I do not like the taste of paint.  
Those rosy cheeks on many a miss  
Like peaches look, but still they ain't.

Their eyebrows, too, are drawn so fine

By camel's hair brush like a line.  
Their hair so brown or red or black,  
No colors does the drug store lack.  
Her lashes, too, that are so long  
She buys, like cream, for just a song.

The switches on the railroad track  
Move like the hair hung down her back.

The miller's child of olden time  
Is sung about in every clime.  
The flour her father handled then  
Is now put on by nine of ten  
Of misses going through their paces,  
Not on their hands but on their faces.

For nothing more do they dread  
Than flour on hands while making bread.

Why change for any of these misses  
The wholesome worth of my old Mrs.?

PROTESTANT.

#### A NEW USE FOR AN OLD SONG

As the World Wags:

Our union of states is due ultimately for a severe strain resulting from the principle sought to be brought up in maternity suits dismissed last week. The federal supreme court decided that neither a state nor an individual has any standing now; it is improbable that a state or a person will successfully try again later. The principle briefly is this: Can the United States contribute federal funds, as against a state's smaller amount, to promote alleged federal objects in that state? The secret of the situation is that a compact group of states east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac, has, say 10 per cent. of the area of the United States; it is rich in water, population, co-ordinate industries and internal developments, mostly through many generations' toil and trouble. The comparatively few inhabitants of the 90 per cent. area naturally think it a hardship to pay in a generation or two for what is needed to bring them up, in local development, to the average level of "10 per cent." states when those latter can be compelled to bear most of the burden. These "90 per cent. states" form, with few exceptions, a system of "rotten boroughs" with political power out of all due proportion to number of inhabitants; take Nevada, for instance, with an area greater than all New England, but with total population of our city of Somerville, (blind, I cannot verify my figures); yet it has as many U. S. Senators as has Massachusetts, or the proudest state and its political power is alike disproportionate. The sands of any of its counties can soak up as much federal money as old Muscle Shoals, and it "jess natchully" is keen for the old flag and an appropriation. So the order of the day is now and will be increasingly, national irrigation, national roads, national education and maternity acts, anything national that will give cover to a strong pull at the udder of the milch cow (the states in the far Northeast) through the teats of the federal government.

Sixty years ago, and since, great local success was scored by an opera in Italian and English, "Il Pescicello?" based on the song, "The Lone Fish-

ball"; the song was malicious, and with malicious glee the "90 per cent." states can sing the final chorus of the opera:

"How sweet to eat and drink  
When others pay!"

Boston.

ALFRED ELA.

A circular issued by the Harry J. Baby Shop, in East Madison street, Chicago, states that June is the "month of brides and sweet girl graduates." We hasten to add that Mr. Baby puts a circumflex accent over the "a" in his name.

#### TO L. P. S.

You have rendered me immortal;  
You have inscribed my name  
In the Bootleggers' Hall of Fame.  
Undeserved honor, I yet accept it.

Your pure juice of Bacchus  
Supplants the slow, lethal  
Grippings of Hooch.  
The old days have come again,  
Blitheness and spring reign o'er all.

I tender you my thanks,  
If the police summon me,  
Finding my name inscribed,  
I shall scorn them.  
What care I for earthly laws!  
When I can tap the vintage of  
Antiquity.

OMAR THE STILL.

#### HOW TO TELL A Highbrow

As the World Wags:  
Of highbrows, there's but one true test—that of trial by toothpick. If you use one at table furtively behind a serviette, you're not a highbrow.

MRS. POTIPHAR.

#### DRYER AND DRYER

(Shawano County, Wis., Advocate)  
Mrs. Dryer, who is now conducting the Wisconsin House, informs us that the bar-room in the hotel has been turned into a public rest-room and no liquor whatever is sold at the place.

#### Verdi's Realistic Pictures of Stage and Orchestra

And so the Times sees in Verdi's work of revision "a picture of slight and sound in one, not an ideal vision like Wagner's of poetry fertilized by music, but a realistic picture of the stage and the orchestra at each particular moment of the particular work under consideration." No wonder that Verdi exclaimed: "You cannot imagine how tedious and difficult it is to work oneself up over a thing done at some other time, and to take up the thread broken so many years ago. It will soon be done—but I detest mosaic in music. Patience, patience, patience!" When he learned that "Macbeth" had failed in Paris he wrote: "Allow me to make a few observations all the same. The duet in the first act, the finale in the second, and the sleep-walking scene did not have the effect they ought to have had. Well, there must have been something in the performance that was not quite right. I am not speaking of the rest of the opera, but often through trying to do too much, nothing is done."

In another letter he speaks of an act as the work of a moment, that is to say, there has been a "swift, spontaneous impulse." "It is the method of the real maker of operas as opposed to that of the musician who composes music and leaves the rest to Providence or a producer. So when we find Verdi crying out for a libretto it is not the cry of the mere musician waiting to be fed from a spoon by an author or a dramatist, the sort of cry which has so often gone up from composers of this country."

The Times closes its review of these letters as follows:

"It is particularly worth while to recall Verdi's attitude of mind at this moment, when London has just been presented with a new opera by a native composer. So many past failures have been attributed to bad books—and, indeed, in English opera they have had much to answer for. But Verdi would have it that the composer is to blame for accepting the bad book, not the librettist for offering it, because it is the composer who must envisage the whole product in its representation on the stage before ever he begins to write his music. That is what very few English composers have ever gained enough practical experience to be able to do, and what no composer, save one of unaccountable genius, can be expected to do until he has seen and heard his first experiments and had the chance of reconsidering them. It was, indeed, by that process that Verdi himself made his sense of the stage the unerring thing it became, and the episode of 'Macbeth' shows that even with him the process was gradual. 'The Perfect Fool' would be noteworthy for this if for nothing else, that it shows us a native composer trying to take the whole problem of opera-making into his own grasp and treating it as one. If his grasp is not equally secure on every issue, that is nothing to be wondered at. We should wonder, indeed, if it were in what is practically a first opera. At any rate,

It is possible that the correspondence of certain composers will preserve their names after their works are forgotten. There is Hans von Buelow, for example. His music is not played, for in his lifetime it was negligible. As a pianist he is a tradition. As an editor, his readings and comments are disputed.

But there are composers whose letters are delightful reading, and some of these composers have been as voluminous in letter writing as in music. There is Mozart, whose letters, though comparatively few when one remembers Liszt and Wagner, are a revelation of his character. Beethoven's are dull as a rule, letters complaining to his publishers of poor proof-reading or concerned with money.

The letters of Liszt—there are a dozen volumes of them—show him interested in everything pertaining to mankind. They show his generosity. Wagner's, on the other hand, too often reveal the contemptible side of his nature; now begging and whining letters, now arrogant and supercilious. Tchaikovsky was a good letter-writer even when he was in gloomy mood. His comments on scenery, art, literature are shrewd and illuminating. Berlioz was as commanding a correspondent as composer and man. No one of these letter-writers was as witty, maliciously witty as Buelow in his seven volumes of correspondence. It is to be hoped that some day a publisher will have the courage to put forth a volume of Buelow's letters written during his several sojourns in this country.

We have been led to these remarks by letters of Verdi to Leon Escudier, the Parisian publisher. They are appearing in Music and Letters, the London musical magazine. As the London Times well says, these letters are "full of sidelights on the making of opera by the man who knew more about it than all the other great composers of the world put together, with the possible exception of Mozart. While Wagner was puzzling out what the theatre ought to be, Verdi's mind was concentrated with Latin clear-sightedness on the theatre as it was." It was Verdi who exclaimed: "A libretto, a libretto, and the opera is written." In 1865 after the failure of his remodelled "Macbeth"—he had cut out what he thought weak, rewritten arias, considered everything afresh from the movements of chorus girls to the tone of the bass clarinet—he wrote:

"Nothing could be easier than to come to an agreement for the writing of an opera; we should agree in half a minute if there were a libretto or at least a ready-made subject. 'King Lear' is magnificent, sublime, pathetic, but not sufficiently spectacular for an opera. In this respect 'Cleopatra' is better, but the protagonist's love and characters and her very misfortunes arouse little sympathy. At any rate, to judge of it one would have to see it. In fine, everything depends on the libretto."

It shows that Holst may become a real maker of operas, which is more than being a composer of them."

#### WEINGARTNER IN LONDON

Weingartner at his first concert in London May 25 conducted Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Delius's "Brigg Fair," Liszt's "Preludes," the "Magic Flute" overture and Beethoven's 7th symphony. Ernest Newman had this to say:

"His conducting still keeps its old qualities. His readings are perhaps a little dry, but dryness can be a virtue in music as in wine. If other things go along with it. My own feelings at these concerts have probably been those of most people: I do not find myself carried to any great emotional heights, but I do find an enormous intellectual pleasure in them. With some things that he does I cannot agree at all: he will never persuade me that it is right to take the first movement of the Unfinished Symphony so slowly (especially the second subject and the matter that grows out of it) and the andante so fast. But even here one feels no resentment, such as one generally does when a conductor plays pranks with the time-values of a work. For here there is no prank-playing, not the shadow of a suspicion of something essentially alien to the work being imposed on it for the mere glorification of the conductor. Weingartner evidently feels the Unfinished in this manner, and though we cannot grant his premises we cannot deny that he reasons from them strictly and soberly and that his sole concern is to show us, not Weingartner, but Schubert.

"His methods are the triumph of classical good sense. They break down in face of a style so elusive and a texture so shifting as those of Delius's 'Brigg Fair'; but we get them to perfection in Mozart's 'Magic Flute' Overture and Beethoven's (the Fifth and Seventh Symphonies). The precision is quite military; there is not a loose end anywhere; without any foolish insistence on inner parts for inner parts' sake—as is the way of some conductors—he brings out many a lower outline that as a rule is not made plain to us. And the perfect steadiness of his rhythm (it is steady but by no means rigid) is itself an aesthetic delight; the finale of the Seventh Symphony, for example, becomes a series of magnificent accumulations simply by letting the ever-growing intellectual pressure of the music work itself out in its own way. This is truly

the art that conceals art—the art that, for all the skill and judgment that Weingartner has put into it, makes us more conscious of Beethoven than of Weingartner."

The Times: "The Delius was disappointing, the Liszt, having so little intrinsic musical worth, at least gave an opportunity of studying the wonderful control of the conductor, a control over himself as well as over the players, which enables him to conduct rather by

his aspect than by any distinctive action. He never uses an unnecessary movement or conducts the audience. A sudden squaring of the shoulders brings a sforzando, a slight raising of the forearm reduces tone, and so on. But what made his Beethoven so compelling seemed to be simply strict time. To play in time is the normal thing under his beat, so that the smallest variation from it becomes eventual, and a pause takes the breath away. This is the classical method. To apply it to a wayward thing like 'Brigg Fair' is to try to find logic in a passing fancy, but with Beethoven it discovers poetry in the syllogism."

#### LAURA JOYCE

To the Editor of The Herald:

I am sorry that I cannot recall the name of the young man who was associated with Edward E. Rice in the printing business that Mr. William B. Wright alluded to last Sunday, but memory fails sometimes when one has passed the 80th milestone in the earthly pilgrimage.

I am certain, however, that the extravagance, "Evangeline," was first produced in Boston at the Old Globe. Laura Joyce was at that time really Mrs. James Taylor and was residing with her husband in a house planned by and for himself. He was an architect by profession, although he did not follow his calling for gain, because he inherited a fortune from his mother, who was a daughter of one of the large manufacturers of Fall River. I never knew why his wife was called Laura Joyce. Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dauncy Maskell, lived at the Taylor mansion, which was near Harvard College, not a university in those far-off days. "Jimmy" Taylor, as we used to call him, was almost insanely jealous of his prepossessing wife, as I discovered when I dined at their house once upon a time. Mrs. Maskell apparently directed the household affairs. Jimmy was connected with the Fox family, of which the once mayor of Cambridge was the head. His sister was, I believe, the original Topsy in the dramatic version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while Mr. Howard was the St. Clair, and his daughter, Cordilla, the saintly Little Eva. Mrs. Taylor left her husband suddenly, leaving her infant son with her mother, who finally left the house, deserting Jimmy in his unhappiness. There was a divorce trial subsequently in Middlesex county and the uncongenial couple were permanently separated. Later, the fascinating soubrette became the wife of Mr. Digby Bell. When I last saw her she was playing a matronly character. The days of her singing "Where Art Thou, My Beloved," had gone to the "demonition bow-wows." I attended by invitation a private rehearsal of the music of "Evangeline" at the Howard Athenaeum before the public performance. John Graham had a great deal to do with the orchestration, for "Ed" Rice was a natural musician, not an expert.

JOHN W. RYAN.  
Dorchester.



To the Editor of The Herald.

Mr Seymour's story concerning E. E. Rice I heard myself some years ago, and I think the attraction was a revival of "Adonis," with Henry E. Dixey; the season 1893-4, and the company manager Harry Askin. F. E. H.

#### MR. WRIGHT'S CORRECTIONS

To the Editor of The Herald:

One or two printer's slips occurred in my letter of last Sunday.

I wrote of Spray Arlington at the Boylston, not Boston, Museum. She wasn't much of a "stager"—just a fetching blonde who sang in a semi-circle of girl minstrels. I wrote of Dick Little and the Georgia Minstrels being here in 1876, not 1896.

I chatted with Den Thompson in the Adams House a few months before he died. The Torontonians of the older day loved Den with all his frailties. Toronto was a very lively town in the civil war days. Do your theatrical reference books mention a fine actor named Thorne who was with J. C. Meyers, or Joe Banks, a Toronto banjo player, also dancer? W. B. WRIGHT.

#### EICHHEIM IN LONDON

Henry Eichheim's "Oriental Impressions," which gave great pleasure here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, were played in London last month by the London Symphony orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff of Cleveland. The Daily Telegraph said: "Surely never in the Queen's Hall has there been such a riot of local color from a first-class orchestra. Any previous attempts at eastern atmosphere that we can remember by any composer of any European nationality, bar none, pale before these exercises of Mr. Eichheim. And it was, incidentally, encouraging to be told so frankly in the program-note that the composer explained 'that no theme in his 'Impressions' is his own. . . . He wishes his suite to be looked upon simply as a communication from an American musician in the Orient to his western friends.' The chief difference between this kind of atmospheric writing and the average European composer's is that Mr. Eichheim's impressions are not those of the tourist, but of the traveler who has 'lived the life' of the people he has chosen to visit, even if the notebook was always at hand. Japan, China, Korea and Siam all come into the scheme of four pieces. . . . It was all alluring to a degree, absolutely outclassing the ultra-modernist in color and rhythm and dissonance. The dissonance was never overdone, and the music, being so chockful of surprises, the four pieces—'Korean Sketch,' 'Siamese Sketch,' 'Japanese Nocturne' and 'Chinese Sketch'—passed all too quickly. The disarming assertion of the composer, just quoted, puts any discussion as to their creative value out of court. But their value as an entertainment is unquestionable."

#### PERSONAL

Molselwitsch gave no less than nine recitals in Sydney alone during the first three weeks after his arrival from U. S. A. In Australia, and though his scheme was ample, it has been arranged for him to give 30 extra recitals in Australasia before he returns.

"I told you so!" Some months ago, when I announced that Arthur Bliss was following in his father's footsteps, and going to reside at Santa Barbara, in California, I said that no time would be lost in claiming Arthur Bliss for America. And now the Musical Courier heads an article in its current issue, "Arthur Bliss, American, Back Home." "Home," one would have imagined to be England to one born in London of a naturalized parent, who was educated at Rugby and Cambridge, who fought with the Guards' Brigade, and was musically trained at our R. C. M. But I am no rabid nationalist, and I do not care a Californian fig or a Birmingham brass button if Arthur Bliss calls himself or allows himself to be called an American or an Englishman. What we want—all of us—is the effect of his wonderful driving power, his rhythmic sense, his terrific vitality. Give the world that and you may call him a Choctaw—he would love it!—Daily Telegraph.

The first detailed reference in serious poetry to the gramophone—which recently served to convey their majesties' message to the school children of the empire—occurs in Mr. Kipling's lines, published originally in 1918:

Witness the magic coffer stocked  
With convoluted runes  
Wherein the very voice was locked  
And linked to circling tunes.  
It is a cryptic verse, but the context leaves no doubt as to the meaning.—Daily Chronicle.

Elena Gerhardt: "When the dramatic moment comes there is something disappointing in the extreme contrast in intensity of strength of high and low notes and in the incessant wavering: they weaken the structure which has been so carefully built up. So that those songs say most to us in which there is

no drama, or it is not insisted upon, such as Wolff's 'Du bist so jung' and Schumann's 'Nussbaum.' Mr. Coenraad v. Bos accompanied, but we do not agree with the modulations between one song and the next. That interval is one of the moments when silence is golden."—London Times.

The burning question of the moment in musical circles in Australia is the appointment of a new director to succeed Henri Verbrugghen, who is now conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, at a salary approximating £6000 per annum—exactly four times what he was receiving here. Since his departure the State Orchestra has suffered an almost fatal blow by the withdrawal of the government subsidy, and the consequent collapse of the subscribers' guarantee fund, which had borne half the burden, but was incapable of assuming the entire responsibility of a deficit amounting to about £10,000 yearly. This would be a mere flea bite in America, where they think nothing of putting up £30,000 or more to maintain an orchestra as a matter of civic or communal pride, but unfortunately the interests of our wealthy few are in other directions than art.—A letter from Roland Foster, Sydney.

Mr. Spalding is undoubtedly the most accomplished of the American violinists which have so far visited us, and his playing was not only admirable in many ways, but in one special instance it also pointed to the possibility of still finer things to come. His style is certainly more remarkable for elegance than for strength or directness. But his playing of three movements from the second violin sonata of Bach showed that he can at times forego the fashionable tricks of Kreislerian portamento and airy graces for the sake of purity and clarity.—Daily Telegraph.

Willem Mengelberg has composed a cantata for the 25th anniversary of the Queen of Holland ascending the throne. It will be performed in Amsterdam next September.

John McCormack will take part in an operatic season in Dublin in August and September. He will give a concert in Albert hall the middle of this month in aid of the distressed nuns at Ypres and for the Ypres Memorial Fund.

The story goes that Arnold Foeldesq, a Hungarian violinist, has paid £30,000 for his "Wonderful Stradivarius," violincello, 320 years old. This 'cello, then, was constructed in 1603. Antonio Stradivari was so thoughtless as not to be born until 1644.

I hear that Gustav Holst, composer of "The Perfect Fool," which created a furore at Covent Garden on Monday, has been offered Arthur Alexander's post as director of the orchestra and orchestral classes at the Eastman Conservatory, Rochester, N. Y. If this be true, I can only say I congratulate Rochester, and Eastman, and all concerned. To me it seems essential that

the composers who are making history today should live and move and have their being in the greater world. We here can lose nothing thereby; the world is too small for that. But we can gain by the greater growth of these history-makers, and precious little history of any value is made in these days round and round the parish pump. The parish pump leads to Chauvinism, and we have even now in Europe one so shining a light in Chauvinism that any other would seem like a farthing dip by comparison—"farthing rush light" was how Davidson described Wagner about sixty years ago! Holst and Bliss—and others—will suffer nothing by a sojourn in the U. S. A., and we ourselves undoubtedly will be gainers.—Daily Telegraph, May 19.

"It seems, after all, that we shall have to wait for many moons yet ere Puccini's opera 'Turandot' can see the stage light. From latest information it appears that although the composer has the matter well in hand he is held up by the absence of the third act. This suggests a very piecemeal method

of operatic composition, that a composer will set to music such fragments of the libretto as its author may delect to forward to him. Yet one hears that Act 1 is already in the publishers' hands, and that the second act is almost completed. When the whole is ready the premiere is likely to take place at La Scala."

They were standing in Regent street looking in a shop window filled with Paris gowns.

He looked like a musician—with his long curling hair, large black tie and ascetic, clean-cut face. She, of course, had the stamp of art on her clothes, which draped themselves around her shapely shoulders in artistic folds. A perfect pair, you would have said—music and art walking hand in hand.

It really was a pity that the fastening of his violin case should fly open and expose to the vulgar gaze an assortment of fresh herrings—in paper—acrab and a bag of apples.

Still, even musicians must eat.

Who compose the "American Male

Quartet, each a pupil of the redoubtable Jean de Reszke," who, at a Savoy charity matinee in London, on May 22, "pulled the heartstrings by some very fine singing of a casual selection of songs, grave and gay?"

At this concert Mme. Edvina sang "with all the assurance and all the fine phrasing that are acquired only by experience in the great operatic arenas of the world. Her present visit to London, much to the regret of old opera-goers, is a brief one."

Mr. Justice Coutts Trotter, orchestral conductor of the Madras Musical Association, wrote to the Daily Telegraph:

"Our annual program consists of two or three choral works, two or sometimes three orchestral concerts, and five or six chamber concerts, of which the basis is a string quartet. The resources at our disposal are a chorus of about 60 voices, an orchestra of which the basis is the professional players belonging to the Governor's band, who supply all the wood-wind and brass, and a keen nucleus of amateur string players, who, besides forming the quartet parties for the chamber concerts, are the making of the orchestra in the string parts. The outstanding feature, I think, is that Madras, with a smaller European population than any big city in India, has managed to keep up a standard of musical performance not, so far as I know, attempted elsewhere in the east."

Lilly Zaehner, who has given three recitals in London, is "among that blessed company of singers who are content to allow themselves to be flooded by the emotional content of a song before they begin to give utterance. That quality in a singer, even if it tends toward a lack of the personal touch, is more likely to wrest the secret from the heart of a song than the quality of conscious interpretation."

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

At the revival of "The Valkyrie" in London, the ride of the maidens was not portrayed by a cinematographic expedient, nor by a background showing scudding clouds; the ride was left to the spectator's imagination. The flames around Bruennhilde were suggested on the back cloth by lighting effects that illuminated the skies with "a brilliant, yet soft, roseate glow." One critic observes that Hunding's rough-hewn dwelling, in Mr. Bernard's representation of it, is a less homely place than the old familiar one, though it appears to be warmed on one side by what looks suspiciously like an anthracite stove—a very necessary precaution, one imagines, in a habitation that seems to be exposed to all the winds of heaven.

I fell greatly in love with the "Old Vic's" representation of "Don Giovanni," in Mr. Dent's translation and setting, and very particularly with his restoration of the serio-comic ending, in which, after the Don has been hustled away by black-avised demons, the characters come to the footlights, and warn the audience (to Mozart's heavenly flutings) to take heed by his awful fate. I hope they were impressed; but the evening ended in smiles rather than sighs. I imagine it was because the listeners judged, and quite rightly, that "Don Giovanni" was not tragedy, but ironic comedy, and that as the Don's single success in the play had been a ravished kiss from Zerlina, it would be sufficient penalty to bind him over (in purgatory) to keep the peace with the ladies for the rest of his immortal existence. Certainly, the company at the "Vic" rose gloriously to this interpretation, and sang and played in tune with the gaiety of their theme.—Nation and Athenaeum.

In every walk of life—whether it be commercial, political, athletic, social or artistic—there are those who have so far risen above the ordinary set standards of judgment that they can be said to have only one standard—and that is within themselves. Such a one is Ysaye among violinists. He is a law unto himself, which is not to say that he is supernaturally perfect on the one hand or an outlaw on the other. It is that in deigning to criticise him we must acknowledge him as overlord and refrain from the sacrilege of loud words and carelessly expressed opinions—which are of the weakness of the flesh and not of the right and proper spirit.—London Daily Telegraph.

Is Sylvio Lazzari's violin sonata in E minor "possibly the longest work of the kind in existence?"

To touch nothing which they do not adorn has been the proud aim of great men. As a rule of life it must be good, and it certainly sounds well. But, one wonders, was the man who painted the jolly among the boasters? This alarming possibility is suggested by certain arrangements of soft-songs by Mr. Percy Grainger, sung by Miss Mary Hilliard. The tunes are good and the accompaniments are good, and yet the impression of the whole is not unlike that of a modernized version of Chaucer. The wild flavor of the thing is gone, and in its stead we have fuller harmonies in

the approved manner of the schools. Well, some folks take sugar with their melon and others salt and pepper. There may be a good deal to be said for Mr. Grainger's point of view, but we must confess to a weakness for arrangement in which the editor plays a more modest part—as happens, for instance, in the two Irish songs set with utmost tact by Mr. Herbert Hughes.—Daily Telegraph.

At the age of 90, Mr. Joseph Kenningham was singing in the choir of a Battersea church, and now the fine old singer has joined "the choir invisible." He was the first good vocalist, writes a correspondent, that I ever heard, and that was over 40 years ago, when Mr. Kenningham sang solos in a performance of "The Messiah." He loved Handel's masterpiece, and sang in the choir at the second Handel Festival 61 years ago! Mr. Kenningham surpassed the record of Sims Reeves, who sang at a London music hall when he was about 80 years old. Singing seems to be a recipe for attaining old age.—Daily Chronicle.

A sacred dance among the inhabitants of the upper valley of the Indus, in the Gilgit region described by E. F. Knight in his "Reminiscences": "For two days the lamas, disguised with grotesque masks, engage in a complicated mummery in the court yard of the monastery, and present the famous devildance. The principal motive of this mystery play appears to be the lesson that the helpless naked soul of man has its being in the midst of a vast and obscure space full of malignant demons perpetually seeking to destroy it, harassing it with horrors and terrors, and that against this infinite oppression of the powers of evil he can of himself do nothing; but that occasionally the exorcisms of the lamas may come to his assistance and shield him. . . . And only for a time can this relief from persecution endure; for all the exorcisms of all the saints are of little avail to keep back the advancing hordes. The shrieking demons must soon close in upon the soul again."

There is one feature of the production of "The Magic Flute" which we very much wish to see revised. Each time we hear the recitatives which have been written in to take the place of the spoken dialogue the more impatient they sound. The root of the objection to them is that they expand the comparatively unimportant dialogue scenes and so destroy the contrast between minor episodes and the great finale scenes on which Mozart lavished all his powers as a musical dramatist. A tradition is quickly formed and difficult to break, and it is worth while, therefore, to repeat the protest against a manifestly false step before it passes into a tradition.—London Times.

Battistini in London: "There are many wonderful things about the singing of Battistini of which his hearers, perhaps, are hardly conscious while sitting under the spell of his gifts, and not the least wonderful is the fact that the actual songs he is singing do not really seem to matter at all so far as the resulting pleasure goes. It is enough that, whether good, bad or indifferent in their kind, they are sung in a way that makes them sound enchanting, and yet in a way that strikes one as so simple, easy and natural that one wonders all the time why it is that every one is not able to sing just like that, without effort or artifice, with a perfect legato, a simple expressiveness, and a sheer naturalness that banishes all thought of technical difficulties. There were, frankly, a few things in Battistini's all too short program that would have been thought very dull in any ordinary recital; yet, as Battistini sang them, who among his audience would not willingly have heard them all over again? Flo-tow, early Verdi, Donizetti—what mattered the composer or the song, so long as the singer himself was Battistini in his most persuasive form?"

Listening-in is proving an unsuspected boon to householders who desire the blessing of quietude. It has been noticed, writes a correspondent, that some suburban families who formerly were particularly noisy with music in the evenings have now got a broadcasting installation, with the result that there is silence during the listening-in period. This has been greatly relished by next-door neighbors, and is welcomed, too, by elderly family people, who find their young folks occupied with quiet amusement.—Daily Chronicle.

#### THEATRICAL NOTES

It would be interesting to see "The Man in the Chair," a grim one-act play, by Ion Swinley, in which Mr. Owen Nares is appearing at the Palladium this week, performed, with the same actor in the chief part, in a much smaller theatre. Mr. Nares gives us a doctor who for years has kept alive a man who is drunkard, doper, wife-beater and libertine. He is implored



by the brute's wife to let death take her torturer. The doctor, in love with the wife, agrees, but when he goes back to his desk he finds a chair facing the fireplace occupied by an old friend and confidant. The friend astounds him by knowing all that is in his mind, and so shakes his resolve that he suddenly telephones to the wife, and tells her he cannot do the thing he has promised. There is a knock at the door, and the doctor receives a telegram telling him that the man with whom he has been speaking died that morning in Rome. He goes with a laugh to the big chair by the fire. The chair is empty.

The drama has power even at the Palladium. It might grip people under more intimate conditions of performance. Mr. Nares plays the doctor with restraint, but draws the character firmly. He is well supported by Miss Marie Pollini and Mr. Eric Stanley—London Times, May 23.

Apropos of Temple Thurston's comedy, "A Roof and Four Walls" (and its future in this country), the Daily Telegraph says: "Such plays, like novels in which some of the chief characters are asplring or famous (imaginary) musicians, are apt to seem unreal, and one has to confess in the present instance to a suspicion that Mr. Moody, the music publisher, who goes down to the hero's country cottage in order to hear some of his compositions, was not altogether unjustified in feeling sceptical about the composer's potential genius. (Incidentally that composer finds it necessary in another scene to go to his piano to jot down a few notes of his latest inspiration.) On the other hand, it seems perfectly natural, when the publisher hears the composer's beautiful young wife sing, that he should at once predict for her a rosy career. For the role of the wife is played by Miss Phyllis Nelson-Terry. What a pity it is that in this play, as in so many others, when some one—in this instance the composer-hero—is supposed to be striking the keyboard, the sounds obviously come from an instrument played somewhere in the wings."

### SEASON AT ST. JAMES

A review of the season at the St. James has this list of plays to the credit of the Boston Stock Company, now in its fourth week in "The Man Who Came Back":

"Nothing but the Truth," "The Night Call (first time in Boston), "Dear Me," "Kick In," "The Boomerang," "Three Wise Fools," "The Boss" (first time in Boston), "The Nightcap" (first time in Boston), "Tiger Rose," "Famous Mrs. Fair," "Seventeen," "The Lawbreaker (first time in Boston), "The Meanest Man in the World" (first time in Boston), "Shavings," "Dulcy," "The Ghost Between" (first time in Boston), "The Hypocrites," "Johnny Get Your Gun" (first time in Boston), "Wedding Bells" (first time in Boston), "Enter Madame," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "The Bad Man," "Stop Thief," "Grumpy," "A Prince There Was," "Up the Ladder" (first time in Boston), "Madame X," "Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Spite Corner" (first time in Boston), "The Great Divide," "The Miracle Man," "Turn to the Right," "Cornered," "When We Were Twenty-one," "Honors Are Even," "Sinners" (first time in Boston), "It Pays to Advertise," "The Brat," "The Broken Wing" and "The Man Who Came Back."

We said a week ago last Saturday that the Lord Stanley cravat was worn in the seventies by many to cover a soiled shirt.

The following letter has been received: "Lord Stanley scarf, not cravat. Usually bought 'made up.' Sometimes not, the wearer adjusting the scarf. And many did not wear the Stanley scarf to cover a soiled shirt. The scarf was expensive and people who could afford to buy it were not given to wearing soiled shirts. Britishers wear spats with shoes, not boots—even 'impecunious Britishers.'"

This letter of "Traveler's" has a scintillous, contradictory, superior tone.

In New Haven, Ct., in the seventies the Lord Stanley cravat, not scarf, was fashionable, and it was often worn to cover a shirt which, with a rather low-cut waistcoat, would not have otherwise been presentable. One little spot, fair sir, would call for the concealing cravat. Nor was this cravat, which was usually "made up," beyond the reach of students with slender purses. (By the way, we have seen soiled shirts on rich men, who often smoke cigars of the For or Sewer brand and brag of the low price.)

The London Magistrate and the London Daily Chronicle quoting his remark said that the impecunious in London wear spats to conceal "the shabbiness of old boots." They did not say "shoes." We are aware of the important fact that spats are often worn with what are called here "low shoes."

### GRAND CHORUS OF CENSORS (From an Inhibited Opera)

The Bible is full of terrible tales,  
There are yarns in Homer that bring  
the blush:  
For women are females and men are  
males.  
So gather cobwebs and multiply vells  
And . . . . . hush!

There are dreadful words in the Dictionary,  
Dante and Shakespeare are smudged  
with smut:  
For men and women are different—very;  
So close your eyes and your ears, be  
wary,  
And . . . . . tut!

Not even Science can be commended,  
Pure Mathematics alone is safe;  
By all the Ologes we're offended,  
For life is unclean and it ought to be  
ended.

So . . . . . Strafe—strafe—strafe!  
—Lee Wilson Dodd in F. P. Adams's column.

### THEIR STILTED WALK (Vermont (Ill.) Union)

Northern Vermont paper says the girls in that part of the country don't fear the cold, because even in zero weather they go to school bareheaded and with their stockings rolled down a distance of two miles.

Messrs. Harp, Allday & Allday compose a firm of attorneys in Mexia, Tex.

### WEDDING NOTICES IN CHICAGO

Leonard Luce and Rosemary Faleacy.  
Sotinia Papaconstantinou and Potta Ecomomoponion.

### IN THE FROLICKING '70'S

As the World Wags:

An allusion in this column recently to Orrin Richards brings to mind that straightforward scene painter. He was a cousin of Miss Annie Clarke, so long the beloved leading actress of the Boston Museum. Orrin had some of the infelicities of speech of Manager John Stetson. He was wont to say that Annie was "stataresque." This used to cause a good deal of amusement among his friends. They included several artists and journalists. Among the former was Mark Fisher, who dropped his first given name, William, when he went to London, where he recently died, a Royal Academician. We used to call him "Bill" in the good old times when we had little money but plenty of high spirits and pep. He never could get along well with the art patrons here on account of his bluntness; therefore his pictures did not sell. I have one that he gave me when he went abroad, over a half-century ago. He never came back to his native Boston. In his circle of friends here was Thomas M. Johnston, who made the first portrait of Abraham Lincoln after the first nomination for the presidency of the United States. He went to Springfield, Ill., for that purpose for Charles H. Brainerd, who later had a lithograph made from the crayon for campaign purposes.

"Tommy" Johnston had a studio in Mercantile building. A near neighbor was William M. Hunt, who met with a sad death by accident. I saw a scene from "Hamlet" in oils in the latter's atelier with Edwin Booth, life size, in the title part. I think it must have disappeared when the building was destroyed by fire.

John Harley, the esteemed book illustrator, John Hyde and others who made fame, if not fortune afterwards, were among Bill Fisher's intimates. Some of them in those days of slim pocket-books made pot-bollers for John Stetson's illustrated yellow publications, and obeyed his instructions to give the public plenty of feminine undraped understandings. BAIZE.

Dorchester.

As the World Wags:

Evidently a stern morality must inhabit the good city of Baltimore, when a lady seeks legal redress for some one's ungallantry, as indicated by the subjoined caption from a newspaper printed in that city:

Woman Injured

In Safety Zone

Seeks \$100,000  
MICHAEL ARCULARIUS.

Dedham.

### DE CIVITATE DEI

Where dwell the sharers of misery's bread,  
Where come the unwelcome from unknown lands,  
Where sin is sordid and hate sees red,  
The empty church of St.-Scuttle stands.

Once at its desk a prophet spoke—  
The city's voice, the church's pride!  
Now falls that budding bishop's cloak  
On one "by the elder to be supplied."

Gone are the saints of that prosperous past:  
Their children in St. Suburbia's pray;  
And, while St.-Scuttle's breathes its last  
The flesh and the Devil make holiday.  
J. W., Jr.

### THE CANDID ADVERTISER (From the Notre Dame Daily)

Having decided to give up racing, I may be prevailed upon to part company with my blooded filly "Zev" for a monetary consideration which is even lower than my philosophy grade for the first quarter. No questions asked. Bill Neville, Vadillac Hall.

### ADD "TRIUMPHS OF MODERN SURGERY"

(Dundee Column in Elgin (Ill.) Daily News)  
Charles P. Bogue is recovering at Sherman hospital from an operation performed several years ago.

### OPEN-AIR SYMPHONY CONCERT ATTRACTS

Second of Summer Series Is Given at Norumbega Park

The second of the summer series of open-air symphony concerts was given at the Norumbega Park Theatre yesterday by the Italian Symphony Orchestra. Raffaele Martino conducted and George Livotti, violinist, assisted as soloist.

The program included the overture from "Norma," Bellini; "March of the Lead Soldiers," Plerne; "Ballet Egyptian," Luigini; "Hymn to the Sun," Mascagni; Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody; "Souvenir of the Ball," Boccalari; and the Tchaikovsky 1812 overture.

Mr. Livotti played the Romance from Wieniawski's Second Concerto with the orchestra. Two tenor solos were scheduled on the program, but owing to an accident that delayed the singer, Rinaldo Schenoni, the orchestra substituted Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor and the Minuet from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne," by request.

Mr. Martino wisely chose for the program classical selections that are tried and true, and then proceeded to interpret them with a fresh vigor that made them most impressive. He was also wise to give as encores popular songs that included "Fate" and the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers."

Mr. Livotti exhibited a full, rounded tone of much sweetness and a very neat method in his Wieniawski violin solo. The audience would have welcomed more of his playing.

There was much enthusiasm for the concert, not only as a novelty, but also as an opportunity to hear good music with a popular appeal.

June 19 1923

We heard yesterday a solemn looking person, say to the man next him in a street car: "I know it's true, for I read it in a book."

He may have seen the great steamship; possibly he may have been invited to the junket which will be paid for by American citizens of high and low degree, but he has evidently not read Thomas Hobbes's "Leviathan."

"They which trust to books, do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last finding error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books; as birds that, entering by the chimney, and finding themselves inclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in."

It seems as if hundreds of Englishmen and English women were writing the "Life and Letters" of someone. The inconsequential diaries of inconsequential persons are published as those of a "Modern Pepys."

Tennyson long ago had his say about this plague:  
For now the dentist cannot die  
And leave his forceps as of old,

But round him, ere he scarce be cold,  
Begins the vast biography.

### MAGINN IMPROVED

As the World Wags:

As you say, it was in 1824 that the lamented Maginn, in his 139th Odoherlyan maxims, promised fame and fortune to the maker of some simple and successful contrivance for keeping drawers up in place. Some 65 years later, driven by the necessity that knows no law, I perpetrated and sold to a minor magazine a story entitled "The India Rubber Buttonhole," and in it such a contrivance was fully set forth and described. But it was then, alas, too late to claim the promised reward. However, the centennial anniversary of Maginn's offer is near at hand, and I trust you will permit me to observe it by offering the idea to the readers of your column. This is it: Thrust a little rubber band a quarter of its length through the top button hole; pass the long end through the short end, thus forming an India rubber loop or buttonhole. Button it. Then, at the opposite point in your equatorial circumference, take the slack of the garment up smartly so as to stretch the buttonhole; secure this slack with a safety pin. And there you are; equally good for a perfect 36 or a perfect 63, as I well know. OMEEOMI.

Stoughton.

The advertisement of the Vernon hotel at Vernon, Tex., explains that Service & Sunshine are the proprietresses, bids you to ask the traveling man, and urges that all of its 60 rooms are on the outside.

### DANVILLE'S HEAVY WEIGHTS

(From the Danville (Me.) Morning Press)  
Q.—How much does a silver dollar weigh?

A.—The weight of one newly milled is 412.50 ounces.

### "GESTURE": AN OVER-

WORKED WORD

As the World Wags:

Reading that President Harding is informed that the debtor nations are "making a gesture towards settlement," I respectfully ask if it is the old, familiar gesture, popularly known as "taking a grinder" or "working the coffee mill"—thumb to nose, with fingers outstretched and wiggling.

ASA LIVERRIGHT.

Boston.

### FLAUNTING BRO. GAMBLE

(From the Knox College Phi)

Dec. 18, 1922, Fred R. Gamble feathered his nest. Bro. Gamble flaunted his prowess before Blanche Miller (Lombard and U. of Southern California) since 1919 until she believed him. Now they've gone and done it. Best luck to them, anyway.

### WISE MEN'S COUNTERS

As the World Wags:

Mr. Edison's use of "but" where The Herald suggests that most fathers would have used "and," serves to call attention to the weight and significance of connectives. It is an art, to make such words not only perform their accustomed office, but to add humor, point, emphasis, to the matter in hand. A barber prone to seek the limelight, once wrote to a newspaper that I edited: "Mr. —, though a minister, is a gentleman," intending to compliment the "minister." Accident or genius gave high distinction to "but" in the boy's definition of a friend, as "A fellow that knows all about you but likes you." And then there is the famous distinction between "also" and "likewise," which the Quaker witness indicated in answering an obscure lawyer, who annoyed him by asking him why he used first the one word and then the other. Said the man of peace: "Mr. — (indicating an eminent member of the bar present) is a lawyer; you are a lawyer also, but not likewise."

### A LOVER OF ENGLISH.

Brookline

### APPARENTLY HE WAS NOT THROWN IN

(Hammond (Ind.) Lake County Times)  
It has been pretty well ascertained in spite of difficulties met in delving for the facts that the young man kidnapped and taken to the Little Calumet river the other night was not thrown in. That report had gained considerable circulation. It seems that he was not thrown in, only considerably mused up, his shoes taken from him and forced to walk home.

### PSYCHOLOGY IN DENTISTRY

As the World Wags:

The other evening a well known dental surgeon told a good one on himself. It seems that he is an enthusiastic



psychologist and for the past few months has been using psychology with dentistry with considerable success. Simply observes the teeth and is able to tell just what the patient had for breakfast. (That is a simple one however, any novice can do it if the teeth have not been carefully brushed.) But he goes beyond that. Recently a new patient sat in his operating chair. Doc looked into her mouth, meditated a minute and asked: "Have you had any trouble at home lately?" His patient at once became indignant and answered: "I did not come here to be insulted. My husband and I still have a joint check account and if you are afraid to go ahead with the work I will write you a check at once." BEN HART. Reading.

#### WHERE DOES THE VARIETY COME IN?

As the World Wags:

I read that "Countess Mafalda Trussoni is known as the Beauty in Black, she having lost five husbands in seven years." And this is under the headline: "Varied Activities of Women." Dedham. COELEBS.

## AT B. F. KEITH'S

The current Keith bill offers extremes in the way of surprising novelties and it is difficult to pick the headliner. The audience selected at least four numbers as the features and the other acts, and the new picture releases were also excellent.

Flo Lewis in her impersonations, with Jesse Greer at the piano, and her own peculiar way, gave an act brimful of vivacity. Ann Gray surprised the audience after her first harp number and showed her ability as well in a program of old time songs.

Franklyn and Carlisle's particular line was announced merely as a vaudeville surprise. They performed some remarkable feats in the way of lifting and whirling.

A complete turnover was made by Victor Moore with Emma Littlefield and company, including the Keith stage hands, who proved able allies. The act was a combination of amateur light, clever vaudeville and variegated fun.

Canova's plastic posing dogs, an unusually good animal act, opened the show and Ray Raymond and Dorothy Mackaye follow with "A Chance Acquaintance," which won favor. Ed Pressler and Blanche Klais in a song and piano comedy number won several curtain calls. Pressler's antics proving particularly droll.

In the news reel are the recent Masonic parade pictures, as well as several other prominent recent events of public interest.

#### PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"Molly Darling." Musical comedy. Fourth week at this theatre with Jack Donahue "of the laughing feet."

**MAJESTIC**—"The Covered Wagon." Film play based on Emerson Hough's novel of the same name. Fifth week.

**ST. JAMES**—"The Man Who Came Back." Drama. Revival. Fourth week.

**TREMONT**—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." George M. Cohan's latest musical comedy. Fifth week.

**WILBUR**—"Liza." Musical comedy performed by a colored company. Fourth week. Special midnight performance on Thursday beginning a few minutes before midnight.

June 20, 1923  
Mr. Herkimer Johnson calls our attention to the male dress now in vogue—straw hat and overcoat. He calls it grotesque, yet some might say the man thus prudently equipped is prepared for either fate. We know a more grotesque apparition: the man going about with a newspaper sticking out of his coat pocket. It matters not whether he is president of a bank, state senator, chairman of a philanthropic committee, or a clerk in a bird store, he is a sight to provoke the laughter of the people in the air. As Artemus Ward said of the young man who said "he'd be dam" if he went to war, he is, indeed, "a loathsome jack."

Nor does it matter whether the newspaper is the Christian Science Monitor, Mr. Hearst's organ, the New York Evening Post or the Clipper, the sight

is painful.

There are men who, throwing open their coats and exposing chests to the breeze, show to the passerby a row of lead pencils with a fountain pen in an upper waistcoat pocket. They, too, disturb the aesthetic eye.

The late Frank E. Chase describing men and women with a hair-trigger laugh at vaudeville shows or musical comedies coined the portmanteau word "guffoons." Would even the most shameless guffoon roar and beat his sides if he heard the low brow comedian deliver himself of this wheeze?

"Who will look after President Harding's interests when he is in Alaska?" "Al Lasker."

Yet we heard yesterday a father of a family perpetrate this atrocity. In his ecstasy he punched his street car neighbor in the ribs to incite more demonstrative appreciation. There was no use in speaking to the conductor about it. He, too, might have laughed aloud and coarsely.

#### CONCERNING Highbrows

As the World Wags:

"The highbrows are a vague class, but are commonly supposed to be, etc." —Editorial article in the East St. Louis Daily Journal.

Whereas, highbrows are not a class; nor is there a common supposition in the matter. Each of us—each of us, that is, who is guiltless of ever having said that "Bryan, after all, is sincere"—is, as the incidence shifts, a highbrow. Thus, any man using "incidence" is open to the charge regardless of whether he uses it correctly, and assuming that there is a correct manner of using it. A highbrow in the first half of 1921 was anybody who tossed "Main Street" aside after reading not more than 200 of its seven or eight thousand pages. Au contraire, as the French seldom say, I have heard men classified as highbrows for calling "Babbitt" the better book, although, being shorter, it is. TANTALUS.

#### A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO

(For As the World Wags)

I've wandered to the golf links, Tom,

I sat beneath the tree,  
Upon the golf club's shady lawn,  
That sheltered you and me;  
But few were there to shake with me.

And none were there, you know,  
That "smiled" with us upon the grounds  
A few short years ago.

The links are just the same, dear Tom,

But nobody did play  
As sportively as we did then,  
Oh, boy, but life was gay!  
The bartender now is running hooch  
(But where I'd like to know).  
He did the real old stuff so mix  
A few short years ago.

There on the lawn, upon a tree,  
You know I cut your name,  
And picture of a foaming glass,  
And you did mine the same.  
Some vandal's hand has scratched them off.

The foam, it was drawn so  
That it would wake sad memories of  
A few short years ago.

I would that you and I could play  
The way we once did here.  
You know, one place was bushy  
Where our drives were somewhat queer;

When days were hot, our thirst to quench,  
We to the shade would go,  
And sidestep wives, our pretty dears,  
A few short years ago.

This place is awful slow now, Tom,  
Now, here is just the rub,  
The ladies that play here are most  
Of the Moll Pitcher Club.  
I hope the place again will change,  
And bone dry laws will go—  
That we may play as we did then,  
A few short years ago.

P. McMARBLEHEAD.

#### BROUGHT TO TERMS?

(From the Walnut, Ill., Leader)

The person who took away my good hatchet and left an old one in its place please return it or I will publish his name in the Leader next week.

WM. BROUGHT.

We read that when the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs gave their pageant, the loudest and longest applause was for a gospel-eyed, angel-faced little woman who impersonated Lucrezia Borgia.

#### HARD LUCK

(London Daily Chronicle)

"Just my luck," said the prisoner, as he threw the magazine across his cell in disgust. "Nothing but continued stories and my execution's fixed for next Friday."

#### WOMEN'S CLUBS IN LONDON

We spoke a few days ago about the changes brought by the world war in London clubs. The Manchester Guardian gives interesting information about women's clubs in London, where the first one, the Pioneer, opened in 1892, excited criticism and ridicule. There are now many; some of a political nature, as the Ladies' Carlton; some sacred to a caste, as the Ladies' Army and Navy; but most of them are non-political. "They may, like the Lyceum, the Halcyon and the Forum, cater especially for professional women and social workers, while admitting at a considerably higher subscription members who enter on a purely social basis. Some of them are designed to bring together the women of one profession or bound together by one common interest." The Imperial Nurses Club has been provided with a palatial home.

The yearly subscriptions range from £10 10s. to £2 2s. with entrance fees of from £10 10s. to £1 1s. or £2 2s.

"Whatever may be their characteristics and their cost the women who join them do so for practical reasons, and expect to get the full value of their subscriptions. If a woman is disappointed in this she will leave and try another club. She will then tell her friends that she left the X Club because it was of no use to her. She perhaps wanted a club to which she could take her friends knowing the food would be good, and 'My dear, the last time I dined there the fish was positively bad' or 'they served such a meagre tea that I was ashamed.'"

As in male clubs even in Boston, there are in all these London women's clubs, "diffident lonely women who never seem to make friends, and their attitude discourages other women from making advances."

"It is the married woman who is the financial support of the clubs."

The club is a kind of half-way house to friendship. "Long before one knows people well enough to invite them to one's home one can ask them to the club. And so with the members one meets there. You may know nothing about them beyond the fact that they share some interest of yours. It may be social work, or politics, or literature, or art, or—and this may be a close bond—cooking. You may discuss these subjects when you meet at intervals over a term of years and at the end know little more about your acquaintance's private life than when you began. She may have 10 children or none, she may have a large family connection, she may live in a large house in Ealing or in rooms in Bloomsbury. She may be the secretary of an important society or she may have no interest beyond those she finds at the club. Often you do not know and you do not trouble to surmise."

June 21, 1923  
Mr. H. I. Woolf, writing to the Manchester Guardian from Bordeaux, describes the fair on the Place des Quinconces.

"Roundabouts jostle Seal Women, a Passion play (the Crucifixion illuminated with red Bengal lights), backs on a travelling toffee factory. . . . In the corner is the Casino. There is a revue. The chorus have bare legs, so that they may sing better."

"Behind the Promenade is a cafe. Tonight Marcel Demougeot is to sing a song for charity. Three young men, full, very full, chatter persistently. My friend, a bearded fellow who has lived long in Arabia, remonstrates. The youths retort that he must be the singer's 'friend' or he would not be so interested in her performance. The beard is angry. He raises his stick, there is a fight. I am glad I am his friend. The young man disappears. Excellent, but we have not heard Demougeot at all. As usual, the innocent suffer for the guilty."

"The cafe joins the Grand Theatre. Tonight Gluck's 'Orpheus' is being played. During the season the company will give 47 operas, of which two are first performances in France. To crowded houses, in a provincial city with less than 300,000 inhabitants. Queen of the Southwest? Dame! such enthusiasm is regal."

Mr. George P. Bollivar of Beverly asked in this column whether "For Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond" was the first line of "The Band Played On." We have received several answers. Alas, there are variants of the text.

Notes and Lines:

If my memory, foolishly retentive of silly jingles, fails me not, I think the classic ditty inquired for by Mr. G. P. Bollivar runs thus:

Matt Casey joined a social club  
That beat the town for style  
And hired for a meeting place a hall.

When Saturday came round each week,

They'd grease the floor with wax  
And dance with ease and vigor at the ball.

#### Chorus

For Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond.  
And the band played on  
He'd glide 'cross the floor  
With the girl he'd adore,  
And the band played on.  
His brain was so loaded  
It nearly exploded  
And the poor girl would quake with alarm  
But he'd never leave the girl  
With the strawberry curl  
And the band played on  
This must be of the vintage of the early 80's. J. B. P. Allston.

Notes and Lines:

No It was the first line of the chorus.

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blond

And the band played on

He'd waltz round the floor with the girl he adored

And the band played on

His poor brain was loaded and nearly exploded

He, la la, la, la la, la lay (words forgotten, but it doesn't matter)

He'd never wed the girl with the strawberry curl

And the band played on

Our peculiar gift of remembering the words of such asinine ditties, whilst totally unable to recall those of worthwhile classics, convinces us we are genuine low-brow. This awful song once drove us from house and home in 1895. A girl (otherwise charming) in the apartment overhead played and sang it constantly. It wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't added her own coloratura effect at the end. We hear it yet:

"And the band play-he-e-e-e-d on." LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

Notes and Lines:

I believe Mr. Bollivar of Beverly is correct in quoting "For Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond" as the first line of "The Band Played On."

I can never hear the words or music of this old-time song without a pang. I live over again one of the saddest days of my life. Instantly I hear an orchestra playing the tune, and I see a ballroom (near Copley square, I think): I stand, grinding my teeth, near the door-way, in a crowd of collegians, while out on the floor my hated rival—I thought of him as "Casey"—waltzed with—only she had coal-black hair.

I went to the supper room and drank in real champagne deep confusion to "Casey," and alone, walked bitterly to Harvard square.

I wish Mr. Bollivar had not brought this ancient history to my mind, still, it doesn't matter:

"There is a pleasure which is born of pain:

The grave of all things hath its violet." Lexington. A VICTORIAN.

We regret to find "J. B. P." characterizing this song as a "silly jingle," and Mr. Robinson describing it as "asinine." These old songs are amusing; they are also of value to the sociologist, the historian of life and manners in this country. We should rank "And the Band Played On" with that immortal ditty of two Albanians (New York):

"Larry McFadden wanted to dance (waltz?)

But his feet wasn't gaited that way."

We quote from memory, for we are far from the music shelf where this song rests with songs of Schubert, Schumann and Albert Chevalier.

The good old songs: "When Malone's at the Back of the Bar," "Muldoon, the Solid Man," "Since Terry First Joined the Gang," "I Owe \$10 to O'Grady," "Gilligan's on the Tear Again," not to mention the songs of Harrigan and Hart. What was the song that contained the lines:

"Since Mary Ann has learned to dance

I don't know what I'll do.

She's out all night till the broad daylight

A-skipin' the tra-la-la-loo."

Did it also include

"Bad luck to Moulders' picnics

You'll always find her there?"

The songs today are inferior, sadly inferior. The only one in recent years that has moved us is the virile, superb song of the Golden Gate, beginning "The Captain Went Below."

There was a time when "Sweet Lavender" drew crowds to the Boston Museum. When it was revived recently in Manchester, Eng., the Guardian remarked that the cut of its sentiment seemed to be even more antique than that of the trousseau. "The play was a little archaic even when it was new. . . . It has become, by process of time, so remote from any life we know that its very artificiality gives it a new flavor; it pleases like the odd impossible novels of Ouida, or those whiskers that



used to fall and brush the bosoms of early victorian bloods, or the dresses worn by Du Maurier's statuesque nymphs."

The heroine of John Masefield's new play, "The King's Daughter" (Oxford Eng.), is our old friend Jezebel. Mr. Masefield is 'not ashamed of going the whole hog with his rhetoric, and there is a tremendous gusto about the verse. Beautiful words, strong words, fly about recklessly and effectively, and they are meant to combine with action on the stage."

June 22 1923

The Nation should make the government go as if it were a paid coachman, who ought to take us, not where he wishes, not how he wishes, but where we direct him to go and by the road that suits us best.—Paul Louis Courier.

#### THE ADELPHI

The change in the control of the Nation and the Athenaeum of London was deplored by those of us who read that weekly in spite of its narrow, short-sighted anti-Ruhr-invasion policy. The men now writing for the weekly do not console us for those that left. Mr. Toovey, as music critic, for example, does not replace Mr. Dent.

Mr. H. W. Massingham's "London Diary" will in future be published in the New Statesman, while Mr. J. Middleton Murray, that keen and broad-minded reviewer of books, is now editor of a new monthly magazine, the Adelphi. He is quoted as saying concerning the outlook of this shilling monthly: "We believe in life. Just that. And to reach that belief, to hold it firm and unshakable, has been no easy matter for some of us. . . . But now we have it, we know it is a precious thing. . . . We know it is worth fighting for, the only thing worth fighting for. . . . If modern literature is to be anything better than a pastime for railway journeys or a parlor game for bored individuals, it must be built upon some active conviction. Those who have something to say will know how to say it."

And so for the first number H. M. Tomlinson, D. H. Lawrence, H. G. Wells, Frank Swinnerton, Arnold Bennett, Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield treat of life and the conduct of life.

#### TO BROTHER: DEBEAVERED!

Beard that erst wagged 'neath th'adelpic chin  
In silken splendor, like a canopy:  
Thou'rt shorn into Oblivion! We shall see  
No more thy sleek and barbed baldachin  
His buccal orifice tenting: a cherubin  
Fain from high and hirsute state, now he  
With rubicund face beams most unwontedly;  
And all that thou didst cloke shows bare and thin.  
His face is like the Grecian temple where  
A miracle was wrought in flowing stone;  
And tho' there came a rude ton-sorial hand,  
And now the lovely ornament is gone:  
That bleak and bursten portal—ah, how grand!  
The colonnade within, how shining fair!

Laureatus.

#### THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER

(From Mr. Stuart's "Perfect Behavior.")  
"A Correct Letter from a Mother to Her Son Congratulating Him on His Election to the Presidency of the United States:

"Dear Frederick: I am very glad that you have been elected President of the United States, Frederick, and I hope that now you will have sense enough to see Dr. Kincaid about your teeth."

#### ANOTHER ILLUSION GONE

An English physician has written most contemptuously of the toothbrush, whether it is an heirloom, or one carefully chosen for private use, or one chained to the sink in an old-fashioned country tavern. Staid Englishmen were startled by this recent denunciation. One apostrophised the toothbrush as "that time-honored trophy of our race," whereas it is well known, as was shown in the war, that English teeth are sadly in need of American dentistry.

"No eloping wife," said another, "fee she however speedily, ever forgot her toothbrush. When the Empress Eugenie fled to England she wrote to a friend: 'I have nothing, not even a handkerchief.' An Englishwoman would have written 'not even a toothbrush.' Eugenie's dentist, by the way, was the

American Evans. When he helped her to escape from Paris, he undoubtedly whispered in her ear, "Don't forget your toothbrush," and we should not be surprised to learn that he slipped into her lily-white and imperial hand a tube of his specially recommended paste or powder. (The Empress Josephine, by the way, had notoriously bad teeth.)

In the early half of the 19th century many respectable villagers in New England were unacquainted with the toothbrush, yet their teeth were sound and white till they died at a good old age. They ate bread that was more favorable to the nourishment and preservation of the teeth, and they did not have so much sweet stuff as the children of today.

#### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

As the World Wags:

Telephone Subscriber: Hello!  
Operator: What wrong number must I call to get Main 0919?  
Winthrop. A. L. M.

#### KNOWN BY HIS PIPE

As Admiral Colligny was known by his toothpick, which he often carried in his beard—What became of this toothpick on the Eve of St. Bartholemew?—So the new prime minister of England may be known by his pipe. A photograph of Mr. Baldwin published in the London Times, shows "the slight pucker of the brow and the sceptical smile" suggesting the protesting compliance of the man who is compelled to come and be photographed—"Oh, well, if I must." The left hand is thrust into the coat pocket, probably at the photographer's direction. But Mr. Baldwin's right hand is the significant feature, for it affectionately clutches a pipe.

"A common briar pipe with a black mouthpiece, the very pipe that all sensible Englishmen smoke. His boots are sensible, too, thick-soled, and a little muddy. But the pipe is the great thing. It is the human touch. Everybody in the kingdom can understand that pipe and will feel drawn towards its owner. It is a symbol of homeliness, of a philosophic and ruminative temperament, of the wise preference of comfort to luxury and of the juste milieu to extremes. In a word, it is the pipe of popularity. One result of Mr. Baldwin's preference is inevitable. It will affect the tobacco market. It will give a tremendous impetus to pipe-smoking. Briars with black mouthpieces will go up in price. Corona Coronas will come down. I foresee a 'new line' in tobaccoists' advertisements. Sir James Barrie has hitherto been their mainstay. He will now be superseded by Mr. Baldwin. 'Same is supplied to the prime minister. 'The prime minister's favorite pipe,' 'The No. 10 Downing street, antique briar root, straight cut.'"

We cannot associate Disraeli or Gladstone with a pipe. If the former smoked one, it surely was a hookah or a narghile, for his nature and his politics were oriental. Was the prince consort allowed to smoke a German student porcelain pictured pipe in the awful presence of Victoria? We do not remember that Mr. Strachey says anything about it. Did Mr. Gladstone light one cigarette after another while he was preparing his home rule speeches? Neither Disraeli nor Gladstone had an Anthony Wood, an Aubrey or a Boswell to write of ash-receivers, laundry and what was served for breakfast in the houses of the two prime ministers.

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Some of us recall with pleasure the discomforts of a voyage to England, France or Germany in the Seventies. Old clothes were worn, and if a passenger had sat at a table in a dinner coat he would have been thought insane; mildly so perhaps, but in need of a keeper. A bath, if one was taken, was from a hose on deck. "No, we can't give you a clean towel today, sir, but the Cunard line has never lost a passenger." The voyagers felt the spirit of adventure, even if prayers had not been offered in the churches for those at sea, before the embarkation.

Now we read of an "Elizabethan Grill Room," in which "the pleasures of a wonderful cuisine are enhanced by the decorative treatment which emphasizes the beauties of early Jacobean art." There is a "Carolean smoking room, where the votaries of the Goddess Nicotine will find all the comfort of the most popular London or New York clubs." And think of it! "Garden lounges command delightful views of the sea." Wonders will never cease in this age of progress. By taking passage in a modern ocean steamship one can see the ocean, even if the steamship is as big as the Leviathan. And there's no extra charge.

Yet, this does not tempt Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has given us this information. He writes: "I would rather embark on the Flying Dutchman, that is, if I were sure of welsh rabbits and sound ale, as good as were served be-

fore going to my bunk—not brass bedstead—in the SS. Scythia of the late seventies."

#### SOL SMITH RUSSELL

As the World Wags:

I was interested in Mr. William B. Wright's mention of Sol Smith Russell, for I knew Russell well. We were fellow members of the Ace of Clubs, founded by the late Dexter Smith, which had its regular dinners at the Parker House. Sol was always present on these occasions, if in town, and he used to tell stories that made us almost roll off our chairs. I never shall forget him in a play called "Edgewood Folks," in which he took the role of a tramp in a skin-tight suit of threadbare, shiny black broadcloth, with unbelievable wrecks of shoes. In panhandling a housewife at her back door, he would get off this lingo: "I'm a lumberman by thrade, from Shecaygo, Pennsywney, and I've been out of work since 1854 and I've got a wife and six small childher at home, cryin' for bread and custard pie."

Boston. EDWARD S. SEARS.

As the World Wags:

The song sung by Sol Smith Russell, to which Mr. Lansing R. Robinson alluded to on June 14, ran as follows: Tootity toot she plays the flute in a very charming manner. Tra la la la her fingers run along the grand pianer. Rub dub dub she beats the drum and sometimes beats the gong. But when Mary Ann begins to play they all go wrong. SWAMPSCOTT.

#### WHEN DID HE LIVE IN ST. LOUIS?

(Daily National Hotel Reporter.)

A wedding held at this hotel last week, the contracting parties of which were Miss Dorothy Marie Dunning, daughter of Mrs. Agnes N. Dunning of Kansas City and Mr. William Jennings Bryan of St. Louis, was one of the notable events of the season.

#### CHICAGO TELEPHONE GIRLS

Lack of facility brought to our rescue an operator after the fifth failure to finger-in a Harrison number. Asked, unsuavely, what she desired, she replied: "I am trying to delete your call!" Successful in that she resumed: "You've been dialing II-A-R-R, insinuating an unknown forth dimension on a fundament of lettered triads, with, among divers resultants, the conversion of the redundant r into an arbitrary ordinal which functions as the initial indicative of the wanted station."

TANTALUS.

#### POPULAR IDIOMS

(The Manchester Guardian)

There is nothing wrong with the popular English idiom "It's up to you" or "That does it" (of some climax) or with the Australian "Put it right there" or the American's "I beat it to the door" or his "Here's how!" in drinking a health. "To make away with," "To have to do with," "I was hard put to it," "I ran for it"—all these are admitted as the most English of English; they are triumphs of economy of means and clearness of meaning. But the factory where they were made is still running full time. When an English workman says that someone is "Off it," he is much nearer the great English tradition of style than the "educated" person who says that someone is "suffering from mental disease." Huge forces, the forces of middling teaching, trashy novels, and poor journalism, are always impelling our young to say "re-establish friendly relations" instead of "make it up," but some inborn virtue in the race prompts the growing boy to say that a friend let him down or gave him away, put him wise or did him dirt. "An inexcusable solecism the pedants are apt to say of some terse and narrow American idiom not yet regularized by recognition in the Oxford English Dictionary. But one's heart warms to the sturdy American who up and asks, in such a case, "But who told Oxford how?"

#### PRINCESS, WHEN I TOLD YOU LONG AGO.

Princess, when I told you long ago  
That I loved you—loved you ever so—

You were just a little girl, so small  
You did not pretend surprise at all.  
Nodded gaily your dear bright young head.

"Why, of course; it makes me glad," you said.

You are still too young, my dear,  
to know  
What malicious looks the dull years throw  
Back at us of forty-five or so!

Princess, much too fast time slips away!  
I had never seen you since that day.

Though your words, like rose-leaves, I had hid  
In my box of memories, next the lid,

Yet I sometimes noticed with a start  
How their perfume lasted in my heart.

For, my dear, you are too young to know  
What dark sneering looks the grim years throw  
Back at us of forty-five or so!

Princess dear, I saw you yesterday.  
Loveller, wiser! ah, but just as gay,  
Every dream I ever had for you  
Little Princess, beautifully come true,  
Yet your eyes, as in those old days dead,  
Laughed, "You love me? I am glad," they said.

So that now the marching years that throw  
Backward mocking glances as they go,  
I shall fear no longer their dull row!  
Fresh those rose-leaf memories today  
As when they were kissed and put away.

PROFESSOR JAMES.

June 24 1923

#### PERSONAL

(From London Journals)

Eleanore Duse arrived in London on May 27. She had not appeared in an English theatre since 1906. After that she retired from the stage for 15 years. She first played in London in May, 1893. The play was "La Dame aux Camellias."

Thomas Dunhill has arranged Haydn's Violoncello concerto with an accompaniment for string quartet.

Ndebrando Pizzetti will visit England for the first time next fall, when he will give a recital of his own works and probably conduct his new requiem mass and some of his orchestral music.

Three thousand five hundred fiddlers from the school orchestras of London and vicinity gave a concert recently at the Crystal Palace.

The Earl of Balfour's essay on Handel has been reprinted. It was first published in the Edinburgh Review 36 years ago. "At the time of its appearance this essay created a profound impression, though it was well known that the

Earl of Balfour was second to none in his whole-hearted admiration of Handel's music. No one eminent in the world of politics at that time was a more frequent attendant at concerts, and it was a familiar sight to see Mr. Balfour, as he then was, and Mr. John Morley, arm in arm, walking to their seats in the St. James's Hall."

"George Frideric Handel," by Newman Flower, "a writer on Handel almost hors concours, and the owner of one of the finest private collections of MSS. and Other Handelliana," has just been published by Cassell. It is described as "a magnificent tome."

Landon Ronald has retired from the conductorship of the Scottish orchestra in Glasgow. There will be "guest" conductors, among them Mlynarski, Kussevitzi, Ronald, for a concert about Christmas.

Madame Frieda Hempel gave us one of those Jenny Lind concerts of hers that have been, seemingly, a great success in America. In spite of the charm of Madame Hempel's singing, I doubt whether they will be an equal success here. For this sort of thing we English have either too little sense of humor or too much—I must leave it to foreigners to decide. Her singing of a number of Jenny Lind's favorite songs was delightful in itself, but one came away with the reflection that if this was the sort of musical fare that satisfied our grandfathers the taste of those good old souls must have been rather primitive."

"Her (Miss Smith's) Chopin, too, was her surprising mastery, but because it was the revelation of a child's mind, and not the mind of a sage. Miss Smith is a child pianist with the outlook and difficulties of a child, and not a prodigy with no difficulties at all and no outlook. For that we like her, and commend her to the Kindly Fates."

Leslie Stuart last month at the Coliseum, London, gave selections from his musical comedies. Some he played on the piano; some were sung by another.

Phyllis Relph was warmly praised in London for her performance of "The Woman in the Grip of Maglo" (the witch in the Norwegian play translated by John Masefield), at the Pavilion Theatre, White Chapel.

"Ned Kean" did not prosper at Drury Lane and was soon withdrawn. "From the very outset, the piece developed unmistakable signs of weakness."



The Imperial Society of Dance Teachers of England has offered prizes to "the amateur or professional creator of a new non-sequence dance"; that is, a dance in which the steps may be taken in arbitrary order. There is no restriction on rhythm. The finals of the contest will take place in London next month.

The complaint has been made that as "dancers are the most self-satisfied people in the world" the variations of ballroom dancing have been only superficial. In London, while the tango has been transformed into a mere English dance, the fox trot is an obsession. Mr. Ernest Betts gives the reasons for this in the Daily Chronicle: the fox trot is "graceful, humorous, easy and charming." It answers perfectly to "that nonsensical spirit within us which Hazlitt tells us is the exclusive property of the English race." The waltz is not easy to dance correctly; the one-step is "a little too jolly for our dignity, and a little too exhausting for our physique. Its rude health satisfies the athlete rather than the aesthete in ballroom matters. And the original tango, primitive and passionate, has never since 1913, and notwithstanding its many changes, received sanction from the circumspect English temper."

Now in Paris last month there was a revolt against the fox trot, one step, java and tango. It was led by no less a person than Mlle. Henriette Regnier of the Opera. She composed four new dances, the ariette, the caryatis, the francescas and the mazouze. These were demonstrated with music by Paul Vidal before the International Congress of Dancing Masters. The revolt is essentially against American dances that have long been the rage in Paris.

## Thinks Old One-Step Mournful Affair

The ariette, we are informed by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, is partly an adaptation of the one-step, but with greater vivacity and safety. For Mlle. Regnier thinks that the old one-step is a mournful affair; the dancers give out the impression that they are attending a funeral.

The caryatis is "harmonious and artistic." A vague description, but we read that its rhythm is that of a slow waltz.

There is a sentiment of romance about the francescas which may be described as a waltz with a great deal of "go" in it.

The mazouze recalls the old mazurka deprived of some of its characteristics. There were other new dances, Scottish Blues, invented by Alberto di Francia, which has "distinction, precision and science"; Evolution, a variant of the hesitation waltz; a new tango "of an impeccable type"; Blues, reminding one of the shimmy; Schottische Espagnole.

In spite of these inventions there is the impression that the waltz in one form or another will regain its popularity.

Why not go back to the waltz of the seventies of the last century, the most graceful and voluptuous of all dances, the veritable poetry of motion?

## BUFFERS FOR DANCERS

The fact that a belt to preserve decorum in the ballroom has been invented for Paris, of all places in the world, has already been published in The Herald, but the ghastly details have not been fully described.

The international congress, to which we have referred, set a stern face against what might be called the eccentricities of the modern ballroom. The members came out strong against anything not "comme il faut," so they were greatly interested in a belt invented by Prof. Rossi of Rouen, who has named it the Princess Lily belt. A metallic plate is in front of this belt, and on the plate are three prominent buttons or studs, to keep the two dancers at a proper distance. "This frontage to the belt might most appropriately be likened to the buffers in front of a railway engine, though an attempt has been made to conceal its crudity by an artistic wealth of ribbons and bows." The clergy and physicians strongly approve: but are they dancing men?

It is not stated whether this belt is to be worn by the male or the female dancers, or by both; nor do we know whether Prof. Rossi of Rouen had in mind when he invented it the curious belt approved by French Crusaders leaving home for the Holy Land, the belt now to be seen in the Cluny Museum in Paris.

Nothing was said at the international congress, for or against the American custom of "parking" corsets in the cloakroom of a ballroom.

A Paris correspondent, commenting on the Princess Lily belt, writes: "It would be a most inspiring and edifying spectacle to see young ladies who frequent the Moulin Rouge, the Bal Bullier or the Bal Tabarin all equipped with this chaste ceinture."

## MR. REPPER'S DANCES

Mr. Charles Repper of Boston has composed two piano pieces in dance rhythm—"The Dancer in the Patio (Tango)" and "Cossack Dance"—that deserve the attention of amateurs and of givers of recitals. The first has for a motto:

Across the languorous tropic night  
The music throbs. Within the patio,  
Against deep-shadowed arches, gold on blue,  
Carved Moorish lanterns glow,

And on her swaying mantion trace  
Vague arabesques.  
With passion scarce revealed,  
Like perfume both alluring  
And elusive,  
Zorayda dances.

The motto of the second is from Gogol, as paraphrased by Elizabeth Clarke:

In tasselled boots  
And trousers broad  
As the Black sea,  
Their coats and jingling girdles  
Swinging wide,  
Cossacks are dancing.  
With arms outspread  
And heads thrown back,  
They leap and whirl;  
Or, crouching, beat the hard-trod earth  
With ringing heels.

While these pieces, poetic and full of color, are not for the slightly equipped in mechanism and prosaic faithful plodders, they are not arrogantly and uselessly difficult. They demand a keen sense of rhythm and a lively imagination for the interpreter who is in sympathy with modern harmonic expression.

The pieces are published by Charles Brashear, Trinity Court, Boston, but they undoubtedly are to be obtained at the music shops of the city.

## A SURGICAL PLAY

"The Outsider," a play by Dorothy Grandon, produced at the St. James's Theatre, London, has for its subject a conflict between orthodoxy and heterodoxy in surgery. Lalage, a beautiful, talented, passionate girl, has been a cripple from the age of 10, largely due to the neglect of her father, a famous surgeon. He and his colleagues can do nothing. Music is her consolation. As a composer she has met a writer of lyrics, Basil Owen, a selfish fellow, who would not for the world wed a cripple. Anton Ragatzy, an alien, is sure he can cure her, if she is given unreservedly into his charge. All the doctors except one, Frederick Ladd, are sure he is a quack, an impostor. It is for her to choose. Having Owen in mind, exclaiming "Men are physically more particular than women," she entrusts herself to Ragatzy, who admits that he looks on her case as a splendid advertisement. "On the one side are all the great men of the College of Surgeons, pompous, expansive, or quietly professional in manner; on the other is a 'bone-setter,' with a good heart but bad manners, a passion for advertisement, and, in fact, most of the outward signs of a quack." The stipulated year passes. Lalage rises from her couch, walks a few steps, then collapses. "Groans and oburgations from the orthodox. Despair of the bone-setter. Abrupt departure of the half-hearted sweetheart." But the father sees that, thanks to the bone-setter's treatment, a cure can now be made by orthodox surgery. "Meanwhile, the lady has discovered that the kisses—the really good ones—that she thought, when under treatment to have received from her sweetheart, actually proceeded from the bone-setter. That settles it, and the lady opts for the expert in osculation."

## OTHER PLAYS

Mr. Walkley of the London Times says that John Drinkwater's new play, "Oliver Cromwell," is "a piece of literature worthy of its theme, full of dignity, almost chilling in its austerity, rather than a piece of dramatic art. We only mean that it is not a play in the ordinary sense of the term with a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is a series of extracts from English history, which gets a sort of unity from the constant presence of one hero, Cromwell, and its recurring pictures of the hero's home life, as exemplary as that of the 'dear Queen' in the familiar anecdote. . . . We went away, feeling that we had

spent a distinguished evening, but a little depressed in spirits. We are not used to such a dose of psalms and hymns on week-days. But that, no doubt, was inseparable from the subject."

"The Tempest," performed by the Italian marionettes in London, was voted a bore in spite of the "marvellous" technical skill of the manipulators of the puppets, so it was cut down from 90 minutes to 30. It is said that the peculiar genius of the marionettes is for comic movement. Venturing beyond it, they court disaster.

John Masefield's new play, "The King's Daughter," was performed at Oxford, England, on May 25. The heroine is Jezebel, one of the famous women we wish we had seen and known. The Herald will speak of this play next Sunday.

Apocryphal of "The Joan Danvers," the London Times remarked: "The worst of the bullying fathers of the stage is their incredible incompetence. Unlike other and more efficient tyrants, they allow their subjects unlimited freedom of speech. Not only do they allow, but

They are forever giving their children they seem positively to encourage it, opportunities to declaim. And the worst of the children is that they never miss their chances. They read a little Shaw, a little Ibsen, a little Houghton, and then they make a little speech. So, at least, it was made to appear on Sunday night."

## "SWEET LAVENDER" REVIVED

The Manchester Guardian reviewed in an amusing manner "Sweet Lavender" when it was revived in that city. The comedians were dressed in costumes of the eighties. "In the intervals the resurrection effect was heightened by the orchestra with airs from 'Dorothy' and 'La Cigale,' and whenever the emotional temperature of the play rose beyond a modest limit the fiddle dropped a kind of warm tears in the true Victorian manner by dithering softly and sadly."

"The cut of its sentiment seemed to be even more antique than that of the trousers. Like Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'—a work which in other respects it does not closely resemble—the play was a little archaic even when it was new. In the late eighties the super-meek and uncomplaining tearful heroine—'hither all dewy from a convent fetched,' like the Francesca of Stephen Phillips—was already waning. Respect for Charles Dickens and other honorable motives had led playgoers to give her a pretty long innings, helped no doubt by a subtle masculine sense of the advantages of dealing with startled fawns and fluttering birds rather than with a sex as void of winsome helplessness as a trade union. But even in 1888 the new generation of the British female young, if not yet swearing in the parlor, was audibly knocking at the front door. Yet Mr. Pinner, ever a trusty friend to lost causes until he perceived that they were lost, saw fit to reach back for a heroine to the generation of Florence Dombey and Amelia Sedley. Even Thackeray would not have dared to make Penderennis marry Fanny Bolton and live happily ever after. But Mr. Pinner did not blench. He banked on the playgoer's reserves of sentiment, and, sure enough, the honest fellow saw him through, whatever the critics said. Now, after 35 years, the play is safer than ever. It is safe even from critics. For it has become, by process of time, so remote from any life we know that its very artificiality gives it a new flavor; it pleases like the odd, impossible novels of Ouida, or those whiskers that used to fall and brush the bosoms of early Victorian bloods, or the dresses worn by Du Maurier's statuesque nymphs. Besides, there is really good fun in the play. In dress and in sentiment all things, as the Greek philosopher said, flow past and away, but a good joke abides like Charley himself, and Dick Phenyl, the Sydney Carton of the piece, has plenty of amusing speeches and business."

## WEINGARTNER AND OTHERS

A correspondent, who avows he has heard Gounod's "Faust" some hundreds of times, asks if a performance of the complete score has ever been given here, and at the same time he gently complains that while the versions usually employed in France and in England differ considerably, in neither country is the general version anything like complete. In France, says my correspondent, Valentin's Song and the scene of Marguerite's chamber are always omitted in his experience, while here we never see the Broken scene, which must have come as new to most of the audience a few years ago when Sir Thomas Beecham performed it. I fear I cannot answer the question—and I confess I am not certain that I ever heard a complete "Faust," for Gounod

himself, I think, added to and subtracted from his own original score—Daily Telegraph.

Valentin's song was written expressly for Santley when "Faust" was first given in England. A second song was also written for Siebel on that occasion.

Weingartner in London: Weingartner's interpretation of Beethoven is splendid in its control and directness. One seems just to get the music as it is, with all personal elements resolved into the effort so to present it. The result is seemingly simple in its straightforwardness, but it has taken art, experience and vision to make it.

Technically Weingartner is extremely interesting to watch, because his movements are the more full of meaning for being so few and unexaggerated; yet their quiet method is most authoritative, and there was enough orchestral blue and brilliance in the playing of the Berlioz "Carnival Roman" to prove that the orchestra can be moved to excitement when necessary. The Beethoven, however, was really the great moment of the evening, especially the funeral march and the scherzo, the one given with a perfect blend of sombre gravity and warmth of expression, the other with a rhythmic swing made tremendously exhilarating by its steady yet living flow.

Earlier we had one of Holbrooke's most original works, the symphonic poem, "The Raven." Its interest lies chiefly in the remarkably deft orchestration. The one other work in the program was Weingartner's music to "The Tempest," a suite of four movements illustrating various aspects of the play. The writing is on very clear, melodic and harmonic lines as, perhaps, incidental music should be. Skilful as it is, one could not feel that it was quite poetic enough in feeling for the subject. It should be added that Herr Weingartner was most cordially received both as composer and conductor

by a large audience, and was presented with a laurel wreath.—London Times.

Weingartner's "Eroica": Truly a fine and a memorable performance, not for any element it contained of sensationalism—for of anything like that there was never the very faintest trace—but for the breadth of vision it revealed, its nobility in the expression of all that the work contains of the composer's deeper thoughts and emotions, the wonderful incisiveness of the phrasing, the finely wrought, yet never over-stressed detail, and, above all, the real Beethovenian spirit and feeling of it all. The program had begun with Holbrooke's early symphonic poem, "The Raven," which carries its 23 years remarkably well, considering how much has happened in the domains of musical composition since it was written, and after the Englishman's work we had a quite marvellous performance of Berlioz's "Le Carnaval Roman"—a performance unforgettable for its exuberant rhythmic vitality and a climax that almost took one's breath away for its dynamic power and brilliance. A suite in four movements from Weingartner's incidental music to "The Tempest" made very pleasant hearing as played by the L. S. O., under the composer's direction. Apart from other qualities the music shows Weingartner's love of clear-cut rhythms and rich coloring, and incidentally, in a passage depicting Caliban's roars, he points the moral of the value and effectiveness of dissonance when it is used for a definite purpose and not laid on, as it were, with a trowel.—Daily Telegraph.

Handel's opera, "Tamerlano" has been added to the repertoire of the Stuttgart Opera House.

"Siegfried" at Covent Garden: "The outlines of the rocky cavern of the first act struck one as being as misshapen as Mime's legs, and that the dragon's cave of the second looked to unaccustomed eyes as if it had come out of a giant's Noah's Ark. Possibly this was an amiable concession to Fafler, to enable him to recall his happy days with Fasolt before he had shaken off human form, and to reconcile him, incidentally, to the sight of the strangely barren trees upon which he looked out from the mouth of his cave."

## OBITER DICTA

(From London Journals)

It comes to this in the end—if you can convince, your performance may be taken at something more, if you cannot, at something less than its face value.

Moussorgsky's "Trepak" is so idiomatically Russian that it would be better to sing it to "Ah" than to an English translation.

Without adopting that strange language which may be described as "Singers' English," Miss Pasley yet gave us a few vowel sounds that would not be accepted by the purist in matters of pronunciation, and ultra refinement of the kind of which the present-day expression "quote nace" is an example is apt to sound as affected in



singing as it does in conversation.

Even among Wagner lovers who have seen the "Ring" performed in many parts of the world, has one yet been met who could lay hand to heart and unhesitatingly say that he had beheld and heard the ideal Siegfried? Yet, in many a representation of the opera by native singers, one has been brought far nearer to one's conception of what Wagner intended his forest hero to be, both in appearance and in other respects, than in not a few performances, easily recalled, which brought a Teutonic Siegfried before one's eyes. However, the great thing, of course, is that Siegfried, no matter in what language he is singing, should be able to stay the course.

Conscientious young people who take the trouble to think about life are apt sometimes to conclude that it is a much more elaborate affair than it actually is. They waste their energies in unproductive efforts and strain their resources in the attempt to reach the unattainable. Miss Isabel Gray's playing at the Wigmore hall last Saturday suggested in some way this creditable yet futile philosophy. There was so much that was neatly finished that one regretted all the more her eagerness to make points in season and out of season, to dot her "i's" and cross her "t's." Life—even the life of a fictitious hero or of a musical phrase—is really much simpler. A musical phrase which seemingly consists of a series of accents is like a hero, so trim and polished that he can no longer move in a natural manner.

The Entr'acte is habitually the occasion when the carefully composed atmosphere of a play is dissolved into thin air by irrelevant music and raucous conversation.

#### THE ROASTING OF RUMMEL

(London Daily Telegraph)

"I have known at least five so-called Chopin pupils and many more pupils of countesses that moved in the romantic shadow of the great 'Poete du clavier.'"

I once told one of these hoary pupils that I had recently played all these things to Chopin on the astral plane, and he told me—"Old fellow, I have been trying for a long time to get through, and I want to tell you that I am playing my tunes quite differently now; they sound like new. I shudder when I remember those dried-up old pianos I used to try and express my emotions on." These and many other intimate revelations could be read in the program notes published or reprinted for the piano recital Mr. Walter Morse Rummel gave in Wigmore hall. No doubt the quarter of an hour's delay before the recital began was intended for the digestion of the notes, for when the recital was in progress the concert-room was heavily darkened, and only at intervals, when the room was restored to its normal condition, was perusal possible. The program was entirely of Chopin, divided into three sections, labelled "Death," "Defeat" and "Victory," for no reason that could easily be distinguished except that the so-called "Funeral March" sonata was included in the first. Mr. Rummel's astral plane may be exceedingly interesting to himself. As far as it has conditioned his interpretation of much of Chopin's music—the Prelude in F sharp major and the Berceuse were played prettily enough—some of us must record our preference for the standard established by generations of his more distinguished predecessors.

And yet the Times had this to say: "Chopin is not the best medium for Mr. Rummel's self-expression—for he aims at that as much as at the interpretation of the music. Yet we felt that never before had we heard what the Funeral March was really like. It was not merely that the pianist built up the climaxes with an amazing solidity and sense of proportion; nor that he denied himself the temptation to sweeten the second subject with a singing tone, but gave it out drily like a voice husky with grief. He got into the movement the reality of death as a stark and dreadful thing, without indulging in the morbid sentimentality to which we are accustomed. It was terrible, but we would not have missed it, since it may be numbered among those rare definitive performances, like Wagner's of the Seventh Symphony, which remain forever as one's standard."

#### THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

The date of the festival of modern chamber music arranged by the International Society for Contemporary Music has now been fixed for Aug. 2-7, at Salzburg, instead of Aug. 8-14, the date previously arranged by the international conference of delegates.

There will be a concert of chamber music on each of the six days at the Mozarteum, and an interesting series of programs has been drawn up by the

selection committee, from works submitted to it from 15 countries. Thirty-four composers will be represented, among them such outstanding names as Schoenberg, Bartok, Florent Schmitt, Krenek, Prokofiev, Ravel, Stravinsky, Honegger, Malipiero, Szymanowski, Haba, Busoni, Milhaud, Poulenc, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Kodaly, and Hindemith, while Great Britain is represented by Arthur Bliss's Rhapsody, the string quartet of W. T. Walton, and Valse Bourgeoise of Lord Berners. Among the pianoforte works America contributes Emerson Whithorne's "New York Nights and Days."

The prices of tickets, based on the value of the Swiss franc, will be announced shortly, together with the names of the agents to whom application can be made.

There will be no opera or ballet at the festivals this year. "The theatre is given as an excuse, but the true reason will be the absence of Strauss and Schalk, who will be in South America this summer."

#### IN FILMLAND

(London Daily Telegraph)

An American film, "Safety Last," gives Harold Lloyd, who aspires, it is said, to oust Charlie Chaplin from his pride of place as the screen's greatest humorist, a bewildering sequence of opportunities to make play with the pair of large horn spectacles that form perhaps his principal stock-in-trade. He certainly manages to provoke many a laugh. It may be doubted, however, whether the process could be repeated indefinitely without inducing a feeling of satiety.

One of the most serious handicaps under which the British producer labors is the high price demanded for the screen rights of any really successful book or play; in competition with his American rivals he is hopelessly out of the running. More than one of our English authors know from experience what a very different estimate is placed on their work here and on the other side of the Atlantic. It is doubtless true that statements in which definite sums are mentioned as having been paid for specific works must usually be accepted with a certain reserve, unless they are properly authenticated; in such matters an over zealous press agent considers it perfectly legitimate to give full rein to his imagination.

Even, however, if we assume that the amount which actually changed hands has been doubled or trebled, for the purposes of what is known as publicity, we shall still have an outlay far beyond the reach of the prudent British producer in present conditions. For the screen rights of "Anna Christie," for instance, the play now running at the Strand Theatre, Mr. Thomas Ince, the American director, has paid, it is said, £20,000. In the making of the film this is, of course, but a preliminary item of expenditure; for the entire cost of producing several times as much must be added. Whatever be the total amount, however, the owner of the completed film is justified in expecting to get back everything he has spent and a handsome profit into the bargain.

A British producer, on the other hand, who obtains £20,000 all told in "real money," as our American friends so expressively put it, has every right to look upon himself as exceptionally favored by the gods. Though it is treading on rather delicate ground, we shall probably be not far from the truth in saying that the gross receipts from the average successful British film are a good deal nearer £12,000 than £20,000. Now so long as the British producer is obliged to base his calculations on the hypothesis that the sole outlet

for his film is among the comparatively small number of cinema theatres in this country, it is easy to see how his prospects would be improved, even if the capital, for which he is always clamoring, were put at his disposal.—Daily Telegraph.

The vastness of the scale on which film productions is organized in California may be seen in that very illuminating film, "Souls for Sale," now being displayed publicly in London. From the air the long ranges of studios at Los Angeles give the spectator the impression of a score of Port Sunlights rolled into one. It was with the view of protecting this congeries of enormous industrial enterprises that "Souls for Sale" was produced. It is a piece of unblushing film propaganda. Its object is to whitewash the film colony of Hollywood, and make the whole world realize that the men and women who act for the screen lead the most blameless and exemplary existence, in which long hours of strenuous toil leave little interval for anything else but rest and sleep. It rather goes beyond the mark in this respect, and, by attempting to prove too much, proves nothing. Incidentally, the film initiates us in many of the arcanæ of the studio. We are shown exactly how things are done. This will certainly strike many people as an additional error of judgment, as it tends to

destroy completely all illusion. In more ways than one, "Souls for Sale" is a particularly interesting film.

It is of excellent augury that almost simultaneously with the first exhibition in London of "Souls for Sale," which may be regarded as an involuntary admission of failure of the attempt to make art entirely subservient to commercial considerations, there should have been shown a new British film which deliberately throws down the gauntlet to California. In "Love, Life and Laughter," Mr. George Pearson has, with the assistance of that wholly admirable little comedienne, Miss Betty Halfour, given us a moving picture drama of real life which is destined in all probability to take its place among the screen classics. One is almost tempted to exclaim: A producer has been born unto us! Mr. Pearson has got over the difficulty of the expensive story by writing one himself. This love story of the humble little actress bubbling over with the joy of youthful exuberance, dreaming dreams of a glorious future, and the poet who prefers to remain faithful to his ideals though he starves the while, moves on steadily and logically to its own climax. It is a delightful blend of humor and pathos, reminiscent, it is true, of more than one master hand in this genre, but not on that account any the less interesting for being retold in a new form. It is a film so full of real human touches that it should force open the doors of every cinema theatre both in this country and abroad. A few more productions of equal merit and even Sweden will have to look to her laurels.

Other noteworthy new films of the past week include a reissue of "King Solomon's Mines," produced some years ago with a cast of British actors in South Africa. It has been re-edited so efficiently that it has all the interest of a novelty. If for no other reason, it is worth seeing on account of the actual African backgrounds, particularly the mysterious Zimbabwe ruins.

#### A PLAY ABOUT PILATE

"The Judgment of Pilate," by Francis R. Barnett, was produced at Manchester on May 21. The Guardian of that city published this interesting review:

The lovers of M. Anatole France's work will remember well his little picture of "the Procurator of Judea." Pontius Pilate, retired with a pension and acute rheumatism, is taking the waters at Balae in the company of an old crony. Their talk is mostly about their ailments, but Pilate's friend, dwelling on old times as friends of a certain age do, recalls Pontius's spell in Judea, and among picturesque incidents that varied his routine remembers the case of the Nazarene. Pilate has forgotten it among the many similar problems of a Roman procurator, and not till its details are recalled to him can he give his point of view. After that the chat reverts again to rheumatism.

That is one way of dealing with Pilate. This play takes the other. It seizes on all the Pilate legends there are and weaves them into a tale. The old mysteries were fond of bringing in Pilate. He was the typical tyrant, and he even gave a name to a rhetorical manner of declamation. "In Pilate's voys he gan to cry," says Chaucer, "and swore by armes, and by blood and bones." It is in the stage tradition, too, that Pilate's wife should warn him to spare Jesus, and there is a well-established legend that Mt. Pilatus in Switzerland takes its name from the fact that the procurator, banished to Gaul by Tiberius, threw himself into a black and icy lake on its summit.

All this and much more of the sort Mr. F. R. Barnett, the author of "The Judgment of Pilate," gives us. There is indeed much of the crudity of the mystery play about the production. The blank verse is as feebly forcible as any rant of the most minor Elizabethan. The opportunities given to Mr. Murray Carrington to use the "Pilate voys" are numerous. He is as conscious from the first as Vanderdecken or the Wandering Jew that he is accursed. He has visions of the children of all the ages to come blenching at his name. He washes his hands interminably in the vain hope of cleaning them. He agonizes magnificently, and sways in the most amazing way between villainy and remorse.

To re-enforce the plot the character of Barabbas is extended to new limits. He is an outlawed priest intent on setting the state of Judea by the ears. He plays on Pilate's cupidity with tales of treasure filched by Moses from Egypt, and almost gets him to murder the Sanhedrim to forward his ambitions. He actually does persuade Pilate to steal the treasure from the Temple in order to obtain funds to build an aqueduct. But at the sight of the Procurator turned burglar in the interests of Roman sanitation we felt that Mr. Barnett was distinctly over-

doing it. There is after all no reason to believe that from the Roman point of view—a rather exacting one—Pilate botched his job in Judea any worse than, say, Lord Curzon did his in India. But if he had carried on as Mr. Barnett makes him do he could not have kept his post for a month.

Tiberius would certainly have sacked him. As it is, he is permitted to approach his final dementia through four acts (ten scenes) and an epilogue. When his red-tinged hands rose for the last time above the snow-covered boulder that hid the pool on Mount Pilatus, with his wife prostrate on the ice beside him, a shepherd nursing a lamb in the offing, and vast peaks rising in a blue light all around about, we felt that Mr. Carrington and his company had had a gruelling night to little purpose.

They made the most they could of it. At the lightning flash which blinded the centurion Longinus (who was excellently played by Mr. Ion Swinley) after the Crucifixion, the audience jumped like anything; and when Pilate's wife, Miss Madge Burbage, in a sleep-walking scene foresaw in choky, detached monosyllables the doom of her husband they had an authentic thrill. The savage, cunning and sinister Barabbas of Mr. O. D. Roberts, too, was well done. But the play is hopelessly rhetorical and artificial, and we wished that the able actors who had memorized its weary waste of words had had a better medium with which to show their strength. A. S. W.

#### CINEMA NOTES

(London Times.)

In Mr. Cecil Hepworth's film, "The Pipes of Pan," which has just been released, there are a number of remarkable caricatures of British ladies and gentlemen. The heroine and her father are of humble birth. They are, in fact, tinkers, who, by a stroke of good fortune, make a good deal of money and settle down to lead a life of respectability. They begin their new career with a dinner to which they invite the real ladies and gentlemen among whom they have fallen, and at this point the parody reaches its height. Their guests, with the greatest appearance of disdain, refuse the aperitifs offered to them, and then calmly settle down to enjoy their dinner. When the meal is ended they rise to leave the table while their host and hostess are still seated, and on retiring to another room, they all carefully "cut" both of them. In spite of this, they seem to find the company entertaining, and they do not leave for some time afterward. Eventually the tinker loses all his money, and a rich young gentleman who was going to marry his daughter promptly breaks off the engagement. Apart from the parodies of "society," the film is pleasing, and Mr. Hepworth has succeeded in creating a remarkable atmosphere of fantasy and unreality throughout. It is only unfortunate that this should have spread to his scenes of "high life."

The question of the "happy ending" is raised again by the private exhibition last week of a new English production, the Welsh-Pearson film "Love, Life and Laughter," in which an excellent story is spoiled by the introduction of a sudden anti-climax, which leaves the principal characters about to "live happily ever afterward," in spite of every indication to the contrary. There have been innumerable examples recently of a similar attempt by producers to cater for what are believed to be the tastes of the average audience. One was that of the film version of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's tale "The Monkey's Paw," a gruesome story which made a most artistic film—until the last few feet, when it was pointed out that, as matter of fact, the whole thing was only a dream. Another instance was even more flagrant, for in this a dream was similarly put forward as the explanation of all the unpleasant things that had happened to the hero of Balzac's masterpiece, "The Wild Ass's Skin."

Artistically there can be no defence for such deliberate efforts to weaken what otherwise might be an excellent piece of work, but it must be admitted that the artistic consideration can only be one of many in the mind of a maker of films. Film producers are, primarily, interested in making films that are likely to please the public, who, apparently, demand "happy endings," no matter how illogical they may be.

Producers and film manufacturers would be justified in their low estimate of the intelligence of the average picture theatre audience if they could prove that they really do like the "happy ending," even when it is obviously wrong. Experience of the stage suggests that they are mistaken. Here, however, the fault, as is so often the case in the film world, is neither that of the producer nor of the public. It is that of the exhibitor—the middleman who buys pictures to show to the public. Many exhibitors habitually underestimate their public, and so the producer gives the world not what the public wants but what the exhibitor thinks it wants. The artistic



standard of things will never be raised until the exhibitor begins to revise his estimate of the public taste.

## BORN TO SING UNHEARD

(By Ernest Neuman)  
While judging at one of the Scotch competition festivals last week, I had another illustration of the waste of good musical material that goes on all over the country for lack of some apparatus for collecting it and putting it to its proper uses. At almost every festival we come across at least one singer whom we feel at once to be essentially better than most of the professionals we hear in the course of a year's concert-going. Then we see and hear no more of him; he may return to the next festival, or the next two, but even that does not always happen. As a rule we hear these people just once, and when we think of them afterward we can only regret that so much excellent material has gone to waste.

Last week I heard a young girl who was certainly a born singer. I gather that he has been taking formal lessons only for a year or so; but in any case she is the sort of singer who owes more to nature than she ever could to any teacher. She has a beautiful voice, and her style proved her to be genuinely musical, which comparatively few singers are. Here, I do not hesitate to say, is a talent that if it had been born in London or one of the big towns would have been noticed two or three years ago, and would have received careful training with a view to the adoption of singing as a profession. In the remote country it remains unobserved till, one fears, it is almost too late. A competition festival brings it forward. We all admire and wonder; but what can we do? What can the possessor of the talent do? These people are almost invariably engaged in earning their living in some occupation that leaves them little time or energy for the intensive study of music in general and

of singing in particular. No one dares suggest to them throwing up their business and training for a professional career. For my part, I never offer advice on that point. Young singers frequently write to me asking me to hear them and to tell them if they would be justified in taking up music professionally. I invariably decline. Many more things than a voice are required to make a good singer. One has to be a musician as well, to have the gift of learning by experience, to have the capacity for unremitting work, the will and the power to wait, and many other things. It is impossible for any stranger who hears a girl sing for half an hour to say whether she possesses all these other qualities, as well as a voice; and I for one would never take the responsibility of advising any one, on so slight an acquaintance, to take up singing as a career.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

So long as there are musicians in the world to make music, so long will the lyrics of Shakespeare be set afresh. I have seen no modern settings more lovely than those recently made by Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco and issued by J. & W. Chester, Ltd. "Six Shakespeare Songs" is published in two books, the first containing "Come Away, Death" (here entitled "Old Song"), "Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred" (entitled "Fancy") and "You Spotted Snakes with Double Tongue" ("Fairies"); and the second, "Under the Greenwood Tree," "Winner Wing" and "It Was a Lover and His Lass" ("Springtime"). Complete absence of artificiality is the first impression one receives on looking through these pages. The atmosphere is not ours. You may call it the countryside of Shakespeare's England seen through Italian spectacles; but it is an irresistible countryside. The workmanship of the musician, too, should be noted. You will find no false accents anywhere; you will find no disturbed rhythms, no foolish repetition of words, no vulgar concessions to the singer. The singer must sing this music as it is written or leave it alone; it is its own justification, depending entirely on strict obedience to the text, and those vocalists who go in for "interpretation," as other well-meaning folk go in for psycho-analysis or some such intellectual dissipation, should be warned off. Castelnuovo-Tedesco's treatment of the lines,

Philonel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good-night, with lullaby,  
is a chorus—Shakespeare's own intention, of course—singing in counterpoint with the solo voice and enriched with the music of a triangle is a brain-wave that can only be described as exquisite.—Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph mentions Ignace Cervantes's piano pieces, "Three Dances" and "Two Cuban Dances," also published by J. & W. Chester Ltd., which might be described as commonplace if they were not also a little

curious and cynical. They would seem to require absolute rhythmic understanding; a mere approximation would be fatal.

At a meeting of the Carl Rosa Opera Company last month this resolution was passed: "That it has been proved to the satisfaction of the meeting that the company cannot, by reason of its liabilities, continue its business, and that it is advisable to wind up the same, and accordingly that the company be wound up voluntarily."

"Tranquillity is a state of the soul not compassed by inertia but by strenuous energy."

## CALL ON SIR ARTHUR

(Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.)

PERSONAL—ANY ONE KNOWING the address of Howard Hipple, died May 9, communicate with Wm. Pliske, 150 N. Des Plaines.

## BUT WHAT'S THIS, WATSON?

(Adv. in the Chicago Daily News.)

PHOTOGRAPHER—OUTDOOR; kidnapping experience. 5x7; steady work. 8043 Harrison-st.

It is the Herald of Marshfield, Wis., not one of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, that published this advertisement:

WANTED—RUMORS. CALL AT 105 East 11th street. \*5t1

## ROMANCE

Last night I discovered rich treasure,  
In a wind swept and wave beaten cove,  
Jewels and gold in bountiful measure,  
A buccaneer's long buried trove.

I tasted the sweet draught of unshackled youth  
And rescued fair maidens from knaves,  
I swung a mean sword for beauty and truth  
And killed Minotaurs in their caves.

Prehistoric pachyderms trembled and died  
As the stones from my sling sealed their fate;  
Fair Helen the Trojan gazed at me in pride  
As I calmly slew Alex the Great.

Then the missus appeared with our tiny pink laddy  
As Rome was preparing to fall,  
She smiled as she told me he'd learned to say "Daddy,"  
Oh, boy, that's the thing, after all. PHEELIX.

## WITH CONGRATULATIONS

When will brides, June brides or brides of any month, have the courage to refrain from showing their wedding gifts, even if one of them is a certified check? Is there not something vulgar in this display? If those invited to the house must know what Eustacia received, why not have a list of the presents hung on a conspicuous wall, something like this: 5 clocks, 2 sets of O. Henry's stories, 10 pocket flasks, 23 ash receivers, 1000 cigarettes in a silver mounted box, the deed of a garage, etc., etc.

What if a guest is disappointed because she does not see her gift prominently displayed, or is ashamed because it has a shabby appearance in the company of the other presents?

## WE MUST READ IT

The Daily Telegraph of London thinks that a novel, "The Fog," by William Dudley Pelley is "characteristic of the new American school." The Telegraph quotes approvingly the "Duchess's" (she is the local aristocrat of the small town remarks about her daughter, Bernice. "I am convinced she will be literary. She has already finished the Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Rollo's Travels in Switzerland.' I think I shall start her next on the poets." When she was questioned as to the particular poets, the Duchess replied: "I understand 'Dauntless Inferno,' by John Milton, is being read these days by all the best people. After that I shall try Shakespeare. He's so romantic!"

Dancing is loved because, in a world which strives instinctively for monuments, it does no battle with time. It is and it ceases to be. In its cessation it is happy, being not contradicted, but fulfilled.—London Times.

## FOR LESS THAN £5

"Mr. Dempsey wanted \$300,000 guarantee plus training expenses and every-

thing

Robert Chambers, noting in one of his useful books a cudgel match played in 1748, said that the amount to be distributed was a little over £5. He added: "We find now-a-days pugilists engage in a much more brutal and less scientific display for a far less sum." This was published in 1862, when heroes, having "shyed" their castors into the ring" battled with bare fists and no cameraman turned excitedly the crank.

## FASTING ANN

Some time ago a correspondent asked whether Ann Moore, the once-famous fasting woman, ever confessed her deception. We are now able to give the exact words of her signed confession on the ninth day of her fasting under watch, when, worn out, she took food. "I, Ann Moore, of Tutbury, humbly asking pardon of all persons whom I have attempted to deceive and impose upon, and above all, with the most unfeigned sorrow and contrition imploring the Divine mercy and forgiveness of that God whom I have so greatly offended, do most solemnly declare that I have occasionally taken sustenance during the last six years."

A detective bureau telegraphed to the chief of police, at Johnston, Miss., to hold a negro charged with some crime. The Western Union, in a service query, reported: "Telegram undelivered. Police out of town tonight." Don't believe all you read.

A. N. M., writing for the Manchester Guardian about children in novels, does "not recall much about children in Mr. Hardy." Has he clean forgotten the pathetic youngsters in "Jude the Obscure"?

"When now and then, on a calm night, I look up at the stars, I reflect on the wonders of creation, the unimportance of this planet, and the possible existence of other worlds like ours. Sometimes it is the self-poised and passionless shining of those serene orbs which I think of: sometimes Kant's phrase comes into my mind about the majesty of the starry heavens and the moral law; or I remember Xenophanes gazing at the broad firmament, and crying, 'All is one!' and thus, in that sublime exclamation, enunciating the great doctrine of the unity of being."

"But these thoughts are not my thoughts; they eddy through my mind like scraps of old paper, or withered leaves in the wind. What I really feel is the survival of a much more primitive mood—a view of the world which dates indeed from before the invention of language. It has never been put into literature, no historian of human thought has so much as alluded to it; astronomers in their glazed observatories, with their eyes glued to the end of telescopes, seem to have had no notion of it."

"But sometimes, far off at night, I have heard a dog howling at the moon."

Is it true, as a writer in the Free-man would have us believe, that the diction of the average westerner or southerner is "far and away better" than that of the average New Yorker, who may be heard saying: "I didn't ought to have went on account of I was very tired?" In New York, has natural become "nat-u-ral," bottle "bot-el," coined "kerned," and girl, "goll." "The letter 't' is swallowed, and the 'g' is never clearly pronounced if it can possibly be slurred over."

And is the pronunciation of this westerner or southerner on the whole greatly to be preferred to the "flat, nasal sounds which serve for speech so generally among the dwellers of Manhattan?"

## ADD "BEAUTY HINTS"

(Answers to Correspondents)

Anastasia. No, there is no universal standard of beauty, except perhaps, that all toes of a woman should point in the same general direction. EUGENE HYACINTH, M. D.

Yet we prefer to "off it" applied to some one "Suffering from mental disease" any one of these phrases:

He has a slat loose; he has bats in his belfry; nobody at home; balmy on the crumpet; he has wheels in his head. As Walt Whitman remarked, great is the English language—the language of the proud and melancholy and those that aspire.

## WHO? WHO?

As the World Wags:

Who recalls a weekly Boston paper,

about 1870—called Harry Hazel Yankee Blade and its Drum Head Sermons by Julius Caesar Pompey Squash Boston. W. B. WRIGHT.

We read in an esteemed contemporary that among Mark Twain's books, especially enjoyed by Joseph Conrad is "Innocents at Home." Mr. Conrad must possess the manuscript, a treasure long dead.

Now that novelists, poets, essayists are naming the 10—or is it a dozen?—books that they have read with the greatest pleasure—their own excepted, of course, through false modesty—a letter received last Saturday may be of interest. It was written by our old friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

## HIS HONORABLE INTENTION

As the World Wags:

Every summer as I leave the city I make a vow to read some improving book, for my own advantage and to heighten my reputation for scholarship at the Porphyry Club. Alas, the weakness of the flesh! For three successive years I have in June opened that masterly work "Greece Under the Romans," by George Finlay, LL. D. Each summer I have fallen asleep on arriving at section III, page 45: "Effects of the Mithridatic War on the State of Greece." For three successive years I have marked for quotation at a future day these lines: "In all countries or societies where a class becomes predominant, a conventional character is formed, according to the exigencies of the case, as the standard of an honorable man; and it is usually very different indeed from what is really necessary to constitute a virtuous, or even an honest citizen."

Yes, for three successive summers I have not gone beyond section II in this justly celebrated work, and I have turned for pleasure to "Moby Dick," "Great Expectations"—what a pity Dickens was persuaded by Bulwer to change the ending!—or a novel by the ingenious Abel Hermant, who richly deserved election to the French Academy when an inconspicuous person was recently preferred to him.

## BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED

A few days ago, weakly putting aside "Greece Under the Romans" on account of the excessive heat—shall I ever arrive at Chap. III, Sec. XI, "State of Athens during the decline of paganism, and until the extinction of its schools by Justinian"?—I turned to "Jean" by Paul de Kock, in four little volumes published at Brussels in 1837. "Ha, ha," said I to myself, "here's richness." For in my youth, I had heard that M. de Kock was an outrageously immoral writer.

Great was my disappointment; deep was my disgust. "Jean," translated, might be put into any Sunday school library; it might serve as a text book at Miss Winsor's school. If you have read Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend," you will remember how Robinson, the ex-thief in Australia, purchased what was given out as a flash romance, and to his rage found it to be a dull story about a priggish moral servant girl, who was always calling her associates to repentance. Now I understand how Robinson felt.

Yet "Jean" is not wholly dull, though curiously old-fashioned. There are one or two characters described in a manner not unlike that of Dickens. As a sociologist, I did not waste my time, for I learned that in the thirties of the last century pipe smoking was held in abomination by the genteel; that the fashionable dance was the "Anglaise." (By the way, I read in Sainte-Beuve's "Madame Sophie Gay": "During the reign of Louis Philippe, in spite of the very moral character of the reigning family, young women had greatly degenerated, or at least become more emancipated than one would have believed under this most respectable government. The cigar, or at least the cigarette, was smoked in the boudoir.") Apparently the cigarette was smoked in France before it was found in England, for according to report those returning from the Crimean war introduced it in London, and some say Laurence Oliphant was the man.

No doubt M. de Kock wrote some novels that shocked the propriety of preceding generations here and in England. He wrote many romances; unfortunately "Jean" is the only one now at hand; but what is he in comparison with Messrs. D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht and the swarms of young American writers, male and female after their kind, now publishing what are described as tales of passion, presentations of sex problems, told in "a frank and fearless manner"? Poor de Kock's "Jean" in the earlier chapters which treat of the hero's boyhood might be a Rollo or Franconia story by Jacob Abbott. And the women introduced later, from the



aristocratic widow to Rose, the bonne of M. Ballequeue, are discreet, the greater number discreet to the verge of prudery. Another illusion gone! Perhaps M. de Kock's "Gustave ou le mauvais sujet," or "La Pucelle de Belleville" would bring it back. As for "Jean" I might have found "Greece Under the Romans" more exciting.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport.

#### NOCTURNE

There is a grandeur in the solemn night  
When the white moon hath sunken to her bed,  
And the dim lamps from far apart  
Such light  
As the peeled rush of Highland  
hamlet shed.  
It is a cheerful moment when the  
voice  
Of the black cock,—or speckled,  
as may be,—  
Is lifted high to bid the world re-  
joice,  
And the chained canine howls for  
liberty.

Alone at last! The grinding wheels  
that bore  
Me hitherward, and paused to let  
me down,  
Onward and onward, spark-emit-  
ting, tore  
To seek the outer reaches of the  
town.  
Few, few can know how sweet it  
is to wend  
At such an hour, with slightly-  
quicken'd tread,  
And ever and anon expect to bend  
Two feet of gas-pipe with your  
humble head!

#### THE PRETENDER.

#### BRILLIANT GEORGE

(A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian)  
I know a man who had lunched with  
George Meredith, and was greatly im-  
pressed by the brilliance of his conver-  
sation. He didn't seem able to repro-  
duce it for me even in fragmentary or  
attenuated form. And yet—yes—there  
was the point at which the cheese was  
brought in; not, I take it, a mere slice  
or slab from the grocer round the cor-  
ner, but a fair, upstanding cheese—  
probably a ripe Stilton, or a really first-  
rate Cheddar in the pink of condition.  
And Meredith, seizing the knife, flour-  
ished it as might a jovial priest in the  
act of sacrifice. He exclaimed: "Ha!  
the Cheese!" and then—but I don't  
know what came next. My friend was  
clear that it was capital, but he couldn't  
for the recall the hang of it.

This reminds us of De Quincey's  
story of the man who traveled for two  
days and two nights with Wordsworth  
in a stage coach. De Quincey asked if  
he remembered any profound remark  
made by Wordsworth. The man at last  
did recall one observation, uttered at  
Baidock, where the breakfast was good  
for nothing.  
"And Wordsworth?"  
"He observed—"  
"What did he observe?"  
"That the buttered toast looked, for  
all the world, as if it had been soaked  
in hot water."

June 26 1923

What a pother has been made about  
Max Beerbohm's caricatures of the  
Royal family of England! Sir Claude  
Phillips rebuked him severely in the  
Daily Telegraph. Ten or 12 years ago  
Mr. Beerbohm exhibited a drawing of  
Sir Claude with the letterpress: "Sir  
Claude Phillips doing his best not to  
find my caricatures in the worst possi-  
ble taste."

What wonder if in 1923 Sir Claude  
finds some of the present caricatures in  
"the worst possible taste." The deadly  
arrow is still sticking in his side.  
Sir Claude was not the only one. As  
the Manchester Guardian slyly re-  
marked: "One journal got so angry  
that one particular cartoon should be  
exhibited in public that it reproduced  
the work in question."

We should like to see the pictures  
of "Lord Lascelles (with whom his  
valet) inspecting the Panama hat de-  
signed and trimmed for him by Queen  
Mary"; also the picture of "Further  
Economies in the Library of Chats-  
worth," showing the Duke of Devon-  
shire lying at full length on the boards  
where once his Caxtons stood; not to  
mention the one of the Prince of Wales  
"Long Choosing and Beginning Late"  
that excited great indignation and was  
purchased by Sir Gerald du Maurier.  
We may add the caricature of Lord  
Pentham of Lithway who "honorably  
remains almost as poor as the majority  
of his creditors."

Mr. Walkley of the Times is more  
generous and more sensible than Sir  
Claude Phillips in his article about the  
caricatures. He begins with this pre-  
mise: "The caricaturist must be ir-  
reverent, otherwise he would be no

caricaturist. It is his business to treat  
with disrespect everyone and every-  
thing that the world is accustomed to  
treat as respectable; to show them in  
comic quandaries and ludicrous pos-  
tures. The more dignified the person  
he pokes fun at, the better the fun.  
He attacks vanity, and nearly all  
men are vain—worse still, he attacks  
a man's innate sense of property in his  
own personality, and no human being is  
without that. That is why no one  
really enjoys being caricatured."

The wittiest and at the same time,  
the justest, Johnsonian parody, accord-  
ing to Mr. Walkley, is the legend to  
Beerbohm's "Boswell and Johnson in  
the Shades."

Johnson. Why, no, Sir. You are to  
consider that the purpose of a house is  
to be inhabited by some one. . . . Nay,  
Sir, let us have no more of this pop-  
ishness. The house is naught. Let us  
not sublimely lath and plaster."  
Then there is the legend to a draw-  
ing of a Royal Academician of the  
Seventies: "Let the pundits argue  
about the technical merits of his work;  
posterity will hold that no painter of  
our time has shown a deeper insight  
into the character and career of Mary,  
Queen of Scots."

#### CIVIC CORDIALITY

(From the Fond du Lac, Wis., Daily Com-  
monwealth.)

Several large signs have been ordered  
by the city to warn motorists that they  
are approaching the city limits and to  
slow down. They will replace the wel-  
come signs now on the highways.

#### THE FOURTH DIMENSION

(Time is the Fourth Dimension—Ein-  
stein.)

I'd like to have a metaphysic mind.  
To know a concept from a common  
notion.

To cogitate transcendently and find  
That everything around me is in  
motion.

Illusions dialectic walls I'd soon essay  
to shatter,  
And a posteriori prove the nothingness  
of matter.

With such tropism giving me the cue,  
I'd sally into Billee's French cafe.  
"Un bifteck; garcon; in an hour,  
that's two!"

I'd order in a syllogistic way.  
And then I'd wait, and wait, and wait,  
but no more would I shout,  
Because, of Time I'd predicate cor-  
poreal filling-out.

And when my steak should in due  
course appear—

A little thing indeed, of form  
petite—

I'd view it with a jolly gourmet's  
leer.

And then proceed to eat, and eat,  
and eat!

You see, the Fourth Dimension, wanted  
much by hungry man,  
Yields free an extra portion in the Old  
Doc. Einstein plan!

Boston FRANK MUNRO.

#### SCENE FOR A HISTORICAL PAINTER

"The Prince of Wales was presented  
with a ready-made suit of clothes dur-  
ing his visit to Leeds."

But will he wear it?

Lady Dorothy Neville wrote of  
Brougham: "When he was in Edinburgh,  
canvassing the electors, a manufacturer  
of the neighborhood presented him with  
a large roll of a new design of tar-  
tan. His lordship had it all made up  
into trousers, and wore them ever  
after." And in the description of  
Brougham in the memoir of Lady Rose  
Weigall we read, "He always wore re-  
markable check trousers."

These trousers, by the way, figured  
in the portrait of Brougham, as carica-  
tured in Punch. These trousers were  
a boon to the artist, as was Brougham's  
wonderful nose.

#### WHERE'S YOUR DANTE NOW?

(Adv. of a Modest Publisher)

#### HELL

A Blank Verse Drama and Photoplay  
By UPTON SINCLAIR

Upton Sinclair writes amazingly bril-  
liant four-act drama, which is without  
equal in all literature—an original work  
that will create a vast sensation—a pic-  
ture of hell, that makes Sinclair the Dante  
of his age—humor, satire, irony, revolu-  
tionary criticism, merciless dissection of  
modern social life, all saturate this latest  
effort of Sinclair's—Hell will shake the  
critics from their slumber—Hell will raise  
hell wherever literature is read.  
"Hell" has just been issued in book form  
—128 pages—only 30 cents per copy, post-  
paid.

#### ONLY THE HIGH ONES CAN BUT- TERFAIT

(Dodgeville, Wis., Sun-Republic)

Arch Campbell of the Town of Brig-  
ham received word last week that he  
had the 25th highest three-year-old  
Holstein heifer in the United States in  
the production of milk and butterfat.

#### FOR GOLFERS ONLY

As the World Wags:

The chairman of the ground commit-  
tee roared at my cousin Oscar, address-

ing his ball on the first tee: "Get back  
to the teeing line! That's what those  
markers are for." "Yes," said Oscar  
meekly, "but this is my second shot."

PAN.

#### As the World Wags:

The enclosed "Rules of This Lodging  
House" is a copy of a sign found in  
an old English inn and purchased by  
Henry Woodruff, the actor, while he  
was in England. On his return to this  
country he presented it to the Sea Cliff  
inn, on Nantucket, for exhibition pur-  
poses. I saw it there on my visit to the  
island. I simply had to go there after  
reading "Moby Dick."

Allston. WM. L. ROBINSON.

#### RULES OF THIS LODGING HOUSE

Pompeance a night for bed.  
Sixpence with supper.  
No more than five to sleep in one bed.  
No beer allowed in the kitchen.  
No smoking upstairs.  
No clothes to be washed on Sunday.  
No boots to be worn in bed.  
No dogs allowed upstairs.  
No fighting or gambling in the house.  
No extra charge for travelers' luggage.  
No major grindew or tinkers taken in.

## B. F. KEITH BILL

Variety characterizes an interesting  
bill at B. F. Keith's this week, the  
headliners of which are Renee Roberta,

toe dancer, assisted by the Glers-Dorf  
symphonists, and Karyl Norman, "The  
Creole Fashion Plate."

An audience, unusually enthusiastic  
and attentive on a warm June night,  
found much to laugh at last evening,  
and its favor in applause was well  
merited by Miss Roberta and Mr. Nor-  
man.

Reminding one in many ways of  
Charlotte Greenwood, Miss Roberta,  
long of limb, danced entertainingly,  
while the accompanying musicians gave  
a varied program which naturally had  
to contain a bass-saxophone refer-  
ence to the song hit of the day, "Yes,  
We Have No Bananas."

In Boston, after an absence of a year  
and one-half, Karyl Norman wears  
"her" creations in a manner quite in  
keeping with his fame as an imper-  
sonator. He adds a pleasing voice  
to his act, and is able to play a "vamp"  
role in approved style.

Combe and Nevins, syncopating en-  
tertainers, sing in a cooling way; at  
least that was the case last evening.  
Their sketch is simple and effective,  
and proved popular. Jack Hanley, pass-  
ing a "la-azy" 10 minutes on the stage,  
showed skill as an eccentric comedy  
juggler, while Shaw and Lee, old-  
fashioned tintypes, gave a song and  
dance number that pleased.

Harry J. Conley, in a comedy, "Rice  
and Old Shoes," assisted by Naomi Ray,  
carried his part of Tasswell, "the coun-  
try boy who was too fast for the town,"  
commendably, and his act was strength-  
ened by a well devised scenic effect, as  
a closing number.

Lloyd and Christie, in a humorous,  
sometimes delicate, dialogue, pleased, as  
did Bert Hughes and company, intro-  
ducing the novelty basketball a-bicycle.  
Aesop's fables, topics of the day and  
Pathe news completed the bill.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

MAJESTIC—"The Covered  
Wagon." Film version of Emer-  
son Hough's story. Sixth week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of  
Rosie O'Reilly." George M. Co-  
han musical comedy. Sixth week.

ST. JAMES—"The Man Who  
Came Back." Fifth and last week.

June 17 1923

Mr. A. G. Gardiner and Mr. Philip  
Guedella recently debated at the Lon-  
don school of economics on "Biogra-  
phers and Their Victims." Mr. Gue-  
della was epigrammatic.

"When the historian speaks of the  
verdict of history, he is always making  
it up as he goes along."

"Autobiography is an unrivalled me-  
dium for telling the truth about other  
people."

"The dignity of history often means  
an attempt to write like Gibbons with  
a bad cold."

After the debate Mr. Asquith gave his  
wife, who was sitting on the platform,  
a hot shot. "I have never written a  
biography nor do I ever intend to write  
an autobiography. I leave that to other  
members of my family." He names  
Rousseau, Cellini, Caesar, Haydon the  
painter and Gibbon as authors of great  
autobiographies. (He might have added  
Goethe, Herbert of Cherbourg and that  
entertaining blackguard, Casanova.)  
The autobiographer is more or less self-

conscious, and is liable to be egotistical.  
The multiplication of biographies is one  
of the growing evils of literature. There  
are far too many of them and they are  
far too long, thus far, Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Asquith might have said that  
the superb egotism of Cellini and Her-  
bert is by no means displeasing. Read-  
ing the memoirs of George Augustus  
Sala, a delightful book by one that cer-  
tainly did not hate himself, we are  
tempted to exclaim: "Good boy, George,  
tell us some more about yourself." We  
say the same of George Borrow, al-  
though some cannot stand him and call  
him a boonder. For a display of inordi-  
nate self-conceit commend us to the  
memoirs of Charles Godfrey Leland,  
who, however, had a right to be con-  
cited.

#### A BALLAD OF BEACON HILL

(For As the World Wags)

'Twas in Beacon Hill's Bohemia,  
At the sign of The Lighted Tramp;  
And the speaker of the evening  
Was a local lodging-house vamp.

She quoted Freud and Einstein,  
And mentioned synthetic gin—  
While hidden behind a broken blind  
The plain-clothes men peered in.

Their leader, a bold, stern man was he,  
And he heartened his waiting men,  
As they loosened their automatics  
And made ready to raid the den.

"There's a barefoot girl in the corner,  
And her arches have fallen down;  
'Tis a terrible sight to behold, this  
night—  
A knee-length waffle gown!"

So do your duty, my heroes,  
Ere ever the sun shall rise;  
Disperse the guests—but make no ar-  
rests  
Till you see the whites of their  
thighs!"

The door fell in with a clatter,  
Men waded deep in tea,  
And every free-verse poet  
Dropped the maiden from his knee.

Mere children of 30, or 40,  
Who should have been home in bed,  
Ceased to psycho-analyze  
And incontinently fled.

'Twas a tempest in a teapot,  
With a little broken glass,  
And the young progressives smiled  
and said:  
"Cheer up! Ca passe! Ca passe!"

For Bohemia greets the sunrise  
With a smile upon the lip,  
And sometimes—so 'tis whispered—  
With a smile upon the hip!  
INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

#### As the World Wags:

I read with interest and amusement  
in The Sunday Herald that Mr. Ettinger  
has in his possession a photograph (re-  
produced) of certain instruments made  
by Stradivarius in 1716, for Lorenzo the  
Magnificent (who lived in the latter  
half of the 15th century, did he not?)  
Do you find anything much funnier,  
from one point of view, in any of your  
less eminent exchanges? B. I. G.

#### CONCERNING TIDES

As the World Wags:

A review of a recently published book  
of travel by Alexander Powell quotes  
that writer's stories of his exciting ex-  
periences, among them of his being  
stranded on the shores of the Marmora  
with the tide coming in. Tide in the  
Marmora! As much as there is in Lake  
Superior.

An eminent divine, some time ago,  
while inveighing against the unspeak-  
able Turk, consoled himself by predicting  
that a dire fate waited that race, "as  
inevitable as the rise and fall of the  
tides in the Bosphorus." As much  
tide there as at Mackinac on the De-  
troit river. B. B. E.

Our correspondent, Mr. Esau, writes  
with his accustomed authority. He  
spent five years on the shores of the  
Bosphorus, as foreman of the Levant  
Herald when he was 23 years old. He  
employed 27 men and there were eight  
languages spoken.—Ed.

#### THE COMPLETE GEOGRAPHER

(From the Prescott, Arizona, Journal-  
Miner)

Mrs. S. C. Fitzgerald is staying in  
Prescott. She came to this city yes-  
terday from Albany, the capital of New  
York, which is situated on the west  
bank of the Hudson river.

#### PROMPTLY SECOND ID

As the World Wags:

May I propose as a candidate for your  
Hall of Fame Mr. Munch of "Munch's  
Lunch" in Maverick square, East Bos-  
ton? LINCOLN P. SIMONDS.

#### GREATLY IMPROVED AFTER ACCI- DENT

Here is a suggestion for new methods  
of reform in political circles.  
Auburndale. H. A. O.



**STILL GOING STRONG**  
(From the Bushnell, Ill. Record)  
Mr. and Mrs. James Onlon have celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary.

**LONDON'S WOMEN'S CLUBS**  
We quoted the Manchester Guardian's statement that the first woman's club in London was the Pioneer, "opened in 1892." M. H. B. writes: "I was in London in 1893 and put up at the Society for New England Women, founded by Mrs. Hugh Reid Griffen of New York city, and at the London Lyceum in Piccadilly, both of which had been in existence several years. Mrs. John Lane, formerly of Boston, was one of the charter members of the London Lyceum."

**"TANTALUS" OF CHICAGO LOQ.**  
We, as a column, are for light wines and beer. Also, we are for welterweight, middleweight and heavyweight wines, and all the subtle subdivisions of weights, assuming that even the most continent of the Damps does not care for the featherweight and bantamweight wines. We are for beer: light, dark, brown, black, bottled, and draught. We are for it when it is aged. We are for it when it is bitter, and is brought hither in kegs, casks or tuns from Pilsen and from Munich. We are, in passing, for ale—for all the ales, including India Pale, musty, old stock, and bitter. And we add a brief porter and for stout, and for the es- sential emulsion known as half-and-half.

June 28 1923

Duse in London: "Recently she received an interviewer in negligé, her hair undone and wearing spectacles. She saw at once his embarrassment. 'Do you find me ugly?' she said. 'I did not want to keep you waiting, and, you know, I am a look beautiful even now when I want to.' And it is true."

When "Tantalus" in Chicago complained that the "movie projector" didn't give time to read the cast and the sub-titles, the manager of the two-day replied: "Why waste juice? People who go to vawdavill can't read."

The Daily Telegraph of London began a review of a pianist's recital in his cheering manner: "It is only on rare occasions that a pianoforte recital can be said to be stimulating." The writer then said that Miss Youra Guiller simulated him in two ways—sympathetic and antipathetic. Youra Guiller! Heebus, what a name! Did she address the critic "Youra Liar"?

This reminds us of the countless jokes in the Sixties about Yuba Dam. We have received the following note and are surprised by its tone. Is not Mr. Snow interested in various readings of the classics? One should publish a collection of old variety theatre songs with copious annotations and learned excursions. But where is the man fully qualified for this important task. Notes and Lines: After writing personally to Mr. George Bolivar, Beverly, and having my letter returned "unknown" I sent to you the correct lines of an edition which omits half of them. It is a common practice for people of limited memorizing ability to diddle, diddle on a few lines and then skip to the chorus in full. It seems to me that such a rare literary gem, such a pathetic classic, such a striking example of (de)composition, should not be restricted, restrained, abbreviated, censored or expurgated. Herewith, once more, the complete text verse, that it may be laid up with records in the archives:

Matt Casey formed a social club that beat the world for style, and hired for a meeting place a hall. When pay-day came around each week, they'd grease the floor with wax, and dance with noise and vigor at the ball. Each Friday night you'd see them dressed up in their Sunday clothes. Each lad would have his sweetheart by his side, and when Casey led the first grand march the rest would fall in line behind the man who was their joy and pride.

**CHORUS**  
For Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde, and the band played on, he'd glide 'cross the floor with the girl he adored, and the band played on, but his brain was so loaded, it nearly exploded.

The poor girl would shake with alarm, He'd never leave the girl with the strawberry curl, And the band played on. I have forgotten the second verse, but if Mr. Bolivar really must have the song complete, I will make him up some lines which I will guarantee will not lower the standard set by the authors. H. L. SNOW. Saugus.

We cannot understand how Mr. George P. Bolivar is unknown in Beverly. Perhaps for reasons into which it would be impertinent to pry, he receives his mail in Salem.

One of Max Beerbohm's caricatures exhibited recently in London showed the British Drama ("That Eternal Invalid") in bed surrounded by specialists who are giving opinions. Mr. Ervine says: "Let her have a strong tonic every Sunday morning." Mr. Bennett, "Bursley air's all she needs." Mr. Gordon Craig, "Give her a mask." Mr. George Moore, "I was once her lover."

M. Pierre Benard of the Paris Journal: "On the program one reads: 'Directress, Jane Renouardt.' It's her best role."

At the Ambassadors: "The Guy sisters are heartily applauded, but they show themselves fully dressed. Why do they thus hide their talent? Miss Jane Myro sings. She has an undulating manner of flinging out her refrains and gives the impression that she sings with her hips. After all, there are many persons who are ventriloquists."

**Notes and Lines:**  
Referring to your query as to the song, "Skipping in the Tra-lal-Loo," I heard it sung by John, or Harry, Kernell nearly 50 years ago, and since then it has been a favorite song for my five children and four grandchildren, to whom I used to sing it from their earliest years. "Pat Malloy" and "The Lads That Live in Ireland" (one of my father's famous songs) used to be their evening concert, and I fancied myself an old Irish nurse "crooning to the childer."

I append the words herewith: My name is John McGuckin, I'm a decent working man, And I try to bring my family up In the very best way I can. But with my daughter, Mary Ann I don't know what I'll do, For my heart is broke, since she began To skip in the tra-lal-loo.

**CHORUS**  
Since Mary Ann learned how to dance I don't know what I'll do. She he's out all night till the broad daylight; A skippin' in the tra-lal-loo.

On all moonlight excursions My daughter may be found, And, when I tell her "Stay at home" Says she "go feel around," On every moonlight picnic Where the band plays Flewby come Floo! 'Tis there you'll find my Mary Ann A skippin' in the tra-lal-loo!

**CHORUS (as before)**  
To the devil with moonlight picnics, They have ruined Mary Ann Since she began to go with Terence And others of his gang. But if I get a-hold of him, I'll bate him black and blue, For teaching of my Mary Ann, To skip in the tra-lal-loo.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR. South Duxbury.

"Louis Harrison, since his partner, John Gourley, left these shores, has passed out of public view."—N. Y. Times. Do you mean Louis Harrison who was seen here this season, most amusing in an amusing comedy?

Sir Thomas Beecham says that there's a "really rotten patch of music in England;" no composers, very few singers, orchestras almost non-existent. Tut, tut! Piffle! Likewise, go to! For composers there are Bax, Bliss, Goossens, Vaughn Williams, Ireland, Holst, not to mention others. Visiting conductors praise the London orchestras. But visiting Englishmen have whispered to us in strict confidence that Sir Thomas is a "rotten" conductor.

What does Mr. Bagger mean by writing this about Mr. Paderewski "Meeting old age in California"? "Paderewski is first and last in what he achieved and in what he fell short, a Pole, son of the most brilliant and most futile race in Christendom. By hitting a mark his life missed its aim; his success proved more barren than the failure of others: for a moment his

art conquered the world, and when he dies he will be remembered by a minute."

Again, piffle! Mr. Bagger is more fortunate in bringing down game like Constantine, Karolyi, Horthy and dissecting them.

Hoakum, as was inevitable, has been taken in by those luminous lexicographers, the Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls; but they have, in the new edition of the Standard, spelled it hokum, which, to us, is deficient in etymological reason. Nor do we care for their definition of the natty noun—"any word, act, song, business, or property used by an actor to win an audience." As they say, the word is slang of the theatre; but they don't explain that it is a slovening of "Hoax 'em!" Hoakum is simply tried and true material of the theatre—the sure-fire drawn upon by playwright or player to vivify a dull spot or to provoke into approval the moronal 94 per cent. of every audience. Said Burbage to Shakespeare when the grave-diggers' scene was reached in the first rehearsal of "Hamlet": "Do you think they'll laugh at that, Will?" "Sure thing, Dick!" replied Shakespeare; "they always have. We'll hoax 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

Somerset Maugham's new comedy, "The Camel's Back," has two leading characters, an ambitious lawyer with an eye on Parliament; his wife, a social butterfly. He becomes jealous. "In the end," says the Daily Telegraph, "the wife plays what she believes to be a winning card, only to find it trumped by her husband."

The Sydney Bulletin said that when Jean Gerardy, violoncellist, played a piece by Popper, "the listener was in a sunlit, walled garden, murmurous with bees, fragrant of honeysuckle flowers. There were peaches ripening against the wall and in the shadowy distance there was the tinkle of a playing fountain." This is a fine example of what is known by some as the Corinthian, by others the Asiatic style in musical criticism.

June 27 1923

We are indebted to Miss Miriam Lowell of Winchester for the second verse of the ballad describing Mr. Casey's adventure with the strawberry blond while the band played on. Miss Lowell does not assert that she is letter perfect. In her version these lines are added to the first verse:

At 12 o'clock exactly they all would form in line And march down to the dining hall and eat, But Casey would not join them, although everything was fine, But he'd stay upstairs and exercise his feet.

**Chorus:**  
Fo-o-or Casey would waltz, etc.

**VERSE II**  
Such kissing in the corner and such whispering in the hall, And telling tales of love behind the stair! As Casey was the favorite and he that ran the ball. He of kissing and love making did his share. The ladies now are married that Casey used to know, And Casey he has taken him a wife; The blond he used to waltz and glide with on the ballroom floor. Is happy Mrs. Casey now for life. **Chorus.** Fo-o-or Casey would waltz, etc. "Alas, poor Casey!" says Miss Lowell. "How sad to think that, flourishing in the '90's, he misses the delights of the dinner dance—as one born out of due season."

**THE CASE OF TERRY**  
As the World Wags:

Sadly sweet are the songs of yesterday. We cannot sing them all "for we do not know the words." But we do know the music and la-la and rum-tum can be made to fill in where necessary. I cannot set your correspondents right as to the words of Casey and his strawberry blond, but they are all near enough. After all, it's the sentiment we want, the poet's meaning. Why be academic?

Your mention of the other great songs, "I Owe Ten Dollars to O'Grady," "Muldoon the Solid Man" and "Since Terry First Joined the Gang," sends me back to the days of yore.

If my memory serves me, "Since Terry First Joined the Gang" antedates Casey by some years. It was one of the first of the mother songs and affected us deeply. We were tender-hearted in those days and mingled our tears with those of the gray-haired mother. Terry had been a model son, brought home

his pay envelope intact, did not use tobacco nor strong drink and might in due course have become a Tweed alderman or something profitable had he kept to the straight and narrow path. Instead he joined the gang and his downfall was rapid.

The poet, inspired by his subject, sums up the tragedy thus:

He comes rolling home in the morning, Gives the door the devil's own bang! Sure me heart is broke, God knows it is.

Since Terry first joined the gang, What he did besides banging the door I don't remember. Undoubtedly something unpleasant. It's all very sad and I drop a reminiscent tear as I write.

I visualized Terry then as I do now. He was rather short, had a snub nose and freckles, and wore very tight trousers with flaring bottoms, a square out, tight coat and a low-crowned derby. His language was New Yorkese in all its purity.

What Terry's end was is unknown. I shudder to think of it. G. S. Newton.

We regret to say that Terry called his gold watch and chain "a super and a slang." When his father remonstrated with him and recounted the boy's evil deeds, Terry lost all sense of filial piety, and suggested in no delicate terms that as the old man was getting fresh he should be put on ice.—Editor.

**HE DIDN'T—HE DID—HE DIDN'T**  
As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in the letters pertaining to the vocal ability of Sol Smith Russell, who made such a hit in "The Poor Relation."

I remember well his efforts about 1878 when I was working in similar lines, and later in character roles of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas. In lieu of his singing as cited in The Herald by T. W., he simply spoke the words of the song, with a piano accompaniment, and was always forced to give an encore, his posturing and facial work being both eccentric and laughable. The several times I heard him, he never sang a note. These words he used and pronounced as spelt, drawing them out at end of each line, viz.:

"No bird that fliz-z-z-z, Is half so niz-z-z-z, (Pause.) As Go-o-o-z-z-z (Smacking lips.) 'Ith sage—and inyuns." (A long drawn sigh.)

It is remarkable that no one duplicated his work. It was his own personality that won him his success. Arlington. A. F. HOWELL.

**ADD "HOUSING PROBLEMS"**  
(From the Belmont Citizen.)  
**APARTMENT WANTED**  
WANTED—Flat or roll top desk. Address "D," Belmont Citizen Office, Belmont. J16

**YALE'S OLDEST GRADUATE**  
(From The Boston Herald.)  
**DOCTORS OF LAWS**  
"HENRY WALCOTT FARNAM—Born in New Haven; a New Englander since 1620."

**FOR "BEST SELLERS"**  
As the World Wags:  
Taking a daily walk abroad I saw this sign: "For Sale A Combination Stove and Bookcase." GOMER PINGREE.

**IN HOT WEATHER**  
Drink a soda from time-to-time, to promote real thirst.

Dine in the food-air restaurants, that you may, on emerging, get a proper attitude toward the heat.

Take a bath every half-hour: the exertion of taking it is a fair offset to all benefits.

Go in for sheer clothing in all garments: It possesses a special technic in adhesiveness.

On going to bed place the electric fan where it can blow on you all night: the morning's stiff neck will keep you from sudorific activity.

Acquire the habit of opening and closing the ice-box at intervals of 5 to 10 minutes: the ice will dwindle the faster, and, so, verify your suspicions about the heat.

If you find the mesh of your window screens too small, you can easily gain a greater volume of air by punching holes. A silver or platinum ice pick is good for this work, if you lack a special tool; and the circumference of the hole thus made is large enough for the comings and goings of most of the ordinary night insects. INFANTA S.



While we do not approve Mr. Keynes's views concerning the invasion of the Ruhr; while his attitude on the reparations question is irritating, we heartily sympathize with him in his denunciation of telephonic bores. He believes that a stranger has no more right to use the telephone of a private house than to open the front door; that an invitation should not be given by telephone unless among intimate friends; that to ring up a private house, when a letter would serve the purpose, should be considered a thoughtless act, if not a wholly inexcusable one.

The telephone is not an unmixed blessing. It is a foe to privacy, even if the number is not listed. The fact that it is not listed excites the curiosity of gossips and other idlers. They are indefatigable in finding out the number from some clerk caught unaware, "recreant to his (or her) trust," as they say in old plays; and then, in horrid glee, they chatter.

As for invitations by telephone, they were discussed in an amusing manner some time ago by a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*. A lying answer—"Aunt Jane died yesterday; we're sorry"—or "Little Henrietta has the measles"—does not always rush into the mind of the suddenly invited, constitutionally averse to a dull evening. Then there is the depressing thought that other proposed guests dropped out and you and your Arabella are practically to be at the second table.

It is easy to say: "Don't answer the telephone, if you are busy." Not answering, you may miss seeing that bachelor uncle from the West who is favorably disposed towards you and yours; or you may not know until the Herald is on your breakfast table that your office building has been burned or that your brother-in-law Ike is in the station-house.

#### As the World Wags:

I read in the advertisement of the Hotel Chase in St. Louis: "Our Orchestra is Nationally Famous: 10 Degrees Cooler." From this I infer that "Hot Lips" is not in the orchestra's repertoire. L. L. L.

#### WE EXPECTED THIS

##### As the World Wags:

The storekeeper spoke of deferred delivery, saying, "Tomorrow, maybe; you don't need it today, do you?" and I replied: "Yes; I have no mananas today."

#### DARK LADY OF THE BONNETS.

Peter Apostolos is running a cafe in Milwaukee.

#### FATHER PROUT REDIVIVUS

##### As the World Wags:

Will your correspondents be assisted in recalling correctly the words of "Casey could waltz . . ." by a reference to the original French?

"Casey valsait avec la petite blonde ardente

Et l'orchestre jouait

Sur le tapis, avec sa chérie,

Et l'orchestre jouait.

Sa tete etait chaud et au point de s'exploder

La pauvre fille etait bien effaree

Il est devenu son epoux, malgre

cheveux rouges et tout

Et l'orchestre jouait."

The English version sung hereabouts in the nineties was an almost literal translation of the foregoing.

Chelsea. GYNEOLATER.

#### THE YANKEE BLADE

##### As the World Wags:

I do, I do, as my friend Quincy Kilby might say. It is a pleasant memory I have of the *Yankee Blade*, inquired for by W. B. Wright. I knew, Justin Jones, its editor, and the writer of the *J. Caesar Pompey Squash, Drum Head Sermons*, intimately, as I had the pleasure of contributing many first page stories, as well as one serial story that ran for quite a long time. This was, as Mr. Wright says, among in 1870 and the late sixties. The office of the *Blade* was down on Water street below Postoffice square, on the next right hand corner, at the top of the building, where a dear, gentle, kindly, little old man published, edited, wrote much of, and set type for his beloved paper, which was a contemporary of the *True Flag*, the *Flag of Our Union*, the *New York Ledger* and *Saturday Night*, and of the same size, a size now extinct as the plesiosaurus.

I have an idea I have still stowed away somewhere a copy or copies of the old *Yankee Blade*.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.  
Poland Springs, Me.

#### NOT A JOY RIDE

##### As the World Wags:

Now that the Leviathan has made her trial trips, after having been properly redecorated and refitted, I am reminded of my trip to France aboard her when she was only a troop ship.

I am also moved to get out a treasured souvenir of that trip, namely, an old Leviathan menu cover in which the Yanks had printed the following poem:

#### THE LEVIATHAN

(By James J. Montague)

The Kaiser came himself to see the laying of her keel,  
Von Tirpitz was on hand to watch her raising walls of steel,  
A mighty ship; a German ship, the greatest on the sea;  
A ship designed to awe the world with Teuton majesty;  
A ship that men should look upon and tremble at the sight;  
An overwhelming spectacle of Hohenzollern might.

And how the German bands blared out in wild Teutonic pride,  
And how the Liederkränzes sang when first she took the tide  
And, dressed in flags from truck to deck, swung slowly down the stream!  
A thing that nobly visualized the glorious German dream,  
A dream that every German dreamed—of happy days to be,  
When only German ships should sail a Pan-Germanic sea.

But now the stars and stripes float out above the Titan craft,  
And husky lads in olive drab are swarming fore and aft.  
A Navy Captain on the bridge, below a Navy crew,  
Have taught a haughty Vaterland what Yankee land can do.  
Ten thousand men on every trip, and when they strike their blow,  
The Kaiser's mightiest ship may prove the Kaiser's mightiest foe.  
Arlington Heights. R. C. NURSE.

#### CRUEL AND INHUMAN

##### As the World Wags:

I read this headline: "SHAKE BANDIT GIRL'S ALIBI"  
Is there no limit, sir, to the tortures of the third degree? D. M. L.

#### FOR BETTER ROADS

##### As the World Wags:

In the state of Washington, if there is an automobile accident, there is no fine; the sentence is "to break stones on the street." As a result there are no accidents in the state. H. A. W. Boston.

##### As the World Wags:

This appeared in one of your down East contemporaries. It was in a description of a wedding:

"At the close of the ceremony the bride and groom held an informal reception, followed by a buffet lunch, which was gracefully served by four young ladies, fraternity sisters of the bride, clad in gowns of pastel shades, and prepared by Harriet Stevens, caterer." G. M. J. Orono, Me.

#### PERSONAL

Mr. Leslie Jones, a singer in London, is styled "Basso-Cantante." "Whatever he likes to call himself, if he is content to follow nature's course, he will find himself singing baritone songs, for the baritone quality in his voice is audible at every turn of phrase. And what is there against being announced as 'baritone' on a program? It seems to be almost a term of contempt among singers, but let us whisper to Mr. Jones as we pass that there are not so many real baritones as one would suppose; and certainly not very many with a promise so fair as his own." It appears that he has a habit of adding a releasing vowel to the final consonant of a word (for example, in the Stanford song one line came over as "A gleamah ofah whatah is higher.").

Dorothea Webb: "She is a singer whose purity of tone is so complete in itself that one is always tempted to listen to it as absolute music and with no reference to the mood of the song which she is singing. The truth is that she reduces all the songs to a common denominator, a denominator which approximately can be described as 'a capella' style. In hearing her the mind straight runs to echoing aisles and crimson and purple stained windows, which is to say that she is not authorized to undertake songs which call for greater secularity and 'joie de vivre'; her temperament hems her in quite definitely."

Mme. Melba was heard again in "La Boheme" at Covent Garden on June 1. "Time has indeed dealt gently with Dame Melba's voice."

At home, in church and in Sunday school in our boyhood we were told that Jezebel was a shameless, bad woman. Her picture was in a book entitled "The Women of the Bible." (One of the pictures, that of the Witch of Endor, frightened us so that at night our head went under the coverlet, sheet and blanket.) In this gift book for the centre table Jezebel was a fine figure of a woman, though her cheeks were highly colored. The writers or compilers of Kings and Chronicles in the Old Testament had no mercy on her. They called her hard names. There was that little affair of Naboth and his vineyard. She had an unpleasant but effectual way of killing prophets of the Lord. Jehu accused her of wantonness and witchcraft. And, crime of crimes, when Jehu, who drove his chariot furiously—what a pity the automobile was not known in his day!—visited her, she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window. The hussy! Yet was it not natural for her to look her best when Jehu was at hand? The pious women in our village would not entertain this thought. She painted her face. That was enough. That settled her case. This was long before Mr. Max Beerbohm wrote for the *Yellow Book* his essay on cosmetics that was severely censured by those lacking in humor; long before highly respectable matrons and gospel-eyed maidens carried vanity bags and painted and powdered themselves in public.

Even now the word Jezebel is a dictionary word of reproach. "The profligate and cruel wife of Ahab, King of Israel; hence, a bold, vicious or cruel woman," says one lexicographer. "Impudent or abandoned woman; woman who paints her face," says another. Thus they do her wrong, as they do the wife of Socrates wrong when they dub a shrewish woman a Xanthippe. Xenophon knew better and had much to say in her favor. She had much to bear. Socrates spent his time going about the streets asking the Athenians and strangers impertinent questions. He was not a handy man in the house. What wonder if Xanthippe occasionally lost her temper? Socrates was not a good provider.

Jezebel did not paint her face. "She put her eyes in paint" is the literal translation of the Hebrew text: That is, she drew between the lids, with a silver bodkin, the powder of rich lead ore; antimony, some say. The Vulgate gives the correct translation: "Depinxit oculos suos stibio." Eastern women for centuries have tinged the interior part of the eyelids, blackened the eyebrows, forming them into a semi-circle. Astyages, King of Media, "painted his eyes"; so did certain Roman men of unsavory reputation if Juvenal is to be believed. When Tertullian in his iron-like Latin spoke of this manner of painting the eyes, "enlarging the eyes with soot," he referred to the smoke of certain fragrant gums, sometimes employed for this purpose.

Jezebel, then, adorned herself, like any self-respecting woman, that she might find favor in the eyes of Jehu. And so when Aholah and Aholibah sent a messenger for men to come from far they "painted their eyes" in joyful anticipation. Jezebel also adorned herself that, as the daughter of a King, she could face death superbly.

#### "The King's Daughter" Depicts New Jezebel

Mr. John Masefield's new tragedy in verse, "The King's Daughter," produced at Oxford, Eng., last month, puts Jezebel in a favorable light. Not long ago Bernstein wrote a remarkable play in which Judith is more of a grande amoureuse than a patriot not hesitating at murder. Later a new character was given to Deborah in Italy when she appeared as the heroine of an opera. Now it is the turn of Jezebel.

It is needless to say that Mr. Masefield does not follow closely the story of Ahab, Naboth, Jezebel and Jehu as it is told, disconnectedly and with silences that excite curiosity, in the Old Testament. The fanatical prophet, Elijah, hated Jezebel; nor was she happy in her surroundings. A rude and barbarous Jew, he held the Syrian civilization, such as it was, in personal contempt, as well as in religious horror. "The Moabites of the desert," as Mr. Basil Maine says in reviewing Mr. Masefield's tragedy, "were of all men the most unreasonable; they were intoxicated by their own zeal, and after suffering the torments and privations of the sun-maddened desert, they returned to the cities seeking whom they might devour." In Mr. Masefield's eyes Jezebel honestly attempted to bring the two peoples together in good fellowship; she wished a sound and beneficent government; she was for law and order. To the prophet she was only an evil woman of dark, treacherous and cruel ways. Her husband, Ahab the King, surrounded with pacifists and traitors, was a rather mediocre person, dependent on his wife for guidance and support, for she was politically wise.

Naboth, unwilling that Ahab should have his vineyard, although Ahab offered him a better one, is represented in the play as a stubby, short-sighted pacifist, deaf to every reasonable argument. At the end he blasphemes and is therefore stoned to death; but Ahab, on account of her action in the matter, loses faith in her, and treats her harshly. Mr. Masefield apparently confounds Ahaziah, the son of Jehoram, with Ahaziah, the son of Jehoram and Athaliah, for it is the latter in the Old Testament that is slain by Jehu's attendants. Jehoram, also the son of Jezebel, was slain by Jehu treacherously. "Through all these scenes the nobility in her unfolds and expands until, in the last act, when she prepares to meet her horrible death, it attains to the fulness of its flowering."

At the last, Micalah pronounces this eulogy over Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians: "She was too good a woman to live at such a time."

Between the acts a chorus (two women) appeared before the curtain and recited a narrative poem about Helen of

Troy. The element of fate is in the two tragedies: "Helen and Jezebel were women of whom it was written in the book that they must unwillingly bring the bitterness of tears to the world, and be sacrificed to the blindness and blood of men's thoughts. But the choruses are not inserted to establish any relationship between the two tragedies, except that of contrast. They serve as resting points after the heat and dust of the Samaritan conspiracies." Yet there is once a striking point of contact. While Jezebel prepares her body for death, she tells her handmaids to bring out Helen's robe, which is in her possession, and, glit about with it, she goes to the window to face Jehu. "This is one of those subtle dramatic strokes which, even more than the bolder dramatic strokes, reveal the master hand."

#### A UNIQUE HUMORIST

To the Editor of The Herald:

In recent issues of The Herald I read the letters from Mr. Frank E. Hatch and Frank Carlos Griffith anent Sol Smith Russell, and the controversy as to whether he was a singer or not amused me. A long, intimate and affectionate association with dear old Sol enables me to qualify—in a way—their separate statements, and give substantial evidence in the case, in Mr. Griffith's favor. Mr. Hatch refers to the production of "Edgewood Folks" as the first medium which Mr. Russell employed for the introduction of songs; he also admits that "Edgewood Folks" was before his time. Inasmuch as I produced the play for Mr. Russell, having, also, assisted its author J. E. Brown (the father of Porter Emerson Brown) in its concoction—for it was a concoction—I may write first hand. Twenty-five years ago, when in Cincinnati, with Sol, he and I used to walk down to the old National Theatre, on Sycamore street, the facade of which is still standing, with its name in solid black letters arched over the old main entrance, and the bust of Shakespeare, with figures of comedy and tragedy on either side of it, on the cornice of the building. Sol used to recount his early experiences in those western cities—of playing utility parts in this same National Theatre, under the management of John Bates; of how, having only one white shirt, he used to lie in bed during the afternoon while it was being washed and ironed. He told me, that, during the civil war, while yet a boy, he used to sing between the plays in the old western and southern towns; and how, to eke out his meagre salary, he bought "prize" packages of station-



# DRAMA AND OPERA

John Drinkwater's new play, "Robert E. Lee": "The action covers pretty nearly the same period as that of 'Abraham Lincoln.' It practically ignores the early career of the distinguished soldier, in whose nature devotion to duty and love of home and children were the dominant factors. The piece starts with the outbreak of the American civil war in 1861, and ends with its close in 1865. There is nothing in it that can fairly be described as a love interest, nor are the last five years of Lee's life, spent in the tranquil surroundings of Washington College, Lexington, touched upon. Obviously there is, however, plenty of dramatic material to be drawn from the stirring tale of his war adventures, starting with his appointment as commander of the Virginia state forces, and ending with his surrender of Richmond to Gen. Grant. 'Robert E. Lee' will, I understand, be issued in book form on the date of its first performance at the Regent."

On June 5 "The Beggar's Opera" had had 1240 performances at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. It still possesses "immense vitality."

Ethel Smyth, who once visited Boston in the hope that Mr. Conried, then manager of the Metropolitan, would produce her first opera here, has turned Maurice Baring's story, "Fete Galante"—it is in "Orpheus in Mayfair"—into a ballet opera of the same name. It was produced at Birmingham, Eng., on June 4. Dame Smyth conducted. "The story attempts an intermingling of the delicate and romantic ballet and the miniature of the puppet play with the realistic traits which were so successful in 'Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'" The Times said that the music is hardly fantastic enough for the subject; it is thoroughly English: "frank and simple melody, with clearly cut vocal movements, and dance tunes, are the chief means of expression." Thus the puppets' quartet reminds one pleasantly of Sullivan and the parallel to a madrigal might be found among part songs by Parry or Stanford. "Yet the feeling of the music is nobody's but her own." The Daily Telegraph was not sure that the music was sufficiently illustrative of the fantastic spirit. The critics apparently agreed to let Miss Smyth "down easy."

The Daily Telegraph makes this astonishing statement about "Louise," "Even the parts of the father and the mother, two most essential members of the quartet, are not such as appeal to such singers as, say, Chappin or Mme. Alvarez." When Charles Gilbert took the part of the father, the other characters in the opera were of minor importance. Much might be said in praise of Vanni Marcoux in the same role.

Mme. Duse's first appearance in London this season (June 7) was as Ellida in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Mr. Walkley said of her, after her long absence: "She is the Duse that we knew, 'pale, penetrant and interesting,' like the Scotch woman of the anecdote, only just perhaps a little more wan, with the melancholy lines of the mouth a little more deeply marked, the figure a little more willowy and fragile, the hair a blonder white. Her voice has the old throb and wall, her wonderful hands and her gestures the old, incomparable grace; her eyes still pierce you through and through. As to her art, time has not ventured to touch it; its exquisite purity and fineness that seem to idealize every work she approaches and give it a new and strange distinction do so still."

A. A. Milne's play, "The Lucky One"—it pleased here at the Copley Theatre—was performed for the first time publicly in England by the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge June 6. "It is a better piece of theatrical craftsmanship than other plays by the same author. . . . Mr. Milne has written many single acts, all of which are better than the single acts in this play, but the piece as a whole ranks among his most satisfying."

The Manchester Guardian, reviewing a volume of Eugene O'Neill's plays, says: "Anna Christie is now running in London, but 'The First Man' is not likely to run anywhere if its stage directions are to be obeyed. Both have rather weak ends, as if Mr. O'Neill's imagination had partly lost hold when the hardest part came, or else as if he had thought it more prudent not to let it keep hold and see what came of it. 'Anna Christie' is a play, in all its earliest part, of much power, but 'The Hairy Ape' is the masterpiece." The reviewer speaks of Mr. O'Neill's "remarkable strength," as shown especially in "The Hairy Ape." "Nobody, so far as we know, and certainly no dramatist, has modelled so striking a figure of Labor as the Yank of this play. . . . Any one who can put to-

gether such a character under the cramping and distorting conditions of dramatic writing is a treasure among contemporary dramatists."

"Comedy of Errors" revived in London: "The play must be treated as a farce, and given the tempo of farce if it is to please a modern audience—just a little of the breathless Old Vic pace, which never let you stop to think of the absurdities of the plot or to dwell on the rather tiresomely elaborated wit."

On June 5 at the Cambridge, Eng., musical festival a folk ballet about Old King Cole and the Empress Helena—the king was a historical person, the grandfather of Constantine the Great—with music by Vaughan Williams, was performed. "Except for the three melodies played by the fiddlers, which are folk tunes, the music is original; its melodies have the peculiar flavor, a little harsh despite their beauty, which we have come to associate with this composer."

The version of "David Copperfield" prepared for Bransley Williams has finally reached London after adventures in the English provinces. "Like most adaptations of Dickens's novels, the play is of a somewhat fragmentary order, consisting, as it does, of a selection of scenes strung together in rather haphazard fashion." Mr. Williams's Peggy was warmly praised, but his Micawber "lacks the grand manner, the splendid optimism with which Dickens endowed the character."

M. Adolphe Boschet found Moussorgsky's "Khovanchchina" a disappointment when it was produced in Paris. The choruses were worthy of the composer: "He alone could find certain accents, that simple grandeur, that rapid, spontaneous, fluent expression, that language of music which is a tremor of the soul." In other parts of the work "the composer's instinctive genius has often failed, and he gives signs of the sad decline which at 40 years of age, set upon him the mark of premature senility."

At the People's Theatre (the Pavilion Theatre) Whitechapel, London, the cheapest seat is nine pence; the most expensive, with the exception of the boxes, 3s 6d. The idea is to provide for East London what the Old Vic furnishes for the Surrey side, but at the People's Theatre modern plays of the best type will be performed, a play a week. The first four were Masefield's translation of the Norwegian, "The Witch"; Shaw's "You Never Can Tell"; Ibsen's "Ghosts"; and Zola's "Therese Raquin." Shakespeare and English "classics" will be left untouched, so that there will be no interference with the Old Vic.

## BORN TO SING UNHEARD

(Ernest Newman)

But though none of us could say whether a young singer has the requisite capacity for hard work, there are now and then cases in which we are justified in saying that in the matter of voice, style and musical understanding the student is a thoroughbred. The thoroughbreds in music are too rare for an experienced musician to have any doubt when he comes across one. I can remember two cases at the Scottish competition festivals in which I

should have unhesitatingly told the singer that she ought to give up business if she could, and devote herself solely to the business of becoming a professional. But what are these people to do? It means at least three years of quiet study, not only of singing but of music in general, and not only of music but of languages. Where are they to find the means to allow of this? There are scholarships, of course. But it often happens that when a young singer who has been discovered at a festival enters for a scholarship at one of the conservatories she finds that she is just over the age limit, or she may be rejected because she cannot pass an examination in musical theory! This, I understand, happened in the case of the singer I heard last week. Presumably she would have got the scholarship on the strength of her gifts as a singer, but because she could not answer some question about key relationship or something of that sort she was rejected. One would have thought that the conservatories would exercise a little discretion in these matters and relax their pedantic rules occasionally. It is easy enough for a singer with any brains at all to pick up what she needs to know about theory at any time, and it seems a pity that one of rare promise should be denied the opportunity of cultivating her gifts merely because at the date of the examination she had not learned the mere names of musical processes that she was already employing quite accurately unconsciously.

It is very unfortunate that there is not some sort of local fund in each of the large centres for helping the most promising of the young singers whom

the competition festivals bring out. I think I have suggested once before that here is a splendid opportunity for some rich man to do something really good for music. I am the more positive about it because I am not enthusiastic about promiscuous musical education. Thousands of people today are learning the practice of music who, in my opinion, would be much better occupied in learning simply to listen. But it grieves me to see, perhaps once or twice in a year's experience, the real thing going to waste for lack of funds at the critical moment. What becomes of these people? I suppose they remain in business, make a local reputation, and in a few years disappear. Probably they waste on a mere husband the gifts that were intended for the glory of art. I believe the central festival organization has authority to help as far as it can in cases of this kind, but I am afraid its funds do not allow it to do as much as should be done.

## WEINGARTNER, COMPOSER

(Ernest Newman)

Weingartner's own overture and incidental music to "The Tempest" were composed some five years ago, so that, presumably, they represent his maturest views upon the nature and function of music. They indicate that the classical German mind still refuses to assimilate anything of the newer spirit of other countries. German rhythm of the older type in particular, seems now to have come to the end of its resources; in this music of Weingartner's, for example, the phrases are cut to the usual two or four bar lengths, packed up neatly, and handed out to us like parcels over a shop counter. Never is there the least surprise, the least of that frustration of anticipation upon which so much of our delight in art depends. It is curious that, 20 years after the death of so original a rhythmist as Hugo Wolf, German music of the older school should have learned so little of the art of overlapping phrasing. This music of Weingartner's is pleasant enough in itself, but it hardly corresponds to the modern English student's notion of "The Tempest." Arthur Bliss came much nearer to that in the striking incidental music he wrote for a revival of the play a couple of years ago.

And of Weingartner's conducting, Mr. Newman wrote: Weingartner's Berlioz and Beethoven are still, all in all, the finest things he does, at any rate in England. He has the secret of that Berlioz rhythm that is like the rhythm of no other composer; and once a conductor gets this rhythm right, what seems, at first sight, like Berlioz's odd harmonization becomes the most natural thing in the world. The "Eroica" was wonderfully knit together; in spite of the sometimes disparate nature of the material of the four movements—for Beethoven here is alternately looking back to Mozart and forward to the No. 5, No. 7 and No. 9—the steady intellectual pressure of the conductor welded it all into something that seemed, for the time, perfectly homogeneous.

## PASTEUR ON THE SCREEN

France has celebrated the centenary of Pasteur's birth by a semi-romantic, semi-scientific, and wholly enthusiastic film biography which has just been shown in this country under the title of "Pasteur: His Life and Work." It is a blessing to find the resurrective might of the cinema applied at last to the raising of a worthy ghost. The film is the work of a devotee. . . . The film lives up to its title. It is a complete record within the limits of an hour of Pasteur's personal life and his 20 years of scientific activity. We are shown his discovery of the microbe origin of fermentation and ultimately of disease, the laying of the foundations of antiseptic surgery, and the saving of France's natural riches from utter destruction by disease. We are shown—and shown most convincingly—the drama of his early boyhood and student days. We see him in his laboratory waiting feverishly for the telegram which is to bring him news of the failure or success of his crucial experi-

ments. We see the scientists of the world gathered together to do him honor in his last days.

The cinema as an historian has always believed in the personal touch, be the accuracy what it may. The strange thing about the Pasteur film is that it deals in facts which are not merely fiction.—Manchester Guardian.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

J. & W. Chester publish Malpiero's opera, "L'Orfelde." "In a short preface the composer solemnly warns us all that 'L'Orfelde' is not a cycle of three operas in one act, but an opera in three. The second part ('Sette Canzoni') and the third ('Orfeo: L'Ottava Canzone'—the epilogue) were created first, and to preserve their independence. Nevertheless, one is not to consider 'La Morte del Maschere' (The death of the Masks)—the first part now issued, as having been added artificially. The ideas are capricious, and if 'The Death of the Masks,' which is the 'hyphen' of

and took them over to the soldiers camp in Covington (opposite Cincinnati) and disposed of them at a profit of 10 cents on each package—returned, purchased a fresh supply, and made on the week, as much as eight or nine dollars. His appearance at Beethoven hall, Boston, in 1875, was announced as with the "Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell's Concert Troupe." I have before me a song book, published in 1876, append a copy of the title page:

"Sol Smith Russell's Jeremy Lolly Boy's Songster: containing . . . among them those specialties written by, or for, that unapproachable mimic and (or-vocalist, Sol Smith Russell: viz.—the Elopement, a little episode warranted to the Ebenezer Darning Society, 'Miss Dorcas Pennyroyal'; and 'Goose (th Sago and Inyuns,' arranged for the solo Forte by Alfred B. Sedgwick, published by Robert M. Dewitt, 33 Rose Street, New York, 1876."

Full length cuts of Mr. Russell, in character, with the music, were published with them. When I had produced "Edgewood Folks" in 1880, he retained these songs and introduced several others—some from England, and some American—among them "And the Swing Went a Little Bit Higher," "Getting a Big Boy, Now" and "My Dad's Dinner Pail."

In his later years, when his fame and popularity were securely established and he was "billed" as the "Eminent American Comedian and Distinguished Character Actor," he introduced, whenever he could, a bit of a song, somewhere—as, in the "Poor Relation," he used to warble about "The Three Little Girls Sitting in a Barn."

As an actor Sol Smith Russell was unique and inimitable. As a father and a husband he was devoted and tender. As a man and a friend he was loyal and true. And, from my heart of hearts, I say sincerely and deeply, "God bless his memory." WM. SEYMOUR, South Duxbury.

## BEETHOVEN HALL

The Editor of The Herald:

Mr. William B. Wright in his letter to old-time theatricals told some things which he understood were so, but were new to most of us. He saw some things at Beethoven hall many years after that place went into the Park Theatre. There was no Beethoven hall in '95 and Ely Kersands had practically retired from the stage and was living down on a plantation. Beethoven hall was started in the early '70's and I think it took in a part of Jim Flack's billiard room. Sol Smith Russell and the Berger Family, Salisbury's Trobadours, Alan Russell (first appearance in Boston) and Callender's Georgia Minstrels were seen and heard there. . . . Adelman played in Carncross and Dixey's company, but was never a regular member of it. The first appearance of Den Thompson at the Howard Athenaeum was in a 15-minute sketch. Julia Willis was not with him at that time.

FRANK W. LORD.

"Mr. Joseph Hislop is a stylist. He so sang in Italian—a circumstance apparently explained by the fact that he a Briton who has been attached to a Swedish opera house."

In Vienna a concert directed by Ches-r MacKee, a young American conductor, introduced a well written, strongly Wagnerian, "Prelude to the third Act of a Tragedy," by a young American composer resident at Paris, Almond Pendleton. The soloist of the concert, an American pianist named Jacques Jolas, also showed remarkable artistic gifts at his own recital, when a fantasy by Dwight Fiske, conceived in the Lisaitan manner, and Edward Macdowell's "Celtic" sonata, received their

best performance at Vienna.—Musical Times, June 1.

Vincent d'Indy lecture recently in London on the evolution of modern French music. Saint-Saens, he said, exercised no influence on anybody; his lent remained always impregnated with frigidity and skepticism. All operas, except "Carmen," belonged for 20 years after it, "to the old eclectic school were poor imitations of Gounod, Wagner, or of the lamentable modern 'Man' make, called the école veriste." During the first years of the 20th century there was a return to the clarity and proportion of old masters. "Debussy, part from the influence of Moussorgsky and Wagner, rejoined Rameau, and even Monteverdi, two champions who succeeded in repelling the invading sensuousness. The latest in the beautiful line of the French composer of traditional tendencies was Maurice Ravel. In Ravel they found again the temper of the old French music."

Leslie Stuart has completed a new comic opera, "Nina," which will be produced in London in the fall. "It is any years since a new opera came from his pen, and more than 20 since 'Florodora' was produced."



the work, came into existence last that does not mean to say that 'L'Orfelde' is less organic or could be taken to pieces. It will be a great day when this intriguing and fantastic work, with its harlequin array of personages, its Impresario, its Orpheus, its Pulcinella, its Pantalone, its 'Capitaine epouvante de Nal d'Enfer,' and its Pierrots, is heard and seen in this country."

Arnold Bax's unaccompanied motet, "This World's Jole"—the poem is said to date from about the year 1300—beginning in the modernized version:

Winter wakeneth all my care  
Now these leaves waxeth bare;  
Oft I sigh and mourn bare  
When it cometh I my thought  
Of this world's joy—how it go'th  
all to naught—

Bax's 15th century carol, "The Boar's Head," his "Mediterranean" for orchestra, and violin sonata No. 2 have been published by Murdoch, Murdoch & Co., London.

Hawkes & Son of London have published Charles Woodhouse's orchestration of MacDowell's "Woodland Sketches," also an album of 20 Irish melodies—arranged for viola and piano.

#### ON APPLAUSE (London Times)

It still too often happens during opera that the audience breaks into rapturous applause the moment the singers have finished, so that the orchestra can be no more heard. It is a habit of audiences which may be agreeable to singers but cannot be to serious composers, and it survives, no doubt, from the time when operas were only a succession of songs with orchestral interludes which had no purpose except to give the singers a rest. But there is still another reason for it in the egotism of audiences; they are not content to be merely listeners, but wish to play their part also, to make themselves heard. Applause is their contribution to the entertainment, and they like to make it as large as possible. There are many people who have great difficulty in remaining passive at any time; and the end of a song, which is for them the moment at which the singer stops, is their opportunity, for they have not risen to the conception of an opera as a whole. They are like the people who go to political meetings, not to listen to an argument, but to shout interruptions. The practised speaker knows them well and makes his own use of them; and the composer of opera, if not a very conscientious artist, will count on the impatience of an audience to help him through a difficulty. The plot perhaps has become more absurd than usual; so he introduces a long and showy song, confident that at the end of it the audience, if the singer gives them any excuse, will forget that absurdity in their applause. True, the continuity is broken, but both composer and speaker address themselves to an audience that does not want too much continuity; for continuity demands more sustained attention than they are willing or able to give. This failure, or unwillingness, to attend is the despair of great artists and great speakers. It was probably the reason why Burke became the dinner bell of the House. He might speak with the tongue of men and of angels, but his argument was persistent, and his hearers lost the thread of it, and went off to their dinners. And so all the great composers of opera have subdued audiences only rarely and by some process of intimidation. Wagner, for instance, had to go to Bayreuth and make his own atmosphere, make the audiences there believe they were in church by a process of hypnotism, which began at the railway station, before he could get them to listen without asserting themselves. They satisfied their egotism by a silent self-applause; the fact that they were at Bayreuth made them Wagnerians, participants in a great movement, initiates in a mystery of which their silence was an essential part. Then they departed, purified, and talked about Wagner and themselves for many months. He was, besides a great musician, a master of reclame; he could impose himself on the crowd, like Napoleon. But most great artists cannot do this. They are to the crowd mere entertainers.

#### AT COVENT GARDEN

"Cavalleria Rusticana": "The company is responsible for the stage decoration, the stage action, the singing of the choir, the playing of the orchestra, and these were casual and irresponsible to a degree. The small Sicilian village in which the action is supposed to take place had streets and arches resembling more than anything the way that leads to the tombs of the Scaligeri in Verona—and perhaps was meant originally as a background for 'Romeo and Juliet.' Turiddu's mother, the publican, hung her sign (metaphorically speaking) outside a stuccoed villa that might have been anything from the palace of Caesar

to a home for heroes. The movements of the choristers and their grand opera gestures were both commonplace and amusing; but let us frankly admit that the problem of giving a semblance of plausibility to an opera choir has nowhere been definitely and satisfactorily solved. The singing of the choir and the playing of the orchestra, on the other hand, have been easily surpassed in the most provincial of provincial theatres. The harmony between the choral and orchestral forces was that of the late unlamented European concert as seen by a caricaturist. We could have been happy with either had the other charmer been away, and on the whole happier with the exceedingly merry chorus than with the orchestra, for the latter was given to sudden flights of originality of which Mascagni (we remember his insistence on softness of tone that was almost ethereal) would have never approved."

Oliver Bernard's settings for Wagner's "Ring": "It is inevitable, in my case, that the question of individual taste should enter largely into any opinions, lay or professional, that are formed as to the beauty and appropriateness, or the reverse, of scenic illusions, stage costumes, and so forth; all the more so, obviously, when something either avowedly fantastic, or, at least, entirely unconventional, has been aimed at. Long years ago, before so-called Futurism in art had made many converts, I remember seeing in a Bond street gallery devoted to an exhibit of Futurists a peculiarly baffling picture which, to imaginative eyes, might have suggested a scene of awful wreckage resulting from the telescoping of trains in an accident. But a glance at the catalogue dispelled the idea of anything catastrophic. The artist, one discovered, had merely drawn—a 'Portrait of Kubelik,' and any suspicion that the catalogue was lying vanished from my mind when I overheard a lady exclaim, after gazing long at the drawing: 'How strikingly like!'

"I recall this incident, not in order to suggest any reflection on the particular kind of imaginativeness shown in Mr. Bernard stage pictures for the 'Ring,' but merely to illustrate how easy it is in such matters for people to disagree. So it probably happened, then, that some newspaper readers were rather puzzled on discovering one morning last week that the new design for the second act of 'The Valkyrie' had appeared to one critic as 'enchanted' and to another as 'frankly hideous.'

"Mr. Bernard has done well to scrap for good and all the flying war maidens—whom one remembers at Covent Garden some years ago in a cinematograph representation—the flying ravens and the inevitably restive Grane, among other traditional absurdities. But why not, once he set about breaking away from conventions, have gone a step further and scrapped the dragon as well, and what would have been more important still, given up any attempt to show us the culminating cataclysm in which Brunnhilde (on the stage) and the gods (in Valhalla) are engulfed? Truly that final—and musically overwhelming—scene, which was always the despair of every stage producer, must be numbered now among Mr. Bernard's failures."

"Take, for instance, the hall of the Gibichungs as revealed to us by Mr. Bernard. Surely here we might have been given at least a semblance of solidity and actuality in place of an ill-decorated scene framed in with flimsy-looking, gaudy pillars, and a background—the outlines painted a brilliant purple—so vague that no eye could possibly tell whether one was supposed to be looking on mountain peaks or a distant view of turrets and gables."

"Mr. Bernard's fairyland forest at the back of Hunding's hut is sheer impressionism, and an enchanting surprise when we see it first. And, as a fact, it is far easier for the eye to accustom itself to the designer's flights of impressionism—of which the often crude colors are softened by lighting effects, such as will change a sky from greenish-blue to opalescent tints—than to the 'too, too solid' steps that lead up to the Valkyries' rock and are considerably placed in front of Wagner's lair in order, one suspects, to afford him a little climbing exercise in the moments he can spare from guarding his treasure. Frankly, I have been at a loss to understand Mr. Bernard's apparent mania for steps and platforms, as also for his seeming insistence on the discovery that Wagner's gods, goddesses, Nibelheims, and the rest were never very far removed from ice-bound regions. Why make Erda, for instance, inhabit an iceberg, and why those pillars resembling stalagmites in so many scenes? Apart, however, from purely aesthetic considerations it would be interesting to have an expert's opinion as to whether the voices of the singers are not muffled to some extent by the new system of framing in the scenes with black velvet curtains on a stage like that of Covent Garden, with its false proscenium and great depth. For this reason, as also for others, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Bernard's scheme, on the whole, is far better suited to a small

stage, in a correspondingly small theatre, than to the immense spaces of our opera house."

#### LAST WEEK OF POPS

A correspondent asks us why we publish so many letters about "silly" old songs.

In the first place, the songs that interest many of our readers are not "silly"; they mirror phases of life in this country when the world was happier; they have sociological value; they will be eagerly sought after by historians of the American people. Here is a letter from a reader who has a clearer vision and a more receptive mind:

"There's something in your remarks of yesterday morning about old songs, after all. The remarkable outpouring of Victorians (early, mid and late) in response to an article about old ditties, indicates a revolt from after-the-war songs of reptilian cabaret sophistication; a demand for simplicity."

"These old songs seemed funny to us at the time, but our children, nurtured on movies and comic strips, sniff in disdain when father essays a few snatches of Harrigan and Hart stuff, whilst flopping seal-like in the morning tub."

"The porch committee of our golf club recently discussed this subject. We mentioned Billy Emerson. To our amazement a member (Harvard, '79), noted for austere dignity; incomparable in deportment; invulnerable, impeccable in social customs; never known to frivol, suddenly galvanized to life and began strutting up and down the porch in admirable imitation of Emerson and singing 'Are You There, Moriarty.' We rubbed eyes in astonishment."

"Completing the verse and chorus, our performer sank back into the chair, and resumed his air of solemn-souled invincibility, but we thought we observed the suspicion of a tear-drop in the corner of his eye. LANSING R. ROBINSON."

Boston, June 22.

"Compared with these, Italian trills are tame. The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise."

#### "MEMORIES"

(For As the World Wags)

I oft recall "The Maid of the Mill"—In fact, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still."

"In Old Madrid," just "After the Ball."

I saw her "Over the Garden Wall." It was "Our First and Last Good Night";

She said, "Don't Drink, My Boy, Tonight."

Says I, "I've Worked Eight Hours Today"

And, "Maggie, Dear I'm Called Away."

So, "Keep the Horseshoe Over the Door"

"The Old Man Ain't Himself No More."

If "That Is Love," said "Baby Mine."

Just take "The Old Fall River Line."

I sought "Ben Bolt," "Old Rosin the Beau,"

"Champagne Charlie" and "Old Black Joe,"

"Annie Laurie" and "Maggie May,"

"Rosie O'Grady" and "Nellie Gray,"

"Marguerite" and "Scotch Lassie Jean,"

"Robin Rough" and "Kathleen Ma-vourneen,"

"Ebenezer" and "Liza Jane,"

("That Charming Young Widow I Met on the Train,")

"Lily Dale" and "Sadie Ray"—

All "Comrades" from "The Bow-ery,"

We rode in "Paddy Duffy's Cart" to "Maggie Murphy's Home."

Where "Little Annie Rooney" wrote this poem.

COLIN O'DASH.

#### "THE DEAD RIDE FAST"

(Headline in a Contemporary)  
"Find Automobile in which Drowned men were Riding"

#### A MOVABLE FEAST

The Michigan City (Ind.) News published this paragraph: "Judge Harry L. Crumpacker and wife were guests at a luncheon at La Porte last night." A mad wag reprinted it with this heading: "Add Evils of Daylight Saving."

While "lunch" or "luncheon" is strictly a meal between breakfast and dinner, it is in the United States a meal taken at any time, even at midnight. There are the "night lunch" carts, for example; there are the signs "All-Night Lunch."

#### "DON'T ANSWER, ALL AT ONCE"

The Adelphi purposes to publish every month a little mathematical problem on which the readers of the magazine can "exercise their ingenuity in the railway

train." The one for the June number was put to Mr. Einstein by those who could not solve it. Mr. Einstein did not hesitate a moment. He was told to go to the head of the class.

"How many times during a space of 12 hours will the hands of a clock be in such a position that, when interchanged, they will still mark a possible time?"

#### A HELPFUL HINT

As the World Wags:

If at a slot telephone you are called on for another nickel and haven't one you'll be able to talk on by dropping an ordinary five-dollar gold piece in the five-cent slot; the coin registers like a nickel, and fools the operator.—The Dark Lady of the Bonnets.

#### OLD MONEY: OLD PRICES

As the World Wags:

In a history of Beverly by Edwin M. Stone, published in 1843, there is the following paragraph:

"Paper money had at this period so much depreciated as to demand an effort for its improvement; and July 12, 1779, George Cabot and Joseph Wood were appointed delegates to a convention to be held at Concord, for the purpose of 'adopting such measures as shall be necessary to carry into effect, by common consent, the important object of appreciating the paper currency.' At a subsequent meeting, the proceedings of this convention were highly approved. A county convention having been held at Ipswich, Aug. 19, to regulate the prices of labor, produce, and other articles, the proceedings were approved and adopted by the town, and a committee appointed to prepare a list, and cause it to be printed, for the use of the inhabitants. This list comprises nearly 100 articles, from which the following are selected: West India rum, £6 6s. 0d. per gallon; New England, £4 16s.; molasses, £4 7s.; coffee, 18s. per pound; chocolate, 24s.; corn, £4 16s. per bushel; rye, £6; beans, £7 10s.; house carpenter's labor, £3 6s. 8d. per day; mason's, 80s. to 92s.; shoeing a horse all round, plain, £6 8s.; neat's leather or calfskin shoes, £7 7s.; making suit of clothes, superfine broadcloth, £18; spinning 20 knots linen yarn, 10s. 8d.; mug of flip or toddy, made of good West India rum, 15s.; a good dinner at the tavern, £1 1s.; sexton, for digging the grave of a grown person, £4 10s. These prices were those paid in currency, and not in silver, one dollar of which, in 1781, was equal to \$40 of the new emission paper, and \$3200 of the old."

From the same book the following items are taken:

1778—Price of labor on the highways fixed at 18s. per day.  
1770—Price of labor on the highways fixed at 30s. per day.  
1780—Price of labor on the highways fixed at £12 per day.  
1784—Price of labor on the highways fixed at 6s. per day.  
1785—Price of labor on the highways fixed at 4s. and ½ pint of rum.  
W. K. F.

July 2 1923

It is a wise son that knows his own father, especially when he sits down to write his father's life. Was Samuel Butler as disagreeable as his portrait and his Note Book would have us believe? He said frankly that he was not anxious to meet his father in the next world and he knew that his father had no wish to see his father among the blessed, if the old gentleman were among those happy ones. Samuel Butler of "Hudibras" was surely a more wholesome companion.

A son may out of mistaken piety turn his goose of a sire into a swan that others may admire the plumage. If he has no sense of humor, he may take his father literally; dwell on the fact that in the course of his life he was frequently the moderator at town meetings or if he lived in the city was the chairman of several committees and contributed to a leading newspaper articles on civic reform that attracted favorable attention. He may even include in his biography letters from his father to the congressman of the district—they were answered only in a perfunctory manner—and extracts from his diary pertaining chiefly to the state of the thermometer during a period of years.

For many years we have wished to know more about Arthur Latham Perry. The opening sentence of his chapter on "Value" in his "Elements of Political Economy" fascinated us: "If I take up a new lead pencil from my table, for the purpose of examining all its qualities, I shall immediately perceive those which are visible and tangible." For some unaccountable reason this sentence was associated with



the first in Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology": "Over his pipe in the village ale house, the laborer says very positively what Parliament should do about the 'foot and mouth disease'."

Not that the subject, political economy, interested us greatly at Yale, though expounded by "Billy" Sumner it was not a dismal science. We see him now entering the class room on a stormy afternoon, with his trousers tucked into high boots, clearing his throat and beginning his lecture: "Bastiat laid down the proposition." Now Sumner and Perry were zealous Free-traders, influenced by Bastiat, but Perry's textbook was not used at Yale. Henry Rawcett's Manual was the book, a much drier one, nor were we consoled when we were told that Rawcett, though blind, rode gallantly to hounds.

One of Perry's gifted sons, the Rev. Carroll Perry, has written the life of his father in a delightful manner. It is a book of a little over 100 pages, but nearly every page tempts quotation. We learn to love this economist, preacher, genealogist, local historian, humorist, friend of youth, as revealed in his home, pulpit, classroom; we share his enthusiasm; we search with him for an oak post of the Stockade of Shirley; we receive pamphlets from Sir Lyon Playfair; we hear the village politician say in the hearing of Carroll: "How the hell can a professor on his own salary send six children through college? He can't and he don't. It's been done secretly by the Cobden Club of London." We even ride in the blue-lined carryall to church.

"I wonder," writes his son, "what has ever become of that ancient chariot? To me it was a gilded regal coach. And why not? For it carried on royal progress up and down New England roads a veritable King among Men."

If we are not mistaken, the chapter "Going to Commencement" was first published in the Atlantic Monthly and is, therefore, familiar to many who have not yet had the pleasure of reading "A Professor of Life." We shall quote an anecdote from the chapter "Sundays with Father," in which the professor is pictured as conducting simple burial services. His admonition to the farmers and their families consisted largely in this word of his own: "Minimize the difficulties."

"But there were moments when even he found it difficult to 'minimize the difficulties.' There was the occasion when a poor woman, whose delinquencies were not fully outlined to a boy, lay in her coffin and Father spoke as follows: 'Dear neighbors and friends, our sister has departed to a better world. There is not a great deal we are entitled to say about her life, but this much at least may be told (he then brightened up considerably, for the antiquarian was coming to the top): it was her great-great-grandmother who brought the first rag carpet to Williamstown!'"

This reminds us of a funeral service in Elizabethtown, N. Y., long ago, when a notorious dead beat, undoubtedly the most shiftless, worthless person in Essex county, had died. The worthy minister had this to say:

"It is true that our departed brother was not blessed with this world's goods. His whole life was a painful struggle, a constant mulling and tolling after the wherewithal to avoid financial stagnation."

In "Going to Commencement" there is a report of the remarkable oratory of Bill Pratt whose invariable diet consisted of crackers and cheese and hard cider. Where did this Pratt find the words "tain" and "parmenty"? When the negro Hannibal held Yale men in the seventies spell-bound by his florid orations, it was said that some student had written the speech and Hannibal had committed it to memory. "Bill Pratt" must have been of kin to Daniel Pratt, the "great American traveler," who visited the colleges and delivered his extraordinary orations.

"We cannot resist quoting from the same chapter the conversation between 'Monk' Raymond, almost 12 years old, and the younger Carroll.

"Wine is the worst there is," said Monk. "I drank some once. I took just a sip of grandmother's cherry bounce and I reeled like anything."

"Monk, what do you think is the wickedest thing a fellow can do?"

"Well, murder is pretty wicked," reflected Monk. "Murder and adultery."

"Do you mean—do you mean having two wives?"

"Yes!" answered he, "and never speaking to either of them; never going

near them at all; just neglecting them."

"Monk, how would you like to be Gen. Sherman, and sit on a hotel piazza in the evening, and smoke a cigar from Havana, and put up your feet on the railing, and just think and think and remember?"

"Fine!" said Monk; "but Hannibal was the greatest of all—if only those Romans had given him a fair show."

Carroll Perry has a sly, delicate humor. At commencement the men from the villagers were dressed in their best black shirts; they wore new shoes that squeaked. "The advanced industrial age in which we now live has eliminated the squeak from shoe-leather. What a lamentable loss! It gave a personal note; it was a veritable announcement."

Arthur Latham Perry believed that his father was good but dull; he believed this although he was not born till several months after his father's death. "I am bound to say that the homilies grandfather left behind him lend color to my father's conviction. There was one sermon of his, however, that had excellent merit. It was written by my grandmother on a bet."

Bronson Alcott held that heaven is a place in which we shall be able to get a little conversation. If this is so, Carroll believes one will find his father "directly he has gotten 'the lay of the land,' where the wit is the keenest, the humor most humane, the laughter the heartiest, and the hope for mankind the most sure."

And now those who know not the pleasure of talking with the son Carroll can read him and wish they knew him.

July 3 1923

The Adelphi, edited by John Middleton Murray, publishes lists of "Books to Buy" and "Books to Borrow."

"This list is drawn up on the principle that most of our readers have to think twice (or 20 times) before spending more than 7s. 6d. on a book. When we tell you to buy a book that costs more than that, you may depend on it that it will be worth making a sacrifice to have it for your own."

There should be a third list: "Borrowed books that are good enough to keep and not return."

More than one bibliophile could draw up a little catalogue of a "cholece library" composed of books he lent and afterwards saw no more. The borrower is often a shameless liar. "Never saw the book; never heard of it. You must have lent it to some other man." Nine chances out of 10, if you had the courage to examine his shelves, you would find the missing book, though there are persons who lend the borrowed volumes to a friend, saying, "you ought to read this. Keep it as long as you like." Their motto seems to be: "Here's a good thing. Push it along."

#### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

As the World Wags:

What do you say to this sign in a shop window that recently met my eye? "WHAT SPAT CASH DONE"

As the World Wags:

In Essex county, in a village which shall be nameless, there is a sign (I saw it a week ago Friday), which reads as follows:

RIVERSIDE HOUSE  
RESERVED FOR PATRONS  
LOBSTERS AND CLAMS

Boston. S. A.

#### CROSSING THE BAR

(From the Moncton, N. B., Newspaper)

"Can't we steam a little faster?"

Said the master to the mate,

"We're away behind already,

I'm afraid we shall be late."

The mate hitched up his trousers

As he winked a bleary eye,

"I dunno," he murmured thickly—

"Don't forget, we come back dry!"

"There is still a case of whiskey

And a cask or so of rum;

A half hoghead of brandy

And a case or so of Mumm;

This morning when I counted

There were 13 kegs of beer—

There seems no need to hurry

With the three-mile limit near.

"There's a cask of old maderia

That it seems a shame to waste;

To throw good liquor overboard

Quite goes against my taste.

The passengers are happy

And the crew is on a spree,

They never had such jolly times

Since sailors sailed the sea."

So they held a consultation  
And the passengers agreed  
To cruise around outside awhile  
At regulation speed

Until the stuff was finished.  
For they saw no reason why  
The law should not be carried out—  
The vessel come back dry.

A few days later, steaming fast,  
Put on a drunken course,  
The good ship Havcanother  
Took the three-mile bar by force.  
The captain, leering darkly,  
Gave a hoarse, eruptive cry,  
Leaned hard upon the steering gear  
And brought his ship in dry.

#### VARIA

As the World Wags:

The Etude published recently this letter: "Practicing, for busy mothers of little children, is at a premium. I have discovered a way in which a few minutes at a time may be worked in to great advantage. I move the baby carriage up close to the piano, and while holding my baby's bottle with one hand, play difficult passages, or ones I want to learn by heart, with the other. There is an added benefit, too, in this method, as it accustoms the baby to the sounds, so that she will not awaken in the evenings when I do play the piano."

"R. O. B."

Does not the last sentence explain the behavior of some members of our concert audiences?

I welcomed your paragraph about the vulgarity of the exhibition of wedding presents. As for a guest being ashamed at the appearance of her gift in company with the other presents, I have always had a feeling that the exhibition was partly to frighten people into sending something more expensive than they could afford. Your idea of a published list of the presents was carried out, though in a different field, a few years ago by a New York singing teacher. After a prosperous season at a Chicago summer school, she put a full page advertisement in one of the musical papers and gave full information about the total number of lessons she had given, the amount of money she had been paid, and finally an itemized list of presents, from an oil painting to a bouquet, received from her grateful pupils.

C. R.

Boston.

#### THAT LONG WORD

As the World Wags:

Mr. Rushton's letter in the issue of Sunday, June 3, calling attention to the long word "honorificabilitudinalibus," certainly did start something. His sly questions as to the meaning of this word found in "Love's Labor Lost," and as to how Shakespeare knew what the word meant and where he got it would not be likely to be asked by a person wholly uninformed in the premises. As to where Shakespeare got this word, not a little may be said. It occurs in the "Complaynt of Scotland," published at St. Andrews 50 years before "Love's Labor Lost" appeared.

Before that it was used in a charter of 1187, "De Gestis Henrici VII." Before that it is found in a Latin dictionary entitled "Magna Derivationes," according to the "Catholicon" of Giovanni da Genova. The Latin dictionary referred to was never printed, having been written before the art of printing was known. Shakespeare, therefore, could hardly have gotten the word there. It is equally improbable that he found the word in the "Catholicon," for that work was in the Italian tongue (published about 1500) and Shakespeare did not know Italian. Did he? So it would seem that the only place that Shakespeare could have found this tongue twister was in the "Complaynt of Scotland," published about 1548, when Shakespeare was still young.

Mr. Rushton was shooting fairly straight when he asked. The Herald readers how the "bard of Avon" knew the meaning of this word. How did he know it? What does it mean? There's the rub! I wonder if Mr. Rushton could be induced to give us his ideas.

Boston. DANIEL J. GALLAGHER.

The Herald has already given a history of the word and defined its meaning.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Am I right in thinking that Boston has more of the good old east wind than any other city of the U. S. A.? If so, Why?

G. D. B.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that the peculiar speech of Bostonians was the result of the east wind and a passion for codfish.—Ed.

## ON KEITH'S BILL

Many terpsichorean features make an interesting bill at Keith's this week, to which variety is added by musical and novelty acts. Raymond Wilbert showed humor as well as cleverness in manipulation of his hoops. Polly and Oz scored

in song hits, to which they added their vivid personalities. Harry Miller and Peggy Fears, in dancing and dialogue, proved a versatile pair in graceful fashion. Florence Brady was greeted with applause which carried through her many song numbers and threatened to continue into the next act. Grace Leigh and Dave Jones, as the title-seeking chorus lady and pseudo baron, gave sincerity to their burlesque.

A miniature musical comedy in four episodes brought many laughs with impromptu fun for which James Conlin and Myrtle Glass were responsible. If there are those who can extemporize in verse with the same cleverness as Bob Hall we have not seen them often. There seemed to be no limit to the variety of topics to which he matched his wit in song.

The surprise of the evening came in a transplanted portion of the "Good Morning Dearie" company, with a chorus of 16 dainty damsels and P. Harland Dixon and Marie Callahan to supply the features. This pair was certainly well met and gave style as well as eccentricity to their numbers. The usual screen novelties completed the program.

#### PLAYS CONTINUING

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," George M. Cohan musical comedy. Seventh week.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," Picture version of Emerson Hough's story. Seventh week.

July 4 1923

So, Mr. James M. Beck, solicitor-general of the United States, put on a British barrister's wig when he appeared before a judicial committee in an English court. Why Englishmen should thus make themselves uncomfortable passes understanding. The wig is said to be a distinctive adornment of the English barrister, but it was imported from Paris. The common law judges in the 17th century, until wigs were generally adopted, wore velvet caps, collars, and cornered caps. The cap is now the "black cap," donned when a judge passes sentence of death. In old times, it covered the white collar and partially concealed his forehead; it was pulled over his eyes to conceal his emotion. The lord chancellor in the old days wore a hat. Some judges, as Sir Matthew Hale, refused to wear a wig, and Bishop Burnet said of him that he was not pleased to see students wear periwigs, but at the close of the 17th century almost all barristers wore wigs. There have been eminent advocates who have rebelled against it. Eldon declared the wig to be a detestable innovation "unknown in the days of James I and Charles the Martyr, the judges of which two monarchs would have rejected as an insult any proposals that they should assume a headdress fit only for madmen at masquerades or mummers at country wakes."

Perhaps the wig became Mr. Beck. Let us hope that a camera-man "shot" him thus adorned so that we may see wig and man portrayed in some rotogravure section.

#### CONCERNING BYRON

Speaking of portraits, the Duke of Premo-Real—the name might be for a brand of cigars—thinks that he has a portrait of Byron painted by Mme. Vigee-Lebrun. There is a dispute as to the time when the picture was painted, and some say she painted from memory. What is more important is that the poet wears the justly celebrated Byronic collar. We have long wished to see a picture in which he wore a choker. Would he have been less Byronic in appearance if, living in Gladstone's time, he would have imitated that statesman in the matter of collar, or would he be less Byronic today if he studied the advertisements in street cars and magazines before purchasing? This leads us to ask how would Byron write about the dances now in fashion? He wrote savagely against the waltz, insisting that it was indecent. Reading novels now recommended in bookshops as "sexy," would he not bring out an enlarged edition of his "Don Juan," putting more "pepp" into it?

#### THEME AND VARIATIONS

As the World Wags:

I'm eager to ask for a copy of "Yes: We Have No Bananas Today" in a shop just out of it, so that I may learn if the clerk says: "Yes: We have 'Yes: We Have No Bananas Today'"; or "No: we have no 'Yes: We Have No Bananas Today.'" SAMMY.

#### PROPHETS, WET AND DRY

As the World Wags:



In considering the question of prohibition and its enforcement, little would it seem to profit Wets or dries in their cussing and discussing of the subject to turn to either Testament for authority. Solomon in his wisdom stood solidly for wine, women and song. Habakkuk, with his "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him," appears at first glance to have been a prohibitionist. Though further study of the text seems to limit the scope of the prohibition. Nahum was probably a Dry; Micah and Joel were clearly Wets. Elijah, after his stay in the desert, was probably converted to at least a normalcy of wetness. As Judge Jeremiah Smith used to say, when asked what really was the law, with a capital "L" on some misty point: "Well, gentlemen, there are eminent authorities on both sides." As is the law, so were the prophets.

#### FIFTY-FIFTY

Apart from the impossibility of finding conclusive argument and authority for either side in the sacred texts, whereby the one may finally and definitely holst and everlastingly refute the other, the attempt to diffuse a spiritual into a purely spirituous atmosphere, seems at least ill-considered. The only moral issue raised by the question of prohibition is the immorality of intemperance. On that the authority of the sacred texts is all on one side, so let the battle stand drawn between the constitutional lawyers, the Anti-Saloon Leaguers, the bootleggers, the enforcement officers, the home-brewers and distillers, and all the other experts begotten of the Volstead Act, leaving the solace of religion to the wounded in the fray.

#### HARDING'S MISCONSTRUCTION

The danger of the religious appeal is made manifest by the language used by the President in his recent speech at Denver. Speaking on prohibition enforcement he said: "There is another phase of law observance to which reference is impelling. I am thinking of the law of the Golden Rule, a statute from the Man of Nazareth who . . . proclaimed service to men the highest tribute to God."

Bearing in mind that few, even 100 per cent. Americans, can join in the second stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner," let us recite the statute: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Those of unsound mind will find it difficult to discover in this commandment authority for prohibition and its enforcement. Far more clear is the conclusion that all legislation established by the will of a majority contrary to what the minority would have done to it is unrighteous. If you would that man should deprive you of your accustomed beverages, do ye even so deprive them of theirs. Otherwise not. In that construction alone is the "statute" one of prohibition.

#### AT CANA

The Man of Nazareth acted under this construction of it in the service He rendered to the wedding guests at Cana in Galilee and prevented another of those funereal social functions, a dry wedding reception. For some reason which does not appear, no wine was in the house, though it appears to have been one of substance as six large water pots of stone were a part of its equipment. More than probably Roman enforcement officers of the treasury department had seized what had been provided for the occasion on account of unpaid taxes or some such matter. Then by the miracle the water in the six large stone water pots was turned into wine and an enjoyable time was had by all.

Again the question of unpaid taxes rises to confront us, as is the way with taxes. Once crushed to earth they rise again. Beyond peradventure all wine produced at Cana in Galilee was subject to render unto Caesar internal revenue. John does not record the payment of any on account of the wine in the six stone pots, leaving the law observance phase of the transaction on a parity with those which are now so prevalent in our midst.

About here let us descend or get off, renewed by this demonstration in the conviction that there is a proper place for everything and that everything should be in its proper place.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Mr. E. W. Eddy sends to The Herald the version of "Skipping in the Tra-la-loo" (this is the title as given by Mr. William Seymour) as it was sung by him and his partner. Their version differs a little from Mr. Seymour's. The unhappy father is Michael Slattery, not

John McGuckin, and the last two lines before the chorus are:

"She be's out all night, till broad daylight

A dancing of the tra la la le loo."

Their second verse runs: "At every moonlight picnic, sure Me daughter can be found, And if I bid her stay at home, She says, 'Go feel around. But if I ketch her there agin, I bate her till she's black and blue, If she goes out any more dancing of The tra la la le loo."

Mr. Seymour's version is probably nearer to the original. Mr. Eddy writes: "We were a couple of youngsters, fairly good singers and good mimics. We went by the name of Turner and Eddy. I being the Eddy, the Old Man of the team, and Turner being the Old Lady. Turner, by the way, was the best exponent of 'Old Black Joe' that ever was. Do you remember the old song, 'His Face Would Stop a Clock,' sung by Kennedy, the handsome Irish lad? No doubt you will recall John D. Griffin and his after-dinner speech of thanks to 'the Gentlemen and Soulers of the Mountgummary Gar-ruds of Bostin Massachusettsu'."

We had always supposed that the singer par excellence of "Old Black Joe" was Milt G. Barlow "in his Great Impersonation of the Aged Contraband."

Contemplating Mr. Lew Holtz and his lewd lute, we were able to decide for ourself that the dirtier jokes have the greater vitality; this as to one which has been told by every black-and-blue comedian visiting Chicago in the last year. But we reach no conclusion, although we often set our mind to the task, as to why the jesters who cork up so much farther than those in white-face. Jolson, Cantor, Tinney and Holtz find their lines of least resistance to be the lines that may not be put into print—"Tantalus," in the Chicago Tribune.

The Manchester Guardian said of Bransby Williams as Mr. Micawber in a new version of "David Copperfield": "One thing Mr. Williams did particularly well, and that was the eating. Most stage meals are the thinnest travesties of reality. But this Micawber dipped into his pigeon pie with just the right fundamental appetite and veneer of unctuous good breeding."

This reminds us of an account of a Dickens reading in 1862, related by Lady Westmoreland, who was "enchanted."

"His reading of the storm in 'David Copperfield' was perfectly thrilling, and the effect upon the crowded hall, wonderful. . . . Close to us was Fechter, a fat, clumsy-looking figure, with a very dark, sallow face, and coarse, black hair, positively ugly, I thought, when I first looked at him; but when I saw how his countenance reflected all he heard, and saw tears rolling down his face, and then his whole frame convulsed with laughter, I recognized the beauty we saw in him as Hamlet. . . . It is certainly a wonderful triumph of genius, for there is nothing to aid it. Nothing can be less prepossessing than Dickens's appearance. His action is not graceful, his voice is not musical, and rather hoarse; and yet he moves masses of people of all ages and of all kinds alternately to tears and laughter."

Fechter on the stage was the most graceful actor we ever saw, whether he was playing Hamlet or Oberon, Monte Cristo or Claude Melnotte. We saw him off the stage. His hair was thin, neither coarse nor black; his face was anything but black, and he was by no means ugly. Is the date 1862 given by Lady Westmoreland correct? Was Fechter in that year at a reading by Dickens?

M. Pierre Benard of the Paris Journal apparently does not enjoy the Comedie Francaise. He admits he is afraid when he enters the sacred portals of its theatre. "There are busts, all the people you don't know staring at you. One looks about mechanically to see if a gentleman all in black does not come forward to say: 'The family.' Let's run. Further in an ouvreuse welcomes you. She has the familiar manner of an old faithful servant. You would think you were calling on an aunt with a heritage at her disposal. The hall completes the illusion. It's all in red, like a parlor in the provinces. You do not dare to raise your voice. You always have the impression that some one, pointing at the stage, is about to say: 'Hush! There are sick persons there.'"

"The Magic Flute" at Covent Garden. In the Temple of Sarastro in the

second act there is an altar that bears an intriguing resemblance to a perfectly good anthracite stove. But all good operagoers accept these little disillusion as part of the great game of keeping grand opera alive.—Daily Telegraph.

#### Notes and Lines:

Can you or any of your readers tell me where I can find the words of "O'Grady's Goat?" With you, I don't think these old Irish songs are 'asinine,' 'illy' or 'stupid.' They are very expressive of a certain phase of Irish character that has largely passed; the kindly, sympathetic, happy-go-lucky, loyal phase, as we knew it 50 years ago—as we saw it in Lever's "Charles O'Malley."

Boston. A. F. CLARKE.

As for the (theatre) tax, it goes partly to paying interest on our debt to Lafayette and partly to paying wages to the gentlemen who are induced by the federal government to take part in the harmless, necessary cat-walking known as enforcing the Eighteenth. Precarious employment, at best; for our republic, like all others, is ungrateful, and usually fires the gentlemen before they acquire more than a half-million through intensive partnership with other gentlemen who think that the Eighteenth is the best of all possible amendments.—Chicago Tribune.

S. V. D. remembers hearing Sol Smith Russell sing at the Old Howard in the early 70's several songs, among them "The Goose with Sage and Onions," and impersonating an old maid: "They locked me in an upper room and took away the key. Just because I would not wed a man not loved by me."

"About that time Delahanty and Hengler sang and danced 'The Happy Hot-tentots.' I remember hearing Charles Vivian, the founder of the Elks, singing motto songs at the Howard, also Oscar Schaffer and Malden Wright, two 'motto singers.'"

"Reverie," by Miss Mabel Goings of Boston, will be played at the "Pop" concert tomorrow night.

#### Notes and Lines:

Would you be interested in the memory of another reader of the "column" with reference to the song of Sol Smith Russell?

"My sister Kate does like to take My old socks and darn 'em. She is so nice, she is so sweet, She ought to be with Barnum."

Rootity toot, she plays the flute In a very charming manner, Tri lili la, she runs along On sister's grand piano; Rumpity tum, she beats the drum, And then she beats the gong (Bzing). Since sister Kate has learned to play We've all gone wrong."

There was another old song of bygone days which some one may recall:

#### WHEN O'BRIEN IS AN ALDERMAN

Sure, I'll buy a grand pi-a-no For my Mary Ann to play, And I'll send young Tom to a boarding school Where he'll learn to play croquet; No more I'll rub and scrub all day. No blish? sell my poor hand; Yo-oo the Mayor himself will raise his hat When O'Brien is an Alderman."

There was a song very popular in the two-for-five resorts of thirty-odd years ago:

"On one Sunday morning Jerry Sullivan and me In Troy got the collar for grand larceny. We were tried and convicted—put on a fast train To that beautiful stone mansion up near Lake Champlain, Singing Fol De De Dil I Doe, Singing Whack Fol De Day."

Etc., the full story of an experience—food, clothing, punishments, et cetera, at Dannemora prison, "the beautiful stone mansion." C. W. R. Boston.

M. Louis Monticelli has charged MM. Van Dongen, Camille Mauclair and two other artists with slander and brought them into a Paris court; for, according to his complaint, the defendants, in lectures or in articles published in magazines or newspapers, alluded in a derogatory manner to his celebrated uncle, Adolphe Monticelli, speaking of that artist's poverty in his latter years. The nephew is not consoled by the warm praise of the uncle's talent by these defendants; he says that the "poverty" is only a legend; that Adolphe never was in need of money; in fact, he

was so well off that he refused commissions.

Is it a slander to say an artist was poor when he was not? The defendants laugh at the idea. Even if the report about Monticelli is only a legend, his reputation as an artist is not affected by it. The defendants cited the case of this and that illustrious painter who was poor. Did not Paul Baudry say he could dine on six sous, and also say that any artist who paid more than 20 sous must be an amateur?

Unfortunately, the case against M. Van Dongen has been adjourned until Oct. 11. Meanwhile let us possess our souls in patience.

#### A RICH MAN'S WHIM

O. O. McIntyre wrote to the Chicago Evening Post: "In my many years' residence in New York I saw the senior Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion lighted at night but once." "Tantalus," reading this note, remarked: "One of the s. C. V.'s peculiarities was to light the mansion in the daytime only."

#### FROM OUR GEOGRAPHERS

As the World Wags:

You assert that Mr. Esau "writes with his accustomed authority." May I venture to suggest that if the gentleman's authority regarding tides in the Bosphorus or Sea of Marmora is of no higher order than his location of Mackinac I am inclined to attach little importance to his criticism of Mr. Powell, whose books and special articles I have invariably found both interesting and instructive. As to the tides in question Mr. Powell may be wrong, but I hesitate to condemn him on the authority of a man who glibly refers to "Mackinac on the Detroit river." F. W. CROSBY. Boston.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Esau with maddening indifference whisks dear old Mackinac, Mich., from the straits of Mackinaw down to the Detroit river, 301.9-10ths miles away. Shall we let him get away with it? And there's a six-inch tide on Lake Superior.

#### LANSING R. ROBINSON

Mr. Esau's writing was not distinct. Is it not possible that he wrote "Mackinac or the Detroit River," or "Mackinaw or the Detroit River? He is not the only one that has called in question Mr. Powell's accuracy.—Ed.

#### THE NEW MEMBER IN OUR ACADAMY

Mr. Lincoln P. Simonds recently proposed Mr. Munch of "Munch's Lunch" in Maverick square for membership. Mr. Lansing R. Robinson writes: "As Peary said to old Doc Cook, I claim the rights of prior discovery. Whilst stalking beavers last May I bagged Munch in Haymarket square, and nominated him. Receiving no report from you, I thought he might have been placed on the waiting list. Maybe this is a different Munch."

#### AL HAMID'S SOLILOQUY

(Entering the harem)

Pretty Lotus Flowers, how meekly today You droop in appealing poses! Yester e'en I had Haldee whipped by the black, For wiggling her fingers, thumb to nose, At me, behind my venerable back.

#### (Looking at Lillee)

If they should hang me on a hill, For a crime you know I did not do, You would steal out to my gibbet After nightfall, provided no one saw you. And weep, and nibble sweet meats, Enjoying your self-pity.

#### (Looking at Namee)

Your tongue is tipped with a dagger's point; If I should split it—as they do a crow's Would'st thou then forego sarcasm?

#### (Looking at Vesta)

Pretty child, with soft kitten paws! Squeeze them but a mite too hard Or deny thee some bauble And see the polished claws unsheath.

#### (Looking at Maldee)

You stood at the casement with eager eyes When the bare-kneed Scots returned victorious from war, Blowing squealing notes through pipes with a bag of wind, And winking at the daughters of Allah.

By the beard of the Prophet! One more tax And the dishes will rattle like castanets In the great White Yankee restaurant in Cairo, Impelled by your alabaster hands.

Yea, the cursed English are thrifty Having but one wife; May she have the combined faults of all mine. GEORGE ANON.



the World Wags:  
I read that Mr. De Valera sent a telegram to Mr. John F. Finerty in which he said: "Beldth Eire Pos Ag Cait Nl Dhuldhir (Ireland will yet belong to Kathleen Dwyer—), e., an allegorical name for Ireland."

I know that Ireland has allegorical names. Catharine Holahan, to take one spelling of "Caitlin Nl Uallachadh; Cella O'Gara (Sighle Nl Ghadharadh); Fair Eire, Innisfail; Black-haired Fair Rose (Gheal Dubh), or Dark-haired Little Rose (Roisin Dubh); Crifann, Banba; but I have never come across "Kathleen Dwyer." Can any one tell me whether it is a bardic name for Ireland? Is it of Munster?

And where can I find all the verses of "Bean an Fhri Ruadh"? The first verse, in English, is as follows:  
"I spent nine months in prison fettered and bound,  
My body chained and secured with locks,  
Bounded as the swan on the wave  
In hopes to sit down beside the red-haired man's wife."

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

South Boston.

## VERSATILITY IN MACHIASPORT

We have received a card from Machiasport, Me.:

"Gents—I expect to be in the market for paints, varnishes, brushes, auto oils and greases, insurance of any kind, Fidelity bond, strawberry plants." We admire the sender's industry. If only he had not addressed the male world as "Gents!"

In Wichita, Kan., Messrs. Carver and Carver are not the leading surgeons; they are chiropractors; and L. R. Dumbell is not a "rising young" lawyer, but a dealer in paints.

In Raleigh, N. C., dealers in electrical fixings advertise themselves as "electrifiers."

## THE LONG-LEGGED WEST

(Adv. in Antigo (Wis.) Herald.)

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Silk Hosiery; heel, toe and flare tops reinforced with merterized lisle, per yard, at.....\$2.95

In a letter dated Clampton, N. Y. 3, Mr. Herkimer Johnson says that a is tired of seeing in the rotogravure sections of New York Sunday newspapers pictures of young horsewomen "jumping over ditches, brooks and hurdles with coat tails flying in the air, or rising in the saddle and leaning forward after the manner of jockeys, showing the seats of their tight-fitting breeches." He adds: "I am not interested in these young women, no matter if they belong to our untitled aristocracy, descendants of the first families—as you came into the town."

Mr. Johnson has his whims, his prejudices; for he, too, is mortal. If a woman wishes to risk breaking her neck, what is it to us, what is to the inhabitants of Arcurus or some star that is not yet visible? If only the horse does not suffer injury. In our boyhood we did not like to see young horsewomen sporting stove pipe hats, though we could give no reason for the disliking. In those days men did not approve mannish women, yet we remember joyfully the superb entrance on the stage of Miss Genee, the dancer, in riding habit, plughat and boots.

The horsewomen of the rotogravure sections sit astride. We read a few days ago in the Daily Chronicle of London that of twenty-one women riding in the ring at the Richmond Horse Show only four were in breeches. This close observer assumed that there has been a change in fashion. "It was bound to come," he says, "and whether the motive power has been provided by the makers of habits and saddles or by the fair riders themselves it were idle to inquire."

## SIDE OR ASTRIDE

This English writer adds: "From a man's point of view a woman certainly looks better on a side saddle and in a habit than when riding astride. As far as safety is concerned, a woman is less likely to be thrown from a side-saddle than from the male sort, and in these days of safety habits the danger of being dragged is reduced to vanishing point."

In the sixties and seventies, probably in the eighties, a New England horsewoman in breeches riding astride would have excited undesirable, mocking attention. Yet we saw in Virginia in the late eighties fair maidens riding astride, and we were told this was the general custom. We have read that the first woman in England to use a side saddle was the Princess Ann of Bohemia. This was in 1399. Before that, English women rode on a pillion or astride, like men. Catherine de Medici was one of the many women of bygone years that we wish we had known. Brantome wrote of her: "She was very good in horseback and bold;

sitting with ease, and being the first to put the leg around a pommel; which was far more graceful, and becoming than sitting with the feet upon a plank."

## HABIT OR SKIRT

"Riding-habit" has not always meant a habit for riding on horseback; that was more commonly called in the latter half of the 18th century a riding-skirt. Note the difference in the diary kept by Mary, niece of Sir William Hamilton: "Dec. 3d. Got up a little after 8, had my hair dress'd for ye day, though I put on as usual for ye morning a riding-habit." She rode on horseback after breakfast. Coming in, she wrote: "I changed my riding skirt, and put on my habit again." Apparently she dined in her habit. Fanny Burney, describing a ball at Tunbridge Wells, said that some of the ladies "were in riding habits and they made admirable men; 'tis tennish to be so much undressed at the last ball."

Jane Austen's "Emma" was published in 1816. In it Mr. Dixon saves the life of a woman at a water party. "By the sudden whirling round of something or other amongst the sails, she would have been dashed into the sea at once, and was all but gone, if he had not, with the greatest presence of mind, caught hold of her habit." And at that time and a little later a woman was married in her "riding habit"; that is, in the gown in which she meant to travel, "made of some solid material, with no furbelows (falbalas)."

## APPROPOS OF "10 BEST BOOKS"

(Sir Thomas Browne)

I have heard some with deep sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero; others with as many groans deplore the combustion of the library of Alexandria; for my own part, I think there be too many in the world; and could with patience behold the urn and ashes of the Vatican, could I, with a few others, recover the perished leaves of Solomon. . . . Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda quotes more authors, in one work, than are necessary in a whole world. . . . 'Tis not a melancholy "Uttam" of my own, but the desires of better heads, that there were a general synod not to unite the incompatible difference of religion, but, for the benefit of learning, to reduce it, as it lay at first, in a few and solid authors; and to condemn to the fire those swarms and millions of rhapsodies, begotten only to distract and abuse the weaker judgment of scholars, and to maintain the trade and mystery of typographers.

## A MALTHUSIAN HOSPITAL

As the World Wags:

I noted that on the door of the maternity ward of the hospital in Evans-ton, Indiana, not Illinois, is a card reading, "No Children Allowed."

Traveller.

## NOTEWORTHY DISTINCTION

As the World Wags:

Stuart Mackenzie writes in the American Magazine for July: "Zolniger was a plumber, the two others were laborers."

## A FRENCH CANADIAN POET

(From the Emplre Forester, read by S. E. A.)

## THE FROG

What a queer bird the frog are—  
When he sit he stand—almost—  
When he hop he fly—almost—  
He ain't got no sense—hardly—  
He ain't got no tail, hardly, either—  
He sit on what he ain't got—almost.

## ORPHIC FRAGMENTS

As the World Wags:

The regrettable recollection of another lowbrow who now finds it hard to commit anything of value to memory. It was sung at Weston's Music Hall, High Holborn, London, over 60 years ago, but I don't remember the name of the song.

"O, a horrible tale I have to tell of the disasters as befel  
A family as resided in the wery same thorfare as I did."

"But the fly on the wall, he was the wust'n,  
He blowed himself up with spontaneous combustion."

I think the above were the first and last verses. T. W. Spencer.

If we are not mistaken there was something about one member of the family, a desperate fellow, stabbing himself, or blowing out his brains with an umbrella; at any rate, "feller" and "umbrella" were supposed to rhyme.—Editor.

As the World Wags:

I read in the report of a conversation: "To quote Shakespeare, 'The gentlemen protest too much.'"

Looking it up, I found it in the comedy called "The Two Ladies of Verona."

TANTALUS.

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, who, years ago, was the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette when it was an eminently readable newspaper, contributed recently to the Daily Telegraph of London an article entitled "Great Acting." Though he defined "great" acting as the kind "which sheds a new, intense and fine light of its own upon the passago to which it is applied," his article was in effect an agreeable account of actors and actresses who in the past greatly impressed him.

When he was a boy he saw Edwin Booth as King Lear at the old Princess's Theatre. He still hears his thrilling tones in the tent scene with Cordelia, delivering the verses (surely among the most affecting in all Shakespeare):

"Pray do not mock me;

I am a very foolish, fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

He still sees Ristori at the end of the scene with Macbeth, which brings the first act to its conclusion, "standing by a door, looking steadily on the thane of Cawdor, and, amid the rapt silence of the audience, slowly placing her hand first upon her brow, then upon her heart, and last upon her lips, for assurance that in the 'terrible feat' to which he was committed, he could put absolute confidence in her intelligence, her love, and her silence."

When Henry Irving in Iago's soliloquy beginning: "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse," came to the words "How, how? Let's see," he covered his face with his hands, and so remained for a time. "Then very slowly, he drew his hands down, revealing, gradually, a face all ablaze with the devilish plot that had come into the villain's mind. Those who remember how extraordinarily eloquent a mask Irving's face was in those days, and how significant his eyes and lips could be, will understand the visible and audible shiver that used to pass over the audience during this most daring and illuminating passage of acting."

There was Ellen Terry's mad Ophelia—"The wandering eyes, the low, exquisite voice, the virginal grace, the heart-rending quiet and beauty of all!"

Mr. Walbrook has seen many Ophelias since. Too often in this scene, "far too often, they have thrown flowers about, flung themselves to the floor, screamed and boggled, and raved—all in the grossest contradiction of the spirit and letter of the text."

## Ada Rehan Had Magic Moments

Ada Rehan, "that wondrous Irish woman," had her magic, indescribable moments. He recalls her "joyous superb, Titianesque figure" as Katharine and as Rosalind. One of these moments came in the speech just before the end of the first act of "As You Like It": "Were it not better because that I am more than common tall."

"How she compassed it I have not the least idea, but it is the fact that at the end of those eight and a half lines the whole audience used to burst into a roar of cheers that stopped the play for half a minute. Again and again have I seen the part played by other actresses, and never a hand for this speech! Ada Rehan made of it an unforgettable event. No doubt she enriched the passage with some sudden inflection of voice, flash of the eye, splendor of gesture. No one could explain, and I suppose the reason is that no one could sit sufficiently calm under anything so electrical and electrifying as to be able to analyze its method."

## AN INSPIRED "EFFECT"

"In those days actors were more often their own 'producers' than is the case today, and here, also, some rare things were done. For example, one of Irving's most beautiful touches was an 'effect' he introduced into the last act of 'Richard III.' The scene was the King's tent on the eve of the battle of Bosworth; a small red lamp on the table gave it its only illumination, and the blood-guilty Plantagenet sat scanning the plan of the morrow's battle array. Presently he put the paper from him, and, with a groan of weariness, rose, turned, limped his way to the back of the tent, and drew its entrance curtains apart, disclosing a scene steeped in moonlight, and a sky glittering with stars. I can still see the dark, misshapen, tragic figure as I saw it that night, standing with outstretched arms against the lovely background of the peaceful heavens, and the impression the contrast made is still vividly with me. The whole movement, combined with the poetical setting given to it, made a marvellous commentary on the play. The figure of the King became in that moment a thousand times more tragic than it had been before."

Unlike many who indulge in reminiscences, Mr. Walbrook, while he admits that Shakesperian acting of this kind is now not to be seen, does not believe that until there is a return to the stock system or a discovery of some other educational equivalent, it will not be seen again. He does not forget that Garrick practically went from an office stool on to the stage and immediately was famous as Richard the Third. "What Garrick did, some other inspired and gifted man or woman may do again in London within the next 12 months! For the art of the great actor is a torch which only flickers to flame again it will never die out."

## LOOKING BACKWARD

Any theatregoer of long experience can easily draw up a list of performances that are now to him "memorable." We like to remember E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Hamlet, Damon (in the old play of "Damon and Pythias"), His Brutus was one of the finest, most impressive performances that we can recall. Barrett was Cassius; Bangs, Antony; and Milnes Levick, Julius Caesar. We saw Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilees. Would she be applauded today? We doubt it. Edwin Booth's Peruchio is fresh in the memory. His Hamlet we first saw in Berlin, when he was supported by a worthy German company. The Berliners were enthusiastic. We preferred, however, the Hamlet of Fechter; also the Hamlet of Rossi. Davenport's was simple and scholarly. Would that we had seen him as Sir Giles Overreach! Fechter was the greatest of the romantic, also melodramatic actors, in our time. His Obenreizer in "No Thoroughfare" was remarkable, even more so perhaps than his Monte Cristo, and Ruy Blas, excellent as they were. And with him was the charming Carlotta Leclerc. Salvini was, as Swinburne said of Coleridge, lonely and incomparable as Othello and the hero of "Civil Death." It is a pleasure to remember Sarah Bernhardt, first visiting this country; Modjeska when she was first seen here as Camille; Duse as Santuzza and in comedy; Mounet-Sully as Oedipus; Coquelin, Rejane. Who that ever saw Mme. Janauschek in the dual role of Lady Dedlock and Hortense or as Bruennhilde can ever forget her, or Adelaide Nelson as Viola, Rosalind, Juliet? Clara Morris thrilled the spectator even when a table on the stage held medicine bottles to sustain her strength. And there was that most accomplished actress, Agnes Booth; there was Fanny Davenport. Why draw up a list of the comedians from Gilbert, Warren, Wallack, Fisher, Davidge to Clark, Rowe, Raymond, Crane, Robson, Nat Goodwin (in his earlier days). There was the Vokes Family; there was George L. Fox, unsurpassed in burlesque and pantomime; there was Lydia Thompson in 1868 at the head of her British Blondes at Wood's Museum in New York. So one might go through the catalogue and leave out many names that should be recalled.

Will the younger generation of today have as agreeable memories of the theatre forty or fifty years hence? Will the heroes be Charley Chaplin, "Doug" Fairbanks, Cantor, Jolson and the leading men in bedroom farces?

## THE CHESTERIAN FOR JUNE

This excellent little musical magazine, edited by G. Jean-Aubry and published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd., London, has in the June number some interesting articles. There are four relating to the Byrd tercentenary. M. Jean-Aubry gives an entertaining account of



Lord Berners's new opera, "La Carresse du Saint-Sacrement," with La Perichole the heroine, the libretto based on Prosper Merimee's one-act play, which was published in a Paris magazine as far back as 1829. "Merimee himself pretended that the only result of its publication was to induce the Luchesse de Berry to discontinue her subscription to the Review." M. Jean-Aubry tells the story of productions in the theatres—it was brought out in New York by Jacques Copeau of the Vieux-Colombier company. La Perichole's real name was Micaela Villegas, and she lived at Lima in the 15th century. It's an amusing story—her adventure with the viceroys, the bishop and the viceroys's coach.

In Leigh Henry's page about concerts in London we read that Weingartner's conducting was wholly disappointing. "False theatricality of conception, unpardonable liberties with tempo, vulgarly of overemphasized contrast and insufferably boring sentimentalization whenever possible drove me early from the hall. As sheer conducting I have seldom seen gestures so manufactured and mechanical; as readings seldom heard anything so essentially unmusical."

Emile Derstal contributes a letter from Buenos Ayres.

The advertisements of recent publications contain much information. Stravinsky's "Les Noces," Russian choreographic scenes with songs and music. Truly a curious ballet, recently performed in Paris. "The music consists of an uninterrupted chain of songs for solo voices and chorus, single and combined, and accompanied by a most remarkable orchestra, consisting of four pianos and percussion instruments."

There is an advertisement of three songs (words by Walt Whitman) by Eugene Bonner, born at Washington, N. C., in 1889, now living in Europe, who has composed a comic opera, "Margot"; a four-act opera, "Barbara Frischle"; a suite for voice and orchestra, "Whispers of Heavenly Death" (Whitman), which will be produced at a Padeloup concert in Paris. His one-act opera on a libretto by Anatole France will be staged in Paris next season.

Alfred Casella is working on three Nocturnes for orchestra and a "grotesque" opera, "La Donna Serpente."

Maipiero has completed his second string quartet. He contributes an article, "Concerning an Edition of Claudio Monteverdi." The musical supplement is a berceuse for voice and piano by Arnold Bax.

Christopher Marlow's line may be applied to the Chesterian: Infinite riches in a little room.

#### CRANE AND "EVANGELINE"

Mr. Frank E. Hatch has received a letter from Mr. William H. Crane about the first performance of "Evangeline" on any stage (Niblo's Garden, New York, July 27, 1874), when Mr. Crane took the part of Le Blanc.

"I played the part originally, two or three weeks in New York. It was played at the Globe in Boston in 1875 with Harry Beckett as Le Blanc. There was never a production in Cambridge, Mass. I spent the night there once when Ed Rice had me come to his house, when Cheever (Goodwin) read the words and Rice played the music. That was two or three years before it was produced, but they told me that they had written the part with me in mind. . . . I know (in interviews) I have frequently spoken of its having been read to me in Cambridge at Rice's home which started the story of its production probably. Sol Smith Russell played Le Blanc a number of times, so did Nat Goodwin, Mose Fiske, George Schiller and others."

#### DUSE IN "COSI' SIA"

"Cosi' Sia," by Tommaso Gallivati-Scotti, produced by Mme. Duse in London last month, is a sort of "morality" or "mystery" play. "The story revolves round a poor country woman who, in the hope of saving her dying son, solemnly vows to sacrifice all that is most precious to her should the boy recover. Twenty-three years pass. The woman, poor, old, and alone in the world, is found wearily making her way toward a small sanctuary. Suddenly she meets a party of youths and maidens. Among the first she recognizes the son by whom she had been abandoned many years previously. Presently he reveals the truth, his reason for so doing being that she had betrayed her husband, his father. Once more the woman resumes her painful journey until, arriving at the Little Church of Miracles, she offers to the Virgin Mary her life in return for the renewal of her son's love. Her prayer granted, she passes peacefully away, murmuring 'Cosi' Sia'—'Thy will be done.'" Mr. Walkley wrote: "In vain the mother protests her innocence. The boy casts her off. 'My God, my God!' she cries. 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' Or no—she does not cry, she whispers these hallowed words, pausing between each for breath. . . . 'Dio mio . . . Dio mio' . . ."

standing erect with arms helplessly dropped, an unforgettable figure. The whole theatre was hushed to something like an awed silence. It was a moment—one of those that testify to the greatness of the actress and stamp her as incomparable—that shook the heart! It only remains for the mother to die. This is the last sacrifice she can make to the Madonna. The Duse's death scenes are famous. This is one of the simplest of them. She is kneeling at the altar, and falls quietly forward on her face."

#### PERSONAL

(Chiefly from London journals)

"Mme. Oriensla has a rather powerful voice, almost too powerful in its louder moments for a small hall, and alongside of it another voice which whispers persuasively. We do not altogether get the idea that they belong to the same person."

"Elgar's violoncello concerto fills usefully the gap that exists in a scanty repertory between composers who could not play the 'cello and violoncellists who could not compose."

"Paderewski's Sonata makes no pretensions to original utterance; but it is a great deal more bearable than the labored epigrams of our young wits, and we are grateful for its revival."

Joseph Rosenblatt, Jewish cantor, not unknown in Boston, has given a recital in London. His success was "due to the fervent delivery rather than to actual qualities of voice or technique. For this reason the performances of some religious songs, in Hebrew, were the best and the most interesting. Here the 'break' in the voice (though rather overdone) seemed to have point, while there was character in the handling of the rhythms. Mr. Rosenblatt's voice is a tenor of considerable power, and his principal technical effect is a sure command over dynamic contrast, while a somewhat sensational high E flat taken falsetto was greatly applauded. His style did not suit a Gluck aria, a song of Gretschmaninov, and 'Comfort ye' from 'Messiah.'"

Dink Gilly's Scarpa is a blackguardly affair, far more roughly hewn than that of Sammarco or the incomparable Scotti, far more direct, far less subtle. The naked fist as against the velvet glove."

Florence Walton is dancing in a revue at the Marigny, Paris. John Craig will take part in the production by A. H. Woods of "The Jury Woman." Blanche Ring next season will be seen in a non-musical play. The Dolly Sisters will remain in Paris for six months after the close next month of the revue, "Paris sans Volies." Mrs. Thomas Whiffen will take the leading part next season in a new play, "Sweet Mother."

The reason for such widespread popularity as that enjoyed by Mr. Backhaus is not far to seek, for in dexterity of technique and brilliance of style he is probably surpassed by no other player of today. Yet one could not help feeling that the position of a "world-famous pianist" is not without its disadvantages, and one found oneself speculating as to the number of times the player had given this program, or others very similar to it. It must, for instance, be a matter of great difficulty to play such familiar things as the B flat minor Sonata of Chopin, a group of his smaller pieces, in a fashion which beguiles the hearer into the belief that, for the player, they still possess their pristine freshness, and it cannot be said that Mr. Backhaus succeeded in accomplishing the feat.—Daily Telegraph.

Margaret Sheridan will not join the Chicago opera company, it is now said, but remain next season at La Scala.

There are four singers in London of whom we are, I think, destined to hear a great deal. They together form the American quartet, they all are pupils of Oscar Seagle and Jean de Reszke in the school which the twain have established at Nice, and their names are Hardesty Johnson, from Minneapolis; Floyd Townsley, from Holton; Erwyn Mutch, from Roselle Park, N. J., and Sigurd Nelson, from Hood River. Already they have appeared with great success at Dame Clara Butt's Tuesday mid-day concerts at the Savoy, have sung before the Duke of Connaught and elsewhere in private. Now they are to make their appearance here before the greater public at Dame Clara Butt's concert at the Albert Hall on June 23. The voices blend in an astonishing manner, and the singers are all well trained musicians, and the only difficulty I can see in their career is the development of a suitable repertory. By the very nature of the case, the literature must be small for a combination of two tenors and two basses, or a baritone and bass. Here is an opportunity for composers.—Daily Telegraph.

A new Welsh baritone, Watcyn Watcyns—what's in a name?—has been highly praised in London. He began as a farmhand and later was a coal miner.

During the war he was in the Welch Guards. He studied singing, having won success at local Eisteddfodau, at the Royal Academy of Music and with Raimund Muchlen, with whom he is still working. Watcyns's father is a village blacksmith and conductor of the local choir.

Michael Zacharewitsch, violinist, is said by the Daily Telegraph of London to be "one of those few artists of whom it is almost sacrilege to speak of technical accomplishment, so completely is it subordinated to the greater end—the perpetuating of those ideas and sensibilities of the past, which have been recorded in terms of music. Not that this violinist gives himself over to 'higher interpretations'; he is not at all concerned with right or wrong readings. Reason for thought and emotion for music would be his motto, but then he is always reasonable. He yields so completely to the work in hand that controversial thoughts are dispelled from the mind to make room for the wondrous experiences of sound."

Our old friend Ben Davies sang "Total Eclipse" at the Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace last month. "It is one of the ironies of the situation that Handel, who wrote more majestically for the solo voice than any other composer, is performed today in conditions which make the solo-singer's lot a perpetual struggle with adversity." The whole force at this festival, chorus and orchestra, numbered about 4000.

William Michael as Beckmesser at Covent Garden assumed a make-up in the third act "disconcertingly suggestive of a very decrepit Harry Lauder."

Frederic Lamond, pianist, is at it again. He played recently in London the last five sonatas of Beethoven.

Arthur Somervell's new song cycle, "The Broken Arc" (eight poems by Browning), has been sung by a tenor, Gilbert Bailey, in London.

#### THEATRE AND OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Pavlova, now in England after her long tour in the east and her rest in Italy, will dance for a fortnight at Covent Garden, beginning on Sept. 10. After that she will come to the United States.

To the number of famous historical men whose careers have furnished English dramatists with material for a play has now to be added the name of the first Duke of Marlborough. Any reference to him, in such a connection, would, of course, be incomplete did it not include a mention of his wife, the beautiful and accomplished Sarah Jennings. These two, then, are the central figures in a new four-act drama recently acquired by Fred Terry for production during his coming autumn tour. The author, P. F. W. Ryan, follows the course of events from the early days of his hero's rise to power, carrying it up to the point of his political downfall. The comedy element is, as might be expected, very prominent in the piece, although a still more important factor is that affection and devotion that linked husband and wife so closely together.—Daily Telegraph.

George A. Birmingham's new play is "Send for Doctor O'Grady." Charles Hawtreys, Arthur Sinclair and Malre O'Neill will be in the company.

Oiga Nethersole was announced to return to the stage on July 2 in "The Writing on the Wall," by W. J. Hurlbut, to be performed in aid of the People's League of Health.

A new play, "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," by J. E. Harold Terry and Arthur Rose, will be brought out in London next fall "by arrangement with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle." The plot is a selection of incidents from some of the latest stories "linked together so as to make a consistent and sensational whole." Holmes will be played by Elie Norwood.

It wants a man of particularly robust constitution to keep up with the untiring activity of the Readeau combination. The latest announcement issued from that office is that this day week a series of "Playbox" debates will be initiated at the St. Martin's, proceedings beginning at 6:30 P. M. The first is to deal with the question of "The Real Meaning of 'R. U. R.'" It will be started by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. These meetings, by the bye, will be open to the public, who, subject to certain conditions, will be free to express their views. John Galsworthy, who has been twice to see "R. U. R.," says it is a great play, but nobody appears to understand it. He hopes to take an early opportunity of voicing his own opinions on the point.—Daily Telegraph.

Some one recently asked what had become of Sara Allgood, who visited Boston with the Irish Players. She is in the Arts League of Service Dramatic Touring Company, better known as the "Travelling Theatre," and she was playing in London in a short season beginning June 20. This company travels round the country in a motor-lorry, carrying a completely fitted theatre. Beginning four years ago, the company has visited over 150 towns and villages and played in more than

25 countries. In addition to plays, its programs include old ballads, folk songs, dances and ballets. In London the repertory includes plays by Galsworthy, Chekov, Bax, I. Gilbert, Cannan Duffy and J. A. Ferguson.

A spectacular melodrama by Ian Hay and Seymour Hicks will be brought out at Drury Lane in the fall.

Dr. Vocadlo, professor of English literature at Prague, who is at present lecturing at London University, has

been telling me something about his fellow-countrymen, the brothers Capek, and their plays. He is not at all surprised that "The Insect Play" is being withdrawn this week. He first saw it in Prague, and the London version, he said, was a very different thing. The production was bad (which was strange considering that Mr. Playfair saw the original himself), and the beauty and poetry of the Prague play were completely lost in translation. It appears that the translation of "R. U. R." is an infinitely better one. ("R. U. R." by the way, is not being withdrawn from the St. Martin's Theatre).

The brothers Capek have written other plays which Dr. Vocadlo thinks might be suitable for production here. Kavel, however, has been working too hard and has had to seek rest in Italy. Josef, his less famous brother, is said to have up his sleeve an extraordinary play, as yet unproduced, about world-competition for possession of a new continent, which appears in the Atlantic. The international dispute leads to a world war, in the midst of which the continent quietly disappears again. Dr. Vocadlo sees in this an allusion to modern Russia.—Manchester Guardian.

Inasmuch as it serves to introduce into the historical plays for the first time the greatest character of humor in all literature—Sir John Falstaff—the inclusion of "King Henry the Fourth: Part I," in their repertory at the King's by the New Shakespeare Company is to be greatly welcomed. "Fat-witted" he was in Prince Hal's description, "with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon." Mr. Frank Cellier gives him white mutton-chop whiskers, with a white wisp of hair on the top of his bald head, and blue, watery eyes; an old, feeble butt and buffoon of a man, "inclining to three-score" but for the strength and vigor of the sack within him.—Daily Telegraph.

Among the new pieces performed by the Italian Marionettes last month in London was a two-act opera-bouffe, "Opportunity Makes the Thief," with music written by the 20-year-old Rossini. "Through it runs an uninterrupted stream of melody which, if by reason of its trills and roulades it may to modern ears seem a trifle old-fashioned, is always pleasant to listen to." Mr. Newman spoke of this music as a "perpetual sparkle" and added: "Will the art, one wonders, ever recapture this pure joy in pace for its own sake?"

Whatever faults Puccini's music may have, it is certainly not lacking in warmth and lyrical impetus. The passion may be crude, but it is genuine, and the same may be said of the action which gives music its opportunity. The story of Butterfly remains a capital magazine story, which has been prepared not without some skill for dramatic presentation. Its psychology is not very subtle, and it deals with feelings which are the most elementary in human nature. It affects us as a street accident may—rude, unpleasantly, without redeeming the shock to the nerves by the ennobling and purifying means of great art. But the lyrical eloquence of certain passages, such as the love scene, in the first act, and some cunningly-devised touches of the librettist, like the pathetic situation of the forsaken Butterfly, living in poverty, scoffed at by her neighbors, have been the means of establishing the opera in its present favor, and of making us forget other failings. Scenes which at first were meant to be pathetic or humorous are now simply tolerated in solemn tedium as chaff which has not been separated from the wheat. The humors of the wedding scene, the insuperable dullness of the Amador's scene are of these.—Daily Telegraph.

The idea that the cause of opera in English has bitten deep in the country is made abundantly clear to me by scores of very welcome correspondents. A point of recent interest is the number of folk who write strongly against what they call the polyglot nature of the performances at Covent Garden on "guest" nights, with Dame Melba and Joseph Hilslop, e. g., singing Italian to the English of the remainder. One writer says: "We want British opera to be British, and guests must be made to sing in the language in which the company sings." The obvious reply is: Who is to pay the salaries of these guests who have made world-wide reputations though they are English singers? The same writer continues: "Dame Melba is Dame Melba all the world over,



the position she has won for herself." But how can a matter itself wrong in principle become right in an individual, however distinguished? My correspondents would do well to reflect that, according to my information, Messrs. Charles Hackett and Joseph Hilsop gave their services gratuitously to aid the cause of the B. N. O. C. Is it to be demanded that they learn their roles in English—which they can use nowhere else—in order still further to aid the good cause?—Daily Telegraph.

A one-act play, "Ha Ha!" by Hugh E. Wiles, served as a curtain-raiser when Ernould's "Eliza Comes to Stay" was revived in London last month. Carthews, a student of psychic phenomena, and Dr. Mattinson, an unbeliever, place their fingers on a table. Some one announcing himself as Satan raps and instigates Carthews to kill his companion, which he does by sticking a knife into his back. Prompted again by Satan, he lets out a series of hysterical ha-ha's and jumps out of the window. "A cheery little piece, not without touches of unconscious humor."

"The man who ate the Popomack," by W. J. Turner, was produced at the Savoy, London, last month. The hero has eaten a fruit called the popomack, which tastes pleasantly, but has an offensive smell, so that he is obliged practically to live alone. He becomes morose and insulting. His betrothed, after vain efforts to remove this barrier between them, decides to marry some one else. Then he kills himself. "It is obviously difficult to convey to an audience the repulsion induced by a smell. Cyrano's nose was there for all to see, but, save that the hero in this play is black in the face, he is not in the least offensive to those on the other side of the footlights. In spite of that, here is the material for a good play, and it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the author has seen fit to overcoat it with such a quantity of irrelevant talk." Bernard Shaw can do this kind of thing so much better, and even he is sometimes rather tiresome."

The curious thing about Sacha's (Guitry's) playwriting is the ability with which the author conceals his own facility. Almost he persuades one to believe that his work has real substance, and that he is not just spinning and spinning a slender thread. Of course he is, in fact, putting a point on nothingness for three acts, but the extraordinary adroitness with which he does it gives an air of dramatic import even to the most flagrant padding. No, there is no padding in a Guitry play, for padding suggests a limpness of quality, and here everything is edged and definite.—Manchester Guardian.

#### "K. C."

Dion Titheridge's play, "K. C.," already seen in the English provinces, was produced in London on June 13. The theme is "Should a Lawyer Tell?" This King's counsel returns to the bar after his retirement to defend his daughter's betrothed, accused of robbery. All agree that the young man is innocent and Sir Benjamin Oddenston, K. C., puts up a defence that will surely bring acquittal, but a young woman comes in with convincing proofs that the young man is guilty and also the father of her child. What is the lawyer to do? She begs him to throw up the case. If he does so, the accused will go to prison and when he comes out he will be reunited with her and her child. The K. C. admits he should do this, but how about himself and his reputation as a lawyer? "If the boy were twenty times more guilty I'll carry on with the case." The boy is legally proved innocent. Then the lawyer sees that the boy marries the girl, and he sends him off to Canada, much to the disgust of boy and daughter. "It is a theatrical cul de sac, but at the end of it, very faintly glimmering, is a spark of hope in the person of a second young man of impeccable morals and ineffable foolishness who will presumably kiss the daughter's tears away and marry her himself. The K. C. would have done better to leave matters in the hands of the law, by the study of which he had gained his exalted position."

#### IN THE CONCERT HALL

The old problem of the propriety of transcribing the organ works of Bach for the piano was sharply raised by Mr. Rummel, who opened his program with four of the Choral Preludes. If each transcription is to be judged on its merits, which is the way most people resolve the problem, it still seems, in the case of works so peculiarly suited to the genius of the organ as the Choral Preludes, that a certain loss of serenity, even of dignity, is inevitable by the mere transference to a percussion instrument. But some suffer more in the process than others, while all need to be approached rather from the point of view of the organist who happens not to have an instrument handy, than with the outlook of a virtuoso pianist. Thus

the jangle of bells in "In Dulci Jubilo," soft and Christmassy on the swell organ, became strident on the piano, while the dance tune (if such it be) in "Sleepers, Wake," took on so jaunty an air in Mr. Rummel's hands that it sounded almost pert.—London Times.

They say in London that a new piano piece, "Equinox," by John Ireland, is a worthy companion to his "Ragmuffin" and "Chelsea Reach."

Thirty-five hundred boy and girl soldiers gave a concert at the Crystal Palace last month. The program included music by Verdi, Wagner, Mozart, Mascagni, Elgar and Wallace.

"The fact of being young has sometimes the advantage over experience, in that a famous work like Brahms's Sonata in F minor comes as something new, and if the technical skill is sufficient the interpretation interests the hearer by reason of the freshness of the vision."

"Not everyone will think the Godovsky paraphrases of the Ramcau Sarabande and Tambourin are worth while, clever as they are."

#### D'ALVAREZ IN LONDON

(Daily Telegraph)

Before Miss Marguerite D'Alvarez had reached the middle of her program on Saturday the Queen's Hall platform was strewn and the piano almost completely hidden with bouquets. Such were the visible tokens of the welcome accorded a great artist after a couple of years' touring in America and the Antipodes. She has been called "the greatest Dalia of them all," but on Saturday it was as recital-singer she reappeared amongst us, choosing a program that showed remarkable catholicity of taste. Songs in Italian and the Catalan dialect, in English and French, led up to the inevitable "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," which ended the third group and brought down the house, and thereafter came a final group in Spanish which for some of us was the supreme revelation of her great personality and her exceptional talent. But while her talent may be described as exceptional it is also rather severely limited, and by the defects of those very qualities which have made her so adorable an artist. Her performances had many little contradictions and indiscretions, contradictions in mental attitude and indiscretions of phrasing you would not find in hundreds of lesser artists. Take the English group, for example, Frank Bridge's "Adoration" was spoiled at the third line—"And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes"—by the taking of a breath after the word blessing, and at the last line—"My sudden adoration, my great love"—by a breath and a very obvious one, before the very last word. A very labored setting by the American composer, Winter Watts, of the familiar lines from "Ruth"—"Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee"—suffered similar maltreatment, while "O men from the fields," a type of song that demands a minimum of interpretation, was completely metamorphosed by slurring and concentrated emotion. In the French group, however, the artist began to get well into her stride. It was the Spanish group that was her greatest self-revelation. We can imagine no other singer singing "La Maja Dolorosa" of Granados, with its tremendous range, quite like D'Alvarez. Here that agony of despair that cries out at the "cruel death that has robbed me of my man, my lover, my passion," required no stage picture for its proper realization. And how quick and convincing the change of mood to the exultant gayety of "En Calesa" of F. Alvarez, to the delicacy of Tubuyo's "La Zazalina," to the rhythmic ecstasy of "Senor Platero," which Kurt Schindler has fashioned out of a folk-dance of Murcia and Andalusia. Here was singing the like of which we have not heard for—well, at least two years.

#### AUSTRIAN-GERMAN FILMS

(London Times.)

Two striking films from abroad were shown to the trade, one from Austria and the other from Germany. The Austrian production, "Don Juan," which was presented by Graham Willeox Films, gives us an original idea of this fascinating legendary libertine, his last three love affairs, and his suitable end at the hands, jointly, of one cast-off mistress and the husband of another. This Don Juan is not in the least like the Byronic conception of the gay Spanish hero. He is too mature, and even inclined to corpulence. There is, in fact, no ground upon which his victims in this film can be excused. There is some excellent acting by several members of the anonymous cast; but the real artistic virtue of the film is in the many fine architectural settings and scenes of luxurious revelry.

"Trapped in the Mine" is the name of the production from Germany, and in this case also, the cast, with the exception of the leading actress, Miss

Liano Hald, are anonymous. This seems a pity, because Miss Hald's impressive and beautiful performance as a village girl betrayed is seconded by a truly remarkable character study of a strong, slow, but right-thinking collier who marries her knowing of her story. His discovery of her seducer in his forearm and pursuit of him through the mine leads to a realistic climax—an explosion and the entombment of the man and wife in the working. The film is presented in this country by Granger's Exclusives, Ltd.

#### CAMBRIDGE (ENG.) COMPOSERS

The final concert of the Cambridge (Eng.) Festival of British music last month was given over to Cambridge composers. A Motet for double chorus (text a translation from St. Francis of Assisi) by Armstrong Gibbs was "obviously, redundant, frankly disappointing." Holst has set more elaborate music to the words.

"The next work was Dr. Charles Woods' 'Dirge for Two Veterans.' This was by no means new to the C.U.M.S. It was performed by the society about 12 years ago, and was first heard at the Leeds festival in 1901. Written for bass solo, chorus and orchestra, it reveals the early maturity of the composers' powers, the facility of his workmanship, and, above all, emphasises the fact that he is one of the very few who have succeeded in solving the Whitman problem. No word remains insignificant, and yet no word is ever painted, and that because the writing is eminently vocal in the sense that it coincides at every point with the idiomatic utterance of human voices." A good many years ago F. C. Rutter in this country wrote piano music to be played while this beautiful poem was recited.

Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony" appealed strongly to the audience, though one hearer remarked: "The music is very strange and also very interesting, but I don't like it." Dr. Cyril Rootham's "Brown Earth" was praised. "Thomas Moul's poem has produced in the composer a single clearly defined emotion, which finds its new expression in music which is at once unaffected and compelling."

"The concert and the festival ended with Stanford's 'Irish Rhapsody' (No. 1), conceived, paradoxical though it may seem, not in his 'Wild Irishman' mood, but in that which gives him the standing of 'European Gentleman.' We should like to hear music by Stanford, the reactionary, that is at all wild.

#### FINDING THE TALENT

(By Ernest Newman.)

Since I wrote here a few weeks ago on the problem that confronts us every now and then of seizing on the talent that sometimes reveals itself at the musical festivals and insuring that it shall not be lost to a community that is never too rich in musical talent I have had communications from several towns in England and Scotland on the subject. There is evidently a general feeling that something should be done, and two or three towns are doing what they can, though obviously the smaller centres cannot do much. The Blackpool committee has given an excellent lead to the other festivals. Their scheme has several good features. It throws the scholarship open to vocal or instrumental solo competitors between the ages of 13 and 25. At most of the big teaching institutions, I think the age limit for scholarships is nearer 21 than 25, and I have heard of more than one case in which a promising young singer has been just too old to enter. Twenty-five is perhaps a little late for a student to begin to take up the study of singing with a view to a professional career, but it is not too late; and it must be remembered that amateurs, as they are the prize winners in the gold medal classes, must have already been working pretty seriously at their art for some time. My own experience of the competition festivals is that it is between 21 and 25 that unmistakable talent discloses itself, and the later the festivals that offer scholarships can fix its qualifying age the better.

The Blackpool scholarship is thorough enough on the financial side. If a student is going to make music his profession he must be free to devote practically the whole of his time to it, but the funds that a few local well-wishers can rake together to help a promising festival singer are generally too small to permit of this. The £150 a year for three years offered by the Blackpool committee ought to go the greater part of the way toward making a course of study in London, say, possible to a student whose home is in the country. But I do not envy the committee in their task of awarding the scholarship. It is a very serious matter to take a girl from some occupation in which she can maintain herself comfortably all her days and throw her into the maelstrom of the professional musical life. It is a responsibility I myself have always shirked. I am often asked to hear a young singer and say whether I think she ought to make singing her profession, but I invariably decline on the ground that many other gifts besides

voice are required to make a successful singer, and it is impossible for me to decide on the strength of her singing of two or three songs whether the young lady possesses these gifts. I feel that if in answer to the query "Ought I to take up music professionally?" I were to say "Yes," I should later be blamed for any failures, while if I were to say "No," and the advice were acted upon, the lady would feel all her life that I had kept her back from a career of glorious success. So the best thing is not to advise at all.

In all my experience of the competition festivals, though I have heard dozens of singers who were better artists than many of the professional singers I hear, only twice have I felt that I would be justified in advising the young lady to give up her typing or her school teaching to make music her profession; and probably even in these two cases had the question been put point-blank to me I would have hesitated to commit myself.

A curious distinction has been made in the English press between amateur and professional sportsmen: The prefix "Mr." in reports of games was given to amateurs only, whether the reports were of cricket, golf, football, rowing, tennis. Now, with the exception of very few newspapers, those taking part in sports are mentioned by their surname without any prefix unless they happen to have a title. Yet at Lord's, amateurs go on to the playing field through one entrance and professionals through another.

This reminds us that a good many years ago an Albany, N. Y., boat club gloriously defeated a London club—If we are not in error—Philadelphia. An Englishman visiting in Albany was greatly disgusted.

He was talking with a rough-neck about the race. "I hear that your club was composed wholly of artisans, what?" To which the Albanian answered: "That's a lie. They are all citizens of Albany, every damn one of 'em."

Ida May Hirt, of Chicago, may be an accomplished physician, but if she wishes a more lucrative practice she should change her name.

#### WELL, HE'S GONE NOW

(National Petroleum News Adv. in Printers' Ink.)

Mr. W. J. S. Ritscher, for four years past our Western manager, much to our regret, retired from this organization June 1.

#### DR. TILDEN'S BOOK

The Manchester Guardian reviewed "Singles and Doubles in Lawn Tennis" by William T. Tilden in an amusing manner. "This book may be warmly commended to anyone who wants to become a tennis champion on the Tilden model, or to learn what a strange view of life the pursuit of championships may cause."

"Music and the theatre, it appears, are preventives of staleness, but they require to be taken as prescribed by the physician. An exciting melodrama should only be taken when the patient is in a 'slump of staleness.' Dr. William T. Tilden's renowned melodramatic pills may be administered in strengths varying from the 'Agamemnon' or 'The Cenci' to 'The Bells,' according to the virulence of the disease. The movies, naturally, are a fine medicine. As 'regular diet' Mr. Tilden finds himself well suited by 'Norma Talmadge, Bill Hart, Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Bert Lytell and Dick Barthelmess.' Even the innocent movies, however, may be dangerous to tennis aspirants. Go too regularly and you suffer eye strain; go on the night before a match and the flicker will remain in your eyes. . . . Mr. Tilden once went into court immediately after motoring 125 miles and a young opponent at once ran to 5-1 and 40-15 against him. An escape of that kind is not a thing to talk about lightly. Only the man who goes to see 'Macbeth' when he is already doing fairly well at tennis deserves that sort of thing."

"Doug Fairbanks may be one of the most remarkable personalities in the world, but we have to take Mr. Tilden's word for it. When M. Choulette, in Anatole France, praised a royal princess with the same sort of adulation, some malicious person asked what this genius had said to him. She had said, he replied, 'What a lot of fine shops have lately been opened in the city.' We wonder what Mr. Fairbanks said to Mr. Tilden."

#### DAY-DREAMS

From my window tall buildings stand crowded and gray,  
In the office dull work fills an eight-hour day;  
My fingers type letters, then scratch with a pen,  
But my mind far from routine is dreaming again  
Of a sweet, pine-log cabin near a white, sandy shore,



Where the sun warms one drowsy, and the waves break and roar.  
My two-week vacation is spent at the shack.  
And my heart yearns each summer to never come back—  
To the land of tall buildings so crowded and gray.  
Or the dreary routine of an eight-hour day.  
—Cinderella II.

ATTENTION, WATCH AND WARD  
As the World Wags:

## Wanted Vampers

All-round stitchers and putters-over, digger operators, hand side lasters, bed operators.

Is this in cipher?  
Boston.

E. H. K.

### TONIGHT

I yearn not that the maiden of my choice  
This soul shall gladden and this heart rejoice  
With sweet, inviting lips and dancing eyes:  
Tonight, I do but ask that trout may rise!

Tonight, I do not care a fig for fame:  
Let others strive to glorify their name.  
I merely crave to feel the thrilling strike  
And land at least one 10-pound wall-eyed pike.

All—all is gone: the longing for great store  
Of filthy lucre, adding more to more:  
All thoughts of golden fortune by me pass:  
My lust tonight is just for small-mouthed-bass.

Let others strive for love and fame and gold:  
Such cheap allurments leave me stony-cold.  
All that my fevered heart desires tonight  
Is that some darned old fishy thing may bite!

GEORGE MOORDYKE.

A traveler in the south of Italy writes about the disintegration there of the survivals of feudalism. "In a country where a gentleman still kisses a lady's hand, it is significant of much that a peasant girl now shakes the hand of a lady of position, which she would only have ventured to kiss with a curtsy a few years ago, though the people still pay the old tribute of respect to a lady whom they have learned to love and esteem for her own sake."

### CARRYING COAL TO NEWCASTLE

(Crawfordsville (Ind.) Daily Journal)

Miss Ada Epperson was hostess Thursday night at her home, 511 East College street, at a shower in compliment of Miss Mildred Flood who is to be married June 30 to Wayne Cohes.

### BRAVE IT OUT

What are you to do if you discover that you like Mr. H. G. Wells better than Dante? Should you keep it dark or expose your crudeness—humbly?—defiantly? The past is a great museum with a too-imposing classification.—Manchester Guardian quoting a suggestion of Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan's in the Adolph.

Mr. Alexander Duckham has advanced the theory that insects may be warned off a room by painting the walls and ceiling blue. Lord Avebury, experimenting on wasps, concluded that the wasp is color blind. Would not the blue-tailed fly welcome a blue wall?

As the world wags:

We told the domestic who consented to try us for a few days that we breakfasted at 8 o'clock. "All right," she replied, "but I'm a heavy sleeper and if I'm not down, you needn't wait."

EUSTACIA HAWKINS.

Falmouth.

Would any housekeeper today dare to hang on kitchen wall "Rules for Servants," long current in an English household? "Absence from prayers, 2d; for being in bed after 6 A. M. or out of it after 10 P. M., 2d; for saying an evil word before the children, 4d; for striking a fellow servant, 12d," and so on. And in the England of 1640 a book of oaths to be taken by "servants for the true serving of their lords" was published. Servants vowed to be "obedient, requisite and necessary; not to consume nor waste any of his goods; to acquaint him if ye know of any hurt, harm or hindrance to be done to him, his lady or his goods."—Ed.

### GUARDED IN HIS TENT

A Bostonian who has recently acquired a small farm in New Hampshire writes:

"There are plenty of 'pillows' in New Hampshire. 'Tent caterpillars.' They are a mighty host descending upon the works of man with a relish which makes one groan in despair. Countless in number they march along the twigs and branches in single file like Indians on the trail. The stars of heaven are a mere pittance compared to the caterpillars of New Hampshire, although I left about ten thousand lying prostrate in the dust as a result of my assault upon their strongholds. And, I know that even yet the living walk among the dead as a band to be reckoned with, and my heart resolves a solemn oath that there will be no peace until every last one of them has turned up every one of their many toes."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes that the tent caterpillars are busy on Cape Cod, and only the idle rich of the summer cottagers are so disturbed thereby that they destroy the tents. "The 17-year locusts are visiting us, but they are not so destructive nor do they make so nerve-fretting a noise as they did 17 years ago. The caterpillars came first this year, and thus reversed the order spoken of by the prophet Joel, the son of Pethuel: 'That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.' Unfortunately the next verse in chapter I of Joel comes home to me now with peculiar force and bitterness: 'Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth.'"

### ALSO "MECHANICS' DELIGHT"

As the World Wags:

I read in the Evening Transcript an account of the Aetna Life Club Outing. "The program includes bathing, a long list of sports and games with spltable prizes, dinner at Pemberton Inn, dancing and the return sail tonight on the special boat."

The supposition is of course that Wrigley's spearmint and dark B. L. were among the prizes. F. R. B.

### "THE SIMPLE PLAN"

As the World Wags:

"A new use for an old song," in June 17 Sunday Herald, seemed when I wrote it to be a glimpse into the far future. Later I remarked orally on the similarity in political situation between Canada and our Union and that the sparsely settled units make financial demands on

the federation out of proportion to population and taxes paid. Still later there was read to me a dispatch from Ottawa, of about June 15, that the Canadian House of Commons had passed a resolve offering tariff reciprocity to the Union, a prominent advocate urging that unless reciprocity was enforced the Dominion would be disrupted. Now it seems beyond reasonable hope that there can be any such reciprocity. Accordingly it remains to be seen how true a prophet was that advocate.

Yet the younger provinces (like our sparsely settled states) were merely acting on the primitive instincts of mankind the world over; to quote by memory (my only present source) from Wordsworth's "Rob Roy":

"The good old rule sufficeth them,

The simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,

And they should keep who can."

Boston. ALFRED ELA.

### WOEFUL LITTLE FAIRY

A woeful little fairy

Sat on a stone,

Scarlet cap askew,

Grieving all alone.

A tiny fairy lady,

With flashing eye,

Pulled leaf-gown about her,

And passed him by.

So it goes through life,

Through every clime and race,

Find a soul a-grieving.

A lady in the case!

Milton. H. W. M.

### AN HONEST ADVERTISER

(From an Elgin (Ill.) Newspaper.)

REAL BARGAIN—Eight-room house, near watch factory; furnace, electricity, toilet, cemented basement, large rooms, newly decorated through; large lot; better look at this one, as it won't stand long; \$4200.

### THIS LIFE IS SO COMPLEX

(Shelbyville (Ill.) Daily Union.)

Mrs. Fichteman underwent an operation for appendicitis about two weeks ago, but appeared to be recovering nicely and was born at Mode on Nov. 16, south of Stewardson next week. Her death came as a great shock to her relatives and friends.

### SEE BUTLER'S "EREWHON"—RE MUSICAL BANKS

(From the Highway Builder.)

A bank in a small Minnesota town had just finished a vigorous but not overly harmonious selection. As they sank perspiring to their seats after bowing for the applause, the trombonist asked hoarsely:

"What's the next one?"

"The Malden's Prayer," answered the leader, consulting his program.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the trombonist, "I just got through playing that!"

### MARK TWAIN'S CIGARS

As the World Wags:

During the latter years of his life Mark Twain was occasionally the guest at the St. Botolph Club of the late Tom Doolittle of the Am. Tel. & Tel. Co. After one of these visits he wrote from New York: "Dear Tom. Please let me know what you have to pay for those cigars you smoke. Those I am smoking here cost me \$1.75 a barrel."

Boston. EDWARD S. SEARS.

### ADD "RHETORICAL ILLUSIONS"

(Daily Chronicle)

With Etna and Vesuvius alternately in eruption, we may confidently anticipate descriptions of "the pall of smoke" and the "leaping flames." Each of

these phrases is the result of an illusion, for in a volcanic eruption there is neither smoke nor flame. The "smoke" is actually steam, carrying up with it clouds of volcanic ash in the form of an impalpable powder. And the "flames" are produced in exactly the same way as are the "flames" which belch forth from the funnel of an express tearing across the countryside at night. It is merely a reflection on the rising steam from the inferno of molten rock below.

Robert Southey wrote a series of letters descriptive of England and English life. They purported to have been written by a noble Spaniard, Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. The second American edition, published in two little volumes by David Longworth at the Shakespeare Gallery in 1808, is now on our table. This edition contains "comparative and local notes by an American editor, in which some important errors are corrected, interesting anecdotes introduced, and explanations made." We now allude to these letters because we came across a reference to Boston, Mass., in one of the footnotes.

The annotator is speaking of stage proprietors, stage coaches and drivers in America.

"From New York to Philadelphia may be found, perhaps, the worst road and least attention with the best charges in the United States. Scarce a mile of our roads but is infested with one or more rum shops; at each of which the stage driver is compelled to stop and water—and get his fee—a dram." Now for Boston.

"In Boston at Lampheare's, two gentlemen, after taking seats in the southern stage, were informed by the barkeeper that it would not call elsewhere for them; therefore it was necessary to lodge in the house. After being conducted up as high as the roof would permit they were deposited in a place containing several beds, as they were called, and in the morning were charged 50 cents each for their lodging—fortunately they did lodge, for had they fallen from that height they would have never told of it. But they were deceived; the stage would have called at any house in Boston. Indeed, from Providence, or Newport, to Boston, and so on to Portland in Maine, no country affords better stages—their are literally coaches—none more careful and obliging drivers—or so good roads. . . . In some places in the eastern states their cookery as well as their charges may be improved—at Lampheare's, however, it is said both are good—certainly one is." (The italicization is the annotator's.)

Now will some one tell us about Lampheare—who he was, where his stage stood, when it disappeared? We are far from the books about Boston by the excellent Drake.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, when he has completed his colossal work "Man as a Social and Political Beast" (elephant folio, sold only by subscription), proposes to write a volume in somewhat lighter vein: "Boston Bar-Rooms I Have Known: 1890-1914." It will be bound in crape (not crepe), and handsomely illustrated. Mr. Johnson is debating in his mind whether clubs of Boston should be included with their wealth of anecdote. He is now in search of information concerning the first brass rail to be installed in a Boston bar-room that it might give a foothold for animated conversation, arguments, declamations, bursting into song.

### WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

There are novels that have suffered at the hands of illustrators; some that one inevitably associates with pictures, as novels by Thackeray and Dickens. (Who was so egregiously wrong as to say that Richard Doyle's drawings for "The Newcomes" were "feeble"? Did not Cruikshank firmly believe in his latter years that he wrote the greater part of "Oliver Twist"? Alice of the Wonderland and the Looking Glass is the Alice of Tenniel, yet an American had the impudence to picture her again. Count Fosco as pictured by McClellan is ten times more the delightful rascal than Wilkie Collins's hero. Who can read Ainsworth's "Tower of London" today? yet one can be pleased by Cruikshank's pictures—Mauger sharpening his axe, the Fate of Nightgall, and the Burning of Edward Underhill. But we do not wish to see the illustrated "Moby Dick," preferring the Capt. Ahab and the Queequeg of Melville.

We were led to these remarks by reading that authorities in Madrid chose Senor Ricardo Marin to illustrate "Don Quixote." Others have tried—Smirke, Westall, Vierge with more or less success, and Gustave Dore triumphed gloriously. We read that "Daumier and Degas were quickened by the immortal story," but when and how much we know not. A London newspaper drawing up the list does not mention Tony Jannahot. (This spelling of the name is, doubtless incorrect.)

### THE BOY'S OWN BOOKS

"George Munro, a member of the well-known family of publishers, died at his home," etc.

The name brought up pleasant memories. We remember when Munro's Dime Novels first made their appearance. This George could not have been their publisher, for he was only 64 years old when he died. Was THE Munro his father or his uncle? The novels, thrillers for the most part, of a blood-and-thunder order, had alluring titles—"Mad Mike the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass." Beadle's were classic in their way. They had the honor of being reviewed seriously and at length in the North American Review. Boys were not discriminating. Either a Munro or a Beadle could be read behind a huge geography standing on a school desk, but the yellow and red octavos—"Sixteen String Jack," "Dick Turpin" and "The Mysteries of the Court of London" were thus read with greater danger of detection.

### THIS WORLD

Take this toy, my little one:  
Clasp it tight, as I have done!  
Baubles of the playful gods—  
Tawdry, tarnished: what's the odds?

Tarnished? Tawdry? Nay: for you,  
It is beautiful and true;  
Oh, 'tis quite a splendid toy  
For an eager little boy!

Decked with gems or beads of glass,  
Pearls or tinsel, gold or brass:  
What's the odds—ah, what's the odds  
To a child—or to the gods?

Once I hugged it to my breast;  
Once my lips to it I pressed:  
Baubles, out of Chaos hurled—  
Lovely, tawdry, tear-stained world!  
EOLUS.

### TU QUOQUE

The statue of Pasteur unveiled at Strasbourg is in the form of an obelisk with Pasteur represented in gilded bronze. There are figures of a mad dog biting a child, and a shepherd with his sheep. Some of the people of Strasbourg objected to the memorial because the shepherd is naked, and so he was covered with a camel skin. If this had happened in the United States, how the Parisians would have laughed at American prudery.

### TREAT 'EM ROUGH

(From the Vermont Union-Journal)

#### NOTICE

Mr. Peter Doharty posted his wife last week, for leaving him without just cause or provocation. After striking her in the face, blacking her eye, and kicking her, what is just cause?

MRS. PETER DOHARTY.

East Haven, June 27, 1923.

### WE, TOO, PASS IT ALONG

(Mt. Vernon, Ill., Register News)

The Chester Herald-Tribune credits the following to the Steeleville Ledger: "Owing to a big rush of job printing and for lack of space a number of births and deaths will be postponed until next week."

SPANISH DANCER  
ON KEITH PROGRAM



Brilliant scenic effects and good fun characterize the vaudeville bill at E. P. Keith's Theatre this week. Pepita Granados, Spanish dancer, stages her graceful and sparkling numbers amid gorgeous settings and is ably assisted by Marian Dale and Grace Muroff, oriental dancers, and Frances Drager, violinist. Charles Irwin, who calls himself the modern comedian, has an original line of nonsense that decidedly appealed to last evening's audience.

Joe Fejer's excellent orchestra was a surprise on the program and was enthusiastically received. Tom Burke, tenor, was unable to appear because of loss of voice. Margaret McKee whistles cleverly and musically in imitation of various song birds. The White Sisters, winsome young ladies with vivid personalities, have a good number of songs and dances.

"Dark Clouds," characterized as a dramatic sensation, with Joe Bennett and Edward Richards, is a jovial bit of everything. George McKay and Ottilie Ardine mix dancing and good lines in a fortunate mixture and Ruth Harvard, Wynfred and Bruce show remarkable skill in their difficult swinging stunts. Palermo's Canines are a well-trained group of clever terriers with many amusing tricks. Screen novelties complete the bill.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**MAJESTIC**—"The Covered Wagon," film version of Emerson Hough's story of the Oregon trail. Eighth week.

**TREMONT**—George M. Cohan's Comedians in "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." A typical Cohan production. Eighth week.

July 11, 1923

Some deep thinker advised—we have forgotten his name—young men and women to read a poem daily that they might find life more beautiful. The poem should be read if possible before breakfast, and if the reader has a sure memory, if he is a "quick study," he should recite the verses at the table. (If he is a commuter, his delivery will necessarily be choked by food, and his diction will be hurried.)

What could be more appropriate at the present time than a revival of an old ballad of the heart and home?

We are indebted to "C. B. B." for a poem popular in the early nineties of the last century. Alas, she omits the second verse, and in the second line of the first she destroys the flavor for the sake of being grammatical, substituting "were not" for "wasn't." We now give the song in all its bardic splendor—that is with the consent of the linotype.

### LEARNING McFADDEN TO WALTZ

Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,  
But his feet wasn't gaited that way,  
So he saw a professor and stated his case  
And said he was willing to pay.  
The professor looked down in alarm  
At his feet  
As he viewed their enormous expanse,  
And he tacked on a five to his regular price  
For learning McFadden to dance.

Chorus:  
One, two, three, balance like me,  
You're quite a fairy but you have your faults;  
While your left foot is lazy, your right foot is crazy,  
But don't be unaisy I'll learn you to waltz.

II.  
He took out McFadden before the whole class  
And he showed him the step once or twice,  
But McFadden's two feet got tied into a knot,  
Sure he thought he was standing on ice.  
At last he broke loose and struck out with a will,  
Never looking behind or before,  
But his head got so dizzy, he fell on his face,  
And chewed all the wax off the floor.

Chorus.

III.  
McFadden soon got the step into his head,  
But it wouldn't go into his feet.  
He hummed "La Gitana" from morning till night,  
And he counted his steps on the street.  
One night he went home to his room to retire,  
After painting the town a bright red.  
Sure he dreamt he was waltzing—and let out his feet,  
And he kicked the dashboard off the bed.

Chorus.

IV.

When Clarence had practised the step for a while,  
Sure he thought that he had it down fine,  
He went to a girl an' he asked her to dance,  
And he wheeled her out into the line.  
He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,  
And he said that her movement was false,  
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch  
For learning McFadden to waltz.

Chorus.

This song, published in Albany, N. Y., is attributed on the title page to M. F. Carey, but it is the work of two Albanians, young men at the time, Messrs. Ed. Fassett and Clarence Griswold. The copyright was taken out in their names in 1890, but we heard the song sung and we joined in the chorus—hoarsely, discordantly, beerily no doubt, but we joined—in Albany before that date. We regret to say that we do not know another song by "M. F. Carey"—"McManus and His Spike Tail Coat."

Our correspondent changed "Learning McFadden" to "Teaching McFadden," a sad revision; furthermore, in good old days "learning" meant "teaching."

### TIDES IN THE MARMORA

As the World Wags:

There is not the slightest desire on my part that either Mr. Crosby or Mr. Robinson should accept me as an authority on Marmora tides or any other matter. Perhaps a visit to the public library and a brief study of recognized authorities on the subject might prove enlightening, and doubtless more convincing. Having spent several years on the shores of the Great Lakes, as well as in the near east, I am not so ignorant of the geography of that region as the gentlemen seem to suppose. As suggested by the editor of this column, a typographical error changed "or the Detroit river" to "on." It was the many points of resemblance between the localities referred to that suggested the comparison.

BEN. B. ESAU.

### WE RECOMMEND

More and Ropers; Real Estate—Oil Land—Investments, Shelby, Montana.

D. E. Rudeout & Son, Livery Stable, Evanston, Wyoming.

Hosea Waterer of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, florist, seedsman and dealer in lawn sprinkling apparatus.

This reminds us that the Pruitt Furniture and Undertaking Co. advertised last month in the Clarinda, Iowa, Herald: "Our Specialty: Complete Outfits for June Brides."

But it was the Daily Courier of Urbana, Illinois, looking forward, not backward, that published this headline: "Stork Shower for Ogden Bride."

As the World Wags:

I read that President Harding met "a former resident of Marlon, Ohio, engaged in farming in Idaho." I thought that all former residents of Marlon were now living in Washington, D. C.

Beverly. GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

### SERIOUSLY INJURED

(From the Somerville Herald)

"Taken to the Somerville Hospital, where he was found to be suffering from concussions and abstractions of the face and body."

### ADD "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED"

As the World Wags:

It is decidedly up to the various benign assemblies that look out for our moral welfare, to provide, incidentally, floating check-rooms for the use of nations not as yet blessed with the boon of prohibition. Not only provide, but provide gratis. And, moreover, apologize in writing for not having so provided, the instant the ruling became effective. Exactly as well ban, umbrellas in a museum and fail to provide a check-room.

Not only do these gentry display unusually bad manners for which all Americans get the credit, but they will see us into a war. Unless Europe is as decrepit as the returning bagmen make out. If so, then we can go ahead and bully her.

Blushing at my own indignation, I remain yours,  
SAM CHARLES.  
Boston.

July 12, 1923

Mr. Ernest Newman rushed to Queen's hall in London to see Paderewski. He left a pleasant luncheon, telling the remonstrating host that he had not heard Paderewski since he took to politics. "I know many Presidents who play the fool, but not another one who plays the piano. It was not to hear

Paderewski that I was flying, but to hear and see the Polish statesman who did so much to prove that a musician may sometimes be not only a man but a great man of affairs. . . . I was sure that the scene at Paderewski's reappearance would be something to remember for the benefit of our grandchildren."

Bitter was good Mr. Newman's disappointment and bitterly he expressed it in his letter to the Manchester Guardian. He even said that the demonstration was a fiasco due to the pianist's "own bad stage management." He was 20 minutes late in coming on the platform, and hundreds had been in the hall for some time before the hour announced for beginning. There were three attempts to bring him on by anticipatory applause. "The result of it all was that by the time Paderewski did appear the fever heat of the big audience had died down to practically the normal concert temperature; and the reception he got was no more thrilling than it would have been had he merely been away from us for 10 weeks instead of 10 years. It was hardly worth while being a President for this."

If the day had not been dull and cool, the affair might have been a complete failure. "The darkened hall, with the vague figure in black, its features indistinguishable, sitting at the piano, was a constant temptation to sleep, and the pianist did not improve matters by playing for the first hour and a quarter (Mendelssohn's Variations Serleuses, Schumann's long C major Fantasie, and the Appassionata Sonata) without leaving the platform."

Mr. Newman complained of often "exaggeratedly slow" tempo; of the same over-powerful left hand, of the same odd way now and then of letting the left hand anticipate the right in a chord; and "the same inexplicable partiality for a French piano that for a good half of the recital was a grievous affliction to the ears of his audience."

At the same time it was the general impression that Paderewski's technic was, if anything, better than it used to be.

Our old friend George Baklanoff of the Boston and later the Chicago Opera has been giving concerts in Central Europe. The hearers preferred him in arias where his dramatic intensity could make its way. "In German songs there was inequality of tone and lack of warmth."

"In Old Heidelberg" is to be turned into a musical comedy—music by Sigmond Romberg.

Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow," speaking of the lack of operetta sopranos in Vienna, says: "There is a chance for any pretty American girl, who has a voice and aspirations, to become a queen of comic opera, providing she speaks German and is willing to sign for \$10 a month or less."

Notes and Lines:

My table manners are lax. I was whistling over my ortolans. Bill the engraver said, "That isn't in the Book of Etiquette." "No," I sparkled, "it's in 'The Huguenots.'"

But I ask you, why the growing glumness of audiences? Sometimes I laugh right out, like that, at the comicallities of the movie buffoons. People turn around and stare at me. I seek out burlesque—the house is full of critical intellectuals. Where sailors used to fight, tobacco spatter, and bedizened harlots grin, grim respectability sits freezing. I go to the Pops Tchaikovsky pounds his gleeful Cossack drum. I wag my tail and frisk. I look about for kindred spirits. Dour brachycephalics gape, and a rueful usher comes and tells me smoking on Sunday is forbidden.

I hate musical shows, the folks around me are always talking about the technic of the "dramma." The stage has become something to study. It gives one the pip, it's so profound.

Do you notice this audiential melancholia? This black bile of listeners, for whom entertainment has become a sterile obligation? AH CHEER.

### EINSTEIN IN THE MOVIES

They play "The Sheik of Alabam" When Einstein's on the screen; And, while the band discourses tunes, The pictures show in line-cartoons What Einstein's doctrines mean.

A tenor sings some mammy-songs; A girl gets saved in two; A man paints landscapes with his toes; Three gilt-enameled ladies pose; And then comes Walcott's Zoo.

Some Arabs turn some somersaults; Some Mongol minstrels sing. . . . I wonder if old Einstein knows How well his little theory goes With all this kind of thing!

B. W. W.

When Paul Speckt, with his Alamac Hotel Orchestra, appeared for one night in the last week of June at the Royal Palace Hotel, London, the announcement stated that he was "saturated in music since his earliest days." Bathed as a baby in musical fluid.

Notes and Lines:

Who remembers the summer night theatricals at Oakland Gardens, a project aided and fostered to entertain the public by either the old Metropolitan Street Railway or the Highland Street Railway when Moody Merrill was directing it? Or was the road then the West End?

Let me inquire if any reader recalls a Dutch comedian much in vogue at the Old Howard named Budworth, long before Gus Williams's day, who sang, "Say, Kizer, Don't You Want to Buy a Dog?" Also "The Tassels on the Boots" with much success?

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Lillian Overell in "A Woman's Impressions of German New Guinea," gives this example of pidgin English. A native described a piano as "one big fellow box. His savvy plenty teeth. Suppose missus fight him plenty, him sing out."

"Tantalus" writes: The best of all possible things to do with Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Lou Tellegen is to marry 'em each to the other.

To G. W.: It was Wilton Lackaye who asked when he would play in a drama based on "Les Miserables," answered: "As soon as I can find a manager who can pronounce the title."

An annex show to the Sparks Circus includes a 30-foot black tail rock python, man-eating gorilla, strange girl alive, African grave robber, crocodiles and alligators. My darling, what wouldst thou have more?

Eugen d'Albert, pianist and composer, has married for the seventh time. Heinrich Gruenfeld, pianist of Vienna, thereupon wrote to him: "I congratulate you my dear friend. You have seldom had so charming a wife."

A contributor to "Tantalus's" column wrote: "A photograph shows A. Jolson kissing his wife good-by before rushing off to Europe after seeing himself on the screen. Now, if they all would only do that!"

"Tantalus" wrote this heading: "But, Sir, haven't most of them kissed their wives good-by?"

Arthur Buchanan, actor, born in England, who died recently at Montrose, Pa., was known and liked in Boston 30 years or more ago. He was interested in many things and talked about them in an interesting manner.

July 13, 1923

We are indebted to J. D. K. for the poem of this morning. It brings with it tender memories of the dear dead days and nights. Are they forever to be beyond recall? Perish the thought! The choir will now sing:

### THE PITCHER OF BEER

I'm a friend of the poor man wherever I may roam,  
No matter what countryman he; Oh come share my loaf and the meat on the bone,  
I've a gramachree welcome for thee.

Chorus:  
Each night in the week and week in the year,  
With a heart and a conscience that's clear,  
I've a friend and a glass to let the toast pass,  
As we drink from our pitcher of beer.  
Oh the child in the cradle, the dog at the door,  
The fireside so cheerful and bright; Old folks at the table with plenty galore  
To welcome you in with delight; Their blessing they give, it's long may you live,  
And so merrily glide o'er each year; Then they hand you a glass to let the toast pass  
As we drink from our pitcher of beer.

Oh be social and merry, for life's but a day,  
You'll die and leave others behind to fret and to worry, to sigh and to pray,  
When relief they could easily find, If they draw up a chair and drive away care,  
Have a friend with his pipe sitting near:  
For a song or two, let it be old or new,  
And drink from their pitcher of beer.

Rude rhyming, faulty metre, do you say? A good old song, this song of Edward Harrigan's, breathing hospitality, peace and good will, hope in the future, and also BEER. Is it possible that when the annotated edition of songs sung in the Harrigan and Hart comedies will appear that there will be need of explanations—discussing the origin of once familiar phrases:—"Rushing the growler," "Chasing the duck," "Filling



the can," "a bucket of suds"? A volume of these songs has been for some years in the market, but without introductory essay; without illuminating notes.)

The comedies of Harrigan were intensely local; they were of a New York that no longer exists, but they were singularly true to the New York of the Seventies. Mr. W. D. Howells, an intrepid if often belated explorer, wrote enthusiastically about the plays and the comedians. If we are not mistaken, he likened Harrigan as a dramatist to Goldoni, and said that while Shakespeare was sometimes vulgar, Harrigan never sinned in this respect. We first saw Harrigan and Hart dancing and singing "Little Fraud" in a Chicago variety theatre. It was in the summer of 1872. We see and hear them now. No "team" since has approached them for grace. And when Harrigan sang in his simple way he moved the hearer by the pathetic quality of his voice, for he turned sentimentalism into genuine sentiment.

### RECKLESS GEOGRAPHERS

As the World Wags:  
Writers of real estate fiction for some time have been locating a Mattapan bungalow "down on the Cape" and a Sudbury one-man farm "out among the Berkshires." Now comes the Round Hills Radio Corporation of South Dartmouth, located near the southern end of Buzzards Bay, with the slogan: "The Voice from Way Down East." A native of East Machias might reasonably ask, "How they get that way?" The Daughters of Maine and the Sons and Fathers and Mothers from Kittery to Eastport ought to register a vigorous protest against this attempt at stretching the Way Down East region to the waters of Buzzards Bay.

I. B. DARNED.

We love Mister Dempsey!  
He makes it so fast;  
And, as he won't spend it,  
His money will last.

INFANTA S.

### SUMMER BEAVERS

As the World Wags:  
Mr. Lansing R. Robinson, having claimed prior rights to the proposal of Mr. Munch's Haymarket square hostility for membership in the Academy, having stumbled upon it while stalking beaver May 1, the writer begs to inform his fellow-adventurer that the summer fur season on beaver in that vicinity is not open until well into the hot weather (about July 15, in fact), whereas Mavericks may be spotted in East Boston all season.

However, assuming that ignorance of the facts in this case is an excuse, I award the accolade to the pre-discoverer, and propose that he be given a permanent discount at either of Mr. Munch's establishments, depending entirely upon his whereabouts at meal time.

LINCOLN P. SIMONDS.

### "SCOTTY" \$3,000,000 SPENDER

As the World Wags:  
Drive! This chap "Scotty" never owned \$5000 in his life. When he came to New York in 1906 he tore up Broadway at the rate of \$100 a day, which wasn't cigarette money for some local spenders. "Scotty" didn't attract any attention. He slunk back to California crestfallen, leaving Coal Oil Johnnie's record undisturbed.

L. R. R.

### WITH "PANTS" AND "GENTS"

As the World Wags:  
Webster's dictionary now lists "phone" as a perfectly good word, with a memorandum that it is a colloquialism, that is, used informally and in familiar conversation.

"Phone" makes me shudder. Why? What causes our liking for abbreviation? Why do we limit it? Why not shorten every word and form an Esperanto of our own?

Boston has abbreviated "licensed" until many people (junk dealers especially) pronounce it /Lic. to rhyme with Mick. Every wagon bears its Lic. number. We observed this atrocity on Harvard street, Brookline—"Plymouth Lunch Co., Lic. Vic." which reminds us of good old days when Licensed Victualler above doorways was alluring (liquidly). Lic. Vic. is staccato.

Down the same street is a smoother name—W. A. Umlah, only he's a builder. What a perfect story it would be if he was a glee-club leader. The name is beautifully legato and perfect for chorus obbligato, as follows:

(Waltz tempo)

Solo—Ach du liebe Au-gus-tin, Au-gus-tin, Au-gus-tin,  
Chorus—(M-m-m-m-m-m, Um-lah-lah, Um-lah-lah, Um-lah-lah.)

And so forth.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

### THE ROLLING HOOPES

(Adv. in Ogles County, Ill., Republican)  
We are going to load Mrs. Hoopes and our baby Miriam and a few extra clothes into the old Buick Tuesday morning, run up to Michigan and visit our brother Dan for a few days. While we are gone Bess and Mable have left their homes and beloved husbands and come in to help Osa and Emerson run the business. It is up to you to make them earn their money. Step to it.

J. W. HOOPES

Mr. Frank D. Whipp is the managing officer of the St. Charles (Illinois) School for Boys.

July 14 1923

Mr. August Lee of Nauvoo, Ill., is apparently a worker in stone, for he advertises in the Independent of that city:

"SAY IT WITH A TOMBSTONE"

"THE BOY, OH! WHERE WAS HE?"

(Morris, Ill., Daily Herald)

Mrs. Esther Johnson-Swanson has returned from her wedding trip.

### SUCH A ROW THEY MUST HAVE HAD

("Personal" in N. Y. World)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—My wife, Fay Sucharow, left my bed and board Nov. 20, 1922; I shall not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.

LOUIS SUCHAROW.

Messrs Chesterton and Shaw with Cmdr. Kenworthy discussed recently at the St. Martin's Theatre, which was packed to the doors, the meaning of the Robot play. Mr. Shaw maintained "that we were all nature's Robots in so far as the world's work had to be done. If we were to live we ought to organize the Robotish aspect of our lives as fairly as possible, with all the aids of machinery, and keep our best silver for our leisure. For himself, he only wanted activity in his leisure—happiness was not in his line."

"Most of the happiness I've had, I didn't like," said Mr. Shaw.

### ARTHUR LATHAM PERRY

As the World Wags:

Your notice of the Rev. Carroll Perry's memoirs of his father brings vividly before me the only occasion upon which I ever saw that illustrious exponent of free trade.

One sweltering day, between 35 and 40 years ago, I was one (a very young one) of some hundreds of teachers at a certain place in western Massachusetts. Doubtless 90 per cent. of us had become weary of platitudes on character building, sentimental pleas for the teaching of temperance, commonplace expositions of hobbies in penmanship, arithmetic, geography, English and what not, topped off by the inevitable display, in a recitation, of emotional expressions such as "never was on land or sea." This last torture carried with it a compensation for me, for the shriek that was part of the business started to wakefulness a portly male teacher who had gone to sleep on my unwilling shoulder to the amusement (and probably the envy) of all in my vicinity.

After this elocutionary atrocity, it was announced that the next and last speaker on the program was unable to appear.

In the buzz of joy that greeted this prospect of an early deliverance from boredom, most of us, I believe, did not catch the name of the person who (to our disappointment) was to "say a few words" to us.

If memory serves me right, the gentleman who entered after this introduction came to the front of the platform with an easy stride. He was tall and there was not a superfluous ounce of flesh on his massive frame. His head was leonine and I have an impression of long, strong teeth when he smiled down upon us. (I beg pardon if I disremember). By what power did he focus upon himself our instant attention, charm to complete wakefulness my soporific neighbor? Here was an undoubted personage. From the reservoir of vast knowledge, in language that meant inherited culture and life-long training, he spoke to us, while his presence confirmed his words, of the value of personality in teaching. About his profound thought played a delightful humor.

I particularly remember one of his illustrative stories. He described the Williamstown stage driver as a man who expressed shrewd observations of men and affairs in succinct and graphic vernacular. I assume that the speaker had been absent from Williamstown, for among other questions he asked the driver: "What has become of Mr. —?" referring to a student whose earnest plety was exceeded only by his dullness. "Gone," was the twanging answer, "to teach the heathen ignorance." The value of this anecdote was apparent in his address in personality in teaching.

Truly the good wine had been kept until the last. When I went out refreshed in spirit, enriched by a valuable

message, I learned that we had been listening to Prof. Arthur Latham Perry.

ANNE HOWARD.

### ANNA GLUZMAN

(Soviet Judge of Moscow)

Ann Gluzman dwells in Muscovy: a jurist of renown is she—  
The darling of the Moscow Kommissars.

When Anna sits upon the bench, they dig an extra burial-trench  
For victims of the cellar abat-toirs.

Though only 23, or less—this paint-and-powder leopardess,—  
She's growing more progressive every year:

Sho signs her name—and corpses fall in bloody rows against a wall.

I wonder when we'll have her over here!

And yet, in our enlightened town, where ladies shoot their husbands down,  
She might encounter blame instead of praise:

She isn't bound by nuptial tie to any one she deems to die—  
Precisians might resent her careless ways!

When once the marriage-knot is tied, it consecrates a homicide;—  
It sanctifies the fracture in your dome;

So, if you chance to marry Ann, remain in Moscow, if you can:  
You're safer with her there than here at home.

B. W. W. of Chicago.

### "AN 'ORRIBLE TALE'"

As the World Wags:

As to the song that T. W. of Spencer wants information about: It recalls the delightful concert by the Peak Family Bell-Ringers that I heard in Masonic hall, Hyannis, some time in 1864 or '65. It was sung by a boy of the family. I never heard it again, but it struck me as so immensely funny that every word of it stuck fast in my memory and I used to sing it with great gusto. To my sorrow, I can recall only fragments of it now. As I heard it, the beginning ran:

"A terrible tale I have to tell  
About a family that did dwell . . .  
Somewhere down East was the home  
Of the suicidal famly, I believe, so it  
was doubtless an Americanized version  
that I heard. The father, I believe,  
"hung himself with a piece of rope"  
and somebody else "cut his throat with  
a bar of soap" and

"The miserable cat by the kitchen  
fire  
Swallowed a portion of the fender  
and did expire,  
While the flies on the ceiling, their  
case was the worst 'un,  
Went and blowed themselves up  
with spontaneous combustion."

It was along before that that it told about the "fella" who made way with himself by means of the umbrella.

I think the boy who sang it must have been the surviving member of the family who wrote you some months ago; perhaps he could tell you the name of the song and even give the words entire.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

This song is English. It was once popular in London music halls. J. L. Toole used to sing it recite it. The Herald of next Sunday will contain several interesting letters about it.—Ed.

July 15 1923

We were greatly surprised when we read that Mr. J. P. Morgan sent by his butler to an aged woman sitting near the curb watching her furniture piled on the sidewalk, breakfast of fruit, rolls, eggs and coffee "on a silver tray." Not that we doubted for a moment Mr. Morgan's generosity, his good heart; but we had supposed that Mr. Morgan and all associated with him in business ate off dishes of solid gold. Perhaps they only dine off gold plate; perhaps for breakfast there is an equipage of German silver, and for luncheon silver, thus by a crescendo arriving at the superb, auriferous climax.

### IMPERFECT DENTISTRY?

(From the New York Times. Seen by J. W.)

"After church," Mr. Rockefeller re-plied with a smile,  
ahwmm i-sin,hi onLC rdlet upetupetupu

### IS THE LONG SHIFT TO GO?

(Editorial Heading in The Boston Herald.)

As the World Wags:  
Has this anything to do with the tendency on the part of some of our modern young women to discard that old standby, the corset? Was there not a saying to the effect—"the longer the shift—"?

V. T. Y.

### "WHY MISS DWYER?"

As the World Wags:  
I was interested in Egan O'Rahilly's query in your column. I have neve-

heard of Ireland being referred to as "Kathleen Dwyer," though I am familiar with the other names mentioned by Mr. O'Rahilly. Perhaps Mr. de Valera got mixed in his allusion. He may have meant "Sean O'Duire a Gleanna," meaning "John O'Dwyer of the Glens," a famous Irish outlaw of the old days and the subject of many poems by the bards of ancient times. I have often heard his praises sung in Gaelic in my young days in my native Kerry.

An old schoolmate of mine, Stephen B. Roche, as bright an Irishman as I know and a poet of renown in his native county, wrote a stirring tribute to Sean O'Dwyer, and when I read Mr. O'Rahilly's letter I thought he might like to see a verse of Stephen's tribute:

"Oh, Shawn O'Dwyer a Gleanna! You were stout and true, a chara,  
But your day was sad with sorrow, for the strangers bore the sway;  
Our Gaelic laws were flouted, our Gaelic tongue was scouted,  
And they crowned the Saxon bodach with the victor's wreath of bay.  
They doomed Wexford's sons to slaughter, dyed with blood the Shannon's water.

When Athlone and Limerick city to desolation came;  
Lone Aughrim's plain is ruddy, Boyne's water still runs muddy—  
But, Shawn O'Dwyer, a bouchell, we're winning in the game!"

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

Orleans.  
The tune "John O'Dwyer of the Glen" is in "The Poets and Poetry of Munster." The tune there bears the date "about 1783."—Ed.

### "THERE'S A REASON"

As the World Wags:

In perusing a copy of The Lily issued in 1854 I found a notice headed "Asparagus Coffee" and beneath it I read "Baron Liebig has discovered that the seeds of asparagus plants contain a principle that he calls 'tanine,' which is identical with that of the coffee berry, and that when free from pulp, dried, and roasted, and made into a beverage in the same way, it cannot well be distinguished from good Mocha coffee."

Was this the Liebig of scientific, philosophic, fertilizer and beef juice fame I find nothing about this important discovery in a short history of his life. Did you ever know of anyone who had sampled this asparagus seed beverage? If it was so delicious I should think that the asparagus industry would have become one of considerable importance by this time.

L. E. J.

Cohasset.  
The Liebig was probably the same. In student days in the Berlin of the last Eighties asparagus water was sold in restaurants as a morning bracer after too much beer or wine the night before, as clam juice in this country was considered a straightener out. The asparagus water was to our taste a disagreeably tasting tonic, but the Germans found it soothing and agreeable in every way.—Ed.

### A WALL STREET FICTION

As the World Wags:

I extract the following paragraph from a recently printed address by Jason Westerfield, director of publicity of the New York Stock Exchange, entitled "Wall Street of Fact and Fiction": "Consider Wall street in 1790. . . . In fair weather a small group of men could be seen under a button-wood tree that stood in front of 79 Wall street, doing a brokerage business in United States government bonds issued after the revolutionary war. . . . Occasionally Capt. Kidd, of piratical fame, would pass them on his way to the house at 56 Wall street which was owned by the widow he married." Would it not be pertinent to inquire of Mr. Westerfield whether this statement comes under the category of "Fact" or "Fiction" as set forth in the title of his address? If the latter, we may accept it as it stands, but otherwise, as authentic sources of history state the fact that Capt. Kidd was hung in chains on London docks in 1701, it is evident that we have in Mr. Westerfield's statement a recorded instance of survival after death which ought to be brought to the attention of Sir Conan and his followers for investigation.

Worcester. EDWARD F. COFFIN.

### PURE, COLD ART IN EVANSTON

(Evanston, Ill., News-Index)

. . . and a group of Mrs. Leo Krantz's pupils will present a Greek freeze in motion, accompanied by lines read by Mrs. Arthur L. Whitley and music by Miss Monita Caldwell.

### MR. CHASE'S CANDIDATE

As the World Wags:

Mr. Whiting, mourning and "taking on" over the death of his family goldfish, has apparently overlooked the statement attributed to Mr. Irvin Cobb that a goldfish has no privacy. Undoubtedly the Whiting goldfish died from too much visibility.

But sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity. Since the goldfish has been introduced into politics let us have one for President. We have had a horned-



and a jellyfish, now let us nominate a goldfish on a wet platform.  
Concord, N. H. LEVIN J. CHASE.

#### As the World Wags:

The lines "What a queer bird the frog are," etc., published in your column call to mind after more than half a century the Irish girl's description of a toad: "When he stood he sat; when he walked he laped."  
He was smooth all over, but nubby."  
T. G. S.

#### REVERIES OF A LABOR AGITATOR

Me bigga man! Come over from Italy 'bout ten year ago. Worka two year pusha da hod up an' down six floor for two-fifty a day. Helluver job. Hod maka da back stiff. I say myself: "You one bigga fool, do this job. Why no be big boss like Teddy Roos." I go getta lot wops. I say: "You make me President, I raise your pay three, four dollar a day." "All right," say wops, "you goa to it." I no read or write. Education da bunk. Me gotta tall hat, shiny shoes, cane, mucha swell hat. Me weara da pajam, no more da nighta shirt. You see me rida da limmersina? Costa five thousand dollar. Me bigga chief. Why you no taka hat off?  
Ponzi bigga bum, me gotta one sura ting.  
GIOVANNI BORGIA.

#### "Is Poetic a True Thing?" Asks the Times Critic

Mr. Walkley asks this old question propounded by Audrey: "Was the civil war on the southern side really like this? Was it an eplo with Robert E. Lee as its unity and its eponymous hero? But why worry? What you get is history 'seen through the emotion' of Mr. Drinkwater, and with all its melancholy, it provides an interesting evening for players. Interesting, rather than absorbing or thrilling. But distinctly interesting. . . . Gen. Lee is played with consistently melancholy dignity by Mr. Aylmer. . . . the ladies have nothing to do but swing their crinolines."

The Daily Telegraph found the play necessarily of a somewhat episodic nature, but it did not speak of Malvern "House." Describing the battle, with Lee coolly giving his orders, the reviewer says that Mr. Drinkwater here shows his "wonderful mastery of stage craftsmanship, his extraordinary faculty of piling up situation on situation until the final bi-climax is reached. The drawback is that little more than half the play is over, and that if history is to be adhered to he cannot hope to rise a second time to such giddy heights. It inevitably follows that the subsequent scenes show a distinct lessening of the dramatic interest, however weightily charged they may be with a sense of pathos and emotional stress. . . . The play is written with a restraint and a fairness for which the author is to be warmly commended. It is, of course, dominated by the commanding figure of Gen. Lee, but no attempt is made to idealize or to paint him in unduly heroic colors."

#### EXHALATIONS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

The Manchester Guardian, finding the play reduced to Lee himself, said: "The heavy moral pressure of his idealism begins to bear heavily on one's patience as the evening wears on. No southern champion could complain that Mr. Drinkwater has not bowed the knee in adoration, but Mr. Drinkwater's prostration before the idol that every man in arms should wish to be inevitably stirs sentiment against this canonized hero. Nobility is a cloak to be worn with tact, and the Lee of Mr. Drinkwater's creation is never allowed to forget or hide or diminish his vesture of virtue. Never can he grumble or despair, never omit to expose himself in battle with a heroism more worthy of a Lyceum melodrama. He hands his rations to the sick and directs the raging struggle like a schoolmaster encouraging his pupils to play up and play the game. On Lee's battlefields breathing is not made difficult by fumes of powder; it is suffocated rather by the terrific exhalations of righteousness. Perhaps it was like that. Perhaps, too, Lee's troops were all young models of high purpose and exalted resignation, whose extreme dissipation was to play the banjo. . . . On one point Mr. Drinkwater's romanticism must be challenged. He may dip an army in white-wash and bowdlerize his battles, but he cannot with any fairness pretend that the cause for which these men fought was particularly noble. Below the secession question was the abolition question. . . . the southern cause was more than the cause of state rights; it was the cause of the big estates and of slave labor. To that extent it was a shabby cause, and Mr. Drinkwater slurs over the slavery question. His heroes do not defend slavery, and they do not even discuss it. It is not to be suggested that every southern soldier was a convinced champion of slavery, but the slavery issue was there, and it ought not to be so neglected in any fair picture of the war. Mr. Drinkwater has made of Lee a figure of

John Drinkwater's new play, "Robert E. Lee," with Felix Aylmer playing General Lee, has been produced in London. Mr. Drinkwater, speaking of the play as a pendant to his "Abraham Lincoln," said that it is an attempt to dramatize the same event seen through the emotion of the South rather than that of the North." As the emotion of the defeated is bound to be depressing, Mr. Walkley of the Times foresaw in his snippy manner that the play would be depressing.

"I pray you, Master Mathew, give me a stool to be melancholy upon"; and Mr. Drinkwater provides you with the stool. Let us proceed, then, to be melancholy through nine scenes."

Col. Lee of the United States army resigns his commission when he hears that Virginia will secede. "A fine, upstanding, bearded fellow, deliberate, grave, and with obvious aptitude for what you may call the 'lapidary' style of speech." Virginia sportsmen discuss the war that is to come. They sing "I wish I was in Dixie" to a banjo accompaniment. At a ball that night at the Leo house ("cue for crinolines") even Lee dances. "He says it calms his mind. Dancing as a sedative—does that account for its present vogue?"

A year later. Fighting at Malvern House (sic). The confederate generals, all formidable "beavers," watch the action. Lee exposes himself "regardless." Stonewall Jackson is fiery. "There are no heroes, and you get, what is rare on the stage, a true impression of war as it is—or as it was in 1862. Evidently the southerners, with all their bravery, are beginning to give way under the sheer force of numbers." President Davis, "rather a futile person, is already failing to provide supplies and ammunition," but he utters the "presidential periphrases for 'Stick it.'"

About a year later. Confederates without food and hope. Gen. Jackson is dead; Lee retreats; Davis admits all is lost. "Mr. Lincoln will be merciful." Lee has surrendered. "Death of one of the sportsmen (the one with the banjo) with chorus 'off' of 'I wish I was in Dixie.' More philosophizing." Lee dictates a valedictory letter in his best (really very good) lapidary prose, supplemented by a farewell address to the bystanders. They must all go home and devote themselves henceforward to being good Americans. There is universal gloom."

sombre splendor undefiled, altogether a man of cold virtues beyond the common ken. . . . The little portrait of Jefferson Davis, done by Mr. Gordon Harker, was the most vivid thing in the play, not because Mr. Harker acted better than Mr. Aylmer, but because Mr. Drinkwater has here created a more credible piece of mortality."

#### PERSONAL

A bas relief in bronze of Raoul Pugno, representing him with his hands on the piano has been placed in the Paris Conservatory. Pugno when he was in Boston was a jovial companion. He played faster in concert than any pianist we ever heard, faster even than Mark Hambourg when he was here as a young man.

E. C. Urius, a son of the tenor who sang here in opera with the Boston Opera Company, has been engaged for the Berlin Opera.

Lionel Dauriac, lecturer on musical psychology at the Sorbonne, Paris, and author of "Psychologie dans l'Opera francais," and "Essai sur l'Esprit Musical," and lives of Rossini and Meyerbeer is dead.

Emma Calve, giving a concert in Paris, was warmly praised. "What an excellent lesson for the benefit of so many of our modern singers."

Paul Paray has succeeded the late Camille Chevillard as conductor of the Lamoureux Concerts.

A Neapolitan pianist, 13 years old, Tita Parisi, has played in Rome.

That excellent pianist Magdeleine Du Carp, who is now giving concerts with Nelda Humphrey, a soprano, in Europe, will return to the United States next fall.

Leo Blech, general director of music at the National Opera, Berlin, has given up this position to direct the German opera in that city. The Intendant, Max von Schillings, will confine himself to the musical direction of the National, with the assistance of Clemens Krauss of Vienna.

Perosi's health is said to be improving. He hopes to resume composition. "Art is still living in me and I feel its

strong pulsation." Let us hope it will beat to more purpose than it did before his breakdown.

Blanche Selva, who is thought to be one of very great pianists, has been playing in Rumania. It is said that her personality—she is very fat—might endanger her success in the United States.

Andres Segovia, a guitar virtuoso from Spain, has made a sensation in Mexico, playing music by Bach, Handel, Mozart, Chopin, Schumann as well as pieces by Spanish composers. "We have never supposed one could produce such effects with a guitar."

Alwin Cranz died at Vevey, 89 years old. This publisher of music succeeded in 1857 his father August of Hamburg, who had founded the firm in 1813. Alwin's son Oscar, now the head of the firm at Leipzig, Brussels and London, succeeded Alwin in 1896.

Lawrence Brown, the accompanist, went from Boston with Roland Hayes to London. John Goss last month at his recital sang a group of negro spirituals arranged by Messrs. Brown and Burleigh. The Daily Telegraph said: "Mr.

Goss will not blame us if we suggest that he had probably studied these spirituals with Mr. Brown (who played all the accompaniments throughout like the sympathetic artist he is). The result, anyway, was delightful, for Mr. Goss's excellent diction and his power of creating 'atmosphere' made of these a very joyful experience. There was a charming episode at the end of this group when Mr. Goss, being encored, confessed that he knew no more spirituals, and spontaneously called upon Mr. Brown to sing one himself. This the colored musician did with inimitable sweetness, the song being the lovely 'I'll Be a Witness for My Lord.'"

Eva La Gallienne will have the leading part in Franz Molnar's play, "The Swan," to be produced next fall.

Evelyn Scottney, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, has been giving concerts in Australia, her native land. An enthusiastic reporter said of her singing Howard White's "The Robin's Song": "In this her notes more closely resembled that of a bird than might be imagined possible." Chirp-chirp.

#### THEATRICAL MATTERS

Gilbert Cannan's little play, "Everybody's Husband," performed in London by the Traveling Theatre, puts four generations of wives on the stage at the same time, and thus points out "the essential similarity of the discomforts and complaints of married women throughout the ages."

A critic the other day said that it is good to have one's mind torn in a theatre, and perhaps it is simply natural that Mr. Turner should write such a play as "The Man Who Ate the Popomack" or Mr. O'Neill his "Emperor Jones." We are in revolt against the cultured smoothnesses, and we mean to be our own selves even if it involves some strain and bluster. The poets are beginning to realize the indignity of being recited by irrelevant personalities, and I suppose their breast pockets no longer bulge with manuscripts that they would share with you. If they are to have audience—and perhaps it is not necessary—they demand an impersonal medium, such as the megaphone, or some unemotional clerk of the court. And yet at Oxford eminent people are trying to get men and women to recite beautifully.—Manchester Guardian.

There was an open-air performance last month in the garden of New College, Oxford, of "Rhesus," by Euripides, in the original Greek. The play was acted at Birmingham University, in Murray's translation last March, but this performance at Oxford was probably the first in Greek since the fifth century before Christ. In the hall of Merton College, Oxford, Massinger's "The Duke of Milan" was performed with special music arranged by Frederick Austin. For "The Rhesus" music has been composed by Ernest Walker, "realistic and modern music," with the chorus accompanied by an orchestra of strings with a trumpet and a horn.

At Sunninghill Park, England, there was dancing with singing for a charity. A foliage-screened raft had been built for the lake in the park. The orchestra played on the raft. Debussy's "Pastorale d'ete," Tchaikovsky's "Lac des Cygnes," and flower waltz from "Nutcracker" were danced. G. Faure's "Pavane Chantes" was sung and danced. Old Italian songs were sung in costume.

The orchestra played music by Ravel and Mozart. "The colored lights that two great searchlights directed on the raft on the water and on the lofty woods on the opposite shore, the slip of moon in the fleecy sky, the music in the still night air combined to make a strangely lovely and moving experience."

Sir John Martin Harvey with his company will tour the United States and Canada next season.

The Italian Marionette Players are at the Coliseum, London, for a month. Their entertainment lasts 40 minutes at this hall.

"The Birds" of Aristophanes, with Hubert Parry's music, was performed at King's College, London, on June 27. Mr. Nevison, reviewing the performance, found that the time when the satire was first produced in Athens (B. C. 414) was much like ours, and the condition of Greece much like Europe's. "All the States, especially the little nationalities, were restless and disturbed, tending to one alliance or another, and secretly or openly supported by one or other of the two rival races. Athens was elated with now Imperialist dreams, but anxious, too, for the dreams were not being easily fulfilled. . . . War and a superficial peace had also filled Athens as they have filled our country, with all manner of 'crooks' and 'cranks,' false prophets, spiritualists, provocative agents, and minor poets. . . . When Irs herself, as messenger of high heaven, flies up to inquire what the new city (Cloud-cuckoo-land) means, she is asked for her passport and turned back, just like any English woman on Ellis Island."

An interesting publication comes to hand in "No. 00002" of "The Spear," which is "Price, One Groat (amusement tax included)." "The Spear," with a small typo "Shake" in title parenthesis, is the organ of the annual Shakespeare festival at Huddersfield, which, at the Theatre Royal, this year, is giving 11 plays in 28 performances. Contributors to this merry and bright journal include Sir Sidney Lee, John Masefield, G. K. Chesterton and William Poel. The whole publication, with its 20 literary articles, book reviews and ample illustrations, being truly a "Groat's-worth of Wit" in the latest and happiest sense.—London Daily Chronicle.

An interesting decision was given in the Paris law courts in relation to Sacha Guitry's musical play, "L'Amour Masque," composed by Messager, and now being played at the Theatre Edouard VII. It appears that Ivan Caryl paid the author f.50,000 on account of fees for the right to set the piece to music for Great Britain and the United States. In consequence of Caryl's death in November, 1921, he was unable to fulfil his part of the contract, and his executors, consequently, sued Sacha Guitry for the return of the amount handed to him. The French tribunal decided in favor of the Ivan Caryl estate, entering judgment against the defendant for the full sum. It rarely enough happens that a composer, so popular as Ivan Caryl was, should find it necessary to pay—and no inconsiderable amount, either—for the right to provide the score of a piece.—London Daily Telegraph.

#### ABOUT MUSIC

It is said that Germaine Tailleferre's music for the ballet "Marchand d'Oiseaux," produced by the Swedish ballet in Paris is the best that she has thus far composed. The original themes are gay and fresh, and the technic shown in their employment is excellent. She is the only one of the "Group of Six" who has never sacrificed the strings to the wind section or the battery of percussion instruments, if M. de Lapourmeraye is to be believed.

Next fall there will be a festival at Cologne at which music by living Rhinish composers will be performed.

The subject of Roussel's new opera-ballet, "Padmavati," reminded one Parisian critic a little of the story of Judith, also of Monna Vanna."

When Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps" was performed recently for the first time in Brussels, there was hissing, there was ironical laughter, and there was applause—chiefly for the orchestra and its conductor, M. Ruhlmann.

Leonide Kreutzer has written music for a pantomime in Berlin based on Goethe's "The God and the Bayadere." Handel's opera "Rodelinda" was performed last month at Zurich.

Willem Menzelberg has been "Mahlering" again at Amsterdam. Mahler's Fourth Symphony was the one work of Menzelberg's second popular concert.

The operas for the season of 1922-23 at La Scala were these: "Falstaff," "Lohengrin," "Deborah und Jael" (new), "Manon Lescaut," "Cristoforo Colombo," "Mastersingers," "Rigoletto," "Louise," "Boris Godunov," "Barber of Seville," "Mahit" by Pick Mangiagalli, "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Madame



Sans-Gene," "Belfagor" (new-itspighi), revival of Wolf Ferrari's "I Quattro Rusteghi." The first performance of "The Magic Flute" was deferred on account of the sickness of a singer, which obliged the management to refund \$8,000. Mrs. Toscanini will be the director of La Scala next season.

Alfred Bruneau has written the music for the fairy opera, "The Garden of Paradise," by Mm. de Flers and de Calvay, to be produced at the Paris Opera next season. It is already in rehearsal.

Rhythm is that positive virtue, that act of creation, which exists inside all the rules of time and tempo and beyond all teaching or description; it is seeing the sense of the words you are reading, and forgetting everything else that comes between you and that.—London Times.

If it be true, as Le Matin reports, that a recently discovered manuscript reveals the secret of the varnish used by the master-craftsmen of Cremona, some of the surviving "Strads" ought to benefit thereby. The tone of an old violin depends largely upon the thickness of its varnish. The first coats applied soak thoroughly into the wood and stop there, however much the instrument is used; but constant handling is apt to wear away the upper coats of varnish, and bring about a certain thinness of tone. Hitherto this could not be remedied, for it would, of course, be sacrilege to restore a Strad or an Amati with modern varnish.—Daily Chronicle.

Ethel Newcomb, pianist, is not unknown in Boston. She gave a recital in London last month. The Daily Telegraph had this to say of her: "We are informed that this pianist has played successfully in Vienna, that in America she has played under the batons of Stransky and Damrosch, and other famous conductors, and it is on record that Dr. Richard Strauss had commended her in exceedingly warm terms after a London performance. More's the pity, then, that her performances in Wigmore Hall offered so little by way of corroboration. The programme was like scores of others in any concert season: Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and the usual third group, consisting of Debussy, Chopin, and—the odd man out?—D'Indy. At no moment did Miss Newcomb play unmusically; always her touch was what musicians generally call sympathetic. But Beethoven, even in so wayward a sonata as the E minor (Op. 90), requires strong handling; Brahms can never be treated with diffidence; and the Carnival bears no relationship to ecclesiastical processions of any country known to the ordinary European musician. The chosen works of these masters were not played as we would have them played; they have greater spiritual riches than this pianist discovered. Yet, in spite of wrong notes and a lack of grip, we are not yet convinced that Miss Newcomb is not a highly gifted pianist."

#### 'BUS TOPICS

(From the Chicago Tribune)  
Lookoozhere!  
Good-ev'ning! Jus' been to see Harold Lloyd in his new play, "Safe at Last."

Oh, yes: "Safety Last."  
Yes—"Safe at Last." I always say there's nothing like a good photo-play, unless it's Charles Chaplin.

But he's the best of 'em all, I think. He's not refined.

Not refined how?  
Well, he's so-so; well, you know what I mean—not refined. The children, for instance.

But you have no children.  
No. Mr. Miller and I never felt that we had the right temperament for children of our own; but we take a deep interest in other people's children; and we don't think Chaplin is refined enough for them.

What's Chaplin do that isn't refined?  
Well, ples, and things like that, and pants with holes in them. And, then, he's been openly divorced. That's not very refined.

Is Harold Lloyd refined?  
So far as we know, yes. And his home-life is beautiful, they say—most refined, you know; and just like—well, like mine or yours. No divorce, you know, or anything like that, and we feel he should be encouraged.

Well, when I go to a movie, it's to get a laugh, and I don't care who hands it to me. Chaplin makes me laugh.

Well, I guess he would me if I didn't keep the community-good in my mind. You see, I always say that refinement is a good thing for the community, especially if there's children.

What's this movie like you just saw?  
Well, it's called "Safe at Last," you know, and it's quite good for the children. Mr. Lloyd wears black-rimmed glasses and takes the part of a—did you see him in—in: what was it called? He wore the same kind of glasses in

that, and was so amusing and always redned. . . . I'm getting off at the Drake. Good-ev'ning! I hope you run in and see it!

S'long! . . . Maybe I will.

INFANTA S.

#### "AN 'ORRIBLE TALE"

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

Your correspondent T. W. gives us two verses of the song "An Horrible Tale." Do you remember "Comical Brown?" He was a traveling entertainer, ventriloquist, magician, ballad singer and really as comical in his facial contortions as any performer in my recollection. He furnished a complete evening's entertainment all of his own self and was a peripatetic visitor to Stoughton in the early seventies and was greeted with crowded houses on every visit. His usual flyer announcement was a funny composition with the usual caption:

#### "COMICAL BROWN

HAS COME TO TOWN."

I recall his singing the song "An Horrible Tale" and my recollection of the lines is as follows:

"An 'orrible tale I have now tell  
Of a sad disaster that once befell  
A familee who once resided  
Just on the very same thoroughfare I did.

There were many verses, all exccruciatingly funny to me in my young and callow days. I recall the lines:

"The flies on the ceiling  
Their case was the worse one  
They died of instantaneous, spontaneous combustion."

Another verse tells of a member of the family who "stabbed himself with a bar of soft soap, and died that very same night." The final verse went something like this:

"And now I'll not sing any more;  
For fear that your tears might dampen the floor.  
Your eyes with salt tears are all overcome,  
Tee whiddle, tee whiddle, tee whiddle, tee whum."

Can some of your readers tell us who "Comical" Brown was and more about him? His memory is a wonderfully green spot in my boyhood recollections.

L. W. STANDISH.

We are indebted to a correspondent for "A Norrible Tale" as he recalls it:  
A norrible tale I have to tell  
Of sad disasters that befell  
A family that once resided  
Just in the very same thoroughfare that I did—

(Next verse or two forgotten.)

To put an end to themselves they did agree,  
When they had decided which end it should be.

The father he first in the garden did walk  
And cut his throat with a lump of chalk  
While the mother an end to herself did put  
By hanging of herself in the water butt.

The sister went down on her bended knees  
And smothered herself with toasted cheese

While the brother, who was a determined young fellow,  
P'isoned himself with his own umbrella.

The cook seeing what her mistress did  
Strangled herself with a saucepan lid  
.. .. .

The cat as it lay by the kitchen fire  
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire,

While a fly on the ceiling—this case was the worst 'un—  
Blowed hisself up with spontaneous combustion

#### RUSSELL'S LATER YEARS

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

Soon after Sol Smith Russell had closed his long season at Chicago, which included the Columbian Exposition year, he gave, for the benefit of the First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, Minn., what he was pleased to call his "old time entertainment." His program included various songs, among them "Goose with sage and onions," and the comic ditty alluded to by Mr. Wright. He gave numerous recitations, and character bits, and altogether it was an evening of pleasure not to be forgotten. It was a "capacity" audience, and Russell was introduced by the minister of the church as a bishop of the world, spreading the gospel of laughter and good cheer.

Russell went from this old-time entertainment to "Edgewood Folks," but introduced into the three acts several of the songs and characterizations that had helped to bring him fame as an entertainer. Then came "Peaceful Valley," thing, it was always Sol Smith Russell, made successes, for the play was not the thing, it was always Sol Russell. Upon a few occasions Russell appeared

as Mr. Valentine, in Mr. Valentine's Christmas," when his personal identity was so completely hidden that a relative of his, one evening at the theatre, exclaimed to me, "If his name were not on the program I would not believe Mr. Valentine of the play was my Uncle Sol."

It may not be generally known that Joseph Jefferson had hoped Russell might be his successor, in at least the character of Bob Aores. I believe I am right in saying that he presented him with wigs and properties for this part.

One more fact that may be of interest to those who remember Russell, the comedian. For several years he made Minneapolis, Minn., his place of residence. One day he decided to quit the stage and engage in business. He became a partner in a certain hardware concern, and bent himself to the tasks of a commercial life. But the separation was not of long duration. His brother-in-law, who was his manager for so many years, came to him with a new play, and the stage continued to know him until ill health called him from it. W. H. VARNEY.

North Dighton.

#### "CHASTELARD"

Swinburne's "Chastelard" was performed last month at the Munich Kammer-spiel Theatre. It was played under the title "Maria Stuart." This was the first performance on any stage. We doubt if Swinburne intended that it should be played, for it is said that in its complete form it would take six hours. There was a translation into German by Oskar Horn made for King Ludwig the Second of Bavaria, but the one used in June was by Walther Unus, published 20 years ago. The play was cut down about one-half, and then it seemed too long. "Considered as a whole it is lacking in a unifying dramatic idea and there is no single enduring conflict to seize and hold the attention through the five acts. Swinburne's intention seems to have been to express the character of Mary Queen of Scots in all its contradictory phases, rather than to write a closely-knit tragedy which would bear the severe test of performance. For the beauty of the language and for this masterly projection of one of the most fascinating characters in history the play was well worth producing." The production was praised, as was the acting of Sybille Binder, who took the part of Mary. "The rest of the characters, even Chastelard himself, serve merely as a background to the vivid and many-sided personality of the Queen."

#### ACCORDIONS AND MARRIAGE

(Manchester Guardian)

Speculating on what makes for happiness in married life is probably an inexhaustible pastime. When the last germ has been "defatted" and reduced to harmlessness, and when the final secret of longevity is so well known as to be a matter of course, men and women will still in all probability be interested to hear what other people have found to be the supreme formula for connubial bliss. Not that there will be anything new in the recipes—they will all have been announced hundreds of times before. One of the winners of a competition held last week-end in Essex to discover the happiest married couple in the neighborhood announced that "her husband's skill as the player of an accordion had soothed the seven children and contributed largely to the harmony of the household." The recipe sounds newer than it really is. Cobbett, in his "Advice to a Father," earnestly recommends "singing to overpower the

voice of the child," and adds that Rousseau also believed in the same specific, the idea being that the voice of the nurse or parent would drown the voice of the infant and "make it perceive that it could "not be heard, and that to continue to cry was of no avail." Clearly, this contains the root of the Essex formula; if the voice of the elder gives out, a concertina would obviously be a handy thing to turn on as a counter-irritant. And should the resolute infant outlast even a concertina, there is, in the unholy racket which Alice found the Cook and the Duchess maintaining over the "Wonderland" baby, good precedent for a concerted family effort on the fire-irons. Frightfulness on the part of the attack can only be met, as we were constantly assured during the war, by still more effective frightfulness on the part of the defence. It is all a question of degree, and, as Cobbett observes, "in the rearing of children there is resolution wanted as well as tenderness."

#### NIELSEN IN LONDON

Mr. Ernest Newman was facetious at the expense of Carl Nielsen when he gave a concert of his own works with the London Symphony Orchestra and conducted.

"I had the greatest hopes of him when I saw him walk on to the platform wearing ordinary evening dress, but with a red tie. I took that to be

symbolical; I visioned Mr. Nielsen as the brother-in-art of that Russian Red composer—I forgot his name at the moment—who tells us that he has abolished everything and everybody in music and rolled Bach and Beethoven and Wagner and Brahms in mud and blood, and who, I imagine, before he writes each new masterpiece, in a scale of his own that is distinguished from all other scales, by being no scale, lets down his back hair and wades through seas of gore.

"There is nothing red about Mr. Nielsen, however, except his tie. His music, like the lining of the young lady's coffin, may have a dash of hellotrope, but that is all. It is made up of the oddest mixtures. The basic ideas of it are good, especially the opening theme of each work or each movement. But if any further demonstration were required of the truth that 'Ideas' no more make a work of art than a swallow makes a summer, here it is. 'Ideas' in music are not much more than the pencil jottings with which a man of letters may fill a page or two of his note-book during an afternoon's walk; as suggestions they may be striking enough, but there is a great deal more to be done with them before they cohere with a poem or a novel. Mr. Nielsen's music seems to be mostly a collection of jottings from a notebook. These are generally very good in themselves, but they lack a genuine connective tissue; they float about like gobbets of real musical turtle in a sort of thin soupy academicism. I have seldom heard music made up of so many styles and periods."

Mr. Nielsen, a Dane, now 53 years old, has written two operas, five symphonies, a violin concerto, five string quartets, a quintet for wind instruments, other chamber and orchestral works, piano pieces, songs, etc. At least one of his symphonies has been performed in the United States.

#### HISTORICAL FILMS

(London Daily Telegraph)

In films recording topical events the historic movement that is included by chance in the purview of the camera lens suffers no diminution of prestige, however incongruous or trivial the incidents may be that are taking place in its vicinity. Quite otherwise is it when incidents and monument are intimately connected parts of a fictitious narrative, and it is still more serious when the play is of that semi-fictitious variety known as historical. Several short British-made films called "The Romance of History," which were shown privately last week at the New Gallery, had they been really staged in the actual places where the episodes occurred, Hampton Court and the Tower, among others, would have been invested with an official cachet, greatly to be deplored. As it is, there is no harm done. Why, however, the British producers of these films, with all history to choose from, should have elected to single out the least savory features of the reign of Henry VIII is, to say the least of it, perplexing. The German film illustrating the same period, "Anne Boleyn," or "Deception," as it was rechristened in America, has been recognized by all impartial critics who have seen it as blatant anti-British propaganda; yet here we have our own producers inaugurating their historical campaign by giving us a portrayal of Henry VIII, equally repulsive as the improvisation by Herr Emil Jannings.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that these British films are historically accurate and devoid of the embellishments and exaggerations with which Sir Walter Scott has invested the characters in his romances. We have no means of putting this assertion to the test, but we do know that history, reduced to a out-and-dried exposition of generally accepted facts, may be tedious in the extreme, whether in book form or on the cinema screen. Even so grave an historian as Macaulay pleaded for a slight seasoning of fiction to make an arid narrative palatable and digestible. Something, he says, may be lost in accuracy, but much is gained in effect by a little fictitious exaggeration. "The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind forever." These precepts might be adopted with advantage by those who are engaged in this historical screen work. We are threatened, it seems, with a representation of Richard, Coeur-de-Lion, which will demonstrate beyond dispute that this great monarch possessed few or none of the qualities with which his contemporaries and posterity have always associated his name.

#### ANOTHER SHAKESPERIAN CRUX

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:

It is to be regretted that no attempt has been made to wipe out of the text the one serious blot in King Henry IV, Part 1—the most popular of Shakespeare's historical dramas. It is the only blemish of any real consequence in what is otherwise a fairly well-printed play. Within a few lines from the beginning of the first scene, the reader is confronted with the following inexplicable passage: (I-1-5-6)

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil



Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood."

Explanations do not explain and conjectural readings are very few. For "entrance" the Fourth Folio has "entrails"; Mason proposed Errins (discord); Stevens conjectured "entrants"; which was later withdrawn in favor of Errins. Coleridge, quoted by Rolfe, "endorsed" Theobald's explanation of "thirsty entrance" as referring to the dry penetrability of the soil, and added that "the obscurity of the passage is of the Shakespeare sort. Malone believes that a meaning suitable to the text is to be found in Genesis iv, 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brothers blood from thy hands." The Standard American edition of the Revised Version interprets "mouth" as an impersonal object not personified, and substitutes "its" for "her," thus giving the expression, "opened its mouth," a different import by treating it as an ordinary metaphorical phrase.

Let us now, in the interests of grammatical accuracy apply to this stubborn reading a rule of common speech to show

that so long as the insidious error in the text remains uncorrected, no satisfactory explanation of the passage is possible. Stated briefly the rule requires a pronoun to represent an antecedent, and the person and the gender of the pronoun must be the same as the person and gender of the antecedent to prove their relation. Disregard of this essential requirement here is the ~~only~~ reason why the passage has never been adequately explained. The obscurity is caused by the pronoun "her" in the second line being without an antecedent in the first. "Entrance" is not the antecedent of "her." Obviously, there can be no possible agreement between a personal pronoun and an impersonal object not personified. To explain "entrance" as meaning mouth as Hudson does ("for what but a mouth should have lips?") is to overlook the fact that the text requires "her children" as well as "her lips" to have a place in what is certainly a personification of motherhood and not a mere figure of speech. Because it lacks agreement with the pronoun and is unrelated to anything in the context, the rule automatically eliminates "entrance" and opens the way for an antecedent to which the pronoun can refer. The choice of a substitute for the discarded word is limited by "her" to mother and matron. There are no alternatives: one of these charming words must grace the verse to restore the passage to its pristine beauty. Which shall it be—thirsty mother or thirsty matron? That is a query the lovers of Shakespeare may resolve for themselves. I have no settled opinion to offer. Whatever may be urged in favor of one reading, may with equal force, be applied to the other—each representing the same perfect image of thought the passage calls for.

With the soil personified as a mother or a matron, where qualities of both are clearly in even scale, it is not easy to decide "which end of th' beam should bow" in favor of one rather than the other. However, a decision must be made to complete the text. Without prejudice as between what seems to me an even balance or probabilities, and until stronger likelihoods determine which should be adopted as part of the authentic text, I shall mark my copy of the play to read:

"No more the thirsty matron of this soil shall daub her lips with her own children's blood."

CHARLES J. DELAMAINE.  
Dorchester.

July 16 1923  
Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes from Clamport: "Wishing to improve my mind, and at the same time gather material for my colossal work, I have been reading odd volumes of Sainte-Beuve's 'Causeries du lundi.' In his essay, the History of Saint-Cyr I found a passage informing me that the young daughters of the French nobility at the end of the 17th century were singularly like the daughters of our untitled aristocracy in 1823.

"Madame de Malntenon, the founder of this once famous school, wrote to a demoiselle leaving it: 'Never be without a "corps" (without corset, that is to say, en dashabille), and avoid all the other excesses that are now common even among girls, as eating too much, tobacco, hot liquors, too much wine, etc.; we have enough true wants without imagining these new ones so useless and so dangerous.'"

Yes, Mr. Johnson. And the celebrated Mr. Bayle, writing from Rotterdam, on Oct. 29, 1696, to the Abbe Du Bos at Paris, about a little book by Bernier de Biols, said:

"One finds in this book, as in several others that come to us from France, a strange picturing of Parisian women. They have become, one says, great drinkers of brandy, great takers of tobacco, without counting other excesses of which they are accused, as lording it over their husbands, pride, coquetry, immodesty, etc."

#### FOR THE DEDICATION

As the World Wags:

Mr. Arthur G. Staples tells us that Noah invented wheels, whereas Mr. Henry Ford "simply" has them and uses them in his business. Can Mr. Staples still further slake our thirst for knowledge by informing us whether the Ark was a side-wheeler, like the Nantasket boats, or a stern-wheeler, like the Robert E. Leo on the Mississippi?

Be those details as they may, there is much of uplift in the thought of the erection of a monument to Noah if only as an offset to that of Mr. Ford as President of the United States. The place of its location is foreordained, not in Boston or in Cambridge, but on the island to be constructed between the two "where the waters shall no more become a flood," since the building of the Charles river dam in fulfillment of the prophecy, that the white dove of peace may flit from Copley square to Harvard and feast in either in equal equanimity.

I seem to envision the monument as a heroic statue of the prophet standing with hand upon his steering wheel at the western end of the island with eyes uplifted to the bow which may be in the cloud or the automobile signs on Brighton avenue according to weather. Not only could he see the boat races to advantage from that outlook, but it might be of advantage to the Harvard oarsmen to see him, master of marine endeavor that he was, and find inspiration.

At the dedication of the monumental statue nothing could be more fitting than the presentation of the drama which Mr. Staples outlined in the columns of The Herald last Saturday, not as a mere movie, the presentation contemplated by the author, but with all the glory that was Greece, ending with a grand tableau of Noah surrounded by all his descendants to the third and fourth generation, on the lines of the transfiguration in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Music should accompany all this, 100 per cent. American in all its charms, and in my reaction to the imagined magnificence of the spectacle I have been moved to uproot from a Hebrew Garden of Biblical Bablical Ballads planted at seasonable odd moments a contribution for the occasion, which, if musicked in a masterly manner might become as profitable to the promoters of this great purpose as "Yes, we have no bananas." Sara of the Sahara could sing it as a folk song with chorus in the third act. A song my mother taught me. That sort of thing. Here it is:

#### NOAH

Noah looked up at the weather vane  
And says he "By Gum, it's goin' to rain!"  
So dig up the 'taters and get the hay  
And we'll all get ready for a rainy day."  
So Shem and Ham Japheth  
They minded the old man  
And got the Ark all snugged up tight  
Before the rain began.

#### Chorus—

Noah, Noah, hear the billows roar  
While the hurricane howls and hoots.  
For forty days and forty nights  
He slept in his rubber boots.  
It rained pitchforks and it rained great guns;  
It has never rained since like that,  
But at last the flood turned into mud  
And he stuck on Ararat.

Noah looked out on the seventh day  
And says he, "By Gum, she's come to stay!"  
Sit tight in the Ark and let her r'are  
And perhaps some day we'll get some-where."

Said Shem to Ham and Japheth:  
"Now that's what we will do.  
I'll go down to the cellar  
And get that old Home Brew."

#### CHORUS

Noah, his head through a porthole popped  
And says he, "By Gum, I guess she's stopped.  
I'll let that little white dove there try  
To find some place where it's gettin' dry."

Said Shem to Ham and Japheth:  
"She won't have far to seek."  
"You're right, my boy," said Japheth,  
"We've been dry for a week."

#### CHORUS

The dove came back to their great relief,  
And held in its bill was an olive leaf,  
So when the next day came around  
They found the Ark had run aground.  
Said Shem to Ham and Japheth:  
"The old man said sit tight."  
"That's what he did," said Japheth,  
"And the wise old guy was right."  
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

#### IN OLD BOSTON

As the World Wags:

Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith must be an old one. I wonder if he remembers the Bold Privateer, a weekly story paper called after the then popular song. At the great fire which consumed the Jef-

erson block I saw a pile of this periodical which had probably been left on the hands of a newsboy.

Does Mr. Griffith remember Morgan and the Express? Its office was on Congress street opposite Col. Greene's Post in its happy days. A Democratic flag was hung out about election time. After Morgan's passing the Express fell into the hands of a disreputable crew and became a sheet by which you could show up any one against whom you had a grudge or get even with him. Later it was the organ of the Buffalo Club, a rum resort on Harvard street. One Harrington was prominent. As a boy I was working for a trader who was a member of the club. . . . It cost the trader \$5 to be initiated. A prominent member was a late major and aid to Sheridan. All have passed on.

The Yankees are getting more civilized; they do not now throw brickbats at Irishmen.

Does Mr. Griffith remember the "Life in Boston," its successors and imitators? And J. L. C. Amee, Chief of Police? W. KELLY.

#### IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN "DING DONG"

(New York Journal.)

Arrested on a charge of malicious mischief after turning in a false fire alarm, Ding Dong, a Chinese, is in Bellevue Hospital for observation.

July 17 1923

There is yet another conceit that hath sometimes made me shut my books, which tells me it is a vanity to waste our days in the blind pursuit of knowledge; it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that, by instinct and infusion, which we endeavor at here by labor and inquisition. It is better to sit down in a modest ignorance, and rest contented with the natural blessing of our own reasons than buy the uncertain knowledge of this life with sweat and vexation, which Death gives every fool gratis, and is an accessory of our glorification.—Sir Thomas Browne.

#### WILL HE GO?

"An American, of English descent, who has become suddenly rich, announces that he is returning to the homeland as soon as possible in order to taste some old English ale." So says the Daily Chronicle of London.

Can this American be Mr. Herkimer Johnson? Not long ago he told the readers of The Herald that he hoped to visit all towns in England where there is a cathedral, believing that he would find excellent ale in those towns. He is of English descent, of the 10th generation he proudly says, and the house built by the first of his ancestors is still standing, with its heavy beams and its brick oven. But there are the words "suddenly rich." "Rich" is a comparative term. Sixty years ago a man with an annual salary of \$5000 was a rich man in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen. Can it be that the subscribers to Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work have paid in full? Has he sold his house and lot at Clamport to some extravagant westerner who must smell salt water in summer? Is it possible that Mr. Johnson has been enriched by the recognition, long delayed, of the Carnegie rewarders of worth?

If Mr. Johnson has not yet engaged passage, we beg him to defer his journey, for the Daily Chronicle assures us that old English ale has disappeared in town and country. Even the ale at Oxford and Cambridge colleges and the Inns of Court, where Mr. Johnson would undoubtedly be entertained, is no more. The whole of the ale brewed at Burton 25 years ago under the eyes of King Edward is said to be intact, but Edward is dead and cannot give a letter of introduction. There may be old ales "in the cellars of some of the stately homes of England," but Mr. Johnson, from what we know of him, would prefer the more genial atmosphere of an inn, and hardy travelers returning from England tell us that the ale in these inns is thin, watery, no longer able to search out the centres of life. Ah, the horrors of war! The choir will now sing from Mr. A. E. Housman's hymn book:

#### THE POWER OF MALT

Why, if 'tis dancing you would be,  
There's briskest pipes than poetry.  
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,  
Or why was Burton built on Trent?  
Oh, many a peer of England brews  
Liveller liquor than the Muse,  
And malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.  
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink  
For fellows whom it hurts to think;  
Look into the pewter pot  
To see the world as the world's not.

#### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

Seen by Mr. W. P. Jones:  
"No beer sold near here but good  
near beer sold here."

#### RELIEVING THE LABOR SHORTAGE

(Des Moines, N. Mex., Swastika)  
G. E. Pressley is watching the engine on the work train this week.

As the World Wags:

Did you ever happen to notice that most of the men who line their upper waistcoat pockets with pens and pencils seem incapable of taking important notes with these instruments? In the immortal words of Ruhe Goldberg: 'It's all right—but it doesn't mean anything.' G. G. ROSS.

As the World Wags:

"Butte is pronounced like 'beauty' with the final 'y' omitted."  
In other words, the "x" is silent as in "fish." EZRA L. BEAMAN.

#### WE HAVE SEEN FACES OF THIS KIND

(The Macomb, Ill., Bystander)  
HORSE STEPS ON MAN'S FACE;  
HURT.

#### IRONICAL?

(South Bend Tribune)

RECORD FOR SPEED: FIRE DEPARTMENT RESPONDS TO ALARM IN 45 MINUTES.

#### TWO VOLCANOES

The eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius have called forth interesting articles. One might say there has been an eruption of them in foreign newspapers. An English writer speaks of Prof. Maladra, whose chief duty is to keep a close eye on Vesuvius, but who has been paying scientific attention to Etna, as the "director of the vulcanological observatory" which stands close to the crater of the former mountain.

The temperature of the lava at various points about Etna is as high as 1823 deg. F. More mischief is done by the pouring fourth of ashes, lapilli or bombs as the hardened lava drops are called, than by the flowing lava. Ashes from the clouds, not the lava, destroyed Pompeii. Pumice stones, thrown out, and floating on the sea, may endanger navigation, as in the outburst at Krakatoa in 1883.

The prohibitionists will be glad to learn that vineyards have been destroyed in Sicily by the flow of lava; but Marsala is far from the scene of the eruption. A writer says that little Sicilian wine, except Marsala, is exported to England. "Another Sicilian wine which never finds its way to this country is said to resemble the earthly nectar of the ancient Greeks. It is really a liqueur, being thick as treacle, and as sweet." The writer adds: "Sicilian clarets appeal neither to the epicure nor to the British public."

Yet in Victor Hugo's "Lucrezia Borgia" the wine of Syracuse was preferred by the revellers, not knowing that they were to die from the poison within the cups, to Lacryma Christi or the wine of Cyprus.

For a graphic account of ruin brought by volcanic eruption, one must go back to the letter of the younger Pliny to Tacitus in which the destruction of Pompeii and the death of the elder Pliny are described. Even Melmoth, the stately translator of the letters, here loses his oppressive dignity. Note the beginning, as simple as a statement by Defoe: "On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him (the younger Pliny's uncle) to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape." The figure of this cloud resembled that of a pine tree. "for it shot up a great height in the form of a tall trunk, which spread at the top into a sort of branches."

Scientific curiosity brought death to the uncle. If he had staid with his fleet at Misenum and observed the cloud from afar, we might not have had the nephew's letter.

#### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

Seen while touring:  
"ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION;  
DRIVE SLOW AT YOUR OWN RISK."

## KEITH'S AUDIENCE

Not often does a vaudeville bill arouse such enthusiasm as greeted the various attractions at Keith's Theatre last evening. Mile. Iry, with Jack de Winter, and A. Bordin at the piano, opened the program with unusually graceful dances, attractively staged. Tommy Russell with his fiddle and Ernle Marconi with his accordion were particularly well received and played a bit of everything.

Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace are back, with their whimsical and charming episodes of "Georgia on



Broadway," and Miss Juliet, with old and new impersonations, is another favorite who deserves her popularity. Artie Mehlinger puts considerable vim and humor into his songs, very ably accompanied by Billy Joyce at the piano. "Her Dearest Friend" is the kind of comedy that is welcomed on a vaudeville program and is delightfully played, with Helen Ware in the leading role of a dainty and worried wife. Anne Morrison plays the part of her friend, married but not so worried—at first. Eugene MacGregor is the erring husband and the situation is admirably worked out to the discomfiture of the characters and the enjoyment of the onlookers.

Dennie O'Neill and "Cy" Plunkett have a lively number of songs and jokes, and the Stanley Brothers do remarkable feats of strength and agility. The usual film features complete the bill.

July 18/1923

Philippe de Communes, who forsook Charles the Bold to serve Louis XI, was a sceptical and unscrupulous man and writer. As a politician he believed with Louis that a King should prefer cunning to violence in the carrying out of his purposes, nor should he disdain spying and treachery. Speaking of relations between the French and the English, Communes wrote lines that are significant today, as they were when Mr. Lloyd George matched himself against M. Poincaré.

"The English have a common saying—they have said it to me when I treated with them—that in battles with the French they have always, or as a rule, won the victory; but in all treaties which they have made with them, they have suffered loss and damage. In such matters there is need of courteous persons who pass over any speech or any deed to attain their master's purpose."

#### ALRIGHT ALL WRONG

The English postoffice has decreed that there is no word "alright" for telegraphic purposes: that the word should be changed for as two—"all right." Certain London newspapers protest against this decree, saying the spelling "alright" is found in novels, essays, critical reviews and in private correspondence everywhere. "It, strictly speaking," says one protestant, "is an obsolete word. Why cannot obsolete words be sent by telegram as ordinary words?"

What is the rule in this country? We have only two small dictionaries at hand: the Students' Standard knows not the word "alright." The concise Oxford does not admit "alright," and states that "all right" and "right, oh!" are slang terms of assent to order or proposal.

"LET ME OFF AT (DR.) BUFFALO"  
(From the Mitchell S. D. Evening Republican)

Gaastones, stomach troubles and infected gallbladders cured with medicines by Dr. Buffalo who specializes in medicine, also bruises, sprains, blood poison, carbuncles, fits and skin trouble.

#### BY GEORGE

(Scopolamin is an American drug that is said to take away the power of lying.)

Mysterious drug, more potent draught Than old alembists dared to call in,

May you by all mankind be quaffed; I trust you'll scoopemallin.

But if externally applied, "Tried in the bath's" the term ironic,

Still more you might be glorified, And sold as Washingtonic.

—A. W. in London Daily Chronicle.

As the World Wags:

I read not long ago that it is the Anglo-Saxon-cum-Celtic ancestry that makes golfers. A few days afterwards I read that the first three golfers qualifying in rounds at Inwood were named Sarazen, Espinoza and Loeffler.

EBEN HARWOOD.

Extolling that glorious ballad, "Learning McFadden to Waltz," we expressed regret at not being acquainted with "McManus and His Spike Tail Coat" by the same authors. We are indebted to Mr. Edwin M. Surprise for the following letter:

"Learning McFadden to Waltz" struck a responsive chord in me today and carried me back to the early '90s when the members of the old Springfield Canoe Association howled it and its companion piece (as you put it), hoarsely, discordantly, beerily (verily in our case), at every possible excuse and often without any. Noticing your regret that you do not know the companion piece, I give it as well as I can remember it. There may be other verses, but these are all that I recall."

#### CONCERNING MR. McMANUS

McManus loaned a dress suit for a ball the other night. The coat was pretty big for him—the pants was awful tight; He got a pair of shiny shoes, a white tie and a rose. In fact he had most everything in keeping with his clothes.

Then he called for Kate Gilhooley—she looked every inch the quane. Her face was filled with powder and her dress was emerald green; The street was thronged with neighbors when the party drove away. They gave a shout when Mac came out and he could hear them say:

"There goes McManus in the latest London style,  
There goes McManus and his face is all a-smile;  
He's as pretty as a picture, as handsome as a rose,  
There goes McManus in the latest London clothes."

Mac felt his own importance as he walked across the hall. They told him Miss Gilhooley was the belle of all the ball; He danced a waltz, a polka, too, and done 'em both quite nice, But for a better fitting pants he'd have given any price.

The next dance was the lancers and Mac thought he'd cut a swell, "Salute your pards"—Mac did—and then there was a yell; No pants could stand a strain like that and Mac's they gave away, And as they rolled him in a rug he thought he heard them say:

"There goes McManus with a rip right up the back,  
There goes McManus—will some one call a hack!  
He's wrapped up like a mummy—you see can only see his toes,  
There goes McManus in a misfit suit of clothes."

#### BACK TO THE TURNIP

We read that the wrist-watch is going out of fashion; that it will be replaced by the old-fashioned turnip, frying pan, or warming pan, to be worn on the end of a black moire fob with lozenge or seal dangling out of the right hand pocket of the waistcoat.

There was a time when a man sporting a wrist watch was thought to be effeminate. The war removed the reproach, and as many say that a watch on the wrist is more convenient than the watch in the pocket for telling the time, it is surprising that there should now be a return to any pocket watch. But there are constant surprises in the matter of fashion. Not long ago it was announced in London that women should wear spectacles to match their dresses, new hats, or their eyes. A "leading" optician said he preferred to sell milk white spectacles to dark women; amber ones with reddish glints in the frames should be worn by the red-haired. Dark tortoise shells, in spite of Mr. Harvey, are no longer the thing.

Even in a novel published last year, it was said of a character that he did not look like a man who wore a wrist watch, but there are affectations of simplicity. We knew a prominent lawyer in New York state who carried an enormous silver watch; he said a gold watch was vulgar. There was a time when rich Americans affected a leather string for a watch chain, as others boasted of their cheap cigars which, smoked, reminded one of a burning rag. We knew a Bostonian—he is no longer with us—who used to tell the members of the Porphyry with pride that he had bought a new straw hat for 75 cents, picking it out of a barrel on Hanover street.

July 19/1923

The reviewers of vaudeville shows for the Clipper amaze us by the wealth of their vocabulary.

"The act is a corker in that it is abundant in comedy and packs a heart wallop that is irresistible."

Of Miss Lillian Shaw we read: "Push! Push! Push!" gave her even greater opportunity for "blue stuff," which, like the previous number, was a wow with the audience," Miss Shaw also sings "wop numbers."

See how neatly a Clipper critic disposed of Miss Parker: "We don't know what to say about Mildred Parker; mostly because we don't know what she was trying to do. If the act is violin playing it is a distinct failure because her violin manipulation makes one think of a hot night and Tabby and Thomas holding their back-fence courting match. As comedy it is good, that is, Miss Parker's attempts to put over a violin act by speed and main strength are highly humorous. The young lady was so full of energy that she had to yell, 'Come on, boys,' at the already sweating orchestra and the already sweating orchestra and the already sweating orchestra. The Abe Baruskov manfully responded. The

noise was deafening, but the girl on the stage managed to make her voice heard. She was playing the violin." Didn't Hans Christian Andersen write a novel entitled "Only a Fiddler"?

The Chicago Evening Post stated that "Even the chorus girls have remained almost intact since the opening night." This led "Tantalus" to remark: "Proving, anew, that the stage is not so perilous."

Mr. Enos Frazer, at the Palladium, London, was billed as "the Adonis of the Air."

Mr. Solomon Golub, singer and composer, appeared in London without change of name.

William Horace Lingard celebrated his 86th birthday recently. He was for 69 years and actor-manager. Many of us remember his first visit to Boston when he was with "Dickle" Lingard and the beautiful Alice Dunning. His first engagement was at Bristol, Eng., in 1854. Marie Wilton was in the company. She and Lingard then received 15 shillings each a week. Lingard retired from active work three years ago. He is now known in London as expert with a billiard cue.

Mr. Lyn Harding, now in this country, apparently has not a high regard for drama leagues. He said to a reporter: "I have noticed with great interest the growth of the little theatre movement in the United States and feel that members of these groups are accomplishing much more in the development of a proper sense in theatrical values than all the drama leagues combined, whose only apparent purpose is to usurp the power of the critics."

San Francisco is bound to have its own opera company. "Forty business men pledged the sum of \$40,000." And so the season may last a week.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is to be turned into an operetta, but Little Eva will not die in it. Will Uncle Tom sing "Old Black Joe"? Will there be a chorus of bloodhounds? Meanwhile "The Old Homestead" will begin on Aug. 23 its 37th annual tour, not at Putney, Vt., not at Hockanum Ferry, but at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,

James O'Donnell Bennett, in London for the Chicago Tribune when the war was started, automatically translated into a war correspondent. He was famous by September of '14, when a visiting press-agent suggested to the manager of the theatre that they call on Bennett at the Record-Herald. The manager explained that Bennett was no longer the play-critic of that paper, and was in Europe "covering the war." The agent, with touching tribute to Bennett's rarefied taste in acting and things to act, replied:

"Great God! . . . Suppose he doesn't like it.—Chicago Tribune.

Dr. William Rice of Hingham has sent to The Herald the program of one of A. P. Peck's annual benefit concerts which took place at Boston Music Hall.

The artists were Annie Louise Cary, Anton Rubinstein, Henri Wieniawski, Nelson Varley (the English tenor) and Theodore Thomas with his orchestra. And reserved seats for this remarkable concert were \$2 and \$2.50.

A man who used to tell us that he could run the Metropolitan Opera House better than Gatti-Casazza has just gone into the laundry business on a large scale. That leaves, therefore, only 2143 persons with his former belief and ambition.—Leonard Lieblich in the Musical Courier.

Mr. Abe Popinsky, orchestral conductor, has been engaged, not for a cabaret, not for a hotel, but for the University of Minnesota.

#### Notes and Lines:

With reference to the inquiry of William B. Wright, my memory tells me that the Budworth in vogue at the Old Howard was Harry Budworth who did a Dutch comedian part occasionally but who excelled in black face. He used to dance a reel which was a knock-out. One of his great songs was "Beecher." When he came upon the stage there was a riot—one part of the audience calling for "reel! reel!" the other part calling "Beecher, Beecher." Sometimes it would take five minutes to quiet the outburst of stamping of feet, whistling and yelling before he could go on with his act.

"The faithfullest one of his flock. Was a man by the name of Tilton, oh!"

I think that Budworth was the most popular comedian of the old Variety Theatre. Another of his songs went something like this:

"In this city there once did dwell—A genuine, 10,000 dollar, turn around,

Knock-kneed, double jointed, self-adjustable  
Columbus (?) balanced, full weight, full jeweled  
Rip-snortin' femals.

There was a young man who dearly did love—  
This genuine, 10,000 dollar, turn around, etc., etc.

O this young man his name was Flitznoodle  
He didn't have much of a boodle  
All he owned was a big yaller poodle  
And he lived away o'er in Swain-poodle.

But! when he told her that he loved her O she laughed 'Iia, Iia,  
He got nearly killed by her big Pa-Pa,  
He had an altercation with her dear Ma-Ma,  
When they fired him thro' the window O he yelled Ta-Ta."

It was Budworth, also, if my memory serves me right, who used to sing another classical ditty of the same sort—

"He gave me a kick in  
The middle of my panties  
Which made my poor heart  
Feel very sore;  
He gave me a kick and  
Because I complained,  
He lifted up my coat-tails  
And kloked me again."

O. W. R.

July 20, 1923

At the Porphyry yesterday there was debating this important question: Should a man invited for a "week-end visit" leave his host on Sunday night or on Monday morning? Mr. Eugene Golightly, a flippancy person, said that the guest might sometimes be glad to leave by Sunday noon, but this did not admit of serious discussion.

Some argued for Sunday night. By leaving on Sunday night the shock at suddenly returning to the city life with its routine is lessened. You are not forced to rise early, partake of a hurried breakfast, make an equally hasty, also a perfunctory, farewell. You are not nervous about delayed train or punctured tire. Announcing your departure at night, your hostess and her daughter express regret, bid you return soon. Whereas if you do not go until Monday morning, the ladies may not be at the breakfast table, and if they are, at an early hour, you may be disillusioned. The host will clap you on the back and say: "Too bad, old top, come again." Whereas, if you stay over Sunday night, after an active Saturday and Sunday, there may be yawning, conversation at a forced draught, consequent refuge in alcohol, which will unfit you for Monday's work.

Others pointed out that if you did not stay till Monday morning, Sunday would be a dles non because it would not be a whole and perfect day. There would be a depressing cloud. There would be the constant thought: "I must leave this pleasant scene." The demon of jealousy might whisper: "Jones isn't going till tomorrow. He'll have Arabella all to himself." Or if you are blind to her charms, you will say to yourself: "There will be the cheering cup, and I shall go to bed thirsty."

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is in town for a few days consulting his publisher, said that the question did not concern him. "I do not make week-end visits," said the eminent sociologist, the sage of Clamport. "And I shall not make them until hosts put a printed card in their guest rooms: 'Please do not tip my servants; I pay them well.' Or if servants were persuaded to work for him at a distance from the city only in the hope that tips would be added to their pay, then let the host inform his guests by printed card just how much each servant should receive. This card should be sent with the invitation. By the way, a friend of mine was made uncomfortable at a country house not long ago by the hostess apologizing at each meal for the absence of the head butler. He was called away, and we have to put up with our second butler." This might have been an incident in one of Mrs. Edith Wharton's earlier novels. I have forgotten the plots, but the characters were taken from our "best people" and there were always a bishop and at least one butler among them."

When we left the club-house the momentous question had not been decided. Mr. Percy Beauregard was saying in his mutton-tallow voice that he always made it a point as a week-end guest to stay till Tuesday and then not leave before luncheon.

As the World Wags:

Touring in the country I asked the way to a certain village of a presumably honest farmer. "Go ahead on this road," and then left until you can't no more."

PEREGRINE ALLSOP.



## SIGNS AND WONDERS"

Mr. John Hendrickson writes: "I'll not name the florist or the street in which he does business, but this sign was in his window: 'Funeral Decorations for All Occasions.'"

There are newspapers that give legal advice, "free, gratis, no extra charge" to their readers. Thus "M. C."—not necessarily a member of Congress—probably a man answering Artemus Ward's definition of "M. C."—miserable cuss—wrote asking: "What legal proceedings are necessary to get rid of my mother-in-law?" The advice given was as follows: "You are entitled to lock her out. Change the locks on the doors if necessary."

This answer was in good faith. A writer of head lines did not take it seriously, we regret to say. He put at the head these mocking words: "Or You Might Do It Better with Gas."

## HOW TO TREAT A BORE

(Plutarch on Unseemly and Naughtily Bashfulness.)

Say thou fall into the hands of a prattling and talkative busybody, who catcheth hold on thee, hangeth upon thee and will not let thee go? be not sheepish and bashful; but interrupt and cut his tale short, shake him off, I say but go thou forward and make an end of thy business whereabout thou wentest: for such refusals, such repulses, shifts and evasions in small matters, for which men cannot greatly complain of us, exercising us not to blush and be ashamed when there is no cause, do inure and frame us well beforehand into other occasions of greater importance.

## WALT WHITMAN

(After reading Robert Louis Stevenson) Evil and sorrow are here to be borne With Cheer; the thought and the life, forlorn

May friendship enjoy with the stars. Envy not virtue its scars. Strange and delightful all things should be:

The bug, the moon, the vision to see, The posies, the fire, the craving for food,

Astronomy, love, the storm's interlude. Better it is to have peace With the lowly, than wisdom's increase With pain; but better it still must be To stand unabashed and free, Where orbits revolve and spin,— Composure midst all to win. Nothing is greater than self, for its law

Is the law of the level, and flow Cannot be; the heart within Can vanquish the heresy sin. The sight of the topsails of foes The sea-dog will welcome, and close In for fight, and then will give cheer Wherever distress may appear. With fortitude follow the varied plan, And the knowing will say,— "There goes a man!" SOCRATES V. Wrentham.

Yet Stevenson confessed that he had done Whitman scanty justice; that, perhaps through timidity, perhaps in haste, he had not fully expressed his admiration for the poet and the man. —Ed.

## NOVELS NEEDING REVISION

"A. N. M.," writing to the Manchester Guardian, is not wholly satisfied with incidents in certain familiar novels. He would like to know how, in "Lord Jim," Mr. Conrad connects the final catastrophe with the flaw in Jim's character.

"I should like to know how could Mr. Hardy let Gabriel Oak lose time by sending to Bathsheba a message that was little better than philandering when the sheep were dying; or how Dickens, a humane man, in one of his worst novels, could tolerate the egregious Eugene Wrayburn and his abominable treatment of the unfortunate schoolmaster; and whether Thackeray ever realized what wretched nonsense it was to applaud a butler for going on waiting while his house was on fire and his children in danger. . . . At the end of 'Villette' there will always be an obscure passage which is to enable you to choose whether the Professor is dead or alive. It ought not to be."

Is "Our Mutual Friend" one of Dickens' "worst" novels? We admit that the plot is absurd, but there is Wegg; there's Mrs. Bobbin, there's the "Analytical Chemist," disguised as a butler, there are Lizzie and her brother. We had thought that either "Little Dorrit" or "Hard Times" was the worst novel of Dickens. In what novel of Thackeray does this heroic butler figure?

Will Anne Howard, who contributed a letter to this column (July 14), please send her address to the Rev. Carroll Perry, Ipswich, Mass.?

## PAGE MR. CASSON, BOY

As the World Wags:

Thirty years ago I used to listen, Sunday, on Boston Common to Martha Moore Avery and Herbert N. Casson spouting Socialism. Martha has changed

and Herbert disappeared. In reading an advertisement, "Call in Barron," in the National Geographic Magazine, I find that a Herbert N. Casson, noted English editor and economist, told Sir Robert Horne when chosen Chancellor of the Exchequer, to call to his aid Reginald McKenna and Barron, the financier.

Is this the same Casson, the outdoor preacher of Socialism in Boston 30 years ago. Now all together:

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

## ARITHMETIC AS TAUGHT

(Hammond Pep in Calumet) The Hammond high has just turned out the largest graduating class in the history of the Calumet district—115 students, 55 of them being young women, and 58 young men.

## WE THOUGHT THIS WOULD HAPPEN

(Hoopeston, Ill., Chronicle-Herald) Andy Gump, alias Andrew Gump, former garage owner and soft drink parlor owner, was arraigned on a charge of keeping a gaming house and gaming. He gave bonds in the sum of \$800.

## A SPEAKING PALM COURT

(Literary Digest Article About the Levitan)

"The Palm Court or Garden, resembling the patios of Spanish countries, is another of the luxurious apartments which is a revelation." "Tantalus" reading this remarked: "And the Bevo Hall or Barroom, resembling the argot of Kansas countries, should not be overlooked, although at President Harding's request, it is not among the revelations."

## SAILOR SONG

Let others break sod when the robins are nesting, And sow for the harvest in valley and plain, My heart of a rover is wild to be breast-ling The surge of the surf and the might of the main. When the tang of the spring, like the sting of white spray, Comes to lure me and call me and dare me away, Oh, it's ho! for the ropes and the sails they'll be testing— I'm off to the sea in the wind and the rain!

Let others sing songs of the joys of the byways, The trysts in the gloaming, the lays of the lark, Let others delight in the throngs on the highways, The bustle and babble from dawn unto dark, The droning of bees and the murmur of crowds Are drowned in the hymn of the hum of the shrouds, And it's ho! for a ship to go booming down my ways, A sloop or a schooner, a brig or a bark.

Let others sing of wealth or for wisdom be sighing, The world it is wide and the ways they are free, And today is today but tomorrow means dying, And what shall the money-bags matter to me? Oh, it's ho and it's hey and it's hey and it's ho! There are women and wine in the tavern, I know, But it's ho! for the skies where the gray gulls are flying— I'm over the hills to the ships and the sea! —The King of the Black Isles.

## "LEARNING" FOR "TEACHING"

As the World Wags: To say "teaching" for "learning" meant one strove to be swell. We remember in the 70's in Milwaukee all school boys aspired to be clog dancers, statue, pedestal, and what not. Clog dancing was learned by first rolling the right foot until one was able to do it at high speed with the ball of the foot tapping the floor like a busy woodpecker or steel bolt welder hurrying up on a time contract. Then the left foot was broken in—a longer and more difficult job. After that came modest essays at geometrical and rhythmical (?) designs on the floor until one finally attained the proud distinction of being accepted by the great Jack Haverly and made one of the 40 (count 'em) dancers who nightly did those convoluted and in fact artistic ensemble pictures of life on the Mississippi or those time-honored concerted statute-clog groupings.

One of our school, yes, our class, worked his way up from the playground to Haverly's. Were we proud? Well, I guess so. Tom Donnelly was a greater man to his class-mates than Babe Ruth or Dempsey is to the modern small boy. We remember Tom's older brother, Charley, who shone in reflected glory. Charley could dance a little, but

not within miles of Tom's art.

As Tom's fame reached our ears Charley became sadder and sadder. We see him now clinging to the bar of old Jake Zeiss's beer saloon on Grove street, breaking into our talk about the famous Tom, with "Who learned him to dance? Who learned him? Why, me (pointing to himself), me, Charley Donnelly." And then poor old Charley would essay a few intricate taps only to become hopelessly involved in his foot-work and finally to collapse on the floor with a last expiring moan, "Me, Charley Donnelly." Ah, me, the years creep onward.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

## VANITIES IN THE WHITE HILLS

(From the Hanover, N. H., Gazette)

"There was an exchange of pulpits last Sunday between Mr. Wooster of Thetford Hill and the Rev. G. M. Woodwell of this church and quite a company listened with much interest to the sermon by Mr. Wooster. The thought was along the lines of vanities and realities of life; he used the words of Solomon yet they were applicable to the rush and hurry of today with its ever-widening path of worldly pleasures—all is vanity—says the Preacher, was often quoted."

Yes, and even God-fearing women carry vanity bags to church.

## REVERENCE VS. INFORMATION

As the World Wags:

Regarding the faded wreaths on the posts in the memorial squares:

I revere the heroes whose names are thus recorded, but why not let a fellow know what part of the world he is in? The street signs in Boston have always been hard enough to find; the memorial markers have supplanted the last of them. It does not convey much idea of locality to the pilgrim to know that he is in Thomas Gilhooly square. He yearns for information regarding the intersecting streets.

Last year there was a sign in a tree at the corner where one turns from the Hanover road to go down to Kingston. It read: "Sandwich Depot 100 Yards." My passenger shouted: "Sandwich Depot, where are we?" TOWN COVE.

July 22 1923

We read in the press—the Archimedian lever that moves the world—job printing done with neatness, elegance and dispatch—terms invariably in advance—that a sensitive married woman was grieved by remarks of neighbors about the manner of her walking, so grieved that she attempted to kill herself.

Perhaps she walked more gracefully, more airily than her plantigrade neighbors. Charles Lamb's Hester had "a springy motion in her gait, a rising step." Charles Reade's heroines did not walk; entering a room they "swam." Aeneas recognized Venus—he took her at first for a Spartan virgin—by her rosy colored neck, her ambrosial locks, her long flowing robe, but above all by her walking. "Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

Now the excellent and Rev. J. G. Cooper, A. M., whose edition of Virgil was frowned on by our school teacher because it assisted too much the pupils, says: "It was the opinion of the ancients that their divinities did not move upon the ground, but glided along the surface with a regular motion." (Nevertheless we believe that Juno must have been a high stepper.) On the other hand, the no doubt equally excellent Prof. Jesse Benedict Carter says that Venus, walking away from Aeneas, had a "stately" gait—that "Incedo" is used of a majestic walk, as when Juno remarked earlier in the "Aeneid"—"I, who walk the Queen of the Gods."

Yet if a camera had been snapped on either Juno or Venus, the photographs would have shown them simply putting one foot before the other in a stumbling way, as photographs take away the dignity of statesmen walking to the Capitol at Washington, whereas Uncle Amos fancies them as draped in togas and moving as heroic statues drawn on castors.

Foreign women that carry jars or heavy bundles on their heads walk as we fondly believe the goddesses moved about to seat themselves at the banquets on Olympus. Miss Mary Garden, we have been informed, prides herself on her stage walk, though to poor mortals who have not come under her spell it is a cross between strutting and prancing.

When Agag, the king of the Amalekites, was summoned by Samuel, he came unto him "delicately." This is generally understood to mean "timidly," for he feared that the good Samuel would hew him in pieces before the Lord; but we like to think that Agag had a Nancyish gait.

Even the hardened, aggressive and disagreeable optimist must at times regret that he had not been born in an earlier century. Would that we had seen the daughters of Zion who were haughty and walked with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing and making a tinkling with their feet. And yet Isaiah not only found no pleasure in the sight; he represented the Lord as about to smite with a scab the crown of the head of these daughters of Zion and to take away the bravery of their ornaments. What would Isaiah say today, walking in Boylston or Tremont street?

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

(Mr. Sam Langford's tribute to a challenger of Mr. Dempsey)

Don't let anybody tell you that this boy Wills ain't game. Gameness is something he ain't got nothing else but.

This reminds us of a passionate speech by a member of the common council in Albany, N. Y., 40 odd years ago, protesting against the driving of cattle by St. Peter's Church on Sunday morning, but, alas, this speech is unprintable, except possibly in an "epochmaking" novel by some American young woman. The chaste daily press would shudder at the speech, even in copy that never reached the composing room.

## LONELINESS

I am no more lonely than the loon in the pond that laughs so loud . . .

What company has that lonely lake, I pray? . . .

I am no more lonely than a single mullein or dandelion in a pasture, or a bean-leaf, or sorrel, or a horse-fly, or a bumble-bee.

I am no more lonely than the mill-brook, or a weather-cock, or the North Star, or the South Wind or an April shower, or a January thaw, or the first spider in a new house.

H. T. D.

Would not "D. T." be a more appropriate signature?

Commend us to the advertisement of Mr. Julius Treptow, a rising young undertaker, though not a resurrectionist, in Libertyville, Ill.

"Economy always, but also Best Services and Neighborly Interest." Who would not die in Libertyville?

The Herald has received this letter from Mr. Ben Hart of Reading:

"Curiosity is rampant. Yesterday I called on a friend, a middle-aged lawyer. At first glance I saw that he had been shorn of his thick and curly tatch. His hair had been clipped so close that it resembled the light globe on an arc lamp. 'What is the excuse for the cranial nakedness?' I asked. 'Well, for years I have wondered about the shape of my skull. Feeling that I would grow bald, I have looked forward expectantly, but I haven't lost a hair. Curiosity conquered at last, and I asked my barber to clip as close as possible and all over. Now I am praying for a quick growth before my wife comes back from the country.'"

A good many years ago a most venerable looking man with spotless white and long hair and flowing and white whiskerage was to be seen in an auction room of the city whenever there was a sale. It was the face of a philanthropist, a face to inspire implicit confidence. Could any one be so good, so beneficent as this man looked? We learned one day that he was a Peter Funk; that his duty was to encourage high bidding, by saying after every bona fide bid, "and 50 cents." till he received the wink to stop. What would have happened if he had met the fate of Mr. Christopher Casby, the Patriarch in "Little Dorrit"? His long hair looked benevolent because it was never cut. Painters asked him to sit for them as a model of philanthropy. But one day Mr. Pancks, disgusted by Casby's avarice, his contemptible meanness and greed, snipped with shears the sacred locks that flowed on Casby's shoulders. "A bare-poll'd, goggle-eyed, lump-headed, lumbering person . . . not the least impressive, not the least venerable" was revealed. Sampson was not the only one whose strength was in his hair. Mr. Cyrus Heavysage with his thick bristling black beard is taken to be a man of determination and action. Let him be shaved, and, lo, he has a weak, receding chin, a chin like a poached egg, the chin of Algernon Charles Swinburne and of Mr. Arnold Bennett. Even the deep, draggy bass voice of Mr. Heavysage would not then save him. Mrs. Heavysage, who has long stood in awe of him, would at once don the breeches and sound furiously the trumpet of revolt.



Madame Blanche Marchesi, singer and teacher of singing, has written a book of 304 pages entitled "Singer's Pilgrimage." It contains several portraits of herself—the frontispiece is from the painting by Mr. Sargent—her parents; Manuel Garcia the first with his wife; Manuel Garcia the second. There are other illustrations. The portrait of Madame Blanche from the painting by Besnard is charming. This book is published in Boston by Small, Maynard & Co.; in London by Grant Richards.

Madame Marchesi is not the first singer or teacher to write for the public her reminiscences, opinions, advice. A complete set of volumes of this nature would make a pleasing little library in itself—books that could be opened at any page, read for a time, furnish amusement, and then be put down without fear of losing the thread of the story.

There are the memoirs of Michael Kelly, who knew Mozart in Vienna and took part in the first performance of "The Marriage of Figaro." It is said that Theodore Hook wrote the two volumes. There are the smug memoirs of Giuseppe Blangini, who is always hinting at his tender relations with princesses, countesses and aristocratic pupils of the second rank. Gustave Roger, the French tenor, in his book reveals himself a singer and a man of fin and sensitive character, and Gilbert Duprez, famous as he was, writes modestly. Marie Sass (or Sax), a great singer in her day, did not hate herself: she wrote like a prima donna assoluta. Santley's book is entertaining in every way, a book that will amuse and instruct even those who look upon opera as a bastard art and singers as unwholesome companions for reasoning mortals. Lilli Lehmann and Victor Maurel have written in an autobiographical manner. There is the book of Mathilde Marchesi, the mother of Blanche. One should not forget to mention Clara Louise Kellogg's life of herself, a volume rich in anecdote, with a vein of malice running through it. Emma Calve's autobiography is as effusive and digressive as she is in conversation. The autobiography of Emily Soldene is refreshingly frank, a story told by a clever woman. What would one not give for the autobiography of Hortense Schneider! This grand duchess of opera-bouffe should have written it in her later years instead of devoting her days to charitable work. At least she might have dictated her reminiscences to some Parisian journalist.

### Blanche Marchesi, Singer, In the United States

When a European actor or singer writes of adventures in the United States, the American reader as a rule turns first to those pages, for as a nation we are still sensitive to foreign opinion. Mme. Marchesi says little to gratify curiosity. She has sang more than once in Boston. We shall never forget her inimitable singing of Lie's "Snow," or the tragic dignity of her interpretation of Purcell's great air. If we are not mistaken, she was the first to acquaint Boston with Cesar Franck's "Procession." No one since has sung it so eloquently. But she has little to say about Boston except to relate an experience as a hint to serious singers. "Do not accept private invitations, in spite of the fact that you will be entertained and hotel expenses saved. Go quietly to your own quarters, where you can do and eat as you please, because, when you have to appear in public, every minute of the day and night must be your own, and you must not be forced to adopt other persons' household habits."

It appears that, coming to Boston, she accepted, "with mixed feeling of fear and joy," an invitation of "a very wealthy friend" to stay with her. She was happy there until two days before her first recital she woke up with a sore throat; in fact, an ulcerated throat prevented her appearance in public. Her friend took care of her tenderly, but just before Mme. Marchesi left Boston she remarked: "Isn't it curious, dear, that a few days before you arrived I had that very same sore throat in that very room, and in that very bed in which you slept?" And what was the consequence? "Loss of three important concerts, which upset all my agents, and the public, and was most disappointing to myself."

Chicago is mentioned, for it was there, thinking her tour was over, she ate immoderately of ice cream in the "abominable" month of March. "Ices always make me very hoarse. I never take them unless I have no engagement for weeks ahead." She arrived at New York with a severe cold, and there at Mme. Alda's invitation—she was then Miss Alda—met Mr. Gatti Casazza at dinner. Mme. Alda hoped that Mme. Marchesi, having sung for him, would be engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Marchesi said that she had a cold and could not sing. Mr. Casazza then told her he would see her later in London; he was looking for an Isolde and a Bruennhilde. She never saw him again. "I did not let myself have great expectations, knowing that unless the contract was signed on that night Mr. Casazza on the continent would meet those who had for years stopped me from singing at Covent Garden and other exalted theatres."

This reminds me of an incident in Boston. A good many years ago a violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra was announced as a soloist. (He no longer lives here.) We wished a sketch of his life for the program book. This he gave willingly. We were

so impressed by his account of triumphs in European countries that we exclaimed, "Why haven't you played as soloist with the orchestra before?" He rose from his chair, assumed a tragic attitude—he should have worn a funeral cloak instead of an everyday overcoat—and said in sepulchral tones, "Know, sir, that I have enemies."

Mme. Marchesi in her praise of honest, unbiased English critics makes a surprising statement, as surprising as it is unfounded: "One knows that in America there is So-and-So, in New York; in Boston someone else, and others in other towns who 'can be got'."

But see what she says of Germany: "In Germany certainly every town has some man who is known to be a serious art critic; the others can be considered a band of common, dishonest vultures, of whom some 'can be got' with a turkey or a dozen of eggs, up to a large sum of money."

### GARCIA AND MARCHESI

This is no formal, conventional, cut-and-dried autobiography, beginning: "I was born, etc." There are few dates in the book. There is rambling; there are endless digressions. The first two chapters are about the elder and the younger Manuel Garcia, and why? Because Mathilde Marchesi studied with Manuel the younger—he lived to be over 100 years old—and Madame Blanche believes that all young singers should study on the lines thus handed down. Manuel the younger was remarkable in many ways. "His last marriage took place when he was 75 years of age and two daughters were subsequently added to his family." He talked to Mme. Blanche of his sister, the great Malibran, and she was so carried away by his description that the grief of her life has been that she did not have a contralto voice so that she could sing as Romeo—for the Romeo of Vaccai's opera was always impersonated by a contralto—the tomb scene, also Beethoven's "In questa tomba."

Mathilde and her husband Salvatore Marchesi are next described. Salvatore, whose real name was Castrone, for political reasons, as a young man, had to fly to this country in a sailing boat; he was dressed in a yellow nankeen suit, with a tailor's thimble in his pocket. His daughter has much to say about his greatness as a singer; how Wagner praised him; how he sang "Erlking" in such a harrowing manner that she would never again stay in the room when he sang it. As "he could not stand low intrigues and lies" he gave up his career. As a supplement to the daughter's account, the curious reader should turn to Max Maretzek's description in his "Crochets and Quavers" of Signor Marchesi's operatic performances in New York, and of the ludicrous but distressing accident that one night happened to him on the stage.

### AN ANECDOTAL STOREHOUSE

With the exception of the opening and the six last chapters—there are 27 in all, besides a prologue and epilogue—the book is a rich storehouse of anecdotes and critical opinions.

We have spoken of the malice frequently shown by Clara Louise Kellogg in her autobiography. Readers, who wish a writer to be consistently agreeable seeing only the best side of per-

sons described, will accuse Mme. Marchesi of malice. "Malice" is in this instance a harsh word; it is associated, as a rule, with a petty and mean character. Now Mme. Marchesi is not that sort of a woman. She is blunt, she is fearless; to use a colloquial phrase, she "speaks right out in meetin'." Some may question her taste as a relator, but she says in her prologue: "What I have written will perhaps stir up sentiments not all good and kind, and will hit hard certain principles held by powerful people. But I have done so without evil intention. I have not written to wound, but in order to guide." And in the epilogue: "How did the puppets behave? . . . Many of those whose names I have written have already passed behind the great curtain. So will all pass—love, hatred, singing birds, their masters, their critics, and their hearers. One thing alone matters, one thing remains—the seed of useful truth left for the future reaper."

### MATHILDE'S PUPILS

The elder Marchesi was certainly fortunate in her pupils. To Blanche the greatest of them all was Gabriele Kraus, for 25 years the dramatic soprano of the Paris Opera. Although it was towards the end of her career that we heard her in Paris, we remember well the impression then made by her tragic intensity. It was hard to believe, however, that when she applied for admission to the class in Vienna she was "painfully thin."

Anna Radeke, who used to sing for the Mad King of Bavaria, never came to this country. Etelka Gerster was in Madame Blanche's opinion the most dramatic coloratura soprano she ever heard. Many of us will easily believe this statement. We shall never forget her in "La Sonnambula" with Ravelli and Del Puente. But is it true that in this country "Gerster cakes, Gerster hats, Gerster umbrellas were in fashion"? Cuzzoni and Sontag were singers who gave their names to articles of female dress, but was Gerster thus honored? Perhaps a cigar was named after her.

An American, Eulalia Risley, who died young, a member of the Budapest Opera had a phenomenal voice—"being contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano at the same time."

The elder Marchesi's greatest contralto was Rosa Papier of Vienna; her Orpheus was unforgettable; she ruined her voice by taking, in spite of her teacher's warning, soprano roles, "thinking that thus her salary would be larger."

Emma Nevada had "the tear in the voice," she was a sentimental nightingale. Clementine Proska, the wife of Schuch, the conductor, long the favorite of the King of Saxony and the idol of the Dresden public after her successful debut, wrote to her teacher: "Please, dear Madame Marchesi, do not make any more coloratura singers," the pupil Norgren became famous as Ellen Gulbranson.

One would think from Mme. Blanche Marchesi's account that Mme. Calve owed everything to Mathilde's instruction. As a matter of fact, she studied with Mme. Laborde before she won success in Paris as Santuzza and Carmen. Mme. Blanche compares the Carmen of Galli-Marie to a Velasquez; that of Pauline Lucca to a Chardin; that of Calve "a little more French, a little more of the boulevard than her fore-runners, but lively, human and charming," to a Toulouse-Lautrec.

There are singular and some will think unnecessary pages about the "ingratitude" of two of Mathilde Marchesi's pupils—Emma Eames and Suzanne Adams. Reasons are given for the too common ingratitude of singers towards their teachers and those that helped them otherwise. We are told that smoking "and other parrotics" brought Sybil Sanderson's career to an untimely end, and there is a dramatic account of a visit paid her by Massenet and Colonne.

### MYSTERIES OF COVENT GARDEN

Apparently Mme. Marchesi has it in for Covent Garden. She tells of Mme. Alda's first appearance there, how press and public were enthusiastic, but "she was sent away and paid for the remaining seven performances for which she was engaged, never being allowed to reappear." Bonci was enthusiastically applauded in "La Boheme," but "he was thanked and sent away, being paid for the remaining performances for which he was engaged, and never returned to London." Is not Mme. Marchesi mistaken? Did he not sing at Covent Garden several times in one season of another? "I am told that a very charming baritone, Ancona, shared the same fate." We do not believe this story. Then there was Miss Parkina, who was never allowed in six years any role but that of Musetta.

### ABOUT HERSELF

Mme. Marchesi gives a pleasing account of her own performances during the last 25 or 30 years; of her singing in English and in operas by Wagner.

Verdi, Mascagni and others. Singing in concert halls and at court; of her singing in Germany, she found William Hohenzollern courteous, flattering and witty; Queen Victoria, loving draughts and telling her she had sung with Mendelssohn's accompaniments, preferring Schumann to Purcell, Leopold,

the Belgian King, had no ear. "I am always angry with Kings and rulers who ignore music." Earl Grey in Canada, James Bryce in Washington, were nice to her. The German press was always insulting. She was sorry she could not sing in the morning to Mrs. McKinley, though she saw "some quite rough-looking men and women seated on velvet chairs" in the drawing-room of the White House, but Mme. Marchesi never has been able to sing in the morning.

### THE WAGNER FAMILY

Hans Richter wished Mme. Marchesi to sing at Bayreuth, but it did not come about. She went to Bayreuth and met Cosima. "Cosima impressed me as being a profoundly unmusical person. She appeared kind, but in a childish way, and reminded me of a retired Prussian Unteroffizier. Her bearing was hard, stiff, ungraceful, her attire and manners masculine, and she looked extraordinarily stupid." (The story is then told of Wagner, talking with Angelo Newmann and being insulting towards her, saying: "Get away! Go to the kitchen; that is the place for women! You talk rubbish when you are talking music.")

The drawing room at Wahnfried shocked Mme. Marchesi—"there was nothing on which the eye could repose with pleasure," so she felt "morally discouraged." When she sang her hearers one by one stole out to fetch a bun, a piece of cake, a sandwich, each with a glass of beer in the other hand. Again poor Blanche was shocked. She looked at Siegfried wiping beer from his moustache and munching his sandwich; she saw his "fat, uninteresting" face, and thought that geniuses should not marry and leave wives and children behind them. He spoke favorably of his own opera, "Der Baerenhaeuter."

Cosima, when she was told that Mme. Ternina was an ideal Fdello and a remarkable Tosca, asked what "Tosca" was. Kniese answered: "Please do not ask; it is nothing for you to speak of." Then Cosima said: "I am profoundly wounded, astonished and amazed that a Mme. Ternina lowers herself to sing music of such an unknown man."

In this chapter we are informed that Liszt's friend, the Princess Wittgenstein, was so proud of her feet, "wonderful ivory colored feet," that she would put them on a red velvet cushion in view of all persons present.

### PATTI AT CRAIG Y NOS

Adelina Patti has a chapter to herself. Mme. Marchesi admits that Adelina had "a wonderful voice, that she sang the music of her time to perfection, that her beauty and vivacious personality were really exceptional, and that she had the right way of putting herself into immediate communication with her hearers' hearts"; but this admission does not prevent Mme. Marchesi from dwelling on Adelina's foibles, especially her craving for gross flattery. There is an amazing story told here of a M. de Saxe's visit to the castle in Wales. He was not welcomed personally by host or hostess. When he was in his room before dinner jewel boxes were brought in on a tray that he might choose Adelina's jewels for the evening. At dinner, guests, apparently drilled for the purpose, plastered her with flattery. "Is she not divine?" "Be quiet; there are no words to express her beauty" and Adelina would say: "Are they not delightful children?" Her husband, Nicolini, would taste the food for Adelina and solemnly say: "You can eat it." He drank better wine and smoked better cigars than those passed to his guests. After dinner Patti would sing in costume on the theatre stage of the castle, say, "La Traviata."

While the butler played the dummy of Alfredo, showers of artificial flowers and wreaths were hurled at her. She would throw kisses and press to her heart the flowers, which, after the curtain fell, were picked up by the footmen for use on another night. The guests would go fishing with Nicolini, but only he was allowed to throw a line; the others would watch him for two hours.

Adelina's sister Carlotta, so her husband the violoncellist de Munck told Mme. Marchesi, suffered cruelly at the hands of her parents, who neglected her. The sisters when young sang together, but as Carlotta had the higher voice and took high notes with great ease, she was beaten for it when she returned home. Adelina was jealous of her. Carlotta was lame, because her mother in a fit of anger threw her out of the window, "and nipped in the bud the operatic career for which her voice would have entitled her."

This last statement should be qualified. We heard Carlotta as the queen of night in "The Magic Flute" at the



Academy of Music, New York, in 1868. She also sang as Lucia. We heard her in concert. Her voice was brilliant, rather metallic, extraordinarily flexible; her technique was remarkable. The "Laughing" song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut" was one of her battle pieces.

#### VARIOUS OPINIONS

Through the volume are scattered many opinions concerning artists and music. Adelina Patti never played an ugly trick on her rivals, nor did she make any singer shed a tear or lose a contract. "This cannot be said of all the great prima donnas."

Caruso is "the greatest example of talent linked with the money-making and advertising genius; his voice was certainly very fine, but I have heard others as remarkable, to quote only the voices of Tarnagno and the Jewish cantor of Warsaw, Sirota; as concerns refined style and art, Jean de Reszke, McCormack and Bonel were Caruso's superiors."

For Mme. Schumann Heink, Mme. Marchesi has unqualified admiration. She describes at length her early trials, her courage in the early years of her career.

**Ternina's best role, according to her,**

was *Fidelio*. "To me Ternina had, above all, an infinite charm of poetry and sadness, and for characters like Bruennhilda, where the youthful fire and enthusiasm must go side by side with the deepest feeling, her temperament lacked the supreme spark, but in *Fidelio*, a role representing the real woman devoted unto death, loving and loving only, she was unsurpassed."

Pol Plancon was "the finest French singer from the vocal standard."

Elphantine Marie Wiet of Vienna gave forth sounds of matchless beauty and perfect runs. She was noted for her stinginess, giving a farthing as a tip to a waiter, never employing a servant, doing her own cooking, washing and scrubbing. Tarnagno was avaricious, personally picking up empty bottles on his estate and selling them to hawkers; too stingy to buy a little feather for his velvet hat to be worn as Raoul. Did he not wash his stockings in a New York hotel?

"It is not a rare thing among German singers that they wash their linen; even the famous Lilli Lehmann was seen washing her stockings and handkerchiefs in one of the greatest New York hotels and hanging them up to dry in her bathroom." Well, why not? One might quote many other entertaining anecdotes, shrewd observations, malicious thrusts.

As was inevitable, here and there a statement excites surprise, as when Mme. Marchesi says that the tragic death of Nordica was "in consequence of the stranding of a boat in America!"

And there was careless proof-reading. We come across "Julia Kulp," "Zelle de Luzan," "Gally-Marie," "Moritz Grau," "Philip Brozell," "Thiebaud," "Bevigniani."

The concluding chapters on the art of singing, the teacher, style, the voice trial, the British student, might be read with profit by teachers, pupils, and especially by fond, amorous and misguided parents. Mme. Marchesi has had great experience and she has no illusions.

This book is much more than one of

readable gossip. It is written by a woman that respects her art, having high ideals; by a woman that thinks and reflects. The chapters concerning the art of teaching should be published in a little volume at a price that would put it within the reach of all. Reading these pages, young singers might be led, if they have ordinary common sense, to wonder whether they are sufficiently well equipped by nature to pursue their studies; whether they have "singers' brains"; whether the game is worth the candle. They might be encouraged by reading; they might, on the other hand, be spared bitter disappointment.

#### AN 'ORRIBLE TALE

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald: When I was a small boy in the late 60s I heard that Comical Brown sing "An 'Orrible Tale."

It's an 'orrible tale I'm going to tell Of sad misfortune what befell, A family who once resided In the very self-same thoro'fare as I did.

And oh, it's such an 'orrible tale 'Twill make your faces all turn pale, Your eyes with tears will be overcome Twiddle, twaddle, twiddle, twiddle twum.

They never received any company Tho' a highly respectable family; And each one's face grew sadder and sadder

'Till each one felt afraid of the other feller's shadder.

The father he on bended knees Poisoned himself with toasted cheese; The mother an end to her life did put By drowning herself in a rain-water butt.

The eldest son, a determined young

feller, Blew out his brains with a cotton umbrella.

The daughter as she in the garden did

walk Choked herself with a lump of chalk.

The poor little baby as it lay in the

cradle Smothered itself with its own pap-ladle.

The servant girl put an end to her life

By stabbing herself with a carving knife.

The poor pussy cat as it lay by the fire

Swallowed the tongs and soon did expire;

But the feller on the ceiling, their case

was the worst one They blew themselves up by spontaneous combustion.

E. A. HASKELL.

Windham, N. H.

#### YOUNG PEOPLE'S OPERA

The project of an opera company to give opera for young people and children, in a theatre of their own, with music designed for, and principally composed for their benefit, has long been contemplated by Mme. Isidora Martinez of Boston. There is, indubitably, a need of good music in an operatic, as well as concert form, for the generation now growing up, for the development of its good taste, as well as entertainment in that form. What is called "grand opera" is not calculated to meet the desire of young people for amusement combined with excellent music, as the works are generally far beyond the comprehension of the average youth, even of those who may be studying music more or less seriously, besides which, the story of most of the operas is not likely to be edifying to young and unformed minds.

The complaint has been made so often that Boston will not support an opera company of its own. This is true, when one considers the great cost of a great opera company, and how at present the taste for opera is an acquired one, acquired by the few who have studied music even partially, and by others for fashion's sake.

Establish a company which will give for the children fairy stories with spectacle and good music; for the older young people operas which will please, and incidentally cultivate good taste; and you will be developing for the future audiences which will demand that form of entertainment as they do abroad. Also, there is this detail to be considered: It should afford an opening for those pupils of any school or teacher to appear when properly prepared and trained.

Thus many might be able to make appearances which would lead to larger things, whereas they might otherwise have to wait years for an opening. It is proposed also to institute a yearly competition for suitable operas by young or unknown composers, preferably American. It is also in Mme. Martinez's mind to give special performances for those children of the poor, who have no opportunity at all in this line, under the patronage of the wealthy who interest themselves so largely in settlement work.

The object of this company is, as remarked above, to give works well adapted to young listeners; with orchestra, good music, scenic effects and acting by well trained artists; works pleasing in narrative, and to the eye as well as the ear; each and all the best of its kind.

Educationally, this should prove attractive to Boston, the centre and active mover in all things pertaining to the aesthetic, as well as practical, education of youth.

A portion of the repertoire of the company will be devoted by Mme. Martinez to the charming small operas by Count Luigi Salina, the "young people's composer," of Italy, the exclusive rights to which for the United States have lately been acquired by her. The correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes from Milan: "Count Salina combines simplicity of art and taste, with facility of execution, and is the author of 20 musical plays and operettas, which never seem to tire the young folks of Italy."

#### IN THE THEATRE

Olga Nethersole reappeared in London after an absence of nine or 10 years in "The Writing on the Wall," in aid of the People's League of Health, an organization founded by her six years ago. The play was described as "unashamed propaganda against the existence of slums and tenement houses." The Times admitted it was good propaganda, "but it must be confessed that propaganda is always rather a double-edged weapon for the drama to wield. The result is so often either a good play and bad propaganda, or excellent propaganda and a tiresome play. This latest example of a theatrical cry in the wilderness lies somewhere between the two. It is not a very convincing play, and even the propaganda loses some of its force because it is so very long drawn out. A play with an object should go directly

to that object. In "The Writing on the Wall," the author is inclined to flirt with matters in a decidedly coy fashion.

All the characters are great talkers. Mr. William Stack in the part of the reforming hero declares: "Talk is the greatest game I know," and so he must have had a very jolly time, for he talked at amazing length throughout, and when he 'got together' with Miss Nethersole, who was the reforming wife of the wicked landlord, some notable dissertations on the slums were hurled at the heads of the audience. It is very rarely that a play of this kind avoids the 'textbook' manner."

The Daily Telegraph accused the play of having a commonplace plot and being prolix and tiresome. "There is hardly an incident or a situation which has not grown hoary in the service of the melodramatist."

When Fletcher's play, "The Faithful Shepherdess," was performed by the Phoenix at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, the dignified Daily Telegraph said that Isabel Jeans played the wanton Cloe "with a delicate lasciviousness that was quite enchanting." Cathleen Nesbitt as Amarillis "looked almost incredibly lovely; whenever she came on the stage she dominated it."

She was the lady of our delight though never a shepherdess of sheep." The play was first acted in 1633. The Mermaid Society performed it in London in 1903. The Times said of the recent production: "What a pleasant change it was from everyday life and from the everyday play. . . . It is all so unreal and yet all so real; and it is possibly this touch of reality that made it so lamentable a failure when it was first produced more than 300 years ago. The public was tired of the realistic play, and ready enough for the romantic but this play, in spite of all its romance, may have seemed to many of them rather too pointed a criticism of the conduct of mere mortals."

"Send for Dr. O'Grady," by George Birmingham (Canon Hannay), was produced at the Criterion, London, on July 4. The Manchester Guardian said the play should have been a one-act affair; as it is, it has not the humor and humanity for the purpose it now has. It is "a mere facetious appeal to English prejudice and English ignorance—possibly far beyond the author's intention—so that even when we laugh—and we often laugh loudly enough—we laugh against conviction with judgment frowning in the background." Sybil has been reading up Celtic psychology in the works of living Celtic authors. She goes to London and is seen as an ineffably silly girl. She determines to live a real life with a real purpose, so in fashionable clothes she takes up her abode in Kerrigan's cabin, to widen and elevate the lives of the inmates. Dr. O'Grady, in love with her, persuades her father to let her have her way, and he bribes Kerrigan to take her in in every sense of the word. "The two funniest elements in this situation are the lies of the Kerrigan family and the racy reports given as verbatim by Kerrigan himself of Sybil's sayings and doings. These are in the author's best vein. . . . One unqualified joy was to see Miss Maile O'Neill as Mrs. Kerrigan, and most of all to hear her croon her little song over the fire. She gave real dignity to a mere outline, and made a fine foil to the solid and subtle character sketch of Kerrigan in the hands of Mr. Arthur Sinclair." Sir Charles Hawtrey and Mr. Holman Clark were in the cast.

#### VARIA

Some afternoon luncheon remarks made at Manchester by the music-hall performer known as "Wee Georgie Wood" about immorality on the stage are being volently resented by the leaders of his profession.

The quietest and perhaps the most convincing of the replies comes from Sir Walter De Frece, the member for Ashton, who points out that nowadays no girl can make a living on the stage without talent and hard work, and that the temptations in the business are no greater than in any other business "where girls are brought in contact with pleasure-seeking males." Mr. Reynolds, the manager of the Alhambra points out that actresses nowadays, and especially since the war, live much more active and healthy lives than formerly, and that the standard of morality on the stage has improved with the drawing into the profession of girls who take their art seriously and know that they must work at it to succeed. Miss Lena Ashwell says that the difficulty of finding accommodation for girls on tour since the war has sometimes led to certain dangers.—Manchester Guardian.

Often in luck's way, the British Museum has just acquired what appears to be the only known copy of the first edition of Richard Brinsley Sheridan's farcical piece, "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant." Described originally as a "comic opera," and more recently as a "trifle," and again, by a printer's slip, as the

"Screaming Lieutenant," it was first put on at the Theatre Royal, Smock-alley, Dublin, in which city, presumably, the book was published. In size it is a small 12mo of 28 pages, being "Printed for the Booksellers, MDCCLXXXVIII." There is no auction record of this publication; but the play, with which this unique copy is bound up, an effort by Sheridan's brother-in-law Tickell, called "The Camp," was sold some years ago for 20 pounds, and then later for 34 pounds 10 shillings. It was produced at Drury Lane, 1795, exactly 20 years after the production there of the "St. Patrick's Day."—London Daily Chronicle.

It is good to see that the site of the Whitefriars Playhouse has been approximately marked with a tablet, adding one more to the Shakespeare memorials of London. Now the efforts go one better, by a mural tablet commemorating the position of the Blackfriars Theatre. Because, as a fact, this is in one way the most notable memory of all. Here Shakespeare held double the amount of shares that he held at the Globe, on Bankside and yet those same shares paid him less, in the end, than did those of the Surrey-side theatre. The Blackfriars stood near the present Playhouse-yard, and was a Burbage structure of some pretensions, being roofed, and fitted with every commodity of the day. Close by, Shakespeare bought some house property, and then mortgaged it; his signatures on the mortgage and purchase document being preserved respectively, at the British Museum and the Guildhall, on the two parchments.—London Daily Chronicle.

I shall never get rid of the conviction that I could have put Shakespeare right in a thing or two. I can't think that he ever made up his mind clearly about Hamlet and Ophelia (I know that Hamlet wasn't good at making up his own mind) or that his neglect of Lady Macbeth was artful or anything but perfunctory. I don't want to appear a crass realist, but I don't think that those caskets had any business in play that included Shylock (but are they more improbable than the pound of flesh?) and I have wished sometimes that Lear's disagreement with Cordelia had a more likely basis. Perhaps the anti-realists will presently teach us to disregard such matters, which, indeed, one forgets when Shakespeare fires off his big guns. And isn't it part of the work of this literary generation to scrap consistencies and realities? I suppose the arts fluctuate between what we call real life and something so remote from it that it ceases to interest us. Either way madness may lie. The map a mile to the mile won't do, and neither will a complete repudiation of nature.—Manchester Guardian.

It would be interesting to know what was the highest note in the remarkable cadenza sung by Mlle. Selma Kurz at the Albert Hall. The record stands to the credit of Lucrezia Agujari, and was set up as long ago as 1770. Agujari could reach B flat in altissimo quite easily, and on one occasion reached a tone higher—C in altissimo. This achievement rests on the authority of Mozart, who left on record the passage in which that note occurred, which she sang in his presence. It is 22 bars long, contains many notes in alt and altissimo, and ends up on C in altissimo, which was taken after the singer had sung 26 consecutive notes in alt. C in altissimo is the note above the fifth ledger line over the soprano clef, and is three octaves above middle C.—London Daily Chronicle.

#### IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Ethel Legniska's recital in London: Modernity was represented by the Valse Nobles et Sentimentales of Ravel, Lord Berner's "Funeral March for a Rich Aunt," the "Hurdy-Gurdy Man" and "Bacchanal" of Eugene Goossens, and two new pieces—"Dance of a Puppet" and "At Night"—of her own. As those facetious little pieces of Lord Berner's and Mr. Goossens have begun to wear a little thin, so to speak, one wondered whether the same fate will not presently happen to these of Legniska. Are they of the stuff that endures? Brilliant they are, and facile, harmonically and rhythmically, but are they more than that? The composer describes "At Night" as an etching. There are many other descriptions which would serve as well.—Daily Telegraph.

A singer who can think in big, strong phrases can usually be trusted to develop the methods of expression—especially when youth is on his side." Ernest Bloch's suite for viola and orchestra was played in London on June 29 (Lionel Tertis, viola). The Daily Telegraph said: "Its composer enjoys, we are told, a certain fame in America, but we are not told whether this is because or in spite of this suite. If the truth must be told, the impression it made upon us was one of wasted effort. Of the two avenues which lead to artistic achievement, passion and meditation, only the first appears to be



exploited by Mr. Bloch, but it will not do to inquire too closely into the quality of his passion, for the discussion would lead us to the study of this element in all modern works, from Strauss to Stravinsky. It is hardly necessary to add that the performance was not only entirely trustworthy, but most admirable. Mr. Terdis is probably the best viola player in existence."

Challapin in London (July 29): Challapin makes his own vocal line. It may approximate to the composer's or it may not, according to circumstances, but the thing to be noted is that the line merges into speech, and the speech, by the very magic of the singer's personality and that slight gesture of the hand or poising of the head, becomes a very good substitute for action. In other words, Challapin makes you live through these songs, whatever their theme or their period.

A new suite for military band by Vaughan Williams, an "Othello" overture by H. A. Keyser and a prelude, "Beatrice," by Percy Harrison, were played in London on July 4.

"She Stoops to Conquer," an opera based on Goldsmith's comedy by Alfred Kalisch, music by Percy Colson, will be produced at Baden-Baden late in August. Mr. Kalisch made the German translation. Goldsmith's words are used largely in the dialogue.

John McCormack, who will give three concerts in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Aug. 12, 14 and 19 for the Ypres Abbey memorial fund, will defray all costs of the concerts. Last year he collected over £3800 by two concerts in Dublin for two charities. The Daily Telegraph says: "What a pity that the most prominent tenor of the day cannot give a recital from a bandstand in Hyde Park for the benefit of any deserving fund from the national debt down to, or up to, what you please! Benefit concerts are provided by the musical elite with a purely commercial aim—when they are provided by the musical elite. If Londoners were as interested in the Ypres memorial fund and what Ypres stands for as Dubliners, hundreds of pounds might have been added to the fund in the last month during John McCormack's visit here."

#### BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA

The season of British National Opera at Covent Garden came to an end June 30. Twenty-three operas were staged in the seven weeks. Holst's "The Perfect Fool" was performed seven times. It is stated that there was no financial loss. The Times summed up the season as follows:

"A good deal has been accomplished in this comparatively short season. It will be remembered as the one in which the National Opera Company showed a serious determination to further national opera by producing the works of two native composers which have met with considerable success. Its performances of Wagner have also been noteworthy for their aim at a consistently high standard, and here it may be mentioned that a special benefit for Mme. Wagner of 'Tristan' is announced. In Italian and French opera, however, the policy has wavered with unsatisfactory results. The desire to attract the public with 'star' singers has cut across the original purpose of establishing opera in English. The result has been that criticism, not so much in the press as among stall and box holders, has been heard proclaiming that the opera is now neither one thing nor the other, and unfavorable comparisons with the foreign performances under the syndicate's management have been drawn."

"It appears, therefore, that the company stands at the parting of the ways, and that before it next appears in London it will have to come to a decision as to which policy it will pursue. If it wishes to emulate the example of the syndicate it will have to engage more foreign singers and its English members will have to revert to the language of the opera. If it wishes to establish opera in English it will have to limit its casts to singers who can sing in the language, secure more orchestral rehearsal and concentrate on ensemble. Moreover, it will probably be wise to find some theatre more suited to the production of the smaller English works and the smaller English voices than Covent Garden."

#### ENGLISH WITH ITALIAN

(London Times)

The "guest" performances at Covent Garden are involving the British national opera company in inconsistencies which a stronger direction would avoid. Apparently the rule is that, while the members of the British company must sing in English, "guest" singers may sing in the original language of the opera if they prefer it. So in Puccini's "Tosca," we had the

American tenor, Mr. Charles Hackett, and the French baritone, M. Dinh Gilly, singing the parts of Cavaradossi and Scarpa in Italian, while Miss Beatrice Miranda and the rest of the company sang in English.

No singer who has once studied the Puccini parts in Italian would wish to sing them in any other language, but if invited to sing anywhere but in England (in Paris or Berlin, for example), where the language of the country is the rule of the opera house, a singer would conform as a matter of course or refuse the engagement. The British national opera company apparently still considers that foreign singers are superior beings, who must be allowed to be a law to themselves, and so long as this view prevails we shall get haphazard performances.

That of Saturday night was a typical specimen. Mr. Hackett has a telling voice, and he was determined to impress us with it. He dragged out the first scene, lingered over effective phrases, and held on to the notes of climaxes that we might admire his lung-power, while Mr. Pitt and the orchestra were his most obsequious servants. Under a strong conductor his Cavaradossi might become a fine thing, but, to use a journalistic simile, he needs editing.

The tunes of "Tosca" have more significance than those of Puccini's other facile and favorite works. They want a tighter grip. Mr. Percy Pitt's habit of striking the score with his baton on the first of the bar in moments of excitement is a poor substitute for command. Moreover, it is irritatingly audible in the house.

July 24 1923

Some of our readers laugh at the sad-eyed person who exclaims in parlor or concert hall: "I cannot sing the old songs." (By the way Mme. Melba can and does, just as too many pianists, Mr. Paderewski among them, persist in playing only the old pieces.) That there is interest in the old songs is shown by the letters we receive. Here is one from E. R. H. of Wollaston:

"Learning McFadden to Waltz' and song about McManus and his spike-tail coat stir hopes that you or one of your contributors may be able to furnish me with another song of about the same period, 'Dan McGinty,' who on each of the important occasions recorded by the poet was dressed in his best suit of clothes? My dad says that the children to whom he used to sing this song would go to sleep rather than listen to his singing. Be that as it may, the droning sing-song is soothing to children to this day, as I know by experience. I hope you will be able to furnish the words, only portions of which, except for the first-verse, are now remembered."

We are sorry to say that we must depend on some correspondent. At present we are far from the Pierian spring.

#### FIRST CLASS IN TRIGONOMETRY

(Colorado Springs Gazette)

Wedding Bells Ring Out:  
Solve Eternal Triangle for Two

#### TEL-U-WHERE

As the World Wags:

The last broadcast to prospective passengers of the Leviathan reminds one of the present-day label on a vermouth bottle which tells the purchaser that the contents are the same as the original, except that one and one-half ounces of alcohol have been extracted.

F. P. SON.

#### BEN TILLET, M. P.

"If we are to be saved, we must save Germany and we must save France." Ben Tillet, M. P. (Labor), at British Transport Workers' Convention, July 12. At Mr. Tillet, if you please,

We'll tike an 'urried glance;  
'E's goin' to sive the British Isles,  
And Germany—'nd France.  
'E'll sive the Bloody U. S. A.  
If given 'arf a chance.

'E'll 'ave no bally arguments  
About the blinkin' Ruhr;  
'E'll tike Briand and Millerand  
And chuck 'em in the sewer;  
And wot 'e'll do to Marshal Foch  
'E ain't exactly sure.

'E'll tike that German crowd to tarsk,  
And mike 'em all be'ive;  
The Russians is another bunch  
That Ben intends to sive.  
I 'ope 'e'll 'ave 'em well in 'and  
Before 'e's in 'is grive.

And, yet—considerin' wot I've 'eard  
From folks that I 'ave met,  
And countin' all that France 'as got  
And seems in line to get—  
It's 'ardly time to sive the French  
From any one—just yet!

B. W. W.

#### ADD "PERILS OF RADIO"

(Radio Answers in Chicago Herald Examiner.)

However, we are advising that, while low voltage is said to be a difficult one and if the party were unlucky enough to catch heavy rain en route, they might be marooned for days, because the trails would be impassable.

Am I curious about the private affairs of my neighbor, about the age of his wife or the hour he gets up in the morning? That is because my own consciousness is filled with such piffing matters, to the exclusion of subjects worthier of "a being of large discourse, looking before and after." Our curiosities will be limited by the quality of our consciousness. Little minds will be curious about little things. But it is the mind we condemn, not the curiosity.—A. B. Walkley.

#### GOOD OLD OLIVER

As the World Wags:

What say the apologists for prohibition to this? Have we not outdone the Puritans?

On Sept. 12, 1650, Oliver Cromwell wrote to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: "Your pretended fear lest error should step in is like the man who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and an unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge."

London, England. JOHN QUILL.

#### NEVER MORE?

As the World Wags:

Last night I read Harry Franck's "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany." It's good. He gets down among the people, but Harry dwells on beer; refers to it on every page, and its importance as a necessary element in the life of the people. Harry doesn't have to argue that point with us. To plunge a face deep into a "half-liter" of Culmbacher, Pilsener, Wurtzberger, Muenchen-Brau—oh, Harry; your maglo carpet whisked us back to Milwaukee and glorious youth! I hear the faint, crisp, sizzling of the creamy froth as August levels off the top of a schooner with his ivory snicker-snee. If beer is deified in Germany, it was apotheosized in Milwaukee.

I remember our German professor, Herr Burstahl, an intellectual giant, be-whiskered like an ancient Hun. He was nervous and irascible. Noises disturbed him. A beer saloon stood across the street from our school. One day the professor was expounding something intricate regarding the proper lip formation to produce an aristocratic umlaut, when a sound of noisy bumps exploded through the window. Herr Professor dashed to the opening with a "Gott im Himmel! Was ist dass?"

We were amazed to see him olick heels in his best Heidelberg technique, bow, smile, return to the platform with a kindly expression, and continue his work with serenity.

We stole a peep from the window. A colossal Gaminus-like driver was tossing a pile of beer kegs on to his wagon in his weekly collection of "empties." Hence the noise was perfectly normal.

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### A LITTLE PARODY

(Suggested by La Follette's Remarks.)

In Minnesota, unafraid,  
Adullamites their flag unfurled,  
'Twas there the embattled farmers  
brayed.—

A whale of a bray heard round the world.  
BERRY BOGGS.

#### RETROSPECT

As the World Wags:

This is a queer world! It was hot today and one of our "typists" came prepared for the heat.

As far as I could tell in one look, she was wearing jauntily a set of loose woolen underclothes; at least, so it seemed to me.

Dearie me, how grandmother would have stared! Well, well, times do indeed change. I shall pass the matter by silently, but I hope there won't be any hotter spells. GEORGE ANON.

Boston, July 20.

#### SHOWS CONTINUING

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly"; excellent Cohan production; 10th week.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Covered Wagon," elaborate and spectacular screen version of Emerson Hough's successful story; 10th week.

## KEITH'S PROGRAM

The program at Keith's Theatre this week offers several musical numbers and "Blondes," a one-act farce, adds variety. Chester Clute heads the cast, which also includes William McNeill, Florence May and Marjorie Campbell. In it the characteristics of blondes and brunettes are shown up in a highly amusing situation. Bert Robinson, the author of the piece, has introduced unusually good lines.

Harry Fox was enthusiastically received and sang some of the newest and best popular songs, interspersing them with real humor. Grace Hayes, too, is here with her characteristic songs and poses—and costume.

Nora Jane and Carl, Danish dancers, open the show with a variety of graceful dances, effectively staged. Aaron and Kelly are colored entertainers of the vigorous variety and introduce several novelty steps. Herma Hegedus, violinist, and Juan Reyes, pianist, play several classics, including the Blue Danube Waltz, disguised, however, almost beyond recognition. Ona Munson, a delightful entertainer who dances well, brings with her "A Manly Revue." The Luster Brothers, contortionists, are excellent. The Pathe News and other screen features complete the bill.

July 25 1923

It has been said—and not unkindly, but in a spirit of scientific investigation—that an average woman can continue speaking for an hour with no more strain on her vocal mechanism of lung power than a man would suffer in 10 minutes' talking, while a child's larynx is so small, and so easily operated, according to M. Marage, a French investigator, it can talk continuously for several hours without showing any sign of distress. It is not then improbable that Mrs. Magnus Johnson could outlast in an economic discussion her stentorian husband. Perhaps M. Marage even now is on his way to examine the larynx of the senator.

#### LADY JESSICA

As soon as Jessica Brown became legally the Countess Northesk, she said in a haughty, play-acting voice to waiting photographers: "Don't you dare to take a picture of me. I am a lady now." Was the accent on "lady" or on "now"? We had hoped that Miss Brown had always been a lady. Having read London newspapers for many years, we arrive at the conclusion that an English countess is not necessarily a lady, although strictly speaking in Great Britain that is the title of any woman whose husband is above the rank of a baronet or knight, or of the woman that is a peeress in her own right. The wife of a baronet or knight is by the card a "dame," though she is usually called a lady.

#### ANOTHER IMMORTAL

Within that ghostly temple's shade  
Whose walls of memories are made—  
The pedagogic Hall of Fame—  
I would inscribe another name  
In bold, imperishable script,  
With pen in ink of carmine dipped:  
His cognomen where all might look—  
The man who made the copy-book.

Ye gods of old, how he could writel  
Precise and prim and perfect, quite,  
The letters marched across the page  
The youthful enemy to engage;  
'Mid many a scroll and curleque  
And wide-eyed, long-tailed bird that flew  
In mad delight to lead the van  
Of literate hosts, Spencerian.

And Spencer was a man of words  
As well as deeds and ornate birds:  
"Black sheep are found in every fold"  
And "All that glitters is not gold"—  
Such were the platitudes he flung  
To us who, with out-lolling tongue,  
And cramping fingers, straining nerves,  
Attacked his loops and lines and curves.  
EOLUS.

#### WHY HE WAS PARDONED

(News item in the Chicago Tribune)

Walter E. Barnes . . . was pardoned from the Joliet penitentiary in 1920 for murdering his mother-in-law and seriously wounding his wife.

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT

(Plattsmouth, Neb., Evening Journal)

Dr. Taylor called to Guy Stokes to see a horse which had neuritis. The horse died the next morning.

#### ART AND CITY FATHERS

As the World Wags:

I was interested in the news dispatch which gave an account of the controversy in the Breslau city council resulting in the edict forbidding a statue



the Virgin Mary to be placed near a husband merely because the sculptor had taken a few liberties, exercising a form of "poetic license" as it were, and had represented Mary as seated astride her monkey on that memorable flight to Egypt. I think the artist is mistreated by some of those alchemists who claimed Mary's dress was too long, also. What rony there is in that compromise that permits the statue to be erected elsewhere but not near or in a church! He came unto his own and his own received him not." The church which has served to inspire the highest expressions of art refuses to accept her rightful homage from grateful artists.

What first came to my mind as I weighed this question of the historical accuracy that the artist is decided to have violated was the difficulty that he would have faced if he had sought to carve a stone to represent Jesus and his triumphal entry into Jerusalem! Matt. 21:5-7. . . . There is this much to be derived from the whole controversy—those city fathers are suspiciously like some that we have in our country; and in this instance, they exhibit a degree of intelligence that we commonly designate as much as a donkey possesses. They certainly picked out an appropriate subject so far as the donkey was concerned, but show a lamentably weak wisdom so far as the religious side of the matter is concerned. Maybe there is hope for them, for recent press notices tell of the gradual growth in aged John D. Rockefeller of an aesthetic sense that permits him to accept statuary in the nude. A purchase of a group representing Eve arising from Adam's rib is announced. He certainly couldn't raise any objections to Eve's garments as being historically accurate, but there is a possibility that she wasn't holding her mouth right, for I imagine she started talking right away and woke Adam out of the deep sleep that God had caused to fall upon him, but did not have to provide any other means of resuscitation! The artist is not entirely true to the historical incident as given in Genesis, for God is there pictured as taking the rib, closing up the flesh, fashioning the woman, and bringing her to Adam. On the whole, artists, sculptors and even laymen have a difficult task to observe a proper amount of historical accuracy. But, God bless the man who is not afraid to exercise originality, and take refuge in a sense of humor when confronted with human foibles. BRADFORD G. WEBSTER. Henniker, N. H.

Miss Kitecat is the head mistress of Dorchester school, Parkstone, England.

Mr. Dewey Souser saved two men from drowning in Bureau county, Illinois.

Mr. A. V. Aquart was to lead in a dance at Illini. Our friend Mr. Eugene Gollightly says he pays more, and then is not sure of it.

#### HOG-LUCK

A foreign correspondent writes that the wearing of a tiny pig made of some semi-precious stone, mother of pearl, jade, ivory or amber, on a bangle, a ribbon or a chain, is a "brand new fad." Little pigs in ivory, silver, gold have been worn to insure luck by foreigners for at least 50 years. We have seen men and women wearing them in this country. In Germany there is this colloquial term for good-fortune: "Sow luck."

A recent statement by Mr. A. B. Walkley in the London Times is still more surprising: "Somehow, the pig has never been honorably connected with man in chronicle or legend. The owl goes with Minerva, the dragon with St. George, the lion with Androcles and St. Mark but a pig with nobody."

How about St. Anthony of Padua, patron and protector of the lower animals, and particularly of pigs? Thomas Fuller in his "Worthies of England" has this to say: "St. Anthony is universally known for the patron of hogs, having a pig for his page in all pictures, though for what reason is unknown, except, because being a hermit, and having a cell or hole digged in the earth, and having his general repast on roots, he and hogs did in some sort enter-common both in their diet and lodging."

The hog was sacred to Thor; it is associated with the Prodigal Son; Rome once had the hog for its badge and cognizance.

Mr. Frederick C. Staples of Monhegan Island, Maine, writes that he doubts whether any one since the summer of 1892 has ever sung "Learning McFadden to Waltz," more than he sang it. In that summer he first heard the immortal song. "I can't remember missing an encore on it." It was his custom to insert "In the last chorus" a "spoken part," words spoken very fast and in broad Irish by the professor to McFadden, voicing rudely his inability to teach him.

M. Pierre Benard of the Paris Journal, finally enjoyed his evening at the Theatre Francaise; "The waits were charming. Pawlowky was talking in a corner of the hall."

From the list of directors of the Sophtimist Club, composed of New York business women, we learn that Miss Mildred Holland is a dramatist and Miss Ottilie Amend is a playwright. Will some one state the difference? The old distinction drawn between a newspaper man and a journalist was that the former put into the waste basket what the latter wrote.

F. E. H. of Boston mentions a "prime favorite" of the middle 80's that has been overlooked by contributors praising old songs. He refers to the sad story of "Johnny Jones and his Sister Sue," who met their end by means of a "peach of emerald hue."

"I first heard it as an interpolated number in 'The Little Tycoon.' I believe the words were by Eugene Field. It was a well known 'tale of woe' that was proclaimed from the stage for at least two seasons, and elsewhere for several more."

This reminds us that the version of "A 'Orrible Tale," published last Sunday in The Herald was incomplete. The Herald of next Sunday will contain the version sung by Tony Pastor and published in his "Complete Budget of Comic Songs" (1864). For this we are indebted to C. F. I.

#### Notes and Lines:

Here's a letter from G. W. Chandler, etcher of Paris, now visiting Los Angeles. You may have difficulty in deciphering his handwriting and I shall do so for you, enclosing the original, so you may observe the hasty sketch of Charley Diamond, the Italian who danced with a harp. Charley's performance was unique, as Mr. Chandler suggests. I seem to recall he was doing the same act in Boston only a few years ago. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### Mr. Chandler writes:

"I never cared much for 'Casey and the strawberry blond' even when it was new. You seem to be strong on recalling old stuff and perhaps you can remember one that was popular when I lived in Chicago, about 1882, alas! It started 'Last night I dropped in to the Shamrock Hotel to pay my respects to McGinnis,' etc. Some time since this song came into my head and I had to sing it several times to get it out of my system. It was contemporary with Charley Diamond's 'There is a cottage not-a-far from-a here where live-a the girl I-a love,' 'Mrs. Brady, a widow lady,' and 'On a bright-a summer morning I pursue-a my-a way.'"

"Diamond was a picturesque looking brigand with shiny oiled hair, precisely combed and waxed moustaches, wore a green suit, and did a turn which, if not wonderful, has never been duplicated. Perhaps no one thought enough of it to copy it, but I liked it."

"The Duncans, two small sisters who have attained some prominence, are to put on a musical version of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' opening tonight. I shall not soon forget a production of 'Uncle Tom' that I once saw in Pewaukee (a town near Milwaukee). The company was small and as the cast calls for many characters the actors doubled, trebled and quadrupled until it was quite confusing. In the end nearly every one was dead and Eva had made her ascension to some horrible singing without accompaniment. I started to leave the hall, but nobody budged. A small boy turned to me and said, 'It ain't out yet; they'll come out and tell you when it is.' Sure enough, a moment later one of the performers came before the curtain and made a little speech telling them that that would conclude the performance. This company played in Pewaukee for three nights, 'Hazel Kirk,' and 'The Octoroon' being the other attractions."

"A theatre here is to open soon with old time melodrama, such as was once the glory of Morosco's Grand Opera House in Mission street, San Francisco."

This musical version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. It is said that she wrote it in four days and then called it "Topsy and Eva." She did not hesitate to add episodes and characters. Mrs. St. Clair was dropped as being an impossible figure for a musical comedy. "But it is quite possible," says Mrs. Cushing, "that St. Clair might have had a ward, a northern girl, perhaps, so in comes Marietta and brings the necessary love story with her. Eva can't die. People don't die in musical plays. So I have invented an episode that will merely foreshadow her death and doesn't introduce tragedy."

What has Mr. Pollock done to "Tantalus" of Chicago that he, the eminent philanthropist and up-lifter, should be treated in this rude manner?

"Channing Pollock's epistle to the play-critics, as recorded by Burns Mantle, had the merits of selfishness and, mostly sensibleness. When he was a critic, he was con amore all of the things he doesn't like in critics now that he is a playwright, and his especial business as a critic was to keep the public from buying tickets for plays like 'The Fool,' which seems to be a play for which the public will buy a great many tickets in the next year or so. . . . And we're sorry to say this; for Mr. Pollock, fortunately, is not in the authentic list of persons we like."

W. H. H. sends us the card of Whitmore & Clark's Minstrels and Brass Band. "Their Lustre is Enhanced with Age." "Eighteen Consecutive Years of Popularity." "Every Man a Star Performer." The four end men were George M. Clark, Hank White, James and Frank Hennessy. They were playing at Great Falls, N. H.: South Berwick, Me., not to mention other towns of the two states. "A very few choice seats reserved." Unfortunately the year is not named.

We have received circulars and programs from Mr. Carl Lanzer, "the American Paganini—not a manager made artist," who in June delighted the audience at Los Gatos. The program included some of his own compositions. One of them was "Aeolian Harp meditation for Violin Alone. The grandest violin solo ever written for the king of all instruments. To be played in open contest against the world's violin players."

In his fantasia on 'Comin' Thro' the Rye" Mr. Lanzer introduced his "famous bag-pipe imitation."

#### Notes and Lines:

Clarence McFadden and Casey and his strawberry blonde suggest to my mind popular songs of an earlier date: The days of Robinson, Den Stone and Van Amburgh, who were later eclipsed by P. T. Barnum, whose "Greatest Show on Earth" was the pioneer of "railroad shows."

#### The Den Stone and Robinson shows

were advertised unblushingly as circuses, but the Van Amburgh people stressed the menagerie, for while the ungodly and certain other folk of liberal religious faith had no scruple as to attending a circus pure and simple, the more conservative or "orthodox" frowned on such performances unless accompanied with a menagerie to which they gave a qualified approval as affording the children an opportunity to see the "wonderful works of the Lord." It was noticeable and quite frequently remarked that the escort of parents and guardians necessary to protect the morals of the children usually exceeded in number the adolescent.

Who remembers "Van Amburgh is the man who goes to all the shows?"

Later came P. T. Barnum with his "Greatest Show on Earth," the first of the "railroad shows." If my memory is not at fault, Barnum advertised several clowns of differing nationality and one of them, the English clown, I think, sang "Where's Rosanna Gone?", a song which soon became quite popular. I am wondering how many there are living who remember this once popular ballad. I think I might give it entire, but refrain from doing so unless under provocation. OLD HARRY.

Wilton, N. H.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor has written a novel and Messrs. Lieber and Lewis of New York have published it. No one should be discouraged from reading it on account of the title, "The Hat of Destiny." The hat passes from one woman to another and is of influence on the lives of them all, but, fortunately, the hat does not tell the story of its experiences. A novel once popular was the story of a guinea. Douglas Jerrold told the story of a feather. There is a rather dull book that describes the adventures of an atom. The late Frank Chase wrote a short story in which the hero, having purchased at a second-hand clothing shop the frock coat of a clergyman and the trousers of a gambler, is turned in his behavior now toward righteousness, and now toward vice; but Frank Chase, not the coat, not the trousers, told the story, and Mrs. O'Connor tells the story of what happened to the several women who in turn sported the wonderful hat—"The rich tint of the soft straw suggested a heart of gold. The downward curve of the left side, gentle modesty. The upward tilt on the right, with its luscious roses, gaiety and promise, and the long, graceful, velvet strings said discreetly 'Follow me.'"

Nor should one, reading the dedication of Mrs. O'Connor's novel, say "Fie, fie," and put the book aside: "A joyous warning to all those who have been going to be, or wish to."

"The Hat of Destiny" is not what the clerk in the book shop calls a "sexy" novel in the hope of thus effecting a sale. There are no scenes of "passion"; no laborious attempts at "recallism" after the manner of Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Ben Hecht; the "psychology" of the hat does not lead to physiological orgies.

And yet "The Hat of Destiny" is one of the most amusing novels we have read for many years, one of the witliest, one of the most humorous. And those who wish to read between the lines may unconsciously learn salutary lessons, for Mrs. O'Connor is something more than a delightful jester, and she has common sense; she does not attempt to preach in fiction.

Her humor is overflowing; her wit is spontaneous; the book bubbles, but does not foam into empty froth. The characters are not merely puppets dangled on wires while she herself entertains.

There is the English tenor, the pet of the ladies in New York and elsewhere. "He could say 'May I bring you a strawberry ice?' in a voice that conveyed 'I love you to the end—and after.'" When he sang

"At last we meet, my love,  
But the waiting has been lo-ong, too lo-ong,"

all the women tingled. No wonder that the men called him an insufferable cad and longed to give him a swift, sure kick; but Isadore Brayton turned out to be a fine, manly fellow, well worth while, though when he sang, "the listening ladies shivered and moved a little closer to their male escorts, who looked at them protectively and murmured, 'Just what I'd love to say to you, girly wirlly.'" Yes, he deserved the late supper a deus that Laurel Taylor offered him—"Caviare sandwiches and a chicken salad made of spring chicken, early lettuce, late celery, a dash of fat capers, and the very best mayonnaise dressing that well-beaten fresh eggs, olive oil and lemon juice, with a soupcon of mustard and the right amount of salt could produce," not to mention a goblet of ripe, frozen peaches, not too sweet, iced champagne and a creme de menthe iced to Arctic temperature. (Who would not sup with an author that so shrewdly understands the weaknesses of men?)

We are not going to tell the story of what happened to Nelly, Laurel and Betty, Isadore and Robert and Frederick, their criss-cross purposes and intentions. Nor are we going to relate any of the Arabian Night episodes and incidents: how the amazing restaurant the Salambo disappeared in a night, like Aladdin's palace, to prove an alibi for a careless husband. When this restaurant was removing, the hatchet in the hand of the statue of George Washington cut a policeman. Salambo, the landlord, yelled out:

"Allah! Allah! Georga Washa. He keela da Force; Georga Washa. He keela da Force. Allah! Allah!"

"Here," said the inspector, "you are a Tammany man, call on St. Patrick. Don't communicate with Allah. He's a rank outsider."

The two detectives watching Robert in London and Paris in the hope of obtaining evidence for Robert's wife are a constant source of joy.

"Said Hammond, 'The divination that's made me a detective tells me there was a peach in a white georgette rest gown, with satin streamers, who opened the door.'"

"What's Georgat?" said Hart, sourly. "It's the nicest thing the fair sex wears, silky and soft; it makes 'em yeldin', no woman can wear georgette an' sit up right straight."

Or listen to Isadore Brayton, the tenor. His name was James Carruthers Brown. He told Betty why he changed it. "Isadore" sounds Jewish and musical. There is a popular superstition that all Jews are musicians. It's quite erroneous—but never mind that—and 'Brayton' begins with a B, and is theatrical and fancy. I think it's a bully name. Something to catch 'em comin' and goin', and it has too. I've tried to live up to it, as best I could."

It was Isadore who, explaining his relationship with Laurel, said: "I knew I wasn't in love, but I thought I might be—there's something about that phrase, 'If I were free, would you marry me,' that is death to budding love for a married woman. It puts the lid on romance. She should take things on trust, you know."

Then there is that gorgeous, sultry creature, Senorita Carmencita de la Barca de Valera Mehela O'Brien, "redolent of 'Odalisque Passionnee,' a new perfume of such lasting insistence that when her handkerchiefs were washed it imparted an odor to the porcelain tub." When Robert called on her one afternoon, a censor was giving out thick clouds, musk clung to the draperies, and Carmencita wore an evening dress, "robe de Lalla Rookh"—the Parisian



dressmaker called it—a minimum of silver gauze held insecurely on the shoulders by chains of rubies. A cap of rubies crowned her hair, and she waved a huge fan of curled crimson ostrich plumes. The room itself looked like "a heterogeneous eastern bazaar." It is not surprising Robert exclaimed: "I don't want to be asphyxiated among all this loot. What is the effort, the palace of a Sultan? I'm anything but that. And you are much too jealous for a harem."

How different from the dress of Laurel awaiting Robert: Not a spangle, nothing sophisticated. "The innocent appeal would be best. The 'I never really loved my husband' effect. Therefore she would wear a cobweb lace dress with a chiffon underrobe and a dull satin belt. It was modest, and for those with curiosity, revealing. "No bunch of orchids at the belt—too obviously expensive." "Orchids too often accompanied unfailingly."

It was Carmelita who dazzled Newport by her victoria drawn by four black mules in silver harness and red blinders, coachman and footmen in Mexican costumes, silver embroidered sombreros.

Reading this novel to the end, one does not say "good-by" to the characters or their portrayals. Here is a novel that can be read, and with fresh delight, again and again.

#### EDITOR-PRINTERS

As the World Wags:

Mr. Frank Carlos Griffith also recalls the Yankee Blade and the droll Drum Head Sermons over which many Bostonians laughed in 1869-70. Doubtless Herald readers all over New England remember the True Flag, the Waverly Magazine and other weeklies published down in Liberty square and in Charlestown years before the great fire.

The fine old editor Mr. Griffith depicts, who put his own compositions in type as he thought them out, was not uncommon in former days. Horace Seaver of the Boston Investigator told me he did it for years; and his zealous antagonist, H. L. Hastings of the Christian, did likewise, I think. Thomas Todd, one of the city's oldest and best known printers, who spent a lifetime in the office of the Congregationalist, will bear me out as to printers composing articles with the "stick" in hand as they stood at the case. Mergenthaler as yet lay far beyond the horizon in the history of the art preservative of arts.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Boston.

#### WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS

As the World Wags:

"Washington. Hope was held out to the American smoker today at the National Tobacco Men's convention here that he again may enjoy a good five-cent cigar."

There were only two grades of cigars in Milwaukee in the seventies and eighties. Seventy-five per cent. of the population were Germans. "Gibt mir ein cigar" meant a five-cent, which quality was considered excellent for all reasonable people excepting a few plutocrats who ordered "gibt mir ein gutes cigar," which meant a ten-cent, only smoked by brewers and the like.

In English "a cigar" meant the five-cent kind, and "A good cigar" the ten-cent brand. The "Good" qualification didn't mean the cheaper kind was a punkareno by any means.

Our German professor smoked an "Au," or a "Bismarck" (5 cents) with such gusto that his countenance was soon hidden by the smoke screen, aided by a thick-growing set of Wurtemberg whiskers. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

Boston.

The saying "What this country really needs is a good five cent cigar" has recently been attributed to several men. It was published in the Burlington (Vt.) Hawkeye in the late sixties or early seventies.—Ed.

#### BENEFITS OF EDUCATION

F. J. K. writes: "Who says that learning goes altogether unrewarded? In the window of a confectioner in Codman square, Dorchester, appears this sign: 'College Ices of All Kinds 10 Cents to Scholars.'"

#### SHARING THE BURDEN

(There's more scope in marriage for an affectionate woman than for a brainy one, says Dr. J. Oldfield.)

Be kind, sweet maid, and let who can be brainy,  
Avoid extension lecture and exam,  
And take a course in slipper-warming,  
Janie,  
Or how to push a pram.

Be gentle; learn to keep the cradle rocking.  
Tho' classic Argo drifts against the rocks;  
By Eros, can you fancy a bluestocking  
Darning her husband's socks?

Away with logic's intellectual muddle,  
Instruct your hands to soothe away my pains;  
There's scope for you to coax, caress and cuddle,  
And I'll put up the brains!  
—A. W. in London Daily Chronicle.

#### DEEP THINKING GERMAN

Mr. Ernest Neuman tells in illustration of a translation "Pan with the feet of a ram (or: the ram-footed Pan)" this story: "It reminds me of the answer given to a couple of friends of mine at Bayreuth by a passing German of whom they had asked the way to Liszt's grave. 'Liszt's grave,' he replied (in excellent German) 'is there' (pointing to the left), 'but the grave of Liszt himself is there' (pointing to the right). No doubt there is in Germany a subtle metaphysical distinction between a man and the man himself that we English are unable to grasp."

#### SADDER BUT WISER SHELBY

As the World Wags:

O did Tom Johnson of Shelby, Montana,  
Fall on the peel of a slippery banana?  
Has he no kerchief? I'll send him a bandana,  
Has he no smoke? I'll send him a Havana.  
O, pity the mayor of Shelby, Montana.  
GEORGE JONES.

#### BIBLOMANIA

I am, I confess, a book-buying fanatic:  
My library's cluttered with volumes galore;  
And I've quite a collection stored up  
In the attic.—  
But still I'm eternally looking for more.

In thinking it over, it oft seems to me a  
Ridiculous thing thus to pay money out  
For books when I haven't the slightest idea  
What one of the bunch I possess is about.  
F. L. M.

#### FOREHANDS

As the World Wags:

I noticed in Central square, Cambridge, this sign pasted on the window of a furniture shop displaying baby carriages:

JUNE BRIDES  
LOOK HERE  
BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE  
Wellesley. W. M. W., Jr.

#### LEIGH HUNT MUST GO

The "100 per cent. Americans" who enjoy twisting the British lion's tail and demand that all Americans who took part in the Revolution should be pictured in school and other histories as saints of heroic stature, while all the British were contemptible scoundrels when they were not monsters of cruelty, should not allow the amiable Leigh Hunt's "Table Talk" to be sold in book shops, or sent by mail; they should even see to it that the book be taken from the Boston Public Library and burned publicly in Copley square. And why?

Listen to this:

"There is something in the history of the American Revolution extremely dry and uninteresting. This is owing partly perhaps to the moneyed origin of it, partly to the want of personal anecdotes, to the absence of those interesting local and historical associations which abound in older states, and to the character of Washington; who, however admirable a person, and fitted as if by Providence to the task which he effected, was himself, personally, of a dry and unattractive nature, an impersonation of integrity and straightforwardness, exhibiting none of the social or romantic qualities which interest us in other great men."

And yet as Artemus Ward eloquently put it: "The American Revolution was perhaps one of the finest revolutions that was ever seen."

#### The Two Irving Boys in Their Early Years

The boys went to school together in their early years and were devoted, the one to the other, then and through life. In their school years they acted once on the screen scene of "The School for Scandal"—Henry as Joseph Surface, Laurence as Charles. They were instructed in music and dancing. Taken to the Lyceum Theatre when Pinero was in their father's company, they formed a life long friendship with the

When Henry B. Irving was playing in Boston, we happened to meet him at the house of a friend. Irving did not talk about his illustrious father, the uplift of the drama, Shakespeare, the need of a national theatre in England. Wonder of wonders, he did not talk about himself, nor did he discuss the proper interpretation of Hamlet. He asked us if we could direct him to the church where the sexton committed a murder that had—enjoyed is hardly the word—an international reputation.

Reading "H. B." and Laurence Irving," by Austin Brereton—the book is published in this country by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston—we wonder whether Henry may not soon be remembered chiefly as a student of criminology and a biographer of murderers including Judge Jeffreys.

Mr. Brereton having written the life of Henry Irving has constituted himself the biographer of the family. It remains for him to write the life of Mrs. Henry Irving, Florence O'Callaghan, the mother of Henry B. and Laurence. A full account of her early married life would no doubt be interesting and instructive. Mr. Brereton in the introduction to this volume says that he spent many hours in her house at Folkestone; that her keen and correct memory helped him in many ways; she was the only person that could enlighten him about the early years of her two sons. He also says that Lady Irving was present in Westminster Abbey when the ashes of her husband were interred in Poets' Corner. He does not gossip about the separation following the birth of the younger son. (Irving was married in 1869. Laurence was born in 1871.) Mr. Brereton merely says: "For reasons which need not be entered upon, and may be put down to 'incompatibility of temper.'" But the final parting did not come until 1879. The mother cared for the children until they went to college. Henry lived in her house when he was in London, until his marriage; Laurence lived with her whenever he was in England. And so the boys grew up, not knowing their father well, "but, happily, they came in due season to recognize his worth." The father was not enthusiastic about his sons following his own calling. When he introduced Henry to the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) the prince asked—it was at an exhibition of fencing at the Lyceum, and it was vacation time at Oxford: "What is he going to be?" "Poor boy," replied the father, "he wants to be an actor." "Well," answered the prince, "if he wants to be actor, why shouldn't he?" An eminently sane remark.

dramatist, who was then (1880) making his first attempts. The boys, as Pinero remembers them, used to come behind the scenes and hover about the wings, "two manly little chaps in Eton jackets and tall hats." Their school was Linton House, later Marlborough. At mock trials, Henry showed a line of thought that later was strongly developed. Even as a boy, he was profoundly interested in Hamlet, and he went to a fancy dress entertainment in the traditional costume of the Prince.

#### "H. B." AT OXFORD

Henry in 1889 went to New College, Oxford. Laurence, purposing to be a diplomat, went to Russia. At Oxford Henry was "ragged" on account of his white "bowler," and was finally forced to don a "black hat." He was neither popular nor unpopular. When Dr. Spooner called him up for cutting college chapel, he said: "You seem, Mr. Irving, to be very regular, very persistent, in your absence from chapel." To which Henry replied, without wishing to be insolent or for any gallery effect: "Believe me, I've never been regular, never persisted in my life." It was to be expected that he would join the Oxford University Dramatic Society. His Stratford and King John won warm praise; also the small part of Decius Brutus, so that a leading critic described him as "a true actor" and wrote: "In form and countenance he is wonderfully like his father; I hope he may live to succeed him and to take rank among the first of English actors." He was invited by managers to go on the professional stage. One offer was to play jeune premier parts with Mrs. Langtry at about \$12 a week.

Henry's three hobbies at Oxford were the drama, criminology and speaking at the Union Society. Mr. W. J. Morris, his friend at Oxford, told Mr. Brereton that Henry then loved to talk about criminals, to analyze law cases. "I lent him some valued books of mine, which recorded all the famous trials for the past 200 years, and in these volumes he fairly revelled. I remember one night in my rooms discussing Eugene Aram, and I was amazed at his wonderful knowledge of the 'scoundrel,' as he called him." At Oxford Henry was never idle; he seemed to have no "recreation" of the ordinary sort.

#### BAR OR STAGE

Leaving Oxford, he stood halting between the bar and the stage. His father did not wish him to be an actor, yet Henry's instincts were that way. Pinero pointed out to him the precariousness of the actor's calling; that his histrionic gifts would aid him at the bar; his father's reputation would also assist him, but overshadow him in the theatre. "I entreated him to remember that a barrister of 50 is still young, and that an actor of 50—especially a romantic actor—is a veteran. He listened to me with the deepest attention, and seemed impressed by my arguments. Not long afterward I heard that he had decided to entrust his fortunes to the stage."

His first appearance as a professional actor was not auspicious. Robertson's "School" was revived at the Garrick Theatre, London, in 1891. Henry took the part of Lord Beaufoy, and thus followed in the footsteps of H. J. Montague, who in the United States was a matinee idol, and handsome H. B. Conway. Henry was "not then, and indeed

he never was, a jeune premier, the easy, self-satisfied, worldly beau-ideal of the miss in her teens." He was nervous, his voice was monotonous and highly pitched; cold in his love-making, he was described as having a stilted, ultra-priggish manner. Above all, he was handicapped severely by the fact that he was his father's son. Mr. Brereton thinks that in later years this parentage was a benefit. The engagement at the Garrick did not last long, and Henry was not invited to play elsewhere. So he left the stage for the law and for work on his life of Judge Jeffreys. He had begun this life at Oxford, but the book was not published until 1893.

#### GAINING TECHNIC

The stage lured him back in 1894 when he was called to the bar. He played with little success in Buchanan's "Dick Sheridan," also in "Frou-Frou." Joining Ben Greet's company, not disdaining small parts, he learned something of technic until he was entrusted with important parts—Leontes, Othello, Benedict, Hamlet and Digby Grant in "Two Roses." Thus he dared to play roles of his father's. Henry was born under a lucky star; a pleasant childhood; schooldays full of occupation; success at Oxford. But is Mr. Brereton justified in saying: "At 25 he had the world at his feet." It is true that in his 25th year he took the part of Hamlet and was praised at length by the Scotsman when he appeared at Edinburgh in that role, but the real beginning of his London career was in August, 1896, when he took the part of Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda." In that year he married Dorothea Baird, the actress.

#### "H. B." IN AMERICA

Mr. Brereton gives a full account of "H. B.'s" life as an actor, naming the many plays and satisfying those who are known as "date-hounds"; quoting copious extracts from reviews published in contemporaneous newspapers. We never saw "H. B." on the stage. Mr. Brereton says that when H. B. first appeared in New York he had then determined to be his own manager—he was

not too kindly treated by the press. "He made many private friends, and in some cities he was warmly received. He was virtually a stranger. He did not have the time to establish himself in favor. It was in Chicago that, on the 18th December (1906) he made his first appearance as Mathias in "The Bells" in England. H. B. was recognized for himself and his own abilities. In America, the same old arguments of heredity continually stood in his way. Some papers, however, were quite fair. Mr. Brereton quotes an appreciation by Mr. Walter R. Linn of Philadelphia, who succeeded in obtaining a long talk with the actor. Perhaps the choice of a play, "Paolo and Francesca," by Stephen Phillips, for the opening in New York was unfortunate.

#### FAVORITE ROLES

Of modern plays, "The Admirable Crichton" was his favorite. Another favorite part was that of the heartless, calculating, cynical man-about-town and scoundrel, Loftus Rouppel in Cartton's "Tree of Knowledge." Pinero said of "H. B.," apropos of his Letchmere in "Lettie" that in straight parts he was



hampered by a personality which always had in it something of the quality of grimness; that his performance was sometimes more satisfying to the author than to the public.

Fascinated as he was by the study of criminals, it is not surprising that he played villains with a peculiar zest; villains or characters with some peculiar, or sinister, twist. Among the roles which stood out were Don John, Markheim, in a one-act drama based on Stevenson's story—his Iago was thought by some too light and careless—Mathias, Caesar Borgia, Duboso, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in Comyns Carr's adaptation, Robert Macaire.

A long chapter is given to "H. B.'s" Hamlet. When he played the part at Adelaide in 1905, he would have received a fairer hearing if he had not been, to a great extent, overshadowed by the reputation of his father in the part. "I do not mean to infer that either playgoers or critics were unjust, consciously or otherwise. Had 'H. B.' been a stranger, had he not borne such a striking resemblance to his father, it would have been to his advantage in this case. He looked so like the Hamlet of another generation that it was impossible to avoid comparison." Mr. Brereton has much to say about famous Hamlets from the time of Betterton. He speaks of Garrick, J. P. Kemble, C. M. Young, Edmund Kean, Macready, Fechter, Henry Irving, and does not hesitate to say, having seen all the Hamlets of note in his own time, that "H. B." was the most lovable Hamlet that the stage has known; that this Hamlet had two paramount features, youth and loveliness. Another London critic was pleased to find that "H. B." in this part was free from his father's mannerisms.

In 1911, Australia was visited. Returning to London he took the part of Nobody in Stephen Phillips's adaptation of "Everywoman." He played in South Africa. Back in London he made strange excursions in "Hamlet" to emphasize "the dramatic as apart from the literary, interest," and so overboard went the advice of Polonius to his son and Hamlet's speech to the players. This condensation did not please the public. His last appearance was in 1918, when for King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses he played Sir Charles Pomander. On this occasion Lady Bancroft played for the last time.

His health was failing in 1918. For five months during the war he worked in the intelligence department at the admiralty, and suffered from the strain. Mr. Brereton met him at luncheon several times. "Usually abstemious in the pleasures of the table, he ate and drank ravenously, and, to my astonishment, smoked a large cigar at each meal with a feverish enjoyment. All this was unnatural and a sure mark of that illness which eventually caused his death. He was just wasting away." He died on Oct. 17, 1919.

#### PASSIONATE CRIMINOLOGIST

Alfred Tennyson once told "H. B.'s" father of a talk with Jowett into the small hours of the morning. Irving asked him on what subject. "Murder," replied Tennyson. "H. B." quoted this anecdote in the introduction to his "Book of Remarkable Criminals," published in 1918, and says: "The fact is a tribute to the interest that crime has for many men of intellect and imagination. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Rob history and fiction of crime, how tame and colorless would be the residue?" It was the "mystery of human motives" in this "human interest of crime" that caused "H. B." to devote a large part of his life to its study.

His "Studies of French Criminals of the 19th Century" (1901) deals with foreign criminals; Lacenaire; Troppmann who stabbed and battered to death a woman and her five children, Abbe Bruneau, who murdered an old priest in a peculiarly shocking manner; Franz and Ravachol and others, who as Mr. Brereton well says had nothing human about them. "H. B." admitted this; "Ravachol and his fellows are passing nightmares, unworthy to be more than barely chronicled in the lifetime of a great people; but there are points in the characters of these criminals and the circumstances of their punishments which are not without significance to the better understanding of the French character and administration of justice." Mr. Brereton shakes his head and says that this book is not a scientific work; simply the story of most atrocious criminals. He prefers "H. B.'s" "Book of Remarkable Criminals" (1918)—Charley Peace, Robert Butler, Prof. Webster of Boston. "The author of the recapitulation of the mournful story, in the course of his professional visit to America in 1906-07, visited the scene"—H. H. Holmes of Chicago, who murdered at least 10 persons for gain, the Holmes of "Holmes Castle"; the Frenchmen Derues and Castaing.

#### CHARLEY PEACE

Charley Peace, accomplished burglar, if we are not mistaken, is treated with loving irony by Mr. Charles Whibley in

his fascinating "Book of Scoundrels." Mr. Brereton says that "H. B.'s" treatment is distinguished by humor, lightness of touch, also by irony, but this irony is grim. "H. B." extolled Peace as the one great personality among English criminals of the 19th century. "In Charley Peace alone is revived that good-humored popularity which in the 17th and 18th centuries fell to the lot of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard. But Peace has one grievance which these heroes have been spared. His name has been omitted from the pages of the "Dictionary of National Biography." From Duval down to the Mannings, Palmer, Arthur Orton, the bushrangers Morgan and Kelly, many less noteworthy criminals find recognition there, but "room has been denied to perhaps the greatest and most naturally gifted criminal England has produced, one whose character is all the more remarkable for its modesty, its entire freedom from that vanity and vaingloriousness so common among his class."

Peace is contrasted with Sheppard. The latter "loves to stroll openly about the London streets in his fine suit of black, his ruffled shirt and his silver-hilted sword," while Peace "lies concealed at Peckham beneath the homely disguise of old Mr. Thompson." Holmes, the Chicago murderer, is compared with Richard III, who espoused "deliberately a career of crime." It seems that "H. B." was not a party to the whitewashing of that monarch, who by recent historians has, in fellowship with Lucresia Borgia and the Emperor Tiberius, been cleansed of sin and clothed in white.

The most successful and therefore perhaps the greatest criminal in Shakespeare wrote "H. B." is the King in "Hamlet"; for the murder of his brother is "skilfully carried out by one whose genial good-fellowship and convivial habits gave the lie to any suggestion of criminality." The murder of Duncan is an example of a class of crime, the dual of which there are four modern instances cited in the book. The writer proposed to make a deeper study of Shakespeare's criminals.

#### "LAST STUDIES"

"Last Studies in Criminology" was published in 1921 after his death. They are records of wrongful accusations, the cases of Adolf Beck, Joseph Lesurques, Clement de la Roncliere and Peter Vaux. "The Lyons Mail," as we all know, was founded on the case of Lesurques. "H. B." also edited the reports of the trials of Franz Muller, Mrs. Maybrick and the sanctimonious murderer Henry Wainwright, who is not to be confounded with Thomas Griffiths Wainwright (with an "E"), the forger and poisoner, the friend of Lamb and Talfourd, the flashily brilliant contributor, "Janus Weathercock," to the London Magazine, whose "essays and criticisms," edited with an account of the author by W. C. Hazlitt, were published in 1880. When asked why he had poisoned innocent Helen Abercromby, a beautiful young girl whose life he had insured, he said after a moment's reflection: "Upon my soul, I don't know, unless it was because she had such thick legs." Oscar Wilde made this Wainwright the subject of an essay, and the poisoner suggested to Dickens his story, "Hunted Down," though there is a wide departure from the facts. But we wander from the subject: "H. B." as described by Mr. Brereton.

The editing of Henry Wainwright's trial called forth a hearty appreciation from Sir Edward Marshall Hall. He and "H. B." belonged to "Our Society" or the "Crimes Club," at first an association of 12, later of 40 members interested in criminology. After a dinner they would debate cases and matters connected with that subject. Members and guests were pledged to secrecy. One of "H. B.'s" best friends was Churton Collins, the learned and keen writer, who, proverbially gentle by nature except with his pen when he was attacking careless and inadequate scholarship, made criminology a hobby. Collins killed himself before he had filled out his three-score years and ten. Mr. Brereton thinks that "H. B." might have lived longer if he had not so constantly pursued the morbid hobby of criminology. At any rate, "could he not have put his fine intelligence and exceptional literary gifts to better use than perpetuating in print the deeds of criminals?" Considering these deeds, "H. B." reached this conclusion: that there are more complete villains than the ordinary criminal and they contrive to go through life without offending against the law. "Close and scientific investigation has shown that the average convicted criminal differs intellectually from the normal person only in a slightly lower level of intelligence, a condition that may well be explained by the fact that the convicted criminal has been found out."

"H. B.'s" volume, "Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical," published in 1906, includes his essay on Collier's "Apology for His Life" of the most brilliant and enter-

taining autobiographies in our language"—his "Art and Status of the Actor," "The Calling of the Actor," his Royal Institution lectures, "The True Story of Eugene Aram" and an article on that hard drinker, Chief Justice Scroggs.

The "Life of Judge Jeffreys," which was reviewed in the Spectator for three and a half columns—the review with a high tribute to the biographer—showed great research and discrimination in the selection and analysis of the mass of material. "H. B.'s" estimate of Jeffreys's life and character was rather different from that which has generally been accepted.

Is it not possible, we say again, that Henry Brodribb Irving will be known and appreciated as a biographer and a student of criminology when as actor and manager he will be remembered chiefly as a son of his father?

#### ROMANTIC LAURENCE

The life of Laurence, the younger son of Henry Irving, was romantic. Mr. Brereton, contrasting his life with the sunshine of "H. B.'s," says the clouds hung over Laurence almost to the end. When he was on the threshold of achievement, he was lost with his wife in the sinking of the Empress of Ireland. He is described as being affectionate and amiable, simple and genial, sympathetic, humorous, having an un-failing sense of duty.

In his youth he became imbued with a love for Russia; how, no one knows. When he left school at Marlborough—the report read, an excellent character, but his form master wrote—"Not at all satisfactory—Bible lessons very poor"—he went to Paris to perfect his French. His mother took him to St. Petersburg, where he lived three years, the happiest, perhaps, of his life. He became proficient in the Russian language; he knew the people. He enjoyed the state and diplomatic affairs. As an amateur he played David Garrick in the first performance of a piece in English in that city. His heart was set upon entering the diplomatic corps, but his father was unable to supply the considerable sum of money that in those days was required. In 1890-91, Henry Irving lost over £4000 as manager of the Lyceum. There was a further deficit the next season, though the receipts exceeded £58,000. Perhaps it was for the best that Lau-

rence was disappointed. He did not rebel; he had not a harsh word to say of his father. Laurence was too free and open, too explosive for diplomacy. H. B. was more intuitively diplomatic.

So Laurence became an actor, beginning in 1891, at Dundee, as a member of Benson's company, and playing Snug, the joiner. He was nearly killed on the stage at Belfast by a shot from a pistol supposed to be unloaded. In London, he made his first appearance in 1892 at Toole's Theatre, for Toole was his godfather. He played small parts until Tree chose him to act Svengali on tour. He began to write plays. The first was "Time, Hunger and the Law," a sad play of Russian life. He, his brother and Cyril Maude were in it. Charles Wyndham saw them and said to the two brothers: "I dare say you're very clever young men, but you've got to learn your business as your father and I did."

#### MORBID PLAYS

In choice of plays and in his own plays, Laurence seemed to prefer the dark and sinister side of life. There was an adaptation of Le Fanu's story, "Uncle Silas." Even Mr. Brereton admits that the story of "Godefrid and Yolande" (Chicago, 1896), with leprosy the theme, is not "ennobling." "Peter the Great" was gloomy, and Henry Irving did not attract the public by playing the emperor. A member of his father's company, Laurence acted Tallien, Antonio, Nemours, Valentine; he went with his father on his last three American tours (99-00, 01-02, 03-04). Then for six years he toured the Provinces, visited America, acting and writing incessantly. Not until 1910 were his visits to London many. He toured provincial music halls in order to gain the means to live. In American music halls he played Louis XI in "The Ballad Monger." His translation of "Les Hanneçons" ("The Incubus") was regarded as an "unpleasant" play; the same reproach was brought against Brieux's strong play, "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," which was savagely attacked. Not politic, Laurence made a hasty speech at the Lotus Club, in New York, in which he said: "One-fourth of Shakespeare's words cannot be spoken in public"; and he denounced "The Merry Widow" as a "highly deleterious entertainment."

#### SUCCESS—THEN DEATH

His first great success in London was in "The Unwritten Law," his own adaptation of Dostolevsky's "Crime

and Punishment" (1910), and he was excellent in Walter Frith's "Margaret Catcapole." In 1911 he toured as Hamlet, representing him as very young and a spilt child. He put him among Elizabethan surroundings, and dressed

the King as Sir Walter Raleigh. Hamlet was that of "an affectionate, rather imish boy, who shrank from the task of avenger in no uncertain manner." His elocution was particularly good, and he admirably emphasized Hamlet's "antic disposition." His Iago to Tree's Othello (1912) gave the impression that if his lines had fallen in as pleasant places as those of his brother, he would have risen to a high place as an actor. Later he brought out his version of "The Barber of Seville," "Typhoon"—the only play that brought him popularity and pecuniary reward—Ibsen's "The Pretenders" (1913), in which he proved himself "a worthy successor of his father as an actor—a wonderful embodiment," but unfortunately few saw it. "The Typhoon" was played in London over 200 times, but Laurence was still haunted, as was his father, by the necessity of earning money. He went to Canada in 1914 and played in 20 towns from one side of the continent to the other. Before the University of Toronto he delivered an eloquent address on "The Drama as a Factor in Social Progress," in which he spoke freely and, as the conservative would say, rashly in attacking social abuses. Apparently he was at last to be rewarded for his brave and high endeavor. Then came the tragic ending. The Empress of Ireland, stopping in a dense fog, was rammed by a Norwegian collier. She sank in 10 minutes with the loss of 800 lives.

A survivor, Mr. F. E. Abbott of Montreal, described Laurence as comforting his wife. "Keep cool," he warned her, but she held her arms around him. He forced a life-belt over her and pushed her out of the doorway. He then practically carried her up the stairs. I said, "Can I help you?" and Mr. Irving said: "Look after yourself first, old man. God bless you, all the same." Mr. Brereton adds that as the ship went down "husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms and Laurence was kissing his faithful friend and helpmate as the waters of the St. Lawrence closed over his dreams and that ever present longing for home whereby had come his tragic death."

It is said that Laurence loved animals while his brother had no love for them. A cat in the room, though he could not see it, disquieted him. Henry was never a trencher man; he had "poor and unhappy brains for drinking." Laurence was a sturdy Bodribb. He enjoyed a good dinner, a good cigar. He once said to Mr. Brereton, "I'm like my father about food—and—" with a cheery smile at her, "Mabel sees that I get it!—and a cigar." Henry smoked rarely. Laurence's wife was Mabel Hackney, a good all-round actress. When she was married to Laurence in 1903 she was 23 years old. They had no children. "H. B.'s" son Laurence, having distinguished himself during the war in the air force, is an artist. The daughter, Elizabeth, is an actress. "H. B.'s" will was proved for £39,176. The estate of Laurence was valued at £937 gross, with net personality nil.

#### FATHER AND SONS

Mr. Brereton says in conclusion: "The story of Henry Irving and his sons is as wonderful as it is sad. It began in loneliness, in gloom, in mistrust. It ended in sadness, but in understanding. The father died ere yet the sons had come to their complete knowledge of him and their consequent reverence and affection. I am very thankful that I was able to see much of him during his last years; to judge of my poor father fairly. There is a world of meaning in those simple words. It was death that called them forth, just as the passing from 'life to eternity' of Laurence caused Harry Irving to let his own heart reveal the truth. Thus, were the father and his sons united at last. Thus, death dissolved all doubt and brought peace to Harry and Laurence and true affection for the memory of the great man who had gone before them, his ambition accomplished."

This volume of 239 pages contains eight illustrations; a list of the parts played by H. B. Irving with dates and names of theatres; a bibliography; notes on "H. B." and his children, Mrs. Laurence Irving and Barrie and the Irvings. There is an adequate index.

In the review of Mme. Blanche Marchesi's "Singer's Pilgrimage" published in The Herald of last Sunday, "Marie Wilet," the fat singer with the nightingale's voice, should read "Marie Wilt."

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Some day, perhaps, we shall get back to that much-despised thing—tune, which will be still better. For it is better, after all, to go away with a concrete tone-image in one's mind than with an amorphous mood of emotion—not a tune that one can whistle, of course—that would be, under our present canons of judgment, much too in-artistic—but something that one could at least indicate with a graceful wave of the thumb, as a painter waves it in



front of a picture when words fall him.  
—London Times apropos of piano pieces  
by Felix White.

Arthur Somervell's new song cycle  
"The Broken Arc" (eight poems by  
Browning) was sung for the first time

last month in London. The songs, ac-  
cording to the Daily Telegraph, showed  
Dr. Somervell's graces of melody and  
musicianship. "He is not of those who  
deal in complexities, pinning his faith  
rather to the appeal of simple, yet by  
no means unsophisticated, charm, and  
in this characteristic these songs, which  
are well-contrasted in mood and senti-  
ment, are quite typical of his refined  
and expressive art." We knew Somervell  
in Berlin in the early eighties. He  
was then a young, handsome chap, deli-  
cate, high colored, and it was said that  
he had some heart trouble and would  
not live long. He was studying com-  
position with Kiel and gave great prom-  
ise. He had his prejudices and was out-  
spoken. We sat near him in the  
Singakademie when there was a per-  
formance of Rubinstein's "Paradise  
Lost." The chorus began a fugue. Somervell  
rose to his feet and exclaimed  
passionately, "that's a rotten subject."  
And so it was. One of his earliest  
songs, simple, pathetic, beautiful, "Once  
at the Angelus," was sung here a good  
many years ago by Gardner Lamson. It  
is strange that it is not sung today.

We have heard here in London sing-  
ers from the four corners of the earth,  
so that we can no longer be surprised  
even though one visits us from the Mo-  
hawk tribe of the North American In-  
dians. Such an one came on Friday to  
sing at the Aeolian Hall under the aus-  
pices of the Overseas League, and gave  
a very interesting recital of the songs of  
his people. He was Os-Ke-Non-Ton, a  
chief of his tribe, and the possessor of  
a weirdly expressive voice. The pro-  
gramme gave the information that "he  
developed his technique" in New York,  
which is a thousand pities! It was, in-  
deed, when he was obviously conscious  
of the demands of "technique" (the  
technique required for art-songs) that  
he was least impressive. This con-  
sciousness asserted itself in the songs  
by Cleurance and Troyer, which he sang  
to pianoforte accompaniment—songs  
which were all aptly described by the  
naïve phrase which he applied to one  
of them—"White man's Indian song."  
Of far greater interest were those Mo-  
hawk songs which he sang in native  
dress with the lights of the hall low-  
ered and a red glow around him, and  
to the accompaniment of a water tom-  
tom. Here there was no technique—  
save that which Nature gives, and noth-  
ing came between us and the songs to  
disturb the atmosphere which they cre-  
ated. The melodies were sung in a  
"glissando" fashion, so that the inter-  
vals were not too clearly defined, but  
the tonic, fifth, and octave were always  
the starting and resting points. Two of  
the most appealing of these songs were  
"Mosquito Song" and "Feast Song"—  
the last sung as an accompaniment to  
the dances at the "Feast of Strawber-  
ries."—Daily Telegraph, June 25.

"Stravinsky's suite of three songs,  
"Faune et Bergère" is chiefly interesting  
as showing that at the age of 24 he  
wrote, like many another, rather weakly  
romantic music."

Mme. Poldowski has been at it again  
in London, giving a concert of her own  
works. A suite of eight pieces, "The  
Caledonian Market" for piano was said  
to be unfamiliar.

If the 18th century could endure the  
eight of Julius Caesar or Rinaldo in a  
wig and knee breeches I do not think  
it would outrage us to see Tannhauser  
in the costume of Julian, or Alberich  
and Mime—invariably the worst-tail-  
ored and worst-barbered characters on  
the operatic stage—dressed with a little  
of the elegance of Scarpia. The death  
of Marie Lloyd has put an end to what  
used to be one of the great hopes of  
my life—to see her as Kundry, with  
George Robey as Parsifal. The seduc-  
tion scene would have been something  
to remember in old age and tell our  
grandchildren about. And think of Mr.  
Robey, in his clerical costume, among  
the Flower Maidens, admonishing them  
with pursed lips and uplifted hand: "Let  
there be mirth, but let it be tempered  
with seamliness!" But though I suppose  
I shall never see these things now, I  
have not yet given up all hope of seeing  
the "Ring" with the ideal cast I worked  
out for it years ago.—Miss Annette Kel-  
lermann as the first Rhine Maiden, the  
Brothers Griffiths as Grane, the Mad  
Hatter sporting the Tarnhelm, Little  
Tich as Mime, and so on. Perhaps  
Barry Jackson will take up the idea for  
the Birmingham Repertory Theatre  
when he has finished with "Cymbeline."  
—Ernest Newman in the Sunday Times  
(London.)

Here is a Philistine utterance in the  
London Times: "One does not pretend  
to know what Verlaine means, but De-

bussy's hard, man-of-the-world style  
seems better suited to him than Iahn's  
soft and sentimental nothings."

Verlaine Incomprehensible! Debussy's  
elusive style that of "the hard, man of  
the world!"

Her (Selma Kurz's) voice has all  
those attributes with which Ben Jonson  
endowed his beloved in "So sweet is  
she!" There is none of the hardness in  
it which we associate with the average  
coloratura singer, while, as an indica-  
tion of her amazing technique, we may  
mention that she can trill for 15 seconds  
by the clock. She gave us some pretty  
vocal exercises in Handel's "Il Pen-  
seroso," with Monsieur Amadio as flut-  
ist, and then turned her attention to  
music by adding "Deh vien!" as an en-  
core. Apart, however, from its vocal  
beauty, we were disappointed with Mme.  
Kurz's rendering, because she destroyed  
the rhythm with continual rallentandi,  
and, for the sake of a higher note and  
a more florid finish, altered the cadenza.  
—London Times.

Joseph Leopold Roedel, who died re-  
cently at Vittel (Voges), aged 85, com-  
posed a number of successful songs and  
cantatae. His father was first tenor of  
the Imperial Opera at Vienna, the origi-  
nal Florestan in "Fidelio," a close  
friend of Beethoven, and the introducer  
of German opera to Paris and London.  
His eldest brother was joint Kapell-  
meister with Richard Wagner of the  
Dresden Opera. J. L. Roedel was born  
in London, and studied music under his  
father and at Wurtzburg with Eisen-  
hofer, and with Goetze at Weimar. Set-  
tling at Clifton, he became a successful  
teacher and solo pianist. Among his  
cantatas were "Fair Rosamond," "The  
Sea Maidens" and "Westward, Ho!"  
and among his songs were "Angus Macdon-  
ald," "A Bird in Hand," "The Storm  
Flend," "On the Zunder Zee," "The  
Skipper of St. Ives," "Green Isle of  
Erin" and "The Three Old Maids of  
Lee." Mr. Roedel's first wife was Miss  
Jane Jackson, who published several  
piano works under the name of Jules  
de Sivral.—London Times.

Handel's violin sonata in G minor was  
played "straight," as they say of ac-  
tors; no introducing of extraneous ideas  
and no elaborate "reading"; it was a  
performance altogether right-minded, in  
that it revealed that old Handel in writ-  
ing it was merely enjoying himself thor-  
oughly in experimenting with all the  
various melodic lines which lie most  
comfortably on the strings of a violin;  
and the adagio (third movement) is one  
of the most eloquent proofs of the state-  
ment that what is most fitting is most  
beautiful.—Daily Telegraph.

The Garde Republicaine band, led by  
M. Balay, which visited England, con-  
sists of 4 flutes, 3 oboes, 23 clarinets, 9  
saxophones, 1 sarrusophone, 4 trom-  
bones, 4 cornets, 5 trumpets, 4 bugles,  
4 drums, 9 saxhorns, 6 double basses.  
At the concert in the Albert Hall, July 8—  
the Somme Battlefield memorial concert,  
in which this band took part—Lady  
Strathcona bought a box for £100.  
Seats in the stalls varied in price from  
2 guineas to 1 guinea. Seats in the bal-  
cony, 5s. 3d.; in the gallery, 1s. 6d.

They tell me that Glasgow is very  
cheery about the promised return of  
Emil Mlynarski, for six years conductor  
of the Scottish orchestra, to the scene  
of many a former triumph there in days  
gone by. I have already recorded the  
fact that Mlynarski is to be one of sev-  
eral conductors in Glasgow. Since he  
left England in 1916 Mlynarski's life has  
been of a most varied type, for on the  
outbreak of war he and his family had  
to leave their home near Kovno and  
take up their abode in Moscow, where  
he gave many concerts, including a  
good deal of English music in his pro-  
grams. But his English sympathies  
stood against him for a time on the  
outbreak of revolution. Eventually he  
reached Warsaw, and, in the presidency  
of Paderewski, he reformed the Con-  
servatorium and the National Opera,  
of both of which he is the director.—Daily  
Telegraph.

Mr. Gilly as Scarpia in London. "To  
him fell the lot of presenting an in-  
credible monster—a monster which  
finds no place in any scheme of things—  
whether tragedy, fantasy or pantomime.  
Scarpia is an unreal character, upon  
whom not even the composer can throw  
an illusory light without the aid of  
a special kind of medium. Mr. Gilly,  
both as an actor and as a singer, has  
all the requirements for that special  
medium. His acting gives a welcome  
rest from the conventional operatic  
methods, which are in most cases  
merely a revised version of the con-  
ductor's movements. Here instead is  
a personality whose expression finds its  
way through nought but music and its  
utterance; with him, indeed, the char-  
acter is entirely formulated by the  
music assigned to it—and so it is that  
his Scarpia is a really consistent oper-  
atic conception. The still resonant and  
expressive voice through all its exten-  
sive range sang a gross unreality into  
life."

When the headmaster, C. T. Smith,  
of the Robert Montefiore L. C. C. School,  
Vallance road, Whitechapel, lectured on  
"Opera in Schools," 50 boys between 12  
and 13 years of age performed part of  
"The Magic Flute." Mr. Smith spoke  
in favor of children being made familiar  
with some of the great operas before  
leaving school, and said that in teach-  
ing opera they tapped a large number  
of interests. The work of preparation  
stimulated study in other directions,  
and he had seen performances by chil-  
dren which were of a standard suffi-  
cient to justify opera forming a part  
of the school curriculum.

#### VARIA

George Moore's comedy, "The Coming  
of Gabrielle," was said to be a rewritten  
version of his earlier play, "Elizabeth  
Cooper." This did not please Mr. Moore,  
who wrote: "I would rather you had  
spoken of 'The Coming of Gabrielle' as  
a new play written on a similar theme  
to that handled in its predecessor. The  
characters are not the same, with the  
exception of the three principals, while  
in respect of construction and of dia-  
logue the two plays differ materially."

The annual Shakespeare summer fes-  
tival at the Memorial Theatre, Strat-  
ford-on-Avon, which began on July 21,  
will continue until Sept. 1. At a special  
matinee last Thursday Murray's trans-  
lation of the "Electra" of Euripides  
was performed. Among the plays not  
by Shakespeare to be performed are  
Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," Shaw's  
"Getting Married" and "Heartbreak  
House."

Messrs. Griffith, Slostrom, Poirier and  
Delluc are among those studied by Fred  
Ph. Amiguet in his volume "Cinema!  
Cinema!" published by Payot & Co.,  
Lausanne.

Massenet's heroine Anita in "La Na-  
varraise," has been portrayed at Ravina  
Park by Ina Bourskaya. The New York  
Times says the part was formerly taken  
in this country by Mme. Calve and by  
Mme. Farrar. Surely by Mme. Calve;  
but why not mention Gerville-Reache,  
whose impersonation was tragic in the  
extreme. What a pity she died! Her  
Deliha will not soon be forgotten. She  
and Charles Gilibert are sorely missed  
today.

Having a chance to bring Ida Rubin-  
stein hither for "The Miracle," Morris  
Gest, who loves to cable, cables that he  
has engaged Lady Diana Manners in-  
stead. There is little to be said in favor  
of his choice save that Rubinstein is  
gifted.—Chicago Tribune.

The Daily Chronicle of London pub-  
lished this paragraph with reference to  
John Drinkwater's new play, with Gen.  
Robert E. Lee the hero.

"Dean Inge, when speaking at an  
Oxford debate on the Victorian Age,  
had an appreciative word even for the  
oft-derided crinoline. Mr. John Drink-  
water appears to share the dean's view,  
judging from the prominence given to  
the crinoline in his latest play. With  
such exquisite charm and grace do his  
ladies waltz, at the hall at Lee House,  
in their gracefully swaying crinolines  
that they almost eclipse in interest the  
figure of Robert Lee himself, so that  
one only partially realizes that the  
future general has just made the mo-  
mentous decision to go with Virginia  
in her secession from the Union. The  
ladies are not there to talk, but merely  
to float in crinolines supporting frocks  
of many hues, and Lee acknowledges  
that dancing under these delightful con-  
ditions 'calms his mind.'"

William Rokeby, an actor 65 years  
old, dropped dead on the stage of the  
Palace Theatre, Brighton, Eng., while  
appearing in "A Week End." He sud-  
denly exclaimed in the midst of his  
lines, "I am suffering, I am suffering."  
The audience took it as a joke. He then  
said, "I am going to the Garden of  
Eden," and started to walk off the  
stage, but dropped dead before he  
reached the door.

#### BELLRINGERS' FESTIVAL

(London Times)

Sixty bellringers from all parts of  
the country, as far afield as Lancashire,  
Gloucestershire, and Kent, will join the  
local ringers at Saffron Walden and  
take part in the 300th anniversary fes-  
tival of the Saffron Walden Society of  
Change Ringers, which claims to be the  
oldest society of bellringers in the coun-  
try.

Fahlan Stedman, a native of Cam-  
bridge, who published in 1388 the first  
book on the subject, "The Art of Ring-  
ing," in which his very musical but  
somewhat complex system is set forth  
and explained, was a member of the  
Ancient Society of College Youths,  
which dates from 1637, and is said to  
be the earliest of the ringing guilds.  
The Saffron Walden Society, however,  
dispute this claim, and today celebrates  
a ringing association which it proudly  
declares to have been in existence in  
1623.

Its claim to priority rests on the fact  
that on June 27, 1623, the Saffron Wal-

den ringers were left a legacy by one  
Thomas Turner, a merchant of that  
town, who once was lost in the dense  
woodlands around Audley End, and was  
only able to find his way by following  
the sound of the church bells. To the  
legacy he attached the stipulation that  
on that date each year the bellringers  
assembled in the parish church should  
ring a peal on the bells and have a ser-  
mon preached to them. There is prob-  
ably no other parish in the kingdom  
where ringing enthusiasm has lasted so  
long, or where Fabian Stedman has had  
more devoted disciples.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The  
Herald from his humble shingled cot-  
tage in Clamport: "I was amused this  
afternoon as I was sitting on the ver-  
anda of the Gotolt Club by overhearing  
the conversation of two women from the  
West who in this once simple village  
were dressed as if for a lawn party on  
the North Shore and were blazing with  
precious minerals. I could not help  
hearing them. As was said in old plays,  
their words forced themselves on my  
ears. They were discussing the im-  
portant subject of dinner-giving; the  
number of courses and how they should  
be served. I am not Oedipus, M. Dupin  
or Mr. Sherlock Holmes, but I at once  
saw that these women were of the sud-  
denly rich, and caught too late in this  
our too daily life. Why did I not rush  
to their aid, when one of them, the  
more bulbous, said she wished to give  
an usual dinner? Probably because I  
am a modest person; perhaps because  
they were not wholly pleasing to the  
eye. I might have said: 'Pardon me,  
madam, but why don't you do as the  
hero of "A Rebours" who gave a dinner  
in a sombre dining room with all the  
courses black, from black bean soup to  
coffee, and the waitresses all negroes.'  
Or I might mail to her a passage from  
Florio's Montaigne which I happened to  
read this morning:

"Geta the Emperor who would have  
all his messee or dishes served in at his  
table orderly according to the first let-  
ters of their names; as for example  
those that began with P, as pig, ple,  
plike, puddings, poute, pork, pancakes,  
etc., were all served in together, and so  
of all the rest."

"And I would have signed this note  
written in a fine Spencerian hand,  
'Well-Wisher.'"

#### SPEAKING BY THE CARD

As the World Wags:

It may be all right to speak editorially  
of "empty coal bin owners," but "empty  
coal bin" is not an adjective of which  
I should be proud. Turn the phrase  
about and it is no better—"owner of  
empty coal bins"—you might as well  
speak of the "owner" of the hole in a  
doughnut.

Let us make a fresh start. "Citizens  
whose coal bins are empty;" no, I don't  
like that, it is too formal.

Ha! I have it. "Those of us whose  
coal bins are empty." That has a nice  
cosy sound, a misery-love-companv,  
all-in-the-same-boat sort of atmos-  
phere.  
ADAM STICKLER.

Lexington.

#### TRAINING FOR A SIDE SHOW

(From the Sioux City Journal)

LADY WANTS ROOM AND BEARD.  
private home. Address 2170 Journal.

#### LORD DELIVER US!

As the World Wags:

Mr. Frank W. Lord waxes ironical  
over a statement he appears to suppose  
I made as to Beethoven hall in 1895. No  
such statement was made by me; it was  
1875; 1895 was a printer's slip. Nor did  
I mention Den Thompson's first appear-  
ance at the Howard Athenaeum. When  
I saw him was in 1874 and Julia Wilson  
was with him. I watched them through  
a fine two-hour play, which later was  
named "The Old Homestead."  
Boston.  
W. M. B. WRIGHT.

"Evad" writes: "There's a sign in  
Manhattan, Kansas—Doctors Colt &  
Colt. I wondered what their specialty  
is—Ah! Veterinarians."

#### INDECENT, BUT UNLAWFUL

(Kilbourn, Wis., Weekly Events)

Complaints are made of men bathing  
naked in the day time near Superior  
street bridge. That is not only contrary  
to law, but is indecent. It should be  
stopped.

(Adv. in the St. Louis Times)

GIRLS WANTED—SIX. BONY  
TYPE, WHO CAN sing and dance for  
vaudeville tabloid. Add. B-63, Times.

#### JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

As the World Wags:

Alongside me, looking at the display  
of waste in an army goods shop window,  
stood a fat lady. A sign read: Pup-  
Tents for Sale. "Who," she asked of  
nobody, "would put pups in a tent?" I  
was there, Sir—there! "Surely," I said,  
suavely, "Madame has heard of the  
dogs of war?"  
OVER THERE.



## DEMONSTRATING THERMOS BOTTLES

(The Stropher Morley in N. Y. Evening Post)  
Sometimes we wonder what has happened to the Fever Girl of Escanaba, Mich. Did she go into the Chautauqua lecture circuit?

She stepped into the bath, surrendered herself to the water's voluptuous familiarity. But the sensuousness of its embrace repelled her with its implication of luxurious security; seemed an alien and perfidious presence, in whose contact there was something lowly.—From first reel of "The Mystery of the Vanished Hours."

SAYS Elmer, who reads such things: "Perhaps, the water was a little fresh."

With mighty force, his jaw we smote;  
The crowd gave three hosannas—  
They thought he was the man who wrote

"Yes, we have no bananas."

F. L. W.

## THE CROWN OF AMBITION

(Cowboy trousers with a fringe are said to be one of the coming fashions.)  
For many a year I've sighed in vain,  
Funds always running far too low,  
In some way to contrive to gain  
A reputation as a beau,  
A hopeless task for one whose store  
Of clothes is palpably pre-war.

But now, methinks, I'm on the road  
To what I'd feared could ne'er take  
place;

'Tis obvious this present mode  
Was made to suit my special case,  
For I've a fringe on every pair,  
Frayed with a decade's constant wear.  
—London Daily Chronicle.

As the World Wags:

You gave the heading, "The Boy, Oh! Where Was He?" when you quoted a paragraph stating that "Mrs. Esther Johnson Swanson has returned from her wedding trip."

Why, that's the chap in the song  
"Good-bye, Miss Esther Swan-sun,  
I go back to Vis-con-sun,  
You got here too much Yon-sun.  
Pooh, pooh, for you."

Boston. L. R. R.

## MAKE YOUR OWN HEADING

(Adv. in Chicago American)

COOK AND WIDOW WASHER  
WANTED—Grant Hosp., 551 Grant-pl., nr. Line av.

## ESCAPE

Upon the magic carpet of my mind  
I travel, whether sleeping or awake.  
And wondrous is the calm, the peace I find  
In each imagined journey that I take:  
A purple blossomed island in the sea;  
A light-house, streaking yellow in the black;  
A desert, with its wide monotony  
Of endless drifts of sand; a Lime-house shack;  
A field of sugar-cane; a village school;  
The rush-hour on the L; a Spanish fete;  
A bird beside a quiet, moonlit pool,  
Singing a sleepy story to his mate.

I'm Everywhere, and, as strange lands appear,  
I know 'tis but the shell of me that's Here.

BERNARD.

## IN BOSTON STREETS

As the World Wags:

I seldom go in town nowadays, but getting tired of looking at the sparrows and the robins and of listening to the croaking of the crows, who were looking no doubt, with anticipatory delight at the growing corn, I thought I would take a glimpse at Old Boston and revive memories of the city proper, when I was a boy.

I alighted near the south corner of West and Tremont streets where Amos Lawrence lived so many years, and proceeding down the former thoroughfare turned into Mason street opposite the old Adams School building, now deserted by the school committee, which for some years held its more or less useful meetings. The edifice is now without tenants, and is awaiting demolition, I suppose. Here, at one of the exhibitions, told an appreciative audience, mostly admiring mothers, that England might as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to seek to fetter the steps of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than when she crouches amid the magnificent mountains of Switzerland, or words to that effect. This was in 1851, the last year of the existence of the old school, presided over for so many years by the late Samuel Barrett of whom I was very fond, though some of the boys thought him a pedagogic tyrant. I recall that Mr. Lawrence, our near neighbor, sent over one day, a bundle of books, containing biography to be voted to the best of

boys in the first class. Its subject was the life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, a noted English philanthropist and brewer of good old English ale. If those were prohibitory times, like the present, Mr. Lawrence might have hesitated about presenting an account of the career of a man who made British beer. I was one of the receivers of the Franklin medal in the year mentioned. I do not think that any of my fellow prize winners are now living. George Brooks, the brother of Phillips Brooks, was one of them. Of the recipients of the medals next year I can recall only Henry M. Rogers, who is still happily to the fore.

And this reminds me that the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop some 60 years ago was much interested in establishing a Society of Franklin Medal Scholars, but the project came to naught after one or two enthusiastic meetings, which I attended. The medals are now only given in the Boston Latin school and in the English high school, for Franklin did not leave enough money to provide for their distribution in the boys' grammar schools. He did not anticipate the growth of the city through annexations, wise man as he was in his day and generation. His gift had for many years to be enlarged by contributions from the municipal treasury.

So continuing, I passed the stage door of the Boston Theatre. I recall that I audaciously appeared there before the footlights twice; once as Malcolm in an amateur performance of "Macbeth," and again as the leading character in a farce called "The Man About Town," which was one of the attractions of a benefit for Tom Comer, the veteran orchestral leader, who made his home for many years at the Bromfield House. Thomas Barry was still the manager of the playhouse, and I had an altercation with him about my interpretation of the role. He said: "You should shake your antagonist violently." I replied: "I could hardly do that, Mr. Barry, for I am supposed to have my right arm in a sling." Mr. Barry smiled and said: "Well, I have made a mistake, the piece is an old one, and I had forgotten all about it." "You are forgiven," was my reply. The rehearsal went on without any other interruption, and I managed to get through the performance at night with some applause.

Continuing my walk, I passed down Avery street, once nothing but a narrow lane so far as appearances were concerned with dwelling houses upon it, for The Boston Herald did not remove to the locality until many years afterwards. Across Washington street through Hayward place I found myself in the neighborhood where Wendell Phillips resided so long. Though he was a strict temperance man, he treated with courtesy a young man who sold intoxicating liquor in the vicinity. From there I passed into Chauncy street, known as Rowe street when the Brooks family resided in the neighborhood, while Phillips Brooks was a pupil of the Boston Latin School. Crossing in Bedford street, the latter thoroughfare into what was called Chauncy place in the old days, I passed the Reed boarding house where Louisa Alcott tarried awhile before she made her literary strike with "Little Women." Further on I passed the locality where Ralph Waldo Emerson preached before he resigned from the clerical profession and became a philosopher who did not want a parish. Then I found myself in Summer street, just below old Trinity Church, where Phillips Brooks came back to from Philadelphia, long before he became a bishop, to preach to admiring congregations. Continuing down Summer street I passed the spot where Edward Everett's house once stood, and at the corner of High and Summer streets the place where Daniel Webster once made his home.

Proceeding through the first mentioned street, I turned into Pearl and passed the first site of the Boston Atheneum. Afterwards I went near the spot where Col. Perkins's mansion stood, which he generously gave to the Institution now known as the Perkins Institute for the Blind before it was removed to the old Summer hostelry, the Mount Washington House. Here it was visited by Charles Dickens in 1842 on his first tour of this country. Retracing my steps I went by the locality where Dr. Channing preached in the meeting house at the northerly corner of Federal street. Turning to the left I strayed through Melton place where the Quaker church stood and found myself in Ding-Ding alley, so-called by the mischievous boys of the neighborhood who used to ring up the late domestics for fun, and found myself in the rear of Rufus Choate's residence. Further in I emerged near the houses of George Bancroft, the historian, and George Cabot, the grandfather of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, where the latter lived when a little lad. Then, still old memories pursuing, I went by the westerly side of the old Cathedral of the Holy Cross, a little way above the resi-

dence of Bishop Benedict Fenwick and Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick—the old Ursuline convent before the nuns moved to Somerville to meet with disaster at the hands of a riotous and bigoted mob.

I turned into that part of Devonshire street that was once called Theatre alley, passing the place where once showed the rear walls of the old playhouse, and so on, leaving behind me the site of the tobacco and cigar shop of the widow Grace Dunlap, who kept something stimulating in her back parlor, and found myself opposite the corner of old Devonshire street, where my father, James Walker Ryan, kept a hostelry of some local renown, where green turtles, cub bears and peacocks were objects of curiosity to the general passers-by and the juvenile wonder-seekers.

Up Milk street opposite the side of the Old South, I recall that Benjamin Franklin there came into this changing world of ours, and learned to mould candles, little dreaming that he would throw light upon his country in the City of Brotherly Love as one of the

magnates of a new republic. Looking across Washington street a few steps above I remember that nearly opposite was the old Province House, where the colonial governors held sway when we lived under a stubborn and demented King. I might have gone further down Washington into Brattle, where the old church stood with the cannon ball lodged in the steeple or thereabouts. Here Edward Everett preached, a precocious pastor of 19 years. Or I might have gone further up and crossed over Court street to Pemberton square, where Robert C. Winthrop lived, at the corner of Tremont row near the statue which celebrated good deeds of one of his ancestors.

What has become of that memorial? It was removed to make way for a station of the "L" road. Of its disposition I know nothing.

But enough is as good as a feast, as the ancient dame said when she kissed the horned quadruped of the milky way.

Dorchester.

JOHN W. RYAN.

July 31 1923

Much has been said of late concerning the deplorable ignorance of pupils in the high schools of certain sections of the country concerning American geography and American history past and present. Some one said in comment that a New Englander should at least know the names of the governors of the six states. We asked a supposedly well-informed man if he could name them. He was sure about Massachusetts. He named the Governor of Maine correctly, for he had read about Gov. Baxter's dog. The rest was silence. Nor could we come to his assistance. After all, why should one be obliged to know these names, which will in all probability not go ringing down the corridors of time.

## CAUTIOUS JOURNALISM

(From the Chicago Journal)

Five barrels of alleged beer and three gallons of supposed whiskey were seized.

## ADD "IRRESISTIBLE INDUCEMENTS"

(Monmouth, Ill., Daily Atlas)

WANTED—A WOMAN TO WORK IN country. Near Galesburg. May have one child. Call at 322 E. 11th-av.

Sign seen by W. B. M. on top of a hill as he was motoring:  
"Go Slow Down: Give Plenty Room to Upcomers."

## "OLD SUSANNA"

As the World Wags:

On page 70 of the Rev. Carroll Perry's book on his father, Arthur Latham Perry, he speaks of the tune "Old Susanna." Who was the author of that tune? Stephen C. Foster was the author of a negro melody which bears the similar title of "O Susanna."

INQUIRER.

The tune to which Mr. Perry refers is probably "O Susanna."—Ed.

## JOURNALISTIC MEMORIES

As the World Wags:

The Saturday Evening Express, to which your correspondent, Mr. W. Kelly, recently alluded, was started as a competitor of the Saturday Evening Gazette, which between 60 and 70 years ago was the only journal in Boston that published a Sunday morning edition. Its founders were Henry G. Parker, Justin Jones and a Mr. Sawyer, whose initials I do not recall. I think he was later the collector of the port of Charleston, S. C. Mr. Jones was, perhaps, better known as Harry Hazel, and as the proprietor of the Yankee Blade, for which he wrote sensational stories, which he set up at the case himself without first committing them

to paper. He was said to be a naturally fast compositor. Mr. Parker later the chief editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette. He bought a controlling interest in it after he retired from the advertising department of Messrs. Jordan, Marsh & Co. There was a lack of harmony in the relationship of the original proprietors of the Express and Mr. Parker retired with considerable bitterness, and considerable financial loss.

I think Frederic S. Hill, afterwards of the Cambridge Press, followed the original proprietors. He had for an editor an English literary gentleman who was a great admirer of Walt Whitman, and while the last mentioned was in Boston on a visit was exceedingly happy in his company. Mr. Morgan took charge of the Express later. He was an easy-going lover of the creature comforts and was assisted by his son, a reputable and industrious chap who was well liked. Dr. Hobbs of the Boston Post, who shone in the "All Sorts" column, was its editor for a while with the Morgans. He was perhaps the most prolific journalist in turning out copy that Boston ever knew.

The man Harrington to whom your correspondent alludes I never knew personally, but I happened to be standing near him at the Old Continental Theatre one night when a variety vocalist of the feminine gender sang a song in which she alluded to a husband coming home tipsy and rolling upon the floor. The refrain of the ditty was: "I'm a happy little wife and I don't care." "That's the woman for me," cried Harrington.

Of the Buffalo Club I have no memory. I never had a horn there.

"The Life in Boston" was a scurrilous sheet when I first knew of it. It was published from a cellar under "Bilby" Mellen's locksmith shop on Water street where a part of the federal building new stands. John Stetson was the proprietor, and he had for an editor a man with a defective eye, who wrote over the nom de plume of Greenhorn Thompson.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

(Walworth County, Wis., Register)  
Not content with having the largest family in Delavan, and probably in Walworth County, William Stöck has welcomed another child, a girl, born Saturday.

## KNIGHTHOOD IN FLOWER

(From the Peoria Star)

Clyde Noble, who recently filed suit for divorce, desires to say that his relations with his mother-in-law were of a pleasant nature.

## GRASSHOPPERS AND LOCUSTS

As the World Wags:

That the later translators or revisionists of Scripture should have rendered the presumably general terms indicating caterpillars into such entomological nomenclature of their times as "cankerworm" and "palmerworm" is not surprising. It does not change the thought and was justifiable in that it adds impressiveness to the text. But that some nature faker of a pre-Rooseveltian time should have attached "locust" to the comparatively inoffensive periodical cicada, and that the fallacy should have persisted so that even Mr. Herkimer Johnson should apparently confuse the singing creatures, now said to be celebrating their first appearance after 17 years of seclusion under Cape Cod soil, with the locusts of Holy Writ can only be explained by the proverbial sticking of a bad name. Possibly this is complicated by the state of mind engendered by the dry passage which he quoted subsequent to his report of insect depredations a few days ago.

The locust plagues of history, from those described in the Old Testament to the devastations by the Rocky mountain locusts, which confronted our western settlers, refer entirely to outbreaks of grasshoppers, insects to which the so-called "17 year locust" (the periodical cicada) bears no more relation than does a chipping sparrow to a hawk. Figuler, in the Insect World, published about the middle of the last century, compiled interesting data concerning locust depredations in the past. He cites Pliny as stating that Greek law compelled inhabitants to fight the locust. In the Isle of Lemnos the citizens had to pay as taxes so many measures of locusts. (Authorities in charge of gypsy moth control please note. In 1600 dead locusts were found heaped up to a depth of four feet in parts of Poland and Lithuania; and it was on the day of a grasshopper—not a cicada—the Arab prophet, Ben-Omar, received Hebrew characters: "We are the tree of the Most High God; we each one lay 99 eggs. If we were to lay a hundred we should devastate the whole world.")

Bradford, Vt.

B. L. H.

"B. L. H." unwittingly does Mr. Johnson an injustice. That profound student of biblical history and Hebrew life and manners never wrote that the 17-year locust is the "locust" of Holy Writ.—Ed.



# MEISTERSINGERS HEAD KEITH BILL

The Meistersingers head the bill at Keith's Theatre this week. In their 15th annual engagement. Their selections of songs is particularly fortunate, affording interesting variety and they were enthusiastically received last evening.

Bert Levy, always a popular entertainer, sketches rapidly and artistically, presenting an exceptionally good vaudeville act. The Misses Williams and Vannest, with Arthur Freed and Jack Gifford, have a gorgeous selection of exotic dances and songs. Lydia Barry, possessed of a keen sense of humor, gives her audience a thoroughly good time as she sings and dances in good-natured burlesque.

Helen Hamilton and Jack Barnes call their number "Just Fun" and it certainly has its full share of nonsense and clever lines. Charles Olcott presents Mary Ann, who sings a number of his songs while he himself gives an amusing burlesque of the usual type of musical comedy.

Other entertainers are Al Raymond and Tommy Schram in "Syncopated Cocktail," Oscar Martin and Company in an excellent acrobatic number, and the El Rey Sisters, graceful roller skaters. Aesop's Fables and other screen features complete the program.

## SHOWS CONTINUING

**TREMONT THEATRE**—George M. Cohan's Comedians in "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." Eleventh week.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—"The Covered Wagon," picture version of Emerson Hough's story. Eleventh week.

## WANE OF THE PETER'S MOON

As the World Wags:

The moon and the fulness thereof is well known to exert power of high uplift upon the tides of oceans and emotions. Nowhere can demonstrations of these phenomena be more conveniently observed in full cosmic play than on that sector of the stern and rockbound coast in the neighborhood of Lynn. At no time are they more fully manifest than beneath the radiance of the July or Peter's moon now on its wane.

Advised of these things and also of the rumor that the tides were running even higher than usual with its gaining fulness, the Rev Brooks of the Shoe City thought he would put on his gum ones and run over to the beach himself to see what he could see of the effects of lunar magnetism.

What his eyes beheld seems to have moved him deeply though just what his emotional reactions were is and will remain uncertain, even to his inner self. It is humanly probable that the thoughts that he alone among so many was not embracing opportunity was at the bottom of his tumultuous upheaval. It is possible that a movement of revolt against the narrowing restrictions of the cloth was its causation, as like repressions led up to the historic outbreak of the Monk of Siberia in his emotional eruption. Whatever the psychology of the moment may have been, the reverent man, bearing in mind that there are sermons in stones and books in the running brooks, and that he that is without sin let him first cast a stone, with a silent invocation to St. Anthony to direct his aim proceeded to volley beach pebbles at the youth and beauty there within range assembled and embraced.

Even beneath the benign rays of the Hunter's moon accuracy of nocturnal fire is difficult of accomplishment. There are moments in the tides of life when minor interruptions bounce caroming from present consciousness. What are beach pebbles in the young eyes of those possessed of rubies? Perforce, even as the foam-born sea on the strand of Troy did the beam-like spear of far darting foam from the amorous breast leman-loved Paris, so now did Eros Brothe divert the priestly missiles Hattie, persons of his votaries upon Titch of Lynn. According to the bardment "did no good at all," not a hit, a palpable hit, was not at all of which the man in the on laughed merrily.

ABEL ADAMS

Amherst. N. H.

Some time ago a correspondent, Mr. William B. Wright, wrote to The Herald asking if anyone remembers the summer night theatricals at "Oakland Gardens." They were not "gardens"; there was only one "garden."

We are indebted to W. H. H. for programs of Oakland Garden of 1880-82.

"By urgent request for a short season only," beginning Aug. 23, 1880, "H. M. S. Pinafore" was performed. "The action of the piece on board ship in real water." Josephine, Geraldine Ulmer; Little Buttercup, Flora E. Barry; Hebe, Addie Belknap; Sir Joseph Porter, John H. Burnett; Capt. Corcoran, Percy J. J. Cooper; Ralph Rackstraw, Jas. E. Conly; Dick Deadeye, James A. Gilbert; Bill Bobstay, Harry H. Haskell; Bob Beckett, E. S. Tuttle; Tom Bowlin, W. E. Freeman; Tom Tucker, Little Gertrude. The back of this program announced a grand display of fireworks every Thursday evening. "Silent drill by the marines." This program is unfortunately cut. The programs of 1881 give these names: Isaac B. Rich, proprietor; Chas. H. Hicks, manager; Chas. J. Rich, treasurer.

On July 11, 1881, the Grayson Comic Opera Company gave "The Mascot." Bettina, Geraldine Ulmer; Flametta, Sadie Martinot; Pippo, Seth M. Crane; Lorenzo XVII, George Frothingham; Frederick, Helen Grayson, Rocco, William Wallace Allen. George B. Snyder was the musical director. For July 18, "Muldoon's Picnic," performed by Barry & Fay's company, was promised. "Before leaving the Garden don't fail to visit the Pioneer Farm." What was this farm? On Aug. 29 the cast of "The Mascot" was as follows: Bettina, Amy Gordon; Flametta, Helen Grayson; Pippo, J. T. Dalton; Lorenzo XVII, W. H. Seymour; Frederick, Harry Pepper; Rocco, W. H. Compton.

On Aug. 20, 1882—Isaac B. Rich, proprietor and manager, Alice Oates's Opera Company gave a sacred concert. The only "sacred" number on the program was an "Ave Marie" (sic), sung by Mrs. Oates. There was the Trio from "Attilia" (sic)—Mrs. Oates, A. M. Bell and James Sturges; "The Old Sexton" (J. Sturges); "The Lover and the Bird" (Ella Caldwell); "I Am Waiting for Thy Coming" (A. M. Bell); a baritone solo by James Abbey; a duet by Miss Temple and H. Frail; an unnamed solo by Mrs. Oates, and two overtures conducted by Prof. Gilbert.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was performed on Aug. 30, 1882. Uncle Tom, S. M. Cook; Legree, Phineas Leach; Topsy No. 1, Maud Hillman; Topsy No. 2, May Hillman; Eva, Blanche Hillman; Eliza, Marie Wellesley; St. Clair, Cyrus Goode; Marie St. Clair, Alice Cook; George Harris, F. P. Donald; Marks, Sr., T. F. English; Marks, Jr., Chas. McDonald. Smith's South Carolina Jubilee Singers and Troubadours took part. The audience was "respectfully requested to remain seated to witness the Grand Allegory, Eva, the Gates Ajar."

In June, 1883, the "Original Spanish Students," assisted by Fanny C. Rice, soprano; Arthur J. Hubbard, bass, and Annah L. Howes, pianist, gave a concert. The Spanish Students were announced for Turia Wals (sic), Malaga Polka, and Romania Marcha by Granados; Marcha Turka by Motzar; Malinera de Suviza by Wdrich; and Postillon de la Rioja.

Kjerulf, that were once on every program? Even Franz and Jensen are now neglected.

## Comments on the Preceding Programs

Who was this Granados? Surely not the unfortunate Spanish composer who was lost on a vessel torpedoed by the Germans. Who was "Motzar"? Is it possible that the Turkish March attributed to him was by Mozart? Who was Wdrich? and what in the world was Verdi's "Postillon de la Rioja?"

These students gave another concert in that month. When Ina M. Dillon and W. H. Stedman sang and Willis Milligan was the pianist, "Spanish Airs— with imitation chimes" was one of the selections.

There is a program of another sacred concert at Oakland Garden. It is not dated, but those who gave the concert were the Yankee Quintet, the De Wolfe sisters, Will Walker, Sam Lucas, the Walker Quintet, Miss Rollins, Mr. Rollins, Mr. McClenny. Miss Alden played the piano.

Alice Oates—would that we could see her again in "Mme. Angot's Daughter" or in "Girofle-Girofla!" Her acting was peculiarly piquant, and she sang without pretension, but more skillfully than many of her sisters in operetta. What became of the little tenor, C. H. Drew, who was no relation of John? We see him now as Ange Pitou. Laurent, another tenor in Mrs. Oates's company, was not pleasing to the eye and the ear, yet he did not hate himself. And where is Jones, the spy in "Madame Angot's Daughter," with his squeaking snuff box and his gag: "Once again remember—I am ALL EARS?"

What songs were sung at these concerts. Mr. Hubbard sang Rondeger's "Goldbeater" and Watson's "Thy Sentinel Am I." Miss Rice's selections were Blumenthal's "Bend of the River" and Tours's "Angel at the Window." The latter was sung by Mr. Stedman who also lifted up his voice in Santley's "Only to Love." Miss Dillon was heard in Gounod's "Sing, Smile, Slumber," and Marion's "One Day."

Would any soprano today have the courage to sing Harrison Millard's "Waiting," with its joyous beginning: "The stars shine on his pathway," and ending with the amorous entreaty "Come for my arms are weary"? or would she sing the once celebrated address of Isabelle to Robert the Devil? Would Myron Whitney's singing of Meyerbeer's "Monk" be wildly applauded? And where now are the songs by Wilhelm Taubert, Moyer - Helmund,

The poor miserable cat by the kitchen fire,  
Swallowed the fender, and did expire:  
The flies on the ceiling, their case was  
the worst—un—

They blew themselves up by spontaneous combustion.

Mr. Frank H. Burt of Boston sends another version with an additional verse, not to mention the "moral."

## A HORRIBLE TALE

Oh, a horrible tale I have to tell  
Of the sad disasters that befell  
A family that once resided  
Just in the very same thoroughfare I did.

The patient was so grim a guffin  
He never said no word nor nuffin,  
And every boy and every gal  
Grew hy-po-con-der-i-a-cal.

## CHORUS

For oh! it is such a horrible tale  
'Twill make your faces all turn pale;  
Your eyes with grief will be overcome;  
Tweedle, twaddle, twiddle, twaddle twum.

They never saw no companee,  
Though they was a most respectable  
familiee,

They sat with curtains drawn down tight,  
On purpose to keep out the light  
Each had a face as long as a ladder  
And was frightened into fits if he saw  
his own shadder.

(A forgotten verse narrates the formation of the family's resolve to end their misery.)

First the father into the garden did walk  
And cut his throat with a piece of chalk.  
And the mother an end to herself did put  
By hanging herself in the water butt.  
The sister went down on her bended knees  
And smothered herself with toasted cheese.  
And the brother, who was a determined young feller,  
Blowed out his brains with his umbrella.

Then the little baby in the cradle  
Shot itself dead with a silver ladle,  
And the servant girl, seeing what they did,  
Strangled herself with the saucepan lid.  
The miserable cat by the kitchen fire  
Swallowed a portion of the fender and did expire;  
And the fly on the ceiling—this case  
was the wust one—  
Blowed himself up with spontaneous combustion.

Then in there walked the auctioneer,  
Who did with the furniture disappear;  
And the broker's man—this ain't no fable—  
Made himself away with a three-legged table.  
When the walls saw this their sides  
they split,  
The windows cracked themselves to bits,  
And so universal was the slaughter rate  
There was nothing left at all but an unpaid water rate.

Now here's the moral if you choose;  
Don't never give way to the blues,  
Or you may come to the dreadful ends  
Of these my melancholy friends.  
And ain't it now such an 'orrible tale?  
Hope it's made your faces all turn pale;  
Your eyes with grief is overcome;  
Tweedle-twaddle-twiddle twaddle twum.

## IN THE FIFTIES

To the Editor of The Sunday Herald:  
Reading in a column of The Herald some weeks ago an allusion to the "Prima Donna" waltz of Julien's, I remembered that I was present at the first performance of it here in a public concert. The second time I heard it was, I think, in King's Chapel, where it was sung as a hymn tune to the words:

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify  
A never-dying soul to save  
And fit it for the sky."

The tune, sung very slowly and softly, was used at the offertory.  
Julien would not now favorably impress one as a musician. He was rather short and thick-set, with a large head, long, straight, dark hair, and a full beard. He had long arms and very large hands on which he wore much larger white kid gloves. As the concert was about to begin, a sharp rap with his baton gave the signal. When the audience was hushed and the eyes of the orchestra were on the watch for his first stroke, Julien's work began. His large hands flew about like white doves in flight, and he would walk about with such energy that one feared he would make a mis-step and step over a side of his yard square platform. Then, after the applause was over, and his acknowl-

## "A HORRIBLE TALE"

Correspondents of The Herald have sent versions of "A Horrible Tale," differing somewhat in the lines. Mr. Austin Brereton in "H. B." and Laurence Irving speaks of H. B. Irving playing as an amateur the part of Walker Chalks, the milkman, in a famous farce, "The Area Belle," by William Brough and Andrew Halliday, in which Henry Irving's great friend, the comedian, John Lawrence Toole, was the original Pitcher. "Elderly players still recall Toole's singing of E. L. Blanchard's mock sentimental ditty, "A Horrible Tale," in this piece."

C. F. H. sends to The Herald the song as it is published in Tony Pastor's "Complete Budget of Comic Songs," published in 1864.

'Tis an 'orrible tale I'm going to tell  
Of sad misfortunes which befell  
A family who once resided  
In the very self-same street as I did.

## CHORUS

But oh! it is such an 'orrible tale  
I'm sure 'twill make your cheek turn pale,  
Your eyes with tears will be overcome,  
Tee wittle, tee wottle, tee wittle, tee wum.

They never saw any company,  
Tho' a highly respectable family,  
And every one grew sadder and sadder-er,  
Till each poor devil grew afraid of the other fellow's shadder-er.

Then growing tired of this sort of life  
They determined to quit the world of strife,  
And being resolved on suicide  
This is the way they respectively died-ed.

The father as he in the garden did walk,  
He cut his throat with a lump of chalk;  
The mother an end to her life did put,  
By hanging herself in a water-butt.

The eldest daughter on bended knees  
Poisoned herself with toasted cheese;  
The eldest son, a determined young feller,  
He blew out his brains with his umbrella.

The poor little baby as it lay in the cradle  
Smother'd itself in its own pap ladle;  
The servant gal, when she see'd what it did  
Choked herself with a saucepan lid.



assignment was made, he would step down and throw himself on a divan, as if he were exhausted, until the next piece needed him.

I think, soon after Julien came the Hungarian Band, the performers in an odd, brilliant costume and the music as odd and brilliant, with sudden bursts and surprises with unexpected changes of tempo.

**We had great musical feasts in those**

days of the 50's and 60's. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club was a leading one. The members were the two Mollenhauer brothers, first and second violins; Carl Bergman, the violoncello; Thomas Ryan, the bass viol with kettle drums, triangle or clappers for any musical surprise or emphasis, and Carl Zerrahn, very tall and very slim in those days, with his magic flute which took us up to heaven's gate with its clear, sweet tone. Occasionally Mr. Ryan's sister would give a song as an extra touch. Later the Germania orchestra gave public rehearsals of their concerts every Wednesday afternoon. There were no printed programs on these occasions, but announcement was made by Carl Bergman, the director, just before the selection was given, and the choicest gems of classic music were to be heard. These rehearsals were not only very popular but they were very fashionable, and Music Hall was always crowded even beyond the doors of entrance to the floor and the galleries. There came an afternoon when Carl Bergman announced: "Ve vill gondolde our rehearsal with 'Tracumerel,'" and as the performance proceeded the interest in the wonderful music was intense until the last strain, pure and uplifting. There was perfect silence for an appreciable moment. Then a patter of rain falling on the leaves of trees. Then cries of "Encore," "Bravo," then a tumult of hand clapping. A repetition was given and the crowd began to leave the hall, slowly, everyone talking to anyone to whom he chanced to be near because he had enjoyed it so much.

The Handel and Haydn Society furnished another gift of music to Boston.

There was one selection never given in public outside of the entire oratorio. It was a duet, one soprano and one tenor, with the words:

"Source of strength, oh, with thy

bleeding

Alas, my best endeavor

That with all thy grace possessing

We may prove our hearts sincere. . .

But I seem to be far away from Julien's little waltz. E. F. A. (1838-1923)

West Roxbury.

Our correspondent does not mention

Julien's immaculate white waistcoat,

his expansive shirtfront with the large

diamond, or his miraculous cravat, nor

does she give due credit to Julien the

musician, who, in spite of all his eccentricities and his sensational compositions,

as the "Fireman's" Quadrille, was

well equipped, an accomplished virtuoso

on many instruments. The orchestra

he brought to the United States was an

extraordinary one. It included the Mol-

lenhauer brothers, violinists; Bottesini,

the great double bass; the oboist, La-

vigne; Reichardt, the flutist; Wulle,

the clarinetist; the once famous cornetist,

Koenig, whose playing of "The Prima

Donna" waltz was said to be marvel-

lously artistic.

Is not our correspondent in error nam-

ing the early members of the Mendels-

sohn Quintet Club? When its first pub-

lic concert was given in December, 1849,

the members were August Fries, first

violin; Francis Riha, second violin; Ed-

ward Lehman, viola and flute; Thomas

Ryan, viola and clarinet; Wulf Fries,

violinello. The way was made for the

quintet by the brothers, Fries, who

played chamber music with Messrs. Gier-

low, Greuner and Lehman. Greuner

went away, and Ryan was invited to

take his place. Gierlow resigned, and

Riha took his place.

Addie S. Ryan, who sang with the

quintet, was not related to Thomas

Ryan.

In what oratorio was the duet, "Source

of Strength," etc.?

Raoul Laparra, whose grim opera "La

Habanera" was one of the salient fea-

tures in the history of the Boston

Opera Company, has completed a new

opera, a lyric legend "Le Joueur du

Viole." He has written the libretto and

the music.

Darius Milhaud for his new ballet

"La Creation" uses negro folk tunes.

The averagely musical person is more

than a little lazy; he does not want to

exercise his intellect closely on his

music. If he is to do so he wants a

or gently persuade. But the very serious composer is a comparatively new phenomenon. He will not truckle, but he cannot lead. He is academic in the sense that he addresses himself only to minds which have a special training comparable to his own, demanding that the rest shall either educate themselves to his standpoint or run away and play. It is not very surprising if they choose the latter course.—London Times.

"One hour ought to be the legal limit of a song recital. Good singers would then send us home eager to hear them again—bad singers would send us away before sadness has become actual annoyance."

Miss Thomas is an American, with a serviceable mezzo-soprano voice and a good stage presence; but it is an un-

happy reflection on her own qualities as an artist and the intelligence of the fashionable audience that attended her recital that these spirituals, these simple expressions of religious faith, should be regarded as a fit subject for mirth. "Gwine to lay down my life for ma Lord" and "Keep a lynchin' along" are not music hall songs.—London Daily Telegraph.

What is claimed to be the largest film studio in the world, exceeding even any at Hollywood (Los Angeles), has just been established at Staaken, outside Berlin. The studio is the huge aviation hall from which during the war the Zeppelins began their flights and from which at present the aeroplanes start on their regular journey to Croydon.

It having been decided to make the Temperhofer Feld in Berlin the aviation centre of the capital, a German film corporation saw the possibilities of the Staaken aerodrome as a German "Hollywood." The aviation hall, which has a length of 1516 yards with a height of about 44 yards, has been fitted up so that scenes of every description can be filmed, from an Arctic blizzard to Californian sunshine, the latter being provided by hundreds of lights mounted on movable platforms suspended from the roof and a blue painted horizon which makes it possible to replace by artificial lights every variation of natural light.—Manchester Guardian.

Dorothy Massingham took the part of Margaret Knox in the revival of "Fanny's First Play" in London last month. The Daily Telegraph said she was a little too robustious; "you would hardly feel surprised if she were to break her little father across her knee and throw the pieces into the auditorium."

#### SAINT-SAENS FESTIVAL

(London Times, July 13)

Dieppe this week has paid homage to the memory of Camille Saint-Saens, the composer, who often came to the Normandy resort and had family associations with the district. The celebrations have included international choral and orchestral competitions, the unveiling of a statue to the master and a remarkably good Saint-Saens concert at the Municipal Casino.

Musical contests arouse eager interest in the north of England, but it would be difficult to imagine even Blackpool or Morecambe producing the scenes and excitements that have rocked this pleasant old town during the last few days.

The narrow streets are gaily decorated with flowers, foliage, flags and streamers. Enthusiasts have dug up cobble stones to plant living fir trees before their shops. There are triumphal arches and illuminations to maintain the festival spirit after dusk has fallen. Muso we have had almost without cessation. Competing bands played themselves into the town and seemed to go on playing until they left. Societies which won prizes have blared a way through the streets, parading their trophies, with non-performing supporters carrying white roses held rigidly at an arm's length before them. Test pieces have been rehearsed before hotel windows at 6 o'clock in the morning, and choirs have sung for their own entertainment in the cafes until long after midnight.

On Sunday competitions were going on in a dozen buildings at one time, and Dieppe was thronged with men carrying trombones, saxophones, clarionets or other instruments. The competitors had come from all parts of France and also from Belgium and Switzerland, and there was a picturesque mixture of costumes.

ARIAS AND JUNK

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

Now that the organ grinders and other street musicians have got their licenses to give open air concerts, particularly enticing to the children, I am reminded that a man often goes through the street where I reside singing melodiously in the language of his native Italy. I think he is the only man of his nationality that I have seen in his peculiar business of buying old junk. He is a wonder in his way, and I believe that if his voice were properly cultivated he might please on the lyric stage. Most of the men in his calling have a rough way of shouting words that no fellow can understand. Perhaps they think it is English, but it might be Choctaw

for all the meaning it conveys to the ordinary listener. Therefore I welcome my trader who sings in the "soft bastard Latin that melts like kisses in the mouth," and say, with apologies to Tennyson's Will Waterproof:

"How out of place he plots  
To make an op'ra aria flow  
Amid the rags and botts."

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

#### HANDEL, OPERA WRITER

The Volkoper in Berlin made an interesting attempt under the direction of Dr. Oskar Hagen of the University of Jena, in giving an Italian opera of Handel, viz., "Julius Caesar." Dr. Schmidt was surprised at the freshness and enduring character of its impression. "Is the dreaded succession of arias separated by recitatives anything else," he asks, "than the solo song of the modern music drama at times swelling to passages of arliso? Is our operatic world today, seriously considered, less unnatural than the antique clothed in the costume of the 17th century? Or, is the 'Schrabertz' more dramatic than this textbook of Nicola Hayne? It comes down always to the convincing power of the musical expres-

sion. And this the young Handel possessed in hardly less measure than the later Handel. In this 'Julius Caesar' of 1724 there are pieces of wonderful beauty, deeply felt, characteristic, charming. All the personages of the drama are made alive in the music of one proclaiming human feelings and passions. It is that which persists independent of passing taste, form and style. Caesar, drawing his sword, sings an aria which anticipates 'Judas Macabaeus.' The tenderness of his song, 'From the First Dawn of Day,' Handel never surpassed. The hunting air with the horn obbligato is musical. The female figures, Cornelia and Cleopatra, are treated with a special love, and their feelings are depicted down to the smallest details. And when at the end the charming duet between Caesar and Cleopatra is finished off with a choral refrain in rondo form, the composer remembers that the work was written for the entertainment of a company in which it was not considered suitable to close otherwise than pleasantly and in reconciliation."—N. Y. Times, July 29.

The resuscitation of George Frideric Handel as a composer of operas is one of the most interesting of recent phenomena in the German world of music. It was a dogma which, until recently, had never seriously been called in question, that the operas of Handel—there are some 50 of them—were merely of historic interest. But since Dr. Oskar Hagen, the Goettingen musical savant, has taken up the work of preparing certain of them for the modern stage we know that the Handelian opera is only sleeping.

The first to be re-discovered was "Rodelinda," then came "Otto and Theophane," "Julius Caesar" and "Roland"; further works are to come. Wherever Handel's operas have been heard within the last three years they have been welcomed with a degree of enthusiasm which has not diminished today. And in Zurich, too, we were able to convince ourselves that "Rodelinda" is not an artificially reawakened mummy, but a work which, with its elevated, simple style, its purity of feeling, its classic beauty of form, and the force of dramatic expression peculiar to it, represents an achievement which, having once been given to us anew, will almost certainly maintain its position permanently.

The profound effect produced by "Rodelinda" here is to a great extent due to the excellent presentation given by the members of the Wuerttemberg National Theatre in Stuttgart, who although not stars in the accepted sense, are eminent artists and form a finely harmonized ensemble, sympathetically adapted to the style of the piece.—Zurich correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor.

#### TURNING ON THE TAP

(Ivor Brown in the Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.)

Another London season has carried some great visitors into our theatres, the Guiltys, with their Parisian flair for doing a poor play perfectly; Miss Pauline Lord, whose Anna Christie was a memorable and moving piece of realism, and Duse, who is free of all question that others must abide. To the younger generation this was the first glimpse of an art so tranquil and terrible and, above all, so stripped of the common theatrical fripperies that all the old ravings and storming of the tragic actors seemed to become in an instant unthinkable nonsense and a mere barbarism clogging the memory. Duse's picture of a broken-hearted peasant crooning her way to death had the naked intensity of a tragedy from the Wessex novels. Duse, like Hardy, tears our hearts the more surely for making no fuss about it. Never has one seen acting that has so little of the dramatic academy in its composition. When Duse takes the stage, spirit seems to get

clear of flesh. It has been said that she acts with her whole body in one rhythmic sweep of beauty; true, no doubt, but the result is an assertion of the spirit that burns away with a white flame all the elements that should enclose it. Bernhardt took all the tricks of her trade and touched them to the finest issues. The writer once heard at some trumpery play in some trumpery theatre a voice in the pit declaiming against one performer who had played naturally. The voice preferred another who had spared nothing in "putting it across." "I do like 'er," said the voice. "She's the actress, she is." In that sense Bernhardt was the greatest actress of them all, Duse not an actress at all. In that sense also Hardy is no master of tragedy, and Dickens could give him a long start and a beating. Duse, like Hardy, does not "put it across." Both let it flow.

That is why Duse is so profoundly reassuring to a student of acting. She drives right out of one's head the dreadful suspicion that acting is the most artificial of the arts and is little better than a kind of emotional juggling which a nimble sort of person can acquire almost perfectly without any aesthetic sensibility of his own. Is it not possible to analyze acting into terms of pure technique, and does not such an analysis reduce acting from an art to an artifice? The arguments for this view are strong enough. Acting has to be learned, is learned as arithmetic is learned. There are dodges for getting the sum right. A notable player gives a great rendering of his part and falls ill; the understudy takes his place, and being a receptive and experienced mime, he has so assumed his principal's

mood and manner that he puts up an exact imitation by a sheer mastery of the human mechanism. Are we then to say that a perfection of slavish mimicry is great art? Actors, it may be claimed, can make us feel without feeling themselves simply because they are adroit manipulators of a box of tricks. That is not a personal assertion of the critic; it is an admission of the actor. A British actor and producer, a man of ideas and of wide experience, has just written, "Any actor knows that by using certain tones he can move an audience by almost any lines. I do not allege that 'Pass the salt' can be said so as to make strong men weep; but emotion can be turned on, as it were, from a tap." That is not merely truc of a barn-stormer; it is true of a Bernhardt. One knows more about taps than others, has neater, quicker fingers for the turn of the screw. Is acting no more than a kind of sublimated plumbing?

Following up this rather dismal train of thought, one begins to compare the acting of a play with the writing of it. It is often asserted that a playwright must have full control of his technique; that is true up to a point, but if he has too much technique he will be a great creator of dullness, for what is duller than the desperate excitements of Sardou? He must, to be a great dramatist, have something to say; he must think, feel, imagine, create. Academic instruction and workaday experience will never make a great playwright, but they may make a great player. For it may teach him an infallible touch with taps. He will know the tone, the gesture, the flourish that "puts it across." He need not feel, so long as he knows, so long as he has a sound acquaintance with the laws of auditorial reaction to stage stimuli. The sovereignty of adroitness in artifice over sensibility in art is frequently revealed by the failure of the amateur in acting. An amateur might essay Hamlet in a spirit of aesthetic devotion not usually entertained by the professional player. He might feel the part to be essentially his, ponder it lovingly, revel in its exquisite unity with his personal moods. But his performance would probably be dreadful, three hours of flat and clumsy miming. But the professional, having remarked in the wings that he is going to make the most of his "bits of fat" tonight and vowed to "lift the roof" with the closet scene, may convince the most discriminating critic that here is a very plausible, perhaps a very beautiful, Hamlet. Why? Simply because he knows the ropes, or, to revert to our original metaphor, is a master-craftsman with the tap.

There are certain plays in which amateurs often succeed. There is Greek tragedy, for instance. Schoolboy and undergraduates succeed here because Greek tragedy was not written for acting as we moderns understand it. The masks, the buskins, the open-air performance must have limited the player to vocal effect of the sublime and not the subtle order. A professional actor tries to act Greek tragedy with his customary technique, and inevitably the audience learns that

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence.

The amateur succeeds here because he has primarily to declaim and to recite the poetry of feeling rather than to body forth the emotion. Challenge the amateur to a modern emotional part and he may fall, however much



he may feel the part, hence we come to the paradox that the persons who attempt to act, moved purely by aesthetic sensibility or by a passionate devotion to some part or play, may manage his job far worse than the professional who makes up in technical apparatus what he lacks in sensibility and takes his Hamlet in the normal stride of his career. A professional actor may, of course, be a very sensitive and imaginative man. But will that guarantee him success? Will not artifice triumph over art so that a man of less delicate feeling but greater knowledge of stage effect will seem the better player? One comes to that conclusion angrily, wondering whether the great virtuosos of the past, the men and women whose names are lit with fire in dramatic annals, may not have been rather frauds, mighty artificers rather than mighty artists; in short, mere monarchs of the tap.

And then comes a Duse, potent healer of this dismal doubt. For here is no visible trick at all, no fingering of the tap. Here all artifice is sloughed away and technique is utterly transcended. Acting may, after all, you feel, be pure and undefiled, free of the technician's taint. The fiend Analysis is powerless now to dissect all the tricks of the trade and rip illusion to the core. The spirit wins, and acting takes its place with the great creative arts in which cunning cannot carry you all the way, in which the artist's gift to the world of his vision is unique and unteachable, in which the turning of taps is only the beginning of wisdom, and not always that.

#### THE YOUNG DEBUSSY (London Daily Telegraph.)

The case of a composer who begins imitation and finds much later that the heart of his genius lies in a very different field is common enough. Wagner—the most original of all—began by writing in the manner of Bellini, and it is natural that Debussy's school-leaving essay should be essentially different from his later work. The odd thing is

that while there are moments in "Die Feen" which Bellini could never have written, there is not a single phrase in "The Prodigal Son" which suggests ever so remotely the Debussy we have come to know. But although no one thinks of offering "Die Feen" to the public, "The Prodigal Son" holds its own well enough on the modern stage. We may dismiss the suggestion that the glamour of Debussy's later fame causes us to see it in a more favorable light than we should otherwise do, for the name of Wagner is surely as good to conjure up our audience with as that of the Frenchman. Must we then admit that this student's work, forty years old, deserves its present popularity on the ground of intrinsic artistic worth? We venture to think that few would dare to answer in the affirmative, least of all those who delight most in the quaint and finished art first known to us in "L'Après Midi d'un Faune." You can search "The Prodigal Son" from cover to cover and not find a hint of the almost uncanny power which painted "mood" in music as it had never been painted before, penetrating to the soul of natural beauty, the beauty of rain and cloud, the mystery of water and forests. Evidently in his early days this pioneer was content to sit in the classroom and spin out his wool like others. More serious than the quiet and almost uneventful character of the music is the undramatic nature of the libretto, passable as a cantata, but wholly inadequate for the stage, devoid of action, devoid of interest, for the most eloquent lamentations of the parents leave us unmoved since we know that the prodigal does return, bringing his sheaves with him, and that the fatted calf alone will "be in" for a hot time. The adequate performance we had from the National company, however, reveals one of the reasons of its popularity. Singers are obviously attracted by this music, which concedes so much and so ably to their needs, and because of it, sing with zest and deep interest. As an examination test, "The Prodigal Son" shows some very remarkable features—chief among them a rare breadth of view and the mastery of orchestral effects. But it is only the devotion of intelligent singers that makes the opera possible and pleasant in the theatre.

#### MELBA IN LONDON (Daily Telegraph)

It would be interesting to know how many times Dame Nellie Melba has sung the Jewel Song from "Faust"—one of the two major contributions to the program she gave yesterday at the Albert Hall. We do not in the least mean to imply that the choice means limited sympathies or a weakness for music of technical rather than artistic value. The thought is suggested by the extraordinary freshness of the per-

formance she gave. She might have been singing it for the first time. Her voice had the zest of a first performance; she was so eager and earnest that the little unconscious gestures of her hands, the throwing back the head in surprise with the discovery of the jewels, seemed like stage action reduced to its root. Others tire sooner or later of most things, and the things which endure do so because their interest is manifold, because time adds to them or to our capacity for understanding, revealing what before was hidden or only imperfectly perceived. Melba retains unimpaired her affection for music the full worth of which is but too obvious from the first. When, with the first encore, she passed from the thin but genuine vin du pays of Gounod to the more heady stuff of Puccini, one could explain, to some extent, her constancy. Twenty-five years ago Puccini was but a rising star. Gounod, however, has delighted more than one generation, and to hear his music sung with such simple fervour made us feel that time can respect privileged artists as well as privileged art.

#### WHAT THE PLAY-GOING PUBLIC WANTS

(The Manchester Guardian)

In the debate that was held in London between Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. St. John Ervine there was a fair amount of agreement between the two speeches as they approached the relations of commerce and the theatre from their separate points of view. It was held in common, for instance, that managers might show more courage in their choice of plays, which is another way of saying that we are recovering from the ravages of war upon the playhouse. As Mr. Ervine pointed out, the man of business who tries to assess plays by the yardstick of popularity values makes more commercial failures than the man who is really in search of quality. That is because there is no rule-of-thumb for finding popular plays or popular books. If one asks why "The Beggar's Opera" should be approaching the fourth birthday of its new life in London, while not much more than Lenten hospitality was given to the dramatized version of "If Winter Comes," there is no plain answer to be given. But there is a very plain deduction to be made from much that has happened lately in the theatre, and that is simply that a little audacity may be not only honorable but profitable. The director of the marionettes that have come with such success from Rome to London recently stated that the challenge of the cinema to the old puppet shows of the people had a thoroughly healthy result. Instead of endeavoring to rival "the pictures" in a competition of crudity, the directors of the marionettes determined to create something far more artistic and ambitious than they had made before. The resulting importation of style and taste to the traditional comedy of the dolls proved a complete commercial success. The audacity was justified. In Britain, on the other hand, the invasion of the cinema caused an unworthy panic in the theatre, and the war-time arrival of a new playgoing public only strengthened the unworthy view that nothing could be too bad to "make good." The result has been ruinous, both artistically and financially. The remedy may not be simple, but courage is one of its ingredients. Nobody may be able to say for certain what the playgoing public wants, but it is fairly well proven that the way to face the rivalry of the cinema is not to model plays on the poorer type of films. Many managers have learned to their cost what the playgoing public does not want, and its dislikes are often amply reassuring to those who believe that quality has not yet dropped out of the race.

#### THE ARCH-VILLAIN (London Times)

We all like tremendous villains in fiction; in fiction they abound, from Iago to Count Fosco. And now, we are told, we are to have another on the films, a Chinaman, "tall, lean, feline, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull and long magnetic eyes of the true cat green." He is to have the cruel cunning of an entire eastern race accumulated in one giant intellect; he is to be the yellow peril incarnate in one man. This is as it should be; for these villain-heroes convince us most when they are farthest from the world of our own experience. Iago was a subtle Italian, and so was Count Fosco; many things, we think, are possible to an Italian that are not possible to an Englishman, and still more to a Chinaman, who comes from the other side of the world. No doubt the Chinese, if they have our taste for arch-villains, import them from Europe with all the cruel cunning of the west, with a brow like Confucius and a face like a Chinese demon, with flowing hair

and short, magnetic eyes of the true tiger-brown, the white peril incarnate in one man. For, since the arch-villain is always someone nobody has ever met, he is most credible when most exotic in,

all his circumstances. Then we are least aware of the fundamental incongruity in him—namely, the combination of crime with giant intellect. For the worst criminals of fact, though sometimes they are clever in detail, would not be criminals at all if they had giant intellects. The wicked man of giant intellect to prevent himself from falling too far below the normal level of conduct. Caesar, Borgia himself, in so far as he fell below that level, was not clever, but stupid; and as for the criminal Roman Emperors, such as Nero, they always got themselves killed, which was not clever at all. The trouble with Count Fosco, the best of all modern villains, is that he never manages to do anything worth doing, with all his Satanic genius. Wilkie Collins makes us believe in him as a character, but when he comes to action he is like a hippopotamus picking up a pin. On the larger stage of the world he is only a spy; and a villain of genius ought to have found something better, or worse, to do than that.

Let us hope, then, that this Chinese villain will do something worthy of his Shakespearean brow and his Santalo face: that he will, for instance, be filled with a passionate desire for Oriental vengeance against the West, as Milton's Satan is filled with a passionate desire for vengeance against the Supreme Being. The great villain is most satisfying when he has a great cause. That means that he is not entirely a villain, since he is able to forget himself in his cause, however evil that may be. The villain of reality cannot forget himself in anything. Wainwright, the poisoner, for instance, was the slave of his own inordinate vanity, which made him ridiculous as well as wicked. He would not be remembered as a writer if he had not been a murderer, for his writing is tawdry with egotism; one can see that he is always concerned with himself, not with his subject. In fact, real villains are apt to be bores; and they can be made amusing in fiction only if they have qualities incompatible with the sheer wickedness of their conduct. That is why we have some liking for Milton's Satan and for Count Fosco; their characters escape from their conduct and they are not entirely what they do. But why we enjoy the idea of supreme wickedness in fiction, why we thrill when Satan cries, "Evil be thou my good," is another and a difficult question. Probably we are all rebels, at least in our dreams, against moral compulsion; and we like to give the Devil his due as the supreme rebel. We also have a sneaking worship of power; and it seems to us to be most purely power when it breaks all the 10 commandments. We should not like that breakage in fact any more than we like bombs falling among us; but in fiction it gives us a pleasant holiday from virtue, like Swinburne's Dolores, who would not be suited to home life. Of course we don't really believe in these arch-villains any more than in Dolores; but we enjoy the excitement of a world in which their impossibility is by art made to seem possible.

A man named Frederick Stampft was born at Dusseldorf. In the Franco-Prussian war he left the Academy of Sciences, where he held some sort of secretarial office, and served as an officer in the Landwehr. It was said of him, however, that in his mind he owed allegiance to no government; he was a man without a country. Happy to see Napoleon III a prisoner, he would gladly have seen William captured by the French.

At Sedan the idea came to him of writing a book, "The Last Battle," but he was disciplined and degraded to the rank of a common soldier. For insubordination, he was condemned to imprisonment for 15 years in a fortress. He escaped, fled to Switzerland, and died at the age of 35 years, having written his book, a poem in eight cantos, "Die letzte Schlacht." It was soon translated into French.

This poem is of a prophetic nature. Stampft looked forward to 1909. Then, he sang, there would be in Europe only two empires: Russia, the western empire, under Nicholas II; Germany, the eastern empire, under William III. The chariot of these autocrats would be drawn by harnessed kings, among them Louis Philippe III, the inheritor of the Bourbons, and Napoleon V, King of Corsica. These kings would answer to the cracking of the whips held by the two autocrats. (Here there is a reminder of Marlowe's "pampered Jades of Asia.") But these autocrats would finally war one against the other. The war would be put down by two great men of the International, which would then be known as the Union, and all the kings and princes would be shot while they were enclosed in a circus as wild beasts.

Was this book translated into English? Barbey d'Aurevilly in 1873, reviewing the translation into French, said that the poem had been written only

with a view to this last scene, the one of massacre. And he was sorely vexed because in France a translator was found to put into the "clearest language of the world this execrable German dream, which should be dead, stifled in its German text like a snail in its shell."

A violent man, this Barbey d'Aurevilly when he was polemic, even more violent than Veullot.

Stampft put the date of the massacre, 1909. He was evidently impatient.

#### JUST FOR A RIBBON

We are sorry to find the Manchester Guardian jesting at the expense of those in England who recently received "honors."

"Literature—and, indeed, the arts generally—did not obtain much recognition," and I don't know that we need mourn about that. . . . Miss Agnes Nicholls was made a commander of the Civil Division of the Order of the British Empire. It is not clear to me why, because a lady sings beautifully, she should be made a commander of that Civil Division, but perhaps it gratifies her, and that is all to the good. This handing out of honors is very much like distributing toys from a Christmas tree, and in both cases some of the children are jealous and dissatisfied. The knight thinks it might reasonably run to a baronetcy, the baronet reflects that peerages have been given for services less distinguished than his, the baron looks askance at the viscount. . . . I suppose that when a man is made a knight, it is a joke in his family—a pleasant joke, no doubt—as it is commonly a joke outside.

"The occasional grant of a knighthood to a great or distinguished author is ridiculous. . . . When it was clear that it would be absurd to ask such men as Meredith and Hardy to become knights, the Order of Merit was invented, and this has the great advantage of being a thing you can put away in a drawer and forget about."

But men even in republics hanker after titles and decorations: Colonel, Major, General, "Jedge," when there is really no reason for the appellation;

honorary ribbons, buttons, gewgaws of this or that nature; just as there are men in politics, clubs, churches, charitable organizations, who will move heaven and earth to attain some office, to serve on some committee. Give a free-born American citizen the chairmanship of some harmless, inefficient committee, and he will distend his nostrils and paw the air like the stallion Abdallah at a county fair. And so there are men who feel insulted if they are addressed in writing as "Mr." instead of "Esq." They will even write "Esq." after their names on a self-addressed envelope.

#### JAM SATIS

London newspapers say there is a poor lookout for jam this season because the vegetable marrow crop will probably be a failure.

#### MR. COHAN IN LONDON

Mr. George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly" has made a hit in London. The Times says it should be seen "by all those who refuse to believe that a musical comedy can be intelligent, or that a 'song and dance show' can please all kinds of tastes." The Daily Telegraph says that "Little Nellie Kelly" is "the most joyous, exhilarating, and novel entertainment our stage has seen for many a day." And to crown all, the Times characterizes Mr. Cohan as "a modest American."

We have received a copy of Rhythmus. The publishers assure us that "not to have Rhythmus is to be without the finest art expression of the English-speaking world." Yes, yes.

Here are two of the poems in the number at hand. This is by R. J. Worthington:

I beat the black broom of my despair  
Against the clear blue morning hung  
over the fields . . .

But only the slit sardonic  
Of the ocean across the distance  
Knows it.

Mr. William Carlos Williams says:

I would rather look down  
into the face of  
a bed of portulaca  
than into the level  
black eyes  
of the virgin whom I love.  
Tra-la  
tra-la  
tra-la la la la  
Tra-la la; also hey derry down; like-  
wise, fa la la.

#### SHOO FLY

As the World Wags:

In your column was a novel suggestion for painting the walls and ceiling of a room blue to warn insects off the premises. Tortured humanity may soon be relieved, without the expense and depressing monotony of blue paint. A Maine screen concern has been offered a bug-beating idea of such beneficent possibilities that it really



belongs to the community—no one should desire to capitalize it. The scheme is simplicity itself. It is to have window and door screens provided with open mesh netting—one-half inch or more, between wires. The well-known predilection of insects for light will cause them to seek the blue sky, via the screen, never to return. Every house owner owes it to his family to try it—preferably on a sizzling night in August, with every window open and the lights going merrily inside.

S. A. KINSLEY.

Portland, Me.  
Has any one experimented with the fly-trap which Lichtenstein said was used in Cape Colony? A large wisp of straw was dipped in milk and hung by a string to a beam of the roof. When this wisp was covered with flies, the house dwellers put a hag under the straw which they inserted to a certain depth. The flies were then shaken to the bottom of the bag. In this manner a bushel of flies in a day was sometimes taken. Lichtenstein said nothing about the behavior of the flies while the straw was being lowered.—ED.

## TED LEWIS'S FROLIC

SHUBERT THEATRE. Ted Lewis and Arthur Plerson present "Ted Lewis's Frolic." Scenes by William K. Wells and Arthur ("Bugs") Baer. Lyrics by Jack Yellen. Music by Milton Ager. Orchestra directed by Louis Gress. Directed by Walter Wilson. Staged by Allan K. Foster.

In spite of the very oppressive heat a crowded house greeted the opening attraction of the theatrical season of 1923-24 at the Shubert Theatre last evening, when "Ted Lewis's Frolic" presented a new and interesting revue.

Mr. Lewis chose Boston to give the opening performance, and there is some excuse for the few faults that appeared during the evening, as everything was at tension pitch after 10 days of strenuous rehearsing.

While there is no real plot to the piece, there are a number of unusually bright little sketches and scenes that fill in the various acts well, and after some cutting of dialogue the piece will run much more smoothly.

Lillian Lorraine is the bright particular magnet and all through the evening she appeared in a wide range of characters from the chimney sweep, a tough girl and Cleopatra, to the "Strutting Girl," in which part she showed marked ability as a dancer.

Ted Lewis himself is a master on the clarinet or the saxophone, and his "Good Night, Dearie" and "The Shakespeare Blues" are both gems of their kind. This clever and versatile artist conducted his famous "Jazz Band," now singing a number and later twirling a baton with dexterity.

As an announcer Julius Tannen proved himself the right man in the right place and he created roars of laughter by his clever knowledge of the local situation. With stately Helen Bolton he presented a humorous "travelogue," with pictures that were startling.

Lewis and Doty are a couple of recent recruits from vaudeville. They filled in a number of places with some of their original songs and burlesque imitations, while James Rourke and Jane Taylor sang a number of pleasing songs, among them being "Back Home" and "Beautiful Girls."

There are many other scenes and numbers that are well worth hearing and the scenic effects are dazzling and colorful, while the "girlies" of the chorus kept appearing with amazing rapidity with different costumes and dances.

### "Sally, Irene and Mary" Given Rousing Welcome

SHUBERT WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," musical comedy in two acts with Eddie Dowling. The cast:

- |                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Jimmie Dugan.....     | Eddie Dowling     |
| Mrs. Dugan.....       | Josie Intropoli   |
| Mary O'Brien.....     | Marguerite Zander |
| Mrs. O'Brien.....     | Maudie Odell      |
| Sally.....            | Louise Brown      |
| Mrs. Clancy.....      | Clara Palmer      |
| Irene.....            | Kitty Flynn       |
| Rodman Jones.....     | George Elsing     |
| Mrs. Jones.....       | Grace Studiford   |
| Clarence Edwards..... | Herbert Hoey      |
| Mr. Myers.....        | Joseph Clark      |
| Percy Fitzgerald..... | Burford Hampden   |
| Al Cleveland.....     | Frank Connor      |
| Sully.....            | D. J. Sullivan    |
| Mr. Mulcahey.....     | Eddie O'Connor    |
| Dixie Moore.....      | Fred Packard      |
| Frank.....            | William Mason     |

Jimmie Dugan is a well known character in prose and poetry. In the hands of Eddie Dowling, Jimmie has become familiar to theatregoers of Boston. Last night at the Wilbur Eddie introduced

Jimmie in new settings with music. The settings were all that they should have been, and the music was pretty, many of the numbers being catchy. But Jimmie, after all, was the main attraction, although Sally, Irene and Mary were very much talked about, especially Mary, Jimmie's sweetheart.

That was on the East side, when they were kids, and he gave her his apple cores and promised her a "poke in the nose." Jimmie told Mary, whose pals were Sally and Irene, that he loved her, and she was his down on the East side. Later, when Jimmie became a plumber and the three little girls were favorites on Broadway, Jimmie could well believe they were stars," for it cost \$25 to see them, when he could see the Giants for 25 cents.

But Jimmy resolved to see if Mary really thought of him as he did of her, and so he went to Broadway and there he learned that a plumber with a Ford was not the equal of a Johnny with a Rolls Royce.

Mary remembered, but Jimmie was not set for the six-cylinder pace. He studied to try to polish himself, as he declared, for the part of gentleman, but his mother told him too much polish rubbed the surface away.

Then it was that Mary returned to the East Side, where Jimmie had returned, and wooed him in the old way on the old fire escape, and Alderman Jimmie with Sally, Irene and their young husbands, lived happily ever after.

This setting with its merry tunes and graceful dances is but an elaboration of a sketch Eddie has been seen here in. In its new form it ran with great success in New York, and the opening of its season here was the signal for a large, appreciative audience. There is much of Jimmie, and that is what the theatregoers desire. His touch is keen, his humor biting.

The light and shade is cleverly handled in all the various scenes, never forcing the issue for effect, rather bringing effect from natural situation. Many who never had seen the East Side laughed at the pure homeliness of it all, for Jimmie is human and Jimmie will live.

In the cast in support of Mr. Dowling are Marguerite Zander, as Mary; and a delightfully dainty maid she is. Louise Brown dances with effect, her ballet being one of the big hits of the show, and Kitty Flynn as Irene proved an admirable foil. All in all the three girls were just what one might expect.

Josie Intropoli as Jimmie's mother furnished one of the cleverest bits of character work seen in Boston since the days of Anale Yeamans, whom she recalls forcefully.

The chorus is young and pretty, the male members being youthful and neat dancers.

Of the numbers that cling in the memory are: "Do You Remember," "Time Will Tell" and "How I Missed You, Mary."

"Sally, Irene and Mary" are to remain for some time if the reception they received last night may be taken as an indication of their welcome.

Last night's showing at B. F. Keith's brought back some old favorites and made new ones in a program that covered a wide range of talent. There were breathless moments in Homer Romaine's aerial exploits, to which he added the piquant flavor of light conversation. The Jack Hughes duo proved versatile and tuneful with musical numbers, among which the violin solo was noticeably good. The musical comedy skit, "Are You a Lawyer," brought Lew Seymour behind the footlights, along with four pretty stenographers, who added to the moments of dance and dialogue with which this act was replete.

Hearty applause was the welcome for Harry Carroll and Grace Fisher in song hits of which Mr. Carroll was composer. None of his skill since the writing of "I Am Always Chasing Rainbows" has been lost and charming indeed was the presentation of his more recent ones by Miss Fisher, who possesses the two requisites of voice and personality. "The Dancing Girl and Her Two Boy Friends," with Sheldon, Ballantine and Heft, found an audience for its terpsichorean skill, despite a certain lack of taste too often evident. Judson Cole, the conjuring comedian, offered some baffling tricks in a witty manner.

George MacFarlane and company were greeted with applause which they justified in "Song Fantasies," of which Mr. MacFarlane was soloist. Style and grace made of Miss Margaret Walker's dancing something quite beyond the commonplace, and Mr. Lowe as accompanist deserves more than casual mention. Mr. MacFarlane was in excellent voice and his dramatic power is undiminished. Frank Hurst and Eddie Vogt made things hum in a skit called "Profiteering in Fun." They were followed by "Bernt and Partner," who showed phenomenal flexibility and poise in an acrobatic manner quite their own. The bill was closed with the usual Pathe news, to which keen interest was attached in the showing of numerous pictures in the life of our late President.

## SHOWS CONTINUING

SHUBERT—"Ted Lewis Frolic," opened Saturday.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," film version of Emerson Hough's story; 12th week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," typical George M. Cohan musical show; 12th week.

Aug 7 1923

### FOR WILLIAM B. WRIGHT

As the World Wags:

James H. Budworth was "specially engaged" to play Bob the Boothlack in "The Streets of New York" at the Boston Theatre in 1866. In the retirement of Union square, celebrated for its "realistic snow scene," he gave banjo solos and specialties, among which I pleasantly recall "Metamora a la Edwin Forrest." In 1867 he appeared again in the same play. March 30, Saturday, he was given a benefit, and he appeared in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Persecuted Dutchman." He had a part in "The Octoroon," which was being given at that time. In 1868 he was at the Howard Athenaeum, where he gave his specialties and appeared in various characters as the requirements dictated. I recall him as Premiere Danseuse in the "Butter-Tub" ballet. I have bills of the above.

Allston. CHARLES H. HUNT.

Aug 12 1923

The Herald has already published appreciations of Albert Chevalier that appeared in journals of New York. Newspapers of London, recently arriving, contain analyses of his art and information of a more personal nature.

Mr. L. Godfrey Turner tells us that when he first met Chevalier—it was in 1889 and the play was Burnand's "Airey Marie," a travesty of "Ariana"—Chevalier was very poor; his salary was "particularly mean, considering his talents"; he was supporting his mother and a sister. Proud and independent, he would not accept help.

Chevalier once said that "to hold and to interest a music hall audience, is a far more difficult task than to hold a theatre audience, granting that the performer attempts to be artistic and to produce his effects legitimately." In his first year in the halls he worked three turns nightly for £36. Not long afterwards he was netting £450 a week on a provincial tour. Having amassed a fortune of £10,000 he lost every penny of it through the betrayal of a friend. He might then have saved something by going into the bankruptcy court, but he would not consider this, and in the end no one of his creditors was left unsatisfied. In later years his old Pantaloon in Barrie's little play was regarded as "exquisitely pathetic." In 1916 he gave a capital performance of Eccles. His last appearance in public was at the Lyceum, London, and on tour, in his own play "My Old Dutch." For six months before his death he had been sick.

The Daily Telegraph said of him: "Of a singularly affectionate and unassuming nature, he never made a friend whom he did not keep. . . . His generosity was proverbial. . . . He lived entirely for his art, over which he gained a mastery as perfect as it could well be made. Obviously, it would be too much to say that Chevalier takes rank among the great actors of his generation. His work was rather of a miniature order, but it was polished to the finest point. Millions of playgoers owe to him some of the pleasantest and most delightful moments in their lives. Could any man covet a more eloquent epitaph?"

Chevalier's wife, who survives him, was a daughter of the famous music hall comedian, George Leybourne, the singer of "Champagne Charley." The oldest of Chevalier's three sons is French master at the West London College.

Who wrote the music of his songs? John Crook wrote some of the melodies. The pianist that accompanied Chevalier when he first visited America wrote others. "Some were of mysterious origin, and it is believed that one of his earliest musical partners was the actor, Mr. Herbert Sparling, in whose drawing room most of the Chevalier 'first efforts' took shape and had form, and had their rehearsal, so to speak."

### Chevalier a Reformer of the Music Hall

When in 1891 Chevalier went on the music hall stage he "ventilated" it. At the London Pavilion "Jingo" Macdermott was wildly applauded for singing a song about the once famous and unpleasant episode in the life of Sir Charles Dilke. Charles Godfrey hiccuped in song the glories of being blind drunk. Then there was Bessie Bellwood, whose songs escaped the vigilance of the Lord Chamberlain. And what did not Marie Lloyd dare? Her song of rhubarb and the tart was by no means the "bluest" in her repertoire. Perhaps, as Mr. George Moore said in his "Confessions of a Young Man," the music hall was a protest against the villa, the priggish club and British philistinism; perhaps Mr. W. R. Titterton was right in extolling Marie Lloyd for her Rabelaisian treatment of love; but Chevalier at once convinced the music hall audiences that to gain popularity it was not necessary to appear as a drunken man, not indispensable to sing filth, in order to arouse laughter.

The London Times said of him that more than one generation of playgoers were his willing captives. He could always do what he liked with any audi-

VILANELLE  
He's banned the Prohibition joke.  
Hurrah! Banzai! All Hall! All Hall!  
Al Jolson is a famous bloke.  
I saw him once and went flat-broke:  
I've no regret—'twas worth the kale!  
He's banned the Prohibition joke.

I've been so mad my hat would smoke  
When pests would tell some humid tale:  
Al Jolson is a famous bloke.

I take in hand my tattered toque!  
The lustre of his name can't pale:  
He's banned the Prohibition joke.

I'll sing his praises till I croak;  
And as a swan-song I will wall:  
"Al-Jolson is a famous bloke!"

I'd buy for him an orange-coke!  
For him I'll gladly go to jail!  
He's banned the Prohibition joke:  
Al Jolson is a famous bloke.  
—Big Ben in the Chicago Tribune.

The Opera Comique has brought out Reynaldo Hahn's "Nausicaa" and the "Pepita Jimenez" of Albeniz. Wicked tongues say that the best thing in "Nausicaa" is the Wagnerian theme that typifies Pallas (the last four notes of Siegfried, guardian of the sword). Mme. Carre and M. Bussy took the leading roles in "Pepita Jimenez." Those sitting in the first rows of the fauteuils say that the two have sung Marcel Azal's in Action Francaise.

ence. "He made them free of his own world of humor, pathos, sentiment and trembling tenderness, but it was done with the restraint and intuition of the true artist. . . . As Charles Lamb said of Munden, he 'made faces.' There was undoubtedly great skill in his make-up, but that was not all. He impressed you with the idea that if you stripped off the hair and paint, you would find that the impersonator of M. Armand Thibault, for instance, had a different face from the impersonator of the Chelsea veteran, and the veteran, again, from the village constable. . . . If we must explain and analyze this 'making faces,' the conclusion must be that, apart from all the minutiae of expression, conscientiously studied from the outside, there was the real and rare gift of acting—that is to say, not a mere assumption of characteristics, but of character itself. Chevalier looked different in one character from another because, for the moment, he was different. That was his secret, and the explanation why, although he played his characters hundreds, and even thousands, of times, he never seemed to become either stale or extravagant. His touch was sure to the end."



## THE SIX

(Georges Enesco in Shadowland for August)

This ambitious group of torchbearers may count itself fortunate in having enlisted so much attention on the part of New York's more sophisticated connoisseurs, whose grave consideration of their works is in flattering contrast to the attitude of some Parisian audiences.

Now I am very far from wishing to belittle the members of this famous company, whose sincerity is usually beyond question; and if I point out the reasons why I think they have failed to fulfill the purpose of their association, I do so in order rather to suggest them to their detractors than to range myself on the enemy's side.

In the beginning these young exponents of the futuristic method, each doubtless believing his contribution to musical history to be in the truest sense representative, came together with the idea of mutual encouragement and support. They wished to make their influence felt as quickly and as widely as possible, and this end could be achieved more easily by a group than by each alone. It takes more ridicule to lampoon a "school" than an individual out of existence, and they knew they were throwing out a challenge to the caustic and reactionary Parisian public, which would not be slow to take it up. The Six had plenty of courage and very soon found they needed all they had. Perhaps if they had been better artists they would not have been such good reformers; perhaps if they had been better reformers they would not have been artists at all. Who can say? One certain

result of their ardent crusade, however, was that public curiosity in the New Music was definitely excited, and concert-goers were quickly familiarized with the futuristic idiom.

The conscious extremism of the six, however, unsuccessful as art, yet helped the cause along by creating the "horrible example," which is as good a way as any of setting a fair standard of judgment. But for their sensationalism, the more moderate expressions in the new manner would have come as a shock to audiences who would surely have mistaken the unfamiliar for the deliberately eccentric, as often happens. The rapid recognition which has been given to the work of such men as Malapiero, Berners, Goossens, Casella and others is largely, if indirectly, due to the six.

Unfortunately, they have now arrived at a point where their purpose is no longer obvious. If any one of them is ever going to do great work he will certainly have to leave the group. Honnegger, in fact, by far the finest talent of them all, is already practically outside the circle, and the others, no doubt, will go their separate ways eventually. For as an artist develops he finds he cannot always subserve the ends of a "movement." While his genius is still not quite certain of itself, he needs sympathetic support, but the more it matures the less it stands in need of protection. The only ones who remain long in groups are those who cannot stand alone.

I have nothing but praise for the seriousness of the younger school; but like many others who set out to "jazz up," as you Americans would say, the slow process of evolution, they have let themselves become the victims of catchwords. "No compromise," they cry, and so great is their terror of betraying the slightest derivation from the effete past which it is their mission to obliterate, that they go to fantastic lengths in avoiding treason to their ideals. In concentrating so insistently upon how to express things, they have forgotten they had anything to express—which is a pity. It is rather foolish, also, and leads to the sort of artistic smugness which is death to worthwhile work. One would like to bring them back to their senses by recalling to them the story of the young futurist painter, who said to Degas: "Master, when you were a young man, what did one do in order to arrive?" "My dear young man," answered the master, "when I was a young man, one did not arrive."

It would not be possible to exclude from any notice of modern music an appreciative mention of the devoted and tireless efforts of Alfredo Casella and his efforts to the works of his compatriots, whose compositions, but for him, would have had to wait much longer for an audition in the musical centers of the world. The renaissance of instrumental music in Italy, which is opening a significant chapter to modern musical history, owes much of its impetus to his beautiful and sympathetic performances of their piano works, and to his gift for communicating his own enthusiasm to the conductors of orchestras here and abroad. The names he had made most familiar to American audiences are, no doubt, those of Malapiero, Zandonia and Respighi; but the catholicity of his interest, not confined to his own countrymen, has extended to such men as the Spaniard, Albéniz, of whose Iberia, orchestrated by Casella himself, he has

given more than one superb performance. In the midst of all these altruistic activities it is noteworthy that his own development as a composer goes steadily on.

## PEELINGS ON THE PAVEMENT

(Chicago Tribune)

Sir: "Yes; we have no bananas" was originated in the fall of 1920 at Senn high school by Spud and his gang. Harry Nelly introduced it in the Chicago American, and used it freely in the late edition. Tad Dorgan copied it from Nelly.

WHOSIT.

Sir—Doctor's out playing golf for the B. L. T. trophy so, I thought I'd tell you about the salesgirl in Lyon & Healy's.

(Three dots: Is that right?) Well, I've Melba, Tetrazzini, Galli-Curci, et al (is that better than et-cetra?) on the discs, and wished for to add Madame Walska to the collection. The girl said: "Yes, we have none by Ganna today." Wasn't her rhythm all right?

SISTER BELL.

Sir—The sign in the window was plain—Banana-Splits, 10 cents; so, as I had always seen them priced from 35 cents, the lowest, to 60 cents, I decided to have a go for a dime. Entering, I ordered one. "Yes, ma'am," replied the soda-boy; then he paused, looked at me, and turned red. "A banana-split!" I repeated austere-ly my tone. He pulled himself together and explained: "The fact is—well, we're out of bananas, and have been for some days. They're short, you know. When we have bananas, a split is 30 cents; with two cherries, 60 cents." I asked why the sign with the 10-cent allure. "Well, it brings folks in; and they usually take something else. Er!—? Good afternoon, ma'am!"

SANTA-MONICA.

Sir—May I have the use of The Line to let it be known that I've pulled a characteristic coup, and have thereby acquired some 10,000 dozen of the finest Porto Rico plantains? These are choice merchandise, and admirably adapted not only for eating from the shell, but also for fritters, shortcake and splits.

BUCKO T. MacOOZE.

AND a quasi-legal friend of ours asks to get into the discussion long enough

to tell us, orally, that the yes-bananas psychosis is recognized in law as the Affirmative Pregnant. We went to Bouvier about it, and found that it is an "affirmative allegation implying some negative in favor of the adverse party"; and that doesn't seem to us to have much to do with bananas. Besides, who is the adverse party?

## ANOTHER CLASSIC

Some time ago "E. R. H." asked in The Herald for the words of that grand old song, "Down Went McGinty." We are indebted to Mr. C. A. Woodman of Oliver Ditson Co. for the authentic version in its full glory.

Sunday morning just at nine,  
Dan McGinty dress'd so fine,  
Stood looking up at a very high stone wall;

When his friend young Pat McCann,  
Says, "I'll bet five dollars, Dan,  
I could carry you to the top without a fall;

So on his shoulders he took Dan,  
To climb the ladder he began,  
And he soon commenc'd to reach up near the top;

When McGinty, cute old rogue,  
To win the five he did let go,  
Never thinking just how far he'd have to drop.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall;  
And tho' he won the five,  
He was more dead than alive.  
Sure his ribs, and nose, and back were broke  
From getting such a fall,  
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes.

2

From the hospitable Mac went home,  
When they fix'd his broken bone,  
To find he was the father of a child;  
So to celebrate it right,  
His friends he went to invite,  
And he soon was drinking whisky fast and wild;  
Then he waddled down the street,  
In his Sunday suit so neat  
Holding up his head as proud as John the Great;  
But in the sidewalk was a hole,  
To receive a ton of coal,  
That McGinty never saw till just too late.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole,  
Then the driver of the car  
Gave the load of coal a start,  
And it took us half an hour to dig,  
McGinty from the coal.  
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes.

3

Now McGinty raved and swore,  
About his clothes he felt so sore,  
And an oath he took he'd kill the man or die;  
So he tightly grabb'd his stick  
And hit the driver a lick,

Then he rais'd a little shanty on his eye;  
But two policemen saw the muss  
And they soon join'd in the fuss.  
Then they ran McGinty in for being drunk;

And the judge says with a smile,  
We will keep you for a while,  
In a cell to sleep upon a prison bunk.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the jail,

Where his board would cost him nix,  
And he stay'd exactly six,  
They were big long months he stopp'd  
For no one went his ball,  
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes.

4

Now McGinty thin and pale,  
One fine day got out of jail,  
And with joy to see his boy was nearly wild;

To his house he quickly ran,  
To meet his wife Bedale Ann,  
But she'd skipped away and took along the child,

Then he gave up in despair,  
And he madly pull'd his hair,  
As he stood one day upon the river shore,

Knowing well he couldn't swim,  
He did foolishly jump in,  
Although water he had never took before.

Chorus.

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea,

And he must be very wet  
For they haven't found him yet,  
But they saw his ghost round the docks  
Before the break of day,  
Dress'd in his best suit of clothes.

A. E. H. of Boston writes: "I recall a toy that would still amuse me—a flat, jig-saw cutout of McGinty which, when placed on brads driven into the face of the two uprights of a toy ladder, and released with a little push from the side, would rock jerkily on the twin rows of brads down the ladder into a miniature washtub at the bottom."

We are indebted also to Mr. Walter Jackson of Boston and Mr. W. H. Young, who writes from Fall River, for information about this song.

## "THE LITTLE PEACH"

A correspondent sends the words of "The Little Peach," by Eugene Field, as published in Slason Thompson's "The Humbler Poets," a collection of newspaper and periodical verse (1870-1885)—A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. On July 26 (Notes and Lines) F. E. H. said that he first heard the song, interpolated, in "The Little Tycoon."

A little peach in the orchard grew—  
A little peach of emerald hue;  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,  
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,  
That little peach dawned on the view

Of Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue—  
Those two.

Up at the peach a club he threw—  
Down from the tree on which it grew  
Fell the little peach of emerald hue—  
Mon dieu!

She took a bite and he a chew,  
And then the trouble began to brew—  
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue—  
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew  
They planted John and his sister Sue,  
And their little souls to the angels flew—  
Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,  
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?  
Ah, well, its mission on earth was through—  
Adieu!

## THE CLOWN'S SONG

To the Editor of The Herald.

I note that your correspondent, "Old Harry," wonders if any one remembers the old song as sung by a clown at Barnum's circus, "Oh Where's Rosanna Gone." I well remember the song and have often sung the chorus, which is all I can recall of the words, to my young friends for their amusement. It went like this:

"Oh, I'll never kiss my love again be-  
hind the kitchen door,  
I'll never press her darling little  
fingers any more,  
I'll never let her pinch my cheek till  
it's almost growing sore,  
Oh where's Rosanna gone."

Does any one remember the words of a song popular in the late 60s called "Nora O'Neil"? I heard it at an entertainment given by Prof. Harrington, ventriloquist, sleight-of-hand performer, etc. The chorus runs like this:

"Don't think for a moment I doubt  
you,  
Or my love I will ever conceal,  
Oh, I'm lonely tonight, love, without  
you,  
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neil."  
Cambridge.

MOREY.

## CURIOSITY

(A. B. Walkley in the London Times)

If curiosity is the source of all scientific discovery, it is the very stuff of which dramatic emotion is made. The most elementary form of it in the theatre is the desire to know what is going to happen next. The born dramatist is he who leaves you at the end of each act in a state of intense curiosity as to what the next act will bring forth. When all is settled and our curiosity is satisfied, any continuation of the play is mere anti-climax, mere surplage. Hence so many "disappointing last acts." I think Sir Arthur Pinero is the master who has shown the greatest skill in provoking our curiosity and keeping it alive, and yet his last acts have a way of falling flat. Partly, no doubt, because he seems to "funk" his actual denouement, and "to play for safety" with some whitewashing cleric handy; but partly also because he has satisfied our curiosity to the full before he gets to the end of his play. Think of the intense curiosity excited in act three of "Quex" as to how Sophy and Quex are each going to get out of their tangle. By the end of the act they have got out of it, and in act 4 we have hardly any curiosity left. Not that curiosity demands to be satisfied by surprise.

It is a sound canon of dramaturgy that the playwright should never have a secret from his audience, his proper aim being not to spring an unforeseen conclusion upon his audience, but to make them eagerly desire a certain conclusion and then to satisfy that desire to the full. But if there should be no curiosity about the what there should be the liveliest about the how. With a classic our curiosity, of course, will be about the rendering. We most of us were familiar with "Ghosts" before the Duse played it the other day; but we were all legitimately curious to see how she was going to treat it.

Further, a new play of which the development can be plainly seen in advance leaves us cold, because it offers nothing to our curiosity. And yet I confess to being one of those who look at the end of a "detective story" before reading it. This seems inconsistent, and I hardly know how to explain it. Probably it is because the interest of curiosity in such tales is so puerile that I prefer to substitute for it the interest of watching the ingenuity with which the author contrives to go on hiding a secret—which is no secret for me. That, after all, is only curiosity in another form.

## MASEFIELD'S NEW PLAY

(Manchester Guardian)

One is grateful to the Readean management for enriching one's experience by giving us a dream-play such as this, which would be at the mercy of the flippant in the harsh light of the commercial theatre. No doubt "Melloney Holtspur" is not a good play in the well-made sense, but it is an interesting experiment in form shot through with rich lights of imagination. Mr. Masefield has set out to domesticate a set of family ghosts in the life of an old house, and among their descendants whose tragedy is tied up with theirs. He has done this not by suggestion, or by keeping his ghosts and his humans on different planes, but by boldly mixing them up together.

The experiment does not quite come off in the unflinching exposure to which all things human and divine are subjected on the stage. Henry James in another medium had the secret of making life more exciting by a kind of homely invocation of spirits, malign or friendly, but he needed plenty of space

and mysterious convolutions of language to bring it off. The clear, sharp presentation of the stage is perhaps hostile to this kind of semi-illusion. Mr. Masefield's ghosts were, as interesting as his human beings, and in the same way, which was perhaps their weakness. They are shown positively influencing the development of the story—working the machine instead of descending from it. When James did this kind of thing there was an undercurrent of humor which made it delightful as a mental entertainment, but humor is not in Mr. Masefield's way. A touch of it would cut off his play at the root.

Mr. Masefield's ghosts are serious personages, the vehicles of moral ideas, modern versions of the Greek Furies, walling and threatening over their own and other people's sins. "We are all caught in a net of old sins," one of them mourns.

"Melloney Holtspur" is dominated from first to last by the two leading ghosts—that of a wicked artist who gave to seduction the time he ought to have been spending on his masterpieces, and his chief victim. The latter, whose name is that of the play, watches like a half-wistful and half-revengeful providence over the fortunes of the living people. She, like everyone else, is the vehicle for some beautiful language. Indeed, the soft violin curves of Mr. Masefield's cadences give the source of one's most solid enjoyment throughout. There has been this old bitterness and



wrong doing, and we see how it works like poison in the blood of those who come after, and the moral of this, if you want a moral, as Mr. Masfield certainly does, is simply, in the biblical phrase, that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

The wicked artist, through his living representative, most vividly played by Mr. Esme Percy, repeats his worst confession. All the evil that the artist did comes up a second time nearly to ruin a promising love affair between his daughter and a nice young man who, like a sensible fellow, doesn't want to bother about the past at all. This love story is the main business of the play, but it is thin stuff because Mr. Masfield is chiefly interested in his ghosts, who are only too human. The ghost of the wicked artist appears and relates that he is in hell for his misdeeds, and there is an extraordinarily wallfow poetic duel between him and poor Melloney Holtspur. Perhaps a robustier slinner would win more sympathy, but then his real business as a phantom is to point a moral and adorn a tale. It appears that after all he loved his victim. By this disclosure he soothes her angry shade. The ghosts are reconciled, and they then take an active part in smoothing the course of true love.

Mr. Masfield's full and musical phrasing was well spoken by most of the actors. To one with memories of the old formman company days in Manchester it was interesting to find three of the dispersed members meeting again in this play. Miss Ada King was perfect in her small part of an old housekeeper, suggesting terror in that toneless flat voice, and Mr. Esme Percy, who has been away a long time, was brilliant in his violent appearance as the half-crazy artist (is it not time, by the way, that someone did justice on the stage to the anxious rectitude of the average artist?). Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter had no other small part. The piece of acting he liked best in the play was that of Miss Mary Jerrold as the old family servant whose mind is dark with the tragedy, and who helps to humanize the ghosts by her strong party feeling.

F. P.

#### THE DISRAELI PLAY

Lord Beaconsfield's "Tancred," dramatized by Edith Millbank, brought to the Kingsway an audience which consisted largely of M. P.'s. "Miss Millbank" herself is the wife of an ex-M. P. for Manchester, and nearly 200 members came to give this Disraeli play professional sendoff. But the lay public can hardly be expected to support Disraeli and Miss Millbank quite so wholeheartedly. "Tancred" is a scholarly and a thoughtful play, but not of the stuff with which theatres are filled in sultry summer nights.

It is a very polite, harmless play—the story of young Tancred, Lord Montague, an English gentleman, who jibbed at the thought of a seat in Parliament and craved passionately for a journey to the East with the object, apparently, of solving "the miracle of the Jewish nation." One does not blame him, certainly, for wishing to escape the drawing room conversation in his mother's house; it is more than a little tedious and less than a little gay. However, in the East he really fared no better. Even then captured and held to ransom by a barbaric queen in her mountain stronghold he must have found the atmosphere educative and dull. The actors stand still in rows. The dialogue, semi-political and semi-religious, is carried in a tone of high rhetoric that is constantly breaking on a sob. It is often witty, but few of the actors speak their lines with the sharpness of wit. Disraeli, one feels, has something—something rather confused—to say, but his is neither the time nor the place to make it heard.

C. A. L.

#### "THE COMING OF GABRIELLE"

(Manchester Guardian)

Mr. George Moore's new comedy is a much-altered and in some directions improved version of "Elizabeth Cooper" which the Stage Society performed in 1913. It loses, however, by being brought up to date instead of being left in 1860. Artificial comedy gains by being thrown back into days which are lightly unfamiliar. Our exigent sense

of probability is soothed by costumes and bygone fashions. We are then not so tempted to whisper to ourselves, "That is not the way things happen," and not to enter completely into the whimsical inspiration of this comedy as to be bored. There are a few exquisite passages in it and there is a great deal of flat fun. The closing dialogue between Davenant and Gabrielle is charming, worthy (to pay Mr. Moore a magnificent compliment) of Musset, but this patch stands out like silk against ticking by the side of "the fun" of the drunken sailor or the perpetual embarrassments of Sebastian. Miss Ethel Seyler was exquisite in this scene; indeed, throughout she did wonders. She was perhaps a trifle over-enthusiastic and gesticulatory on her first appearance for an Austrian countess,

but she gave the play a sadly-needed lift and kept it going. The truth is, Mr. Moore has failed to make his male characters interesting. Sebastian is not witty or interesting. Mr. Moore's sailor is waxwork, and the distinguished ex-Lord Davenant is limply conceived. The words of the dialogue run beautifully—indeed, in form, the dialogue is what stage talk ought to be, at once voluble and precise—but the substance of it shows constantly a flagging invention. In the same way many of the situations show a fine appreciation of the idea of comedy, but nearly all suffer from the absence of a genuine comic energy. How much more delightful Mr. Moore's discourse with Mr. Gosse about his unwritten play would have been!

The theme is one of impersonation. Louis Davenant is a famous elderly author, who is no longer up to love affairs. He delegates the answering of women's letters to his secretary, Sebastian Dane, who throws himself into the task with zest. Of late much the most interesting letters from unknown admirers have been those of a Viennese countess, and Davenant's play, "Elizabeth Cooper," is on the eve of being performed at Vienna. At the last moment Davenant, shrinking from the inevitable feting, and perhaps from the ardors of the lady, sends his secretary to impersonate him. In act two the secretary returns with the countess, having married her without confessing. Davenant affirms the imposture. She, however, had seen through Sebastian at once, but she forces him to keep Davenant in the dark in order to punish the impertinent indifference of a celebrity to so ardent and charming a letter-writer as herself. On her return, however, she makes another discovery about Sebastian which upsets her much more—that he had sent the poems he had addressed to her to another ardent correspondent as well. She threatens to return to Austria. Davenant, by making love to her and creating in her a sudden revulsion, opens her eyes to the fact that she still loves her young husband. This scene, in its airy lightness and delicate emotional complexity, is a perfect and profound piece of sentimental comedy. But the rest of the play is the work of one whose comic perception is vastly superior to his power of carrying it out.

D. M.

#### THE MISSING AMERICANS

(By Ernest Newman)

The musical "season" in London—such as it has been—is at last over, and the poor critic can now go somewhere where the quavers cease from troubling and the minims are at rest. Only one or two of the harder sort of recitalist have stayed with us to the end, like the tough hero who prolongs his daily summer bath in the Serpentine to the middle of November. This year there has been no American invasion, for which I beg to assure the American readers of the Manchester Guardian that we are all very sorry. I gather from various little hints, public and private, that our friends in the U. S. A. think they have a grievance against us over our treatment of their musicians. Some of them even speak heatedly of "prejudice." Of course there is nothing of the kind. For the failure of a number of American artists to make good here some two or three years ago the American managers, not the London critics, are to blame.

Those artists, some of whom were quite first-class, were badly posted as to the state of affairs in England. However great their reputations may have been in America, on this side even the names of some of them were hardly known, except to those among us who read the American musical papers. They took Queen's Hall, instead of one of the smaller halls, drew only a 10-pound note or so at their first concert, cancelled the other in a temper, and went back with a pretty poor opinion of London. Had they been content to start in one of the smaller halls and work up their public gradually, several of them would have become very popular. In other cases the American singers made the blunder of mixing up cheap ballads with their art-songs, in deference to what, no doubt, they had been told was the taste of English audiences. It took them some time to realize that though the shop ballad and the slop ballad flourish exceedingly among us, they have their own clientele: the people who listen to Schubert and Brahms and Debussy in the first half of the program do not want sentimental ballads in the second half.

One or two Americans, again, have been disappointed in not getting the reception here that their vogue in the United States had led them to expect. This may have been because they were not at their best when they sang to us; and some allowance must also be made for variations of taste between the two nations. The London press, it is needless to say, had no prejudice against Americans qua Americans—it judged each individual on his merits. Some

long-ago remarks of mine on the conducting of Mr. Walter Damrosch still seem to rankle, if I may judge by the gusto with which an American critic

walked into my poor self the other day. It is true that he did not seriously argue that Mr. Damrosch is one of the world's greatest conductors, but he carefully pointed out that Mr. Damrosch has not his equal in compiling an orchestral programme. I am glad to have discovered at last a ground on which my critic and I can meet. I suggest to him that the next time the New York Symphony Orchestra honors us with a visit Mr. Damrosch shall select the programme, and Sir Thomas Beecham conduct it. That ought to make us both happy.

I hope that by next summer our American friends will have got over their little mistrust of us and will come to brighten our season. We could well have done with a few of them this summer. Mr. Charles Hackett, I believe, has sung once or twice with the British National Opera Company, but I speak only from hearsay. Mme. Freida Hempel comes to us from America in these days, but I do not know whether she is now an American citizen. I think the only American artist I have heard during the season is Miss Edna Thomas, who gives delightful recitals of plantation songs. Miss Thomas has specialized for some years in the collection of negro songs, and as her family has belonged to New Orleans for several generations she has an unusually intimate understanding of the southern negro in particular. She not only sings the negro songs in a fine voice and with infectious charm, but makes us realize how many varieties of negro song there are.

To the average Briton a plantation song means a comic affair—comic even where it is meant to be serious, as in the spirituals—with a certain amount of synecopation. Even among songs of this type we learn, with experience, to distinguish differences which, after all, are not surprising when we remember that the slaves came originally from many parts of Africa. Moreover, they were so quick to assimilate at any rate the superficialities of their masters' culture that the music of the Creole negro is much more like the traditional music of France and Spain than it is like the ordinary music of the northern negro; and some of the Creole songs that Miss Thomas gave us have a seriousness or a melancholy that surprised those of us who heard them for the first time.

To Mr. Arthur Rubinstein fell the glory of winding up the season with a piano recital that made us forget the heat. I suppose there is no more extraordinary technician living today than Mr. Rubinstein. As an interpreter of the greater music he has never appealed to me very much, and his Appassionata Sonata the other evening was just what I would have expected it to be—full of a vitality that somehow failed to bridge the gulf between the physical and the intellectual. It was glorious to get such speed combined with such clarity in the finale, but the effect as a whole told me more about Mr. Rubinstein's nerves and muscles than about Beethoven's soul.

#### HANDEL AND THE OBVIOUS

(London Daily Telegraph.)

Of the many secrets of Handel's great and long-living success, it would be difficult to find any more explanatory than this, that he wrote what a maximum number of people could perform with a minimum of difficulty. He was not occupied with discovering new forms of expression for himself, but with working out all the possible permutations of the old forms; his desire was to supply a real demand, and to supply it continuously and with no loss of time; so it is that those who dislike his music enjoy a veritable harvest-time in discovering his weaknesses. They are nearly all weaknesses of the same type—the fault of being obvious. One of the most outstanding examples is in the chorus, "How Dark, O Lord," from "Jephthah," which was sung in abridged form yesterday. The last line runs "Whatever is, is right"—a line of which the implication is in the directest opposition to modern ideas; and Handel's treatment of it makes it even more incompatible with "Whatever is" sung breathlessly, and a fortissimo crash on the words "is right."

And yet in spite of all these incompatibilities, those thousands of voices sang the phrase and repeated it with all the conviction which they could muster. And why was it so? There can be no other answer than that in singing this simple obvious chorus, and the other stupendous choruses from "Jephthah" and "Samson"—"When his loud voice," "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and the rest—there is revealed some inarticulate secret which has no reference to the barbarous things which are made the subject of the text, but which is kindled in the hearts of the singers through the consciousness of their power to create. And no other writer of music has made it possible to invest that power in so great a number of assembled people. Handel sought to lose his own soul by dispersing it, and this 22d triennial festival for his honoring is most eloquent in its witness to the fact that in thus dispersing and losing it he has most surely found it.

But the Times took a different view, when it heard the "comfortable doctrine of the 18th century—'Whatever is, is right'—thundered forth by 4000 voices and instruments.

"The passage is so typical of Handel that nothing is easier than to say it comprises all Handel. 'Whatever is,' a drooping fragment of melody, four beats rest, and then 'is right,' in a crashing perfect cadence, the process repeated till you wonder that he can have the effrontery to say it again. Yet this very chorus . . . gives the lie to the suggestion that confident reiteration of the obvious is Handel's chief stock-in-trade. . . . When the whole scene is given the impression is very different, and even the chorus alone, 'How dark, O Lord, are thy decrees,' gives sufficient of the context to show Handel groping his way from the darkness of the opening to the blaze of light in the ending. The mood of positive reiteration is very far from being the whole."

#### A LIFE OF BERNHARDT

(Manchester Guardian)

To write about a great actor after his death, for readers who never saw him alive, is rather like what it would be to try to describe some individual flower, a violet or a rose, if the flower itself had then become extinct on the earth. You might say that the rose had been lovelier than any flower now left, finer even than the lily, but that would tell nobody what the lost color and form and scent had been like. One feels again the baffling hardness of the task when reading the good little book of Sir George Arthur on "Sarah Bernhardt" which Mr. Heinemann has just published. Like many of us, Sir George Arthur saw the paragon in her prime, and as long as any two such persons live, and can communicate, the world retains some sort of corporate sense of the nature of her greatness; after that, her death, now unfinished, will become complete—as complete as that of a Durer might be if the paper had mouldered away under the last of all the surviving impressions and reproductions of his prints and nothing remained but the stuff written about them in books.

Was she as great as Rachel?—or as Ristori?—people will ask, with no chance of any answer worth getting, for even now it is an authentic mark of futility in critics that they should argue, as some do, whether Duse or Bernhardt stands higher. You cannot measure infinities against one another,

and any artist in whom genius rises as high as it has done in the spirits of these two women partakes, in a sense, of infinity, for it admits you to states of feeling in which there is no less or more but only a sense of a boundless release of heart and mind. When Bernhardt played before you the last act of "La Dame aux Camélias"—or any one of many other great scenes—you were for the time strangely ennobled and empowered; you saw to new lengths and depths, you gained new understanding of mankind, you lived for the moment on a plane of wisdom and sympathy unattainable by you in your ordinary hours. All the greatest art is like that; it is the key of a garden, and always really the same garden, because it is always a higher power of the spectator's self, the state of immensely quickened and thrilled perception which, it then seems, might have been always his if some incorporeal prison-house or other had not somehow cast its shade around him.

[Do the great artists themselves live, as a regular thing, in those high places? Scarcely, or Sarah Bernhardt would not have played some of the tricks that she did, nor would so many men of genius have lived somewhat ignoble lives. Perhaps they find in the mental excitement of practising the technicalities of their art a stimulant strong enough to give them a lift, for the time, into that state of passionate insight to which they are then able to haul up even our more sluggish selves; then they may flop down, exhausted, and even do something scrubby from mere excess of reaction, just as a soul-stirring preacher might do if sorely tried when very much tired indeed with the delivery of an excellent sermon.]

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#### SHOWS CONTINUING

SHUBERT—Ted Lewis's Frolic, lively musical show. Second week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," musical comedy. Second week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," George M. Cohan show. Thirteenth week.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," picture version of Emerson Hough's story. Thirteenth week.



## BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

It seemed almost like an "old home week" reunion last evening at B. F. Keith's, where for three solid hours many popular favorites appeared and amused a large mid-summer audience.

Lovers of old-fashioned melodrama were given a treat by Charles Withe, whose travesty, "For Pity's Sake," never fails to please, although it has played many times before in this city. As the orchestra leader, stage hand, property man and proprietor of the local theatre he created much merriment by his many duties and the rapidity with which he handled them all. His supporting company included George Johnson, Mary Willson and Howard Ely, to whom credit must also be given for the many laughs they caused.

Pee-Wee Myers and Ford Hanford, the boys who originated the "saw playing," again delighted with this novel form of music, and the dancing of "Pee-Wee" received much applause.

Two more Boston boys, Bert Rome and Henry Dunn, sang pleasing melodies and their clear voices made their act all the more enjoyable. Among their best numbers was "Don't We Carry on," with its lulling catchy music which scored heavily.

"The Throne of Terpsichore," a rather unusual dancing fantasy in which the Sewell sisters, Cissie and Georgie, appeared, proved one of the big spots of the evening and the sisters certainly know how both to dress and dance, whether it is modern jazz or Russian dancing. Miss Lucille Fields at the piano introduced very cleverly in song the various numbers.

Expecting to see an unusual character in "Lizzie," who is billed in the act headed by George Yeoman, after 20 minutes of laughter at the many original and witty remarks by that artist in "The Editor of the Assassinated Press," the audience were informed after a telephone conversation that she had eloped and would not appear.

Claudia Coleman presented many interesting impressions of familiar scenes at the soda fountain, the manicure girl and the society scandal monger, while the act of Howard Nichols showed him a master of the rolling hoops.

The roller skating of the Nathano brothers was a revelation and the eccentric work of one member of the team was thrilling. Lowe and Stella are a clever pair and in singing and dancing they found favor with the audience.

Aesop's Fables and Topics of the Day are always interesting and the colored pictures were very fascinating.

The concluding feature was funeral pictures of the late President Harding which were impressive and inspiring.

### CHEVALIER IN AMERICA

The late Albert Chevallier did not please all the critics when he first visited the United States. The Troy (N. Y.) press began its review: "Last night Mr. Albert Chevallier presented a variety entertainment, but far below the standard of the ordinary American vaudeville company." Another writer praised him, but wrote in conclusion: "Still if Chevallier had proved an out-and-out duffer, his manager had guaranteed him too high a salary to allow him to fail. Foreign artists would always do well to make a first appearance under a gigantic salary—if they can get it. It simplifies the hereafter."

It was reserved for the Chicago Tribune to write contemptuously of this artist, when his death was reported:

"Albert Chevallier never got himself across in this country; his costers and his studies in cockney meant nothing to more than one person in a thousand on this side. The critics did their best for him—reflecting, we've always thought, his immense English vogue rather than their own reactions; and the mimics of the varieties put him into their repertoire, that, after their fashion, they might make of a 'imitation' an excuse for using his songs; the fact remained that Chevallier's lauded art was an exotic, and not even interesting after a ditty or two.

"We knew him well, managed a Chicago engagement for him (in 'Daddy Dufard,' in the Princess in 1911), and liked him immensely as a fellow; but his talent left us chill. The English, especially in London, worshipped him; when we saw him last, he was using Irving's famous theatre, the Lyceum, in a sloppy play of his own writing named for the song of 'My Old Dutch'; and the critics wrote of him as if he were Coquelin or John Hare."

Emile Vuillermoz in "Musiques d'aujourd'hui," published recently in Paris, has devoted three chapters to popular songs, ragtime and jazz bands, and the modern ballet.

The Herald has been publishing the words of some old songs that were once as familiar as "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is today. Many readers were thus interested. The intervening years were as a day and a night. Tony Pastor, William Horace Lingard, Harrigan and Hart, and others were brought to life. These old songs recalled the years of cakes and ale. Even the smuggest citizen, reminded of the songs and the singers, was joyful in glory and, like the saints of the Psalmist, sang aloud on his bed. Yet some think these songs foolish, yes, vulgar, and wonder why they should be pulled out from the huge dust-bin of Time.

Now M. Vuillermoz, who writes knowingly about Gabriel Faure, Koehlin, Aubert (whose dull opera, "The Blue Forest," was performed here), Stravinsky, Schmitt, Migot, Mompou, Honegger, Ravel, Schoenberg, Debussy and others, welcomes music hall songs as of educational benefit and he is not a man given to paradox. He sees these songs carelessly printed on wretched paper with an illustrated cover of indescribable foolishness. Sometimes the cover bears the medallion of a self-satisfied singer, and glowing accounts of his success with this or that "masterpiece." M. Vuillermoz warns his readers against despising these songs. "In the first place not everything is contemptible in this special branch of melodic industry, and nothing that has reached its 100,000th is wholly negligible." To him this sort of music is the only one that has a social role; it is the actual expression of the vox populi, "to which the proverb attributes, very indiscreetly in this instance, a divine inspiration."

Through the centuries music has betrayed its high democratic mission. It becomes more and more the secret and confidential language of an aristocracy particularly proud of its privileges. During this time the crowd has made for itself a cheap food for its own use out of the harmonic and melodic crumbs that have fallen from the rich men's tables. M. Vuillermoz argues from this that no one should fail to be interested in this cookery which often is not appetizing. The most refined musicians have the responsibility of the bad rich man in the Gospel. If they had taken care to present the people with an artistic nourishment easily assimilated, we should not see today the crowd feeding on this disquieting stuff.

The composers of these songs are not satisfied as Faure, Debussy, Ravel, with the approbation of some hundreds millions of voters have decided in their favor. The names of these composers are unknown to the concert-goers. They call themselves Benech, Jardin, Dumont, Clapson, Rabichon, etc., the masters to whom all France pay a voluntary, abundant and regular contribution. Millions of humble melomaniacs decipher these tunes; millions sing in chorus the cheap refrains; the smallest village hears the echoes, and they are far more familiar than the folk song of the soil.

### Music Hall Songs Educate the Great Public

And so no one has the right to neglect the production of these composers, the teachers in aesthetics of the sovereign people, who have elected them by the universal suffrage. For the ear of the great public is thus educated. These songs bought by the shopgirl from the street musician, by the frequenter of the cafe-concert from the "Ouvreuse," by the villagers from the neighboring town, are the loose pages of a huge course in solfège and elementary harmony which all France studies without knowing it. The songs must be free from what is arbitrary and fantastic. The ear must be deceived by a discreet deformation of a familiar theme. The public likes to be enthusiastic over something new, which is composed of melodic and harmonic materials that have been used 100 times under forms almost similar.

The writing of these songs is not easy, though they are profitable. "More than one composer of great talent has been tempted to procure for himself by this means, using a discreet pseudonym, the resources needful for consecrating himself to the great art, being fully independent; but the most skillful technicians have failed in this; they have always lacked the little coefficient of spontaneous banality, amiable platitudes, smiling and instinctive vulgarity not to be replaced by the most supple dexterity."

The songs of the streets and of the music halls have planted in modern skulls certain and precise notions of form, a rather aggressive classic formula, differing from the irregular measures and the varied accentuation of the folk song. These street songs honor the square-toed phrases, rigorously symmetrical periods, regular cadences and severe modulations to neighboring keys. To these little melodic apothegms the crowd owes the education of its rudimentary ear and the first lessons in musical syntax. There is a methodical preparatory course in which principles of composition are taught. The peasant, still sensitive to modes of the middle ages, gains the idea of our pitiless tonal system, of the part played harmonically by the fourth and seventh degrees of our diatonic scale, of our major and minor modes, of the numerical and metrical equilibrium of our phrases. The composer of a street song popularizes the cut of phrases by Haydn, Mozart and the early Beethoven.

### INFLUENCED BY THE DANCE

It is to be regretted, says M. Vuillermoz, that the recent "successes" show a falling off in quality. The sentimental romances, the slow waltzes, the comic ditties, patriotic odes, are of a lamentable mediocrity, far below the level of Fragon's songs or the refrains written for Mayol, which had a feeling for movement that is now lost, a peculiar elegance in the writing that is now dis-

regarded. "The little music is imitating the coquetry of the great."

For the song today is no longer the song for itself; it is nothing more than a vocal prolongation of the triumphant dance. The dance has sent the song into exile, and its characteristic motives are used for the voice. The songs have for sub-titles tango, one-step, fox-trot, shimmy, Boston, or hesitation waltz. Formerly a phrase was popularized by the crowd in the hall; adopted spontaneously, it made its way to the street. Now the operation is commercialized; it demands great activity and pecuniary backing. The successful song is the one that has had the greatest publicity; introduced several times in the same revue, played by the jazz band during the waltz. The "success" is organized in advance and imposed on the public. It's a great pity! "What great composer, leaving a public rehearsal of his work, where his latest score has been dissected in cold detail, and passing near a street concert, has not secretly envied the modest colleague who writes wretched waltzes, but counts by the millions the hearers whose hearts are filled with so much innocence and fervor!"

### IN THE PLAYHOUSE

The London Times did not think Eric Hudson's farce, "Reckless Reggie," brought out at the Globe Theatre, very funny. "Complexity is wearily added to complexity. Banal naughtiness is mingled with a little spiritless knock-about. Some one even unites 'cross-eyed' and 'peroxide' in a painful pun. There can be nothing but sympathy for the actors."

A. N. M., speaking of Henley and Stevenson's play, "Deacon Brodie," in the Manchester Guardian, says he saw it at Manchester in pre-Miss Horniman days, produced by Harold V. Neilson. "Mr. Neilson had the reputation of giving good, hard plays, and as people didn't understand that this was a mid-dling, easy one, they took the precaution of staying away. Manchester audiences have commonly had this fear that something good might be launched at them."

M. Gemier, the distinguished French Shakespearean actor, may appear next year at Stratford-on-Avon during the birthday festival as Hamlet or Shylock.

Henry Vibert, in London, recently made his 10,000th appearance on the stage. He has been on the stage for 37 years, and in that time did not miss a rehearsal or a performance.

The Herald published last Sunday an account of the play based on Disraeli's fantastical novel, "Tancred." Disraeli wrote a blood-curdling melodrama entitled "Alarcos." Published in book form in 1839, it was not performed until Aug. 1, 1868, at Astley's. It has been said that it was then hooted out

of existence. As a matter of fact, the play was performed for five weeks. "It is recorded that some of the company found their memories at fault in fishing for the actual Disraelian words, but Agnes Cameron, the manager, who took the part of the Infanta Solisa of Spain, proclaimed in a manifesto that 'delighted thousands' flocked across the water to be enraptured by the 'standard' drama. About 11 years after the Astley's production 'Alarcos' was revived at the Crystal Palace with Louise Moody and the late E. H. Brooke in the cast."

Anna Pavlova will begin a fortnight's season at Covent Garden on Sept. 10. After that she will make a tour of six months in the United States.

### THE MUSICAL WORLD

Mme. Martha Atwood, formerly of Boston, where she studied singing, made her operatic debut at the Lizza Theatre, Siena, Italy, last month, appearing as Mimì in Puccini's "La Bohème" on the 8th, 9th, 11th and 12th. She was billed as Marta Atti. Her success led to an engagement at the Polidiano Theatre, Genoa, Aug. 22 to Sept. 15 ("La Bohème" and "Manon Lescaut").

It seems a little odd, in view of reports one constantly hears from Vienna of the conditions of life there now, that the National Assembly is about to create a University of Music in that once most delectable city. I am told that the old Academy of Music will not be interfered with, and that the new University will be a kind of adjunct.—Daily Telegraph.

The Princess Yourlevsky, "daughter of Tsar Alexander," has appeared as a singer in French, English, Russian and Italian at the Coliseum, London.

Maurice Ravel will have a festival in London on Oct. 18 when he will play the piano and conduct. The program of chamber music will include songs.

Paul Reimers of New York gave a Lied recital in London last month.

Albert Coates as director of the Rochester (N. Y.) Philharmonic orchestra will be in Rochester from Jan. 16, when he will give his first concert, to April 9, when he will give the last of a series of three evening and ten afternoon concerts. He will also have a class of those studying the art of conducting. Eugene Goossens and Vladimir Shavitch will be the other conductors. The former will give the first concert on Oct. 17 and direct three afternoon concerts. Mr. Shavitch will conduct three concerts.

About a year ago a description appeared in the Daily Telegraph of a typewriting machine which printed the most complicated music with the clearness of first-rate engraved plates. It is the invention of an Italian violinist, Luigi Fortoni by name. Recently Mr. Fortoni gave a demonstration at St. Dunstan's before an audience consisting largely of blinded soldiers. Mr. Fortoni had arranged a pianoforte keyboard with the Braille system upon which the blind musicians could play. Side by side was a specimen of his typewriter, to which the blind musicians, after a brief explanation, turned their attention. Mr. Fortoni tells me that after his explanation to one blind man the latter turned at once from the pianoforte keyboard to the typewriter, and actually printed correctly the few bars of notes he had sounded upon the pianoforte. His quickness in grasping the idea of the various levers which control the various notes, crochets, quavers, and so on, I am told, was truly amazing. "He learnt it straight away," said Mr. Fortoni. It seems to me that there is here a new means for providing a livelihood for certain of the blind. The machines when completed will cost only about the same as a first-rate typewriter, and music of the length of an ordinary song of the 2s order could be printed for a few pence! We shall undoubtedly hear more of this instrument in the near future.—Daily Telegraph.

"In this discordant world the medium of what is called articulate language is the medium of prejudice, misunderstanding and hate. The articulate languages of man are to a certain extent mischiefs. The one thing which transcends the medium which has created all the envenomed mischief of the modern world is music, and in the cultivation of this art there lies, I believe, one of the best hopes of this difficult world. There is no good movement of music which is part of the community of life which does not help that more harmonious future on which the whole prospects of civilization depends."—J. L. Garvin.

Our Berlin correspondent writes: According to the German papers, unexpected difficulties have retarded the production of Richard Strauss's pastry-cook ballet "Schlagobers." The composer dedicated the work to Vienna, and expressed the wish that it should be performed first in the State Opera there, of which he is musical director. It was found, however, that the mounting of the ballet would cost at least 1,800,000 crowns, and the financial authorities, who are pledged to husband the resources placed at Austria's disposal,



by the League of Nations, would not sanction this expense. Political complications also seem to have caused trouble. Though the corps de ballet personifies cakes, tarts, buns, and other confectionery frivolities, the work had a political symbolism, which caused offence to the ruling party in Austria. So much so, indeed, that in the end Strauss was called to an interview with the Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, and was induced by him to modify the offending passages. At the present moment a movement is on foot in Vienna with the object of raising from private sources the sum required to mount the ballet. If the subscription is successful the equipment will first be placed at the disposal of the Vienna Opera House, so that, in accordance with Strauss's wishes the premiere can take place there, and will then be sent on tour abroad. The English reader may be reminded that the title for the ballet, "Schlagobers," is the Viennese jargon expression for whipped cream.—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Fred E. Weatherly, who is to marry again at the age of 75, celebrated his jubilee as a lyricist in December, 1919. Curiously enough, his first song was entitled "When We Are Old and Gray," written in his 20th year. Mr. Weatherly once went into a London music-hall of the old type, that was full of smoke and vulgarity. Presently his own song "The Holy City," came on and for a few minutes the hall seemed transformed. What did it matter after that, he asked, if critics called the song tawdry and sentimental?—Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Weatherly wrote the words of many of J. L. Molloy's charming songs. It is not generally known that Molloy studied composition with Alexandre Guilmant when the latter lived at Boulogne, his birthplace.

If Mr. Arthur Rubinstein were a politician he would probably belong to a real political party, and he would work for it with the ardor of the neophyte. Realities and the immediate interest, confident assertion of consummate skill and youthful energies—these were the most striking features of his playing . . . it will be said that the Berceuse of Chopin lacked atmosphere, that all the exquisite embroidery of its melody had too much lustre and glitter for so dreamy a piece of music. That is true—up to a point. But the "locus" of the lullaby is the alcove and its obvious purpose, to induce sleep. It will never do to insist on this "atmosphere" being recreated in the concert-room. It is only a question of accepting an artistic fiction, and determining how far that fiction may be allowed to go. The idealist, by insisting that this is the stuff dreams are made on, might have in the end to face a harder reality than that of the realist. The same may be said of Mr. Rubinstein's reading of Debussy. It was certainly more buoyant and vigorous than we are accustomed to hear. Yet the music came well out of the searching test to which he submitted it. Great music has always its message for the logician and the grammarian, as well as for the lover and the poet.—Daily Telegraph.

A correspondent asks me if I know what is the largest sum of money ever received by a composer for a composition! I do not quite understand why I should have private knowledge of composers' private affairs, and the question is two-fold. Does my correspondent mean a lump sum down for the composition or a certain sum and a number of royalties. I imagine that "The Holy City," "Nancy Lee," and "The Lost Chord" would stand very high in the matter of royalties; but there must be hundreds like them. I once heard that the composer of "My Grandfather's Clock" netted about £15,000 for that great song! With the advent of the gramophone, royalties, I imagine must be now even larger than before. But I have no special knowledge on the point.—Robin H. Legge.

These compositions will be performed at the Promenade Concerts, London, this season. "A Sea Poem," by H. Greenbaum; scherzo for wind instruments and percussion, by John R. Heath; pianoforte concerto, by Dorothy Howell; two orchestral pictures, by Philip P. Salnton; Dame Ethel Smyth's four choral preludes and the Sarabande and Musette from "Fete Galante"; "A Vision of Night" (poem for orchestra), by C. Armstrong Gibbs; ballet music from an opera, "St. John's Eve" (Op. 87), by Mackenzie; fugue concerto for flute, oboe and strings and fugue overture, by Hoist; Celtic Suite (first performance in London of the entire suite), by J. H. Foulds; Memorial Suite for piano and orchestra by Walford Davies. America will be represented by two works—new suite, "Barbaresques," by Timothy Mather Spelman, and "The Dance in the Place Congo," by Henry F. Gilbert. Foreign novelties comprise Erich Korngold's suite, "Much Ado About Nothing"; a new violin concerto, A minor, written in memory of Sara Breton; Dohnanyi's violin concerto, D; "Sortilegi" (symphonic tainme. Pick-Manglagalli; a Symte (No. 2) by Milhaud; a new

romantic concerto in E, for piano and orchestra, by Marx; a piano concerto in G, by the Polish composer, Ludomir Rozycki; Pfitzner's new piano concerto in E flat, which will be introduced by Fanny Davies; Mlaskovsky's "Alastor" (Op. 14); Regner's piano concerto in F minor (Op. 114). The most remarkable feature of the above list is the large element of novelty introduced in the concerto repertory. Several less familiar Bach concertos have been added to the Friday programs. In this connection may be mentioned the revival of Mozart's concerto in E flat, for horn and orchestra, with Aubrey H. Brain as soloist.

#### CHICAGO OPERA

The Chicago Civic opera company, Mr. Polacco musical director and chief conductor, will begin its season of 11½ weeks on Nov. 8. "Boris Godunov" and "L'Africaine" (both Italian) will be added to the repertory. Mary Garden will be heard for the first time in "Zaza." Fernand Anseau is the new tenor. The repertory, as it now stands, includes 14 French operas (though "L'Africaine," "Dinorah" and "La Juive" will be sung in Italian), 16 Italian operas, 2 Russian ("Boris Godunov" and the French version of "Snow Maiden"), 5 German ("Siegfried," "The Valkyrie," "Tannhauser," the Italian version of "Martha" and the English version of "Hansel and Gretel"), 1 American (Stearns's "The Snow Bird"), Mmes. Gaill-Curci, Garden, Macbeth, Mason, Muzio, Raisa, Sharlow, Pavloska and Van Gordon, and Messrs. Crimi, Lamont, Marshall, Schipa, Balabanoff, Beck, Formichi, Rimini, Challapin, Cotreuil, Lazzeri, are still in the company. Louise Homer will be a guest. The new singers are Elizabeth Kerr, Doris Fernanda, Messrs. Anseau, Steier, Kipnis, Messrs. Panizza and Cimini will be associate conductors. Mr. Bolm will direct the ballet, with Anna Ludmila first dancer.

#### "NORAH O'NEILL"

Some time ago "Morey" inquired about a song, "Norah O'Neill," which he had heard at an entertainment given by Prof. Harrington, ventriloquist, sleight-of-hand performer, etc.

The Herald is indebted to Miss Louella D. Everett for the words of the song as published in the "New Universal Song-Book" (New York, 1884 and 1904). Miss Everett writes that the song arranged by H. Hughes was sung here by John McCormack on Feb. 19, 1922, and by Colin O'More on March 11, 1923.

Oh! I'm lonely tonight, love, without you,  
And I sigh for one glance of your eye;  
For, sure, there's a charm, love, about you,  
Whenever I know you are nigh.  
Like the beam of that star when 'tis smiling  
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,  
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,  
That I love you, sweet Norah O'Neill.

#### CHORUS.

Oh! I don't think that ever I'll doubt you,  
My love I will never conceal;  
Oh! I'm lonely tonight, love, without you,  
My darling, sweet Norah O'Neill.

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,

As if every note that he knew  
Were learned from your sweet voice in childhood,

To remind me, sweet Norah, of you;  
But I think, love, so often about you,  
And you don't know how happy I feel—

But I'm lonely, tonight, love, without you,

My darling, sweet Norah O'Neill.

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?

Or why to let hope lose its place?  
Won't I meet you, my darling, tomorrow,

And smile on your beautiful face?  
Will you meet me? Oh, say, will you meet me?

With a kiss, at the foot of the lane?  
And I'll promise whenever you greet me,

That I'll never be lonely again.

There were other Norahs praised in song in the sixties. In "The Love and Sentimental Songster" (New York, 1864) we find "Norah, the Pride of Kildare," "Norah McShane," and "Norah, Darling, Don't Believe Them." In "The Heart and Home Songster" is "Oh, Nora, My Darling."

#### WANTED, A NEW DANCE

(Manchester Guardian).

Are new dances created or do they just happen? This is one of the problems that concern the Imperial Society of Dance Teachers, now holding its annual demonstrations in the Holborn Restaurant. The society clings to the idea that a new dance can be elaborated by taking thought, so it has offered prizes for the invention of a new non-sequence ballroom dance. Teachers are now setting their wits to work, and the results will be danced next Monday. These prizes have been won before,

but I think none of the winning dances has ever succeeded in becoming the rage. There are some experts who think that new dances arise from the inspiration of the moment in the actual practice of dancing. They maintain that dances that have really caught on have arisen in the ballroom or the club when some admired performer has had the fancy to introduce a step of his own which has been immediately copied and has become the dance of the season in a flash.

A non-sequence dance, it appears, is any dance in which the order of the movements is not fixed, like the tango or the fox-trot, as distinguished from a dance like the waltz or any of those dances of ordered ritual which they say are never seen nowadays in the south of England, although Blackpool is credited at the Holborn Restaurant with having evolved some new ones.

Failing a new dance of British birth, the experts talk of introducing here a dance called "The Blues," which appeared in America and is now fashionable in France as well. It seems to be a variation of the fox-trot with a rather different rhythm.

One piece of news at the congress is that dance music is now quieter, and that the "jazz business is dead." Nothing now but quiet little drum-taps to mark the time. Classical music is being adapted for dance purposes, and a veteran teacher stated today that he would undertake to dance the fox-trot to the Dead March in "Saul" if he was allowed to take a little license with Handel.

#### LOUIS GANNE

(London Daily Telegraph, July 21)

Truly the stage of light opera is the poorer for the death, at the comparatively early age of 61, of Louis Ganne, the composer of any number of charming and musically works in that category, and, incidentally, of a couple of marches which have made his name known practically throughout the world. If an American, John Philip Sousa, has

won for himself the title of "march king," at least it may be said of a Frenchman, the gifted composer of "Pere la Victoire" and "Lorraine," that he gave to his beloved France two marches that have achieved universal popularity. Of all the marches played by the French army bands during the great war "Lorraine," though dating, I seem to recollect, from the '90's, was the one most frequently heard, and certainly its enormous vogue was not due to the fact that Ganne used in it a familiar strain from a chanson populaire. It is not without interest, by the way, to recall that his equally—or perhaps still more—famous "Pere la Victoire" owed its origin to the suggestion of a distinguished French officer, who, after hearing his ballet "Volapuk," an early work, asked him to write a regimental march. The result was his "Marche Francaise," the immediate success of which prompted Paulus, who at that time was delighting all Paris with the topical "En revenant de la revue," to have words written for Ganne's composition, which thus became "Pere la Victoire."

Who is there of that, or even a later generation, that has not hummed the happily-inspired melody of its trio? But it must not be thought that Ganne entered upon his career with a view to establishing a reputation as a writer of popular tunes. His studies at the Paris Conservatoire, under Franck, Massenet, and Dubois, were undertaken in all possible seriousness, and in the lightest of his many operettas and ballets—"Les Saltimbanques" among the former and "Phryne" among the latter being notable examples of his skill and taste—there are constant tokens of the solid "grounding" he obtained in his student days. Why only one score—that of the ballet, "In Japan," composed for London and produced at the Alhambra some two decades ago—by a composer so typically French in the grace and vivacity of his style, as in his idiom, should have been heard here is quite unaccountable. "Les Saltimbanques"—of which one number, "C'est l'amour," has gone round the world—has been a favorite in several countries, and, although dating from 1900, is still frequently revived in Paris. A much later operetta, "Hans, le Joueur de Flute," produced at the Paris Apollo in 1910 with considerable success, was afterwards done in New York by Oscar Hammerstein. In recent years Louis Ganne, whose death, curiously enough, followed within a few days upon that of Claude Terrasse, like him, a very successful composer of French operettas, devoted most of his time to the little orchestra he conducted, and of which he was justly proud, at the Casino in Monte Carlo—an orchestra consisting of absolutely first-class players, carefully picked from the Paris Conservatoire, who attained sheer perfection in the performance of light music. President at one time of the Societe des Auteurs, Compositeurs, et Editeurs, he received the Legion d'Honneur in 1914. His elder son, Paul, married a daughter of Mr. William Boosey, and has been for some time connected with the firm of Chappell & Co.

E. K.

#### CRITICS AND CRITICISM

"Artists do not know what criticism is. They expect from it favors which it is not in a position to grant, and injuries which it is not in a position to inflict; since it is clear that, since no critic can make an artist of one who is not an artist, so no critic can ever undo, overthrow, or even slightly injure an artist who is really an artist, owing to the metaphysical impossibility of such an act; these things have never happened in the course of history, they do not happen in our day, and we can be sure that they will never happen in the future."—Croce.

"I am not vain enough to suppose that anything I could say would be the least 'encouragement' to any first-class composer, and I see no reason to 'encourage' any other class of composer to the extent of saying that his work is better than it really is . . . to deny is not always to be destructive. It depends on what you deny, and why you deny it. To destroy does not necessarily mean to slay a truth and put nothing in its place. It may mean slaying an error, and putting truth in its place. To say that two and two are not five is being constructive, not destructive, for you maintain the negative proposition because you have worked out for yourself the positive proposition that two and two make four."

#### FILM NOTES

Emil Jannings as Othello in "The Moor," a German film version of the tragedy, is highly praised in London.

The London Times liked "Skin Deep," and found Milton Sillis as gangster and ex-service man "thoroughly impressive." "There is in this film another of those curious American so-called 'politicians,' who appear to wield great power through their judicious direction of criminal gangs."

Of the heroine in "Sheltered Daughters," a Gaumont film, it is said: "Her home was narrow; so was her escape."

Characteristic English melodrama is provided in the Ideal film version of "The Harbor Lights," the Adelphi play originally written by the late George R. Sims and Henry Pettit. There are two points of particular interest in this film. One is that the agreement for the production of the play on the screen is believed to be the last document which Mr. Sims signed, and the other that the film was produced by Mr. Tom Terriss, whose father, the late William Terriss, made a great reputation in the stage play, and who has himself taken every male part in it during his acting career. The cast is headed by the American actor Mr. Tom Moore, and the English actress Miss Isobel Elsom, and exciting scenes in the film are a storm and rescue at sea and a desperate fight on a cliff-top.—London Times.

"For some time past British Instructional Films, Limited, have been engaged on a film illustrating the 'death-watch beetle,' and the way in which it

caused such extensive damage to the roof of Westminster Hall. The firm has received all possible help from the authorities, including permission to take pictures within the hall itself, and on the occasion of the reopening of the hall by the King and Queen last week they were allowed to photograph a scene which included their majesties."

"The latest addition to the list of hunting films privately shown by Film Booking Offices, Ltd., is called 'Man vs. Beast,' and is the pictorial record of big-game shooting and other adventures in Africa of a party headed by an American hunter, Col. Louis Shuman. It is well up to the average level of recent films of this sort in general interest and photographic quality; but it must be observed that scenes showing the killing of animals like the zebra and the zebra, for no evident good reason and at no apparent risk, seem undesirable."

The editor of the Nation, who has a faculty for discovering interesting things, has learned that "a famous American film scenario writer" is rewriting Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." In the original the hero, David Rossi, is a Socialist, the character being modelled somewhat upon that of Mazzini. But to bring the play up to date, and avoid prejudice against Socialism in the theatre, he is to be changed into a Fascist and modelled upon Mussolini! It's a little like rewriting "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and making Tom marry Little Eva after beating Simon Legree to death, but all things are possible to "famous writers for the films."—Christian Science Monitor.

Claude Farrere's novel, "La Batallie," a remarkable story of Japanese life and the Russo-Japanese war, has been filmed for Sessue Hayakawa.

Germaine Dulac announces a film version of Massenet's opera, "Werther."



## ENESCO TALKS

(From Shadowland for August)

A disadvantage under which the American composer in the modern idiom labors is not that he does not hear the best of what his European contemporaries are doing, but that he is so far removed from the atmosphere in which they are doing it. His handicap lies in the curious fact that the farther one is from any strong creative influence the greater one's effort to remain within its sphere; whereas the nearer one is to the source, the more independent of its conventions one becomes.

It would be perhaps to the American composer's advantage to disengage himself as much as possible from European influences which of their nature conflict with the indigenous material on which he must eventually base his work. For it is a truism that the inspiration of all enduring art springs from the soil. Already John Powell, with his remarkable Rhapsodie Nègre, has shown that an American can follow where Dvorak led. This work is not in the modern idiom, but its extraordinary thematic richness and the primitive vitality of its rhythms should be enough to convince the young moderns of the New World that they need not look to the Old for what they have in such ungarnered abundance at home.

This talk of imitation reminds me of what the great Debussy once said to me, apropos of Ravel. I had been remarking what a pity it was that a man of genius like Ravel should so completely lose himself in the disciple, even though it were Debussy whom he followed. "All art starts by imitation," replied Debussy; "I had to have some one to copy—so do the others; it doesn't matter anyway who your models are, for they are nothing but pegs to hang your real self on—if you have one."

The god of my own youthful adoration was Brahms, and I wrote my early work quite flagrantly "in the manner of" the immortal Johannes. To my mind, the young composer, ambitious to write symphonies, could choose no more happily than I did, for from Brahms he may learn how to combine classic integrity of form with the most perfect freedom and mobility of expression, without in the least impeding the spontaneity of his utterances. It is not wise to destroy until we have learnt how to build; and the only progress which can profoundly influence the future is that which grows out of the past, not that which is artificially imposed upon it.

It is long ago now that I ceased to imitate Brahms, but while the musical speech in which I have perhaps found my true expression is ostensibly that of my contemporaries, it actually differs radically from theirs, bearing deeply, I hope, the impress of the past out of which it grew, and therefore lacking their accent of repudiation.

In conclusion, I should like to say just a word about the music of my own country, and what we may expect from it in the light of its historical background. Contrary to the general idea, Rumania is not a Slavic but a Latin country. Settled two thousand years ago, it has maintained its completely Latin character, in spite of its insignificant size, and though surrounded on every side by alien communities, Slavic and Teutonic. So cutlrely, indeed, has the preservation of its identity seemed to absorb its energies, that it has hitherto found little leisure for the cultivation of the arts. Most of the creative work by Rumanians has been done within the past fifteen years. Our music, curiously enough, influenced not by the neighboring Slav, but by the Indian and Egyptian folk-songs introduced by the members of these remote races, now classed as gypsies, brought to Rumania as servants of the Roman conquerors. The deeply oriental character of our own folk-music derives from these sources, and possesses a flavor as singular as it is beautiful.

## FOR YOUNG PIANISTS

Ernest Newman, writing in the Sunday Times, cannot understand why the average pianist who comes up to London from the provinces to give a recital should confine his program to the usual Scharlatti, Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Debussy.

"That is very foolish of him, for the only object of his recital is to get press notices that he can reprint, and he can hardly expect the critics to become lyrical over his playing—quite good in its way, no doubt—of works that they have heard played infinitely better by Paderewski, Busoni, Cortot, Rachmaninoff, Hoffman, Godowsky, Rosenthal and one or two other of the giants. An unfamiliar program would have a double advantage—it would give the languid pulses of the critic, and since the works would be unfamiliar to him and he would have no other pianist's performances with which to compare them, he would

probably give them more praise than they were really worth. I can recall more than one case in the last few years of young players making quite a reputation for themselves by specializing in some unknown or imperfectly known composer, and then coming a sad cropper when they incautiously ventured upon the ground common to all players. It will be said, of course, that the public will only go to the works it knows well. That, I think, is a fallacy. The public will go again and again to anything that catches its fancy, and the surest way to catch its fancy is to do something new and do it in a first-rate way. I find it very hard to believe that the men and women who are perpetually seeking for novelty in the theatre and in all their other amusements become completely different beings when it is a matter of music. Within the last two or three years we have had at least three shows that have proved the irresistibility of the attraction of novelty and good performance in combination—'The Beggar's Opera,' 'Polly,' and the marionette opera. What has been done in these three cases could surely be done in 30 others."

## THE SALZBERG SPIRIT

(Ernest Newman in the Manchester Guardian.)

I am writing from the Bernese Alps, from the heights of which one can see the past London season in better perspective than when one was in the thick of it. During the last week or two in town there was one question you could be sure of having fired at you at least twice a day: "Are you going to Salzburg?" You would have thought from the tone of the inquirer that he thought it every man's duty to go to Salzburg this August; then you found that he himself was not going. I could not discover that more than three of my colleagues were undertaking the pilgrimage; two of them are officially connected with the affair and the third confided to me that, as he thought it would be rather a jolly place to spend a holiday, he had persuaded his editor to send him there. I can only envy the courage of the man who, after 11 months of concert-going in London, can travel half-way across Europe to hear more music. It does not happen to be my own ideal of a holiday.

The Salzburg spirit, however, is very interesting to the detached observer. The reader may already know that at that fascinating old town there is to be held next month a sort of festival of modern chamber music, at which, I understand, most of the western European nations will be represented. The newly formed international society that is running the affair is a significant sign of the times. In the old days, if we went to central Europe for music on our holidays, it was to hear music that had already fully established its claim to be heard; we mostly went to Bayreuth or Munich, and glutted ourselves with Wagner and Mozart. The new spirit is much more adventurous. It goes to Salzburg not to hear music that it knows and likes, but to hear music that it does not know, in the hope that some of it may be worth liking. An admirable spirit, truly! I am lost in admiration of it, as one always is of a virtue that is beyond one's own aspiring. These people seem to me to be the lineal descendants of Columbus; they set sail over uncharted waters to discover a new land. I hope they will be as successful as Columbus. It is true that the adventurous Spaniard discovered something other than what he went in quest of; if my memory can be trusted, he thought he was pushing toward the Indies, while all the time he was heading for America. Still in spite of this little misadventure he did discover a new world. I hope that our intrepid Salzburg adventurers will be equally successful.

I can, as I say, admire the adventure all the more sincerely because I myself am temperamentally incapable of it. I should not have minded going with Columbus had I been sure of getting where I wanted to go, or indeed of getting anywhere; but in view of the strong probability that the voyage, like previous voyages with the same object, would mean merely a great deal of discomfort with reward, I would have given Columbus a blessing, wished him good luck, and asked him, when he had discovered America, to bring me back the best new country, affordable—a handful, say, of gold. That is the reprehensibly selfish attitude I adopt towards my friends who are now off to Salzburg. I put all the hard work on them, and I will grab the gold when they have mined it. Out of the score or so of works they will hear, perhaps one will be of some significance for the future of music. I shall be content to enjoy that one without the pain of listening to the other nineteen.

And this, I imagine, is the attitude of most music-lovers today. A great musical epoch has closed. A new one is bound to come; but what will be the insignia of it, who will be the king of it, no living man can tell. There is a type of mind that finds its highest enjoyment in listening to the latest thing

merely because it is the latest thing. It is a type of mind for which I have the greatest respect; these people are at least helping to keep things going. But I myself am so constituted that I have no desire to hear the latest thing if it is not also a good thing. In the course of any twelve months I hear or read a great amount of new music; and of it all not 1 per cent. proves to be worth a second hearing or reading. I shall be grateful, then, to any individual or any organization that will suffer in my stead, that will hear all the new music, good, bad, and indifferent, and at the end of it all will tell me which will give me the maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain. I will cheerfully allow these altruists to enjoy fishing for fishing's sake; I am satisfied to escape all the discomfort of the process so long as I am allowed to collar the pick of the fish.

## HANDEL'S "OBVIOUSNESS"

(London Daily Telegraph)

"All flesh shall see it together!" Little wonder, then, that the burden of his accusers' theme is "Obvious." That all flesh may see or hear anything together the vision or sound must of necessity be obvious. You are faced with the question, "Which is for the greater glory of man—the fleeting vision of the purpose and will of the universe, which is vouchsafed to the mystic poet sitting alone on a mountain-top, or the more sophisticated vision of draped and winged beings and harps and scrolls seen in a flash by a mass of ordinary mortals?" You are faced with this question, but I for one do not think it necessary for you to answer it by decision. Why cannot both exist side by side mutually tolerant? It is for the crowd to learn that the dreamer of dreams must not be despised and rejected, and it is for the dreamers, or rather for their satellites, to learn not to mock at such a man as Handel, who has provided the means for opening the eyes and ears of the multitude that it may behold and understand. "What the world's multitudinous lips are thirsting for must be substantial somewhere." No man has given greater contribution to the forming of that substance in this country than George Frederic Handel, and this supplies the simple and sole reason why he is triennially honored among us.

Mr. Newman Flower (in his biography of Handel, recently published by Cresell & Co., Ltd.) gives us now and again most valuable and telling glimpses of the world in which Handel lived and worked. The King attended the second performance of "Samson," and with him were, intending spectators, a gang of ruffians, which included "John Price, known as 'The Pigeon,' captain of London's pickpockets; William Cole, another well known rogue; William Meredith, the best snatcher of purses in the town." The High Constable came to know of the intended raid, and put his men at the doors. "They intimidated gentle ladies and innocent individuals . . . but 'The Pigeon' and his friends were up before Colonel de Vell for judgment in the morning. The King, knowing nothing of this, went quietly home, humming 'Samson' in his carriage as if it had been some new imported tune from Paris."

## Heavy Budget of the Boston Opera Company Revealed

By WINTHROP P. TRYON  
Special from Monitor Bureau

New York, Aug. 16  
IN A valley on the west side of the Hudson River, which is associated with the renown of Gen. Anthony Wayne, I was reminded the other night of a locality in Boston which is identified with the fame of certain strategists of music. Cricket-Town Road, Stony Point, N. Y., became Huntington Avenue. Max Rabinoff's villa, on the grounds of the American Institute of Operatic Art, changed places in my imagination with the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Rabinoff was entertaining me on his veranda with a discussion of the exploit of Wayne, and he was talking with particular enthusiasm because the time—11 o'clock in the evening of July 15—was the anniversary to the precise moment of the march of the general and his light infantry across the Rabinoff cab-

bage patch and out of the institute neighborhood into the darkness. He no sooner let the Continental troops go down the hill to their enterprise on the shore of the river than he led me into his lighted living room and showed me some documents which he acquired when the Boston Opera Company closed up shop.

He explained that as purchaser of the Boston Opera personal property after the bankruptcy proceedings of May, 1915, he came into ownership of numerous papers, the contents of which were never made public. Among the things which he permitted me to look at was a budget, prepared by the business department of the company in Boston '12 years ago, for the use of the officials of the companies in Chicago and New York. For it appears that at a certain period the organizations of the three cities were closely allied, and that they exchanged budgets for purposes of mutual help. Mr. Rabinoff said he had lately been studying this paper with reference to making out a weekly budget of expense for the opera company which he will rehearse at Stony Point in the summer of 1924 and which he will put on the road in the autumn of that year.

Items that struck me as interesting were those referring to singers, conductors and orchestra, the weekly cost for principal artists being set down as \$14,000, that for directors of music as \$1300, and that for orchestral players as \$3300. A specific fee that attracted my attention was \$3000 a week, paid to Felix Weingartner for his services as conductor. A rather remarkable charge, I should say, was that for the press. Among the labors

of this department was the compilation of news clippings in scrap-books. There were many volumes, as I recall, covering the five years' activity of the company. These would now be of much historic value, if available; but Mr. Rabinoff tells me that they had all, save one or two, disappeared, when he took possession of the movable effects.

Today at his office in New York Mr. Rabinoff had the items of the budget copied off, and he gave his assent to their publication in The Christian Science Monitor. They indicate that the average cost of running the Boston Opera Company for a week in the season of 1911-12 was \$48,701.63. They run as follows:

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE BUDGET

1911-1912

These figures are based on the exact cost of 72 subscription and 18 popular performances to be given in the Boston Opera House. They do not include outside performances, Sunday concerts or any supplementary expenses incurred by special performances, which, of course, will not be given except with a view of securing additional revenue.

	Per Week
Auditors . . . . .	\$126.25
Executive and clerks . . . . .	1222.29
Advertising . . . . .	1103.00
Artists' salaries . . . . .	14000.00
Conductors (including Weingartner's special fee, \$9000 for 3 wks) . . . . .	7300.00
Performing rights . . . . .	860.00
Ballet . . . . .	645.11
Chorus (inc. Savaglia & Lyford) . . . . .	2271.00
Supers . . . . .	137.00
Orchestra . . . . .	3300.00
Stage Band . . . . .	200.00
Music Library . . . . .	131.17
Wardrobe Department:	
Rental foreign costumes . . . . .	470.00
Wages, Materials, exp. dresses, asst . . . . .	\$30.00 1500.00
Scenery . . . . .	1186.00
Properties . . . . .	890.00
Carpeting . . . . .	1238.00
Photograph department . . . . .	23.20
Press . . . . .	434.00
Subscription . . . . .	200.00
Storehouse, etc., rentals . . . . .	123.20
Transfers & Express & Hearn . . . . .	155.00
Traveling exp. artists, executives . . . . .	1442.00
Cable and telegrams . . . . .	95.10
Office expenses (telephones, postage, stationery, donations, incidentals) . . . . .	199.80
Insurance . . . . .	343.20
Rent and taxes . . . . .	3385.90
House purchases and expenses . . . . .	421.00
Box office payroll . . . . .	200.83
Box office expenses . . . . .	62.87
Coat rooms and matrons . . . . .	82.15
Doortenders and Tickettakers . . . . .	91.75
Elevatorsmen—passenger, freight . . . . .	57.32
Engineer's Wages . . . . .	195.68
Purchases and expenses . . . . .	273.59
Supt. Bldgs. and cleaners . . . . .	232.91
Telephone operators . . . . .	25.00
Ushers . . . . .	75.85
Watchmen . . . . .	79.10
Police . . . . .	13.25
Licenses . . . . .	5.60
Paris Office expense . . . . .	45.00

Total estimate season 1911-1912, \$48,701.63



## 'BLARNEY STONE'

PLYMOUTH—First production of "The Blarney Stone," a comedy with songs, in four acts, by Edward E. Rose. Cast:

Brian O'Linn ..... Walter Scanlan  
 Peter O'Linn ..... Jack McClellan  
 Timothy McCann ..... Pat Rafferty  
 Felix Meldon ..... Ivan Christy  
 Ony Douch ..... Jack Kearney  
 Conal Fogarty ..... Larry Wood  
 Gary O'Leary ..... Emerin Campbell  
 Hannah Molloy ..... Margaret MacArthur  
 Kitty Tyrrel ..... Helen Smith

As this charming play is avowedly constructed to give Walter Scanlan another chance to be a singing Irish hero, you would suppose that its plot would have something to do with the famous stone whose osculatory properties have been so astonishing through the ages. But it hasn't. Brian O'Linn (Mr. Scanlan) is editor of the Blarney Stone, a name that would fit plenty of papers outside of Ireland. He sings a song to his mother machree about the Blarney Stone—and that's all the stone has to do with it.

But Brian is a very lovable, winning young Irishman with a fine tenor voice and, while he is overcoming troubles and getting the girl he loves and handing a fine resounding whack to the villain, Felix Meldon, he sings several extremely tuneful melodies and sings them most effectively. This smash that Brian gives Felix is the biggest hit of the play.

He gets the castle and the girl in spite of Meldon's machinations and despite a mixup arranged by two young women, mistress and maid, which keeps both him and the audience guessing till the last scene.

Mr. Scanlan is supported by a company that helps him efficiently to put the charm of the play across the footlights, though Mr. McClellan, as Brian's brother, lays the pathos of one situa-

tion on a trifle too thick, so much so that a few laughed last night.

Ivan Christy is a properly gentlemanly villain, Margaret MacArthur is so winsome as Hannah Molloy that no one can believe the fiction that she is the maid. Helen Smith plays the "efficiency" dodge so well that every one hopes she is not the mistress—and she isn't.

Emerin Campbell is all that could be desired as a doting, bashful, loving Irish mother. Jack Kearney and Larry Wood as Irish youths, and Pat Rafferty as Timothy McCann of New York, add delightfully to the bright comedy of the piece.

The play was welcomed last night with hearty outbursts of applause and roars of laughter. Mr. Scanlan was forced to repeat his songs several times and he also made a graceful speech.

K. P.

## OF B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Singer's Midgents were welcomed at B. F. Keith's last night upon their return to the city with their celebrated program, which, in a way, is a combination of toy circus and revue. They form one of the best of vaudeville features and the applause that greeted each tiny act testified that they were indeed putting it over as successfully as did Chester Spencer and Lola Williams, who are favorites here.

The matinee will undoubtedly be peopled with youngsters, who will wish to see the little people perform. Then there are the ponies, the small elephants and the camel, the lion, the snake and the dog.

These clever little performers furnish a varied and most entertaining performance, the scenic effects and the costumes being adequate and the whole going with a snap and dash that appeals.

From King Tut and his followers to the jazz band, the dances and impersonations, the step is wide. There are scenes from the wild and woolly West, cowboys and the high school pony.

The voices of the singers are surprisingly good for little people and the show girls are true to Broadway. Then there are sketches including celebrities such as Eva Tanguay, the Dolly Sisters and Gallagher and Sheehan. The drill, which closes the act, is well done.

The program this week is not a one-act affair by any means. Spencer and Williams were as much a hit last night as they ever were and the fun just as appealing. Billy Glason told his stories of his troubles finding the right kind of a girl and sang his songs as he alone can sing them. Dezzo Retter, "the man who wrestles with himself," is a scream. Fritz and Lucy Bruch furnish a high-class musical act, and Eva Lynn and Clyde Dilton, in a sketch entitled "The Awkward Age," were most amusing.

Fridkin, Jr., and Rhoda appear in novelty dances, and the Fables and talk of the day, with the Pathe News, complete a most interesting evening's entertainment.

SHUBERT—"Ted Lewis Frolic"; third week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary"; third week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly"; 14th week.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," picture version of Emerson Hough's story; 14th week.

Aug 26, 1923

### THE WEAKER SEX

(From the Clipper)

LURA BENNETT and CO (2)

Boxing, Wrestling, Etc.

11 Mins.; Stage (With Mat)

City, New York

Two robust women engaging in bag-punching, boxing and wrestling, interspersed with a few comedy bits. A much lighter man assists, serving chiefly to be slung around by his husky feminine partners. One of the women, presumably Miss Bennett, is adept with the punching bag, and both box with the poise and masculine bearing obtainable only after long years of training and experience. A thorough knowledge of the rudiments of wrestling is evidenced, several sensational flying falls and technical holds being introduced. Because of its novelty and physical appeal, the act looks like a winner for outdoors. A boxing bag fixture and mats are the only props needed.

The girls appear to be battling in earnest, although upon occasion they enliven the proceedings by injecting biting, tickling, scratching and other girlish foibles into the manly art.

With the talk eliminated and a little more "rough stuff" added the turn might easily change from vaudeville to carnivals or fairs.

### FILM NOTES

The first episode of a serial film, "With Stanley in Africa," has been shown in London. Stanley and Livingstone are introduced, "but there is a great deal that will not be found in any authentic record of their adventures."

In "The Miracle of Tomorrow," a new German production, shown by the Apex Film Company, one is introduced to an awe-inspiring mechanical man, operated electrically by wireless means. "The thing is unusually interesting in itself, and it seems a pity that it figures

in a conventional melodrama. The inventor makes no other use of it than as a means to help him to gain possession by force of the heroine, who loves another. He fails, and the sinister machine finally destroys itself and him, and his house as well."

"Egypt is the background of 'Fires of Fate,' a Gaumont film based on the play of the same name and on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel, 'The Tragedy of the Koroski.' The background is the best feature of this production. There can be nothing but praise for the series of pictures of Egyptian places, not all of them familiar to the average tourist, or for the scenes introducing the Camel corps; but they are linked together by a story that appears rather thin and unreal. The majority of the cast in the film are British, but the leading players, Mr. Nigel Barrie and Miss Wanda Hawley, are American, and the method of production indicates that Mr. Tom Terriss had the American market always in mind."

"The Covered Wagon" is announced in London for next month. The greatest genius that the film has produced is, I suppose, Charlie Chaplin, who at once grasped its possibilities and made the fullest use of them—so full that if his vogue is not what it was, the reason is largely because he provided so many imitators with too many seeds from which to grow the flower. None of his imitators that I have seen—and in drollery, in resourcefulness, in charm. But they are sufficiently humorous to put him in danger of being accused by a new generation of being an imitator of himself. He has, however, a remedy; for his genius cannot be imitated, and only half his genius is in his farce. With those eyes and that mouth and those delicate hands, and with his supreme gift of suggesting an almost abysmal melancholy, he can, whenever he will, enter upon new triumphs in sentiment and the comedy that is allied to tears. But he must employ some one else to write the stories.—E. V. Lucas in the N. Y. Times.

The hero of one of the strangest myths in the American kinema—and there are many—has just arrived in London for a short visit on his way to Paris and his native Italy. This is Rodolph Valentino, one-time tango dancer, the Julio of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and the treader in "Blood and Sand." Since first he popularized the smooth "oriental type of hero with polished manners and narrowing eyes Valentino has been a figure of legend and romance in the hearts of schoolgirl America. Strong, silent

There have been celebrated musicians, among them fecund composers, who might well be remembered by their correspondence alone. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, Buelow, Wagner, Tschaikovsky, Brahms, Moussorgsky, Verdi—the volumes of their letters would fill a couple of shelves and furnish entertaining reading and not only for lovers of music. Mozart in his letters to his father and his wife revealed his lovable character. In these letters the great artist was artless. He gives his opinions, he describes men and women met in various cities, with the frankness of a child, but he lived for music; other arts and literature did not interest him. When he was not thinking or writing music, he was for billiards, or dancing or joyous talk brightened by punch or wine.

Beethoven found fault with publishers and proofreaders. He was always writing about money and contracts. We know from Haydn's diary in London that he was a shrewd observer with a sense of humor and we wish that we knew him better as a letter writer. Schumann had something to say and said it well. Mendelssohn wrote, now in a priggish, prudish manner, as when he was shocked by the rising of the nuns from their tombs in "Robert the Devil," and by pretty Zerlina undressing and dancing before the looking glass in her bed chamber while Fra Diavolo's bandits snickered in a corner; now, in a pleasingly familiar way with the air of a well-bred person. Brahms did not hate himself when he wrote to his slavish admirers. Wagner often revealed his boundless self-conceit and his inherent meanness of nature. How he whined about money and begged for it!

The great letter writers among musicians were Berlioz, Liszt, Buelow, Tschaikovsky; great in the sense that Mme. de Sevigne, Horace Walpole, Gray, Byron were great. Berlioz was as romantic in his letters as he was in his music, yet he and Liszt wrote as men of the world. Nothing pertaining to mankind was foreign to them. No one can read their correspondence without a personal affection for them, an affection heightened by respect. Buelow, as Liszt, was an indefatigable correspondent. Some one should translate the letters he wrote from this country during his tours and publish them in a volume, they are so witty, malicious, self-revealing even when the reader is conscious of the poseur. What a contrast to Mendelssohn, who apparently dressed himself neatly and punctiliously when he sat down at his desk! He should have always begun: "I take my pen in hand to—." Tschaikovsky wrote about nature, books, music, life, religion, the future, but chiefly about himself and morbidly. His letters should stand by the side of Rousseau's Confessions and the Journal of Amiel. Great men, all of them, and yet was not Verdi the noblest in his letters? Those he wrote to Leon Escudier in Paris are now appearing in Music and Letters of London, and others are to be found in Arnaldo Bonaventura's life of Verdi, published recently by Alcan.

### Verdi the Man as Revealed by His Correspondence

While Verdi knew his own worth, he was singularly modest; one might say he was proudly modest. When it was proposed to celebrate his jubilee, he opposed the idea, saying that it took only three days to forget men and things. When there was talk of his statue, he wished that the sum raised should be given to charity instead. A minister of public instruction had written Rossini that for 40 years no opera had been composed in Italy. This minister sent to Verdi the decoration of the Commander of the Italian Crown. Verdi returned it. "Why has this decoration been sent to me? Evidently there's some mistake, so I refuse it." He learned that a "manifestation" was preparing for him at Milan after his return from Paris, where he had been greatly honored. He wrote to Ricordi: "And knowing it, I shall come to Milan, to lend myself to a manifestation? Never, never. And why this manifestation? Because I come back from Paris? But I am always the same man, the same as I was before. You must prevent any demonstration, and I beg you to assure me of this by letter, otherwise I shall not go to Milan." Invited to be present at the first performance of "Aida," in Trieste, he wrote: "I have been called to Trieste for the first performance of 'Aida.' Parbleu! Am I a quack or a strolling clown, who loves to show myself as Tom Thumb, Miss Baba or an orang-outang?"

### A HATER OF PUFFERY

Verdi once wrote to the Countess Marini Maffei: "All this praise and this glory recall to me the past (it is known that old men always praise bygone years) when we, without puffery, without knowing anybody, gave our music to the public; when, if we were applauded, we said (or did not say) thank you; if we were hissed, au revoir, so long! I do not know if it was more beautiful; surely it was more dignified."

It seems to me that art, as manners now are, is no longer an art, but a trade, a pleasure excursion, a chase, something that one pursues. . . .

men have been out of the running. The east alone could charm. His photographs framed outside a picture-house were not safe from theft until the management agreed to give away a signed copy with every ticket bought.

The great Valentino myth grew and strengthened until his real name, his birthplace, his early life and profession were lost in the general extravagance. And just when the legend was at its height, he severed his contract and disappeared from the screen. The English and Italian visits are, it is understood, mere preliminaries to "staging a comeback," as the picture people themselves would say. Meanwhile he is being retailed in London's best shops.—Manchester Guardian.

This gives me the feeling of disgust and humiliation. I always remember my early years, in which, friendless, no one speaking about me, I came before the public with my works, ready to be shot and very happy if I could provoke a favorable impression. Today what preparations are made for an opera! Newspaper men, artists, the chorus, directors, professors, all must bring their stone to the building of reclamation and thus make a frame of miserable little things, which add nothing to the worth of an opera, but, on the contrary, obscure its value, if it has any. It's deplorable, deeply deplorable."

A zealous patriot, Verdi did not regard factions or parties. "I do not speak of Reds, Whites or Blacks. What to me are forms and colors? I look at history, I read of great events, great crimes, great virtues in the governments of kings, priests, republics. What I demand is that the rulers of public affairs should be citizens of great ability and perfect honesty." And so he admired equally Cavour and Mazzini; he said that one should kneel before Garibaldi, and he saw reborn in King Victor Emmanuel II the loyalty of ancient knights.

### VERDI AND CONSERVATORIES

In 1870 Verdi was offered the directorship of the Naples Conservatory. He refused it, but at the same time wrote a remarkable letter in which he said that he would have gloried in directing the pupils in the serious, severe but lucid study of the first fathers of music, Scarlatti, Durante, Leo, and "thus put one foot in the past, the other in the present and the future, for the 'music of the future' does not frighten me." He would have said to the pupils, exercise yourselves firmly, to satiety, in the fugue, so that you can then compose surely, dispose the voices well, modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and a few of his contemporaries. Then go to Mazzello and fix your attention on recitatives. Seldom go to performances of modern works. Don't allow yourselves to be transported by harmonic and orchestral beauties, nor by the chord of the diminished seventh, the shoal and refuge of all that cannot compose four measures without a half dozen of these sevenths. Then, having acquired a liberal literary culture, put your hand on your heart; write, and (if you have an artistic organization) you will be composers. "At any rate, you will not increase the crowd of imitators and the sick in our period who search, search and (sometimes so much the better) never find. . . . One can allow liberties and even errors in counterpoint in the theatre, where they are sometimes beautiful; but not in a conservatory. Let us go back to the past; that will be progress."

### VARIOUS SAYINGS

Long before Verdi wrote "Falstaff" he thought of a comic opera—his first op-



"Un Giovno di Regno" (1840), failed. He wrote in 1879: "A comic opera by me—it would be a most amusing thing—at least before it went on the stage." While he was writing "Falstaff" he said to a friend: "I amuse myself making music without any plan and without

knowing if I shall finish it. I repeat, I am amusing myself."

Yet two years after "Falstaff" he wrote sorrowfully: "Born poor, in a poor village, I had no means whatever of learning anything. They gave me a wretched spinet, and soon afterward I began to write notes, notes on notes, nothing but notes. The worst of it is that now, when I am 82 years old, I strongly doubt the worth of these notes. I am remorseful; for me it is a desolation."

At another time he wrote: "I, too, know that there is a music of the future, but I now think, and I shall think next year, that to make shoes there is need of leather and skin. To write an opera it is necessary to have music in one's belly. I declare that I am, and shall be, an enthusiastic admirer of the musicians of the future, on this condition: that they make music, whatever the sort, the system, may be—but music."

To the Count Arrivebone he wrote: "I am not able to tell you what will come out of all this musical fermentation. This one wishes to be a melodist, like Bellini; that one, a harmonist, like Meyerbeer. As for me, I would not be the one or the other. I wish that the young artist, when he sets out to compose, should never dream of being melodist, harmonist, realist, idealist, not any one of these pedantic beings, the devil take them. Melody and harmony should be only means in the artist's hands for making music, and if a day comes when one will not speak of melody, harmony, the Italian or the German school, the past or the future, then perhaps the reign of art will begin. There's still another misfortune: all the operas of these young composers are the fruit of fear. No one abandons himself in writing. When these young authors set themselves to write, they are dominated by the idea of not offending the public and of gaining the good graces of the critics."

"In the theatre, length is synonymous with boredom, and boredom is the worst of genres."

"Opera is opera; the symphony is the symphony."

"Ah, progress, science, realism! Ah! Be as realistic as you like: Shakespeare was a realist, but he did not know it. With him it was the verity of inspiration. We, we are realists by plan and calculation."

When Rossini had composed the Petite Messe Solennelle, a critic said that Rossini showed by this work that he had at last studied earnestly. Verdi answered: "Rossini in these last years has made progress and studied? Bah! What has he studied? For my part, I wish that he would unlearn music and write another 'Barber of Seville.'"

"Everybody shows a tendency, a very marked desire to 'find', to be original. This is a praiseworthy tendency, if it does not pass over the limits. But here is the peril of art, of all arts in our epoch. There are artists who have strong lingo and long breath. They will arrive in spite of the roughness of the road. The majority will break their necks, after a short march; and if they go a little farther, they will be breathless."

"I have never had and I shall never have the intention of giving lessons to any one. I admire, without prejudice of schools, all that which pleases me. I do as I feel, and I leave to others what seems good to them."

#### "MARY STUART"

Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart," which did not please in this country, was revised in London at Everyman Theatre. The Times of Aug. 1 had this to say:

"There are historians, so accurate, so precise, such diggers after 'original sources,' that their love of correctness blinds them to a perception of truth. If it is our habit to read history for the love of it, we hate these men while we admire their industry, for they are, by profession, meddlers with legends. They do not destroy one legend and substitute another for it, as Carlyle did when he shattered the old idea of Cromwell. But they deface legends, scratching their surface with some little new fact which they have discovered, and creating nothing to take the place of what they have spoiled."

"Mr. Drinkwater has a different method. He loves the Mary Stuart legend, but loves it too well, and spoils it by overmuch softness. He fondles it in rounded sentences and saps its strength with poetic prose. If Mary was in any sense the great woman that legend would have her be, she must have been one of two things—either a fiercer, a more determined, rival to Elizabeth than Mr. Drinkwater makes

her, or a subtler creature, possessed of a quicker, a more vivid, fire than he anywhere allows to her. As it is, he balances her life as if it were three verses of a drawing room song with a repeating rhyme. Where, in this Mary, forever complaining that fate and her own unsatisfied desires prevent her from attending to the business of government, is the Queen whom Elizabeth knew to be dangerous? Or where, in this habitual yielder to men whom at the outset she despised, is the great lover we hear of in Mr. Drinkwater's prologue? Pathetic she is, and full of color; but a great woman never, still less a dangerous intriguer. Mary Stuart, whatever her faults in life, was

drawn with a firm line, or legend would not show her to us as vividly as it does across so many years."

"Mr. Drinkwater's other characters have a truer ring. The scenes with Randolph, played with dignity and strength by Mr. Douglas Jefferies, are the best in the play. Miss Clara Harris is simple and moving as Mary Beaton, and Mr. Harcourt Williams, particularly in his opening passage, gives a fine terror to Darnley. Miss Cecily Byrne could find little fire in the Queen herself. The play has charm and romance, but Mary Stuart had more than that. She was a fighter, though a bad one, and Mr.

Drinkwater's Mary is a yielder at every turn."

#### IN THE THEATRE

In "The Eye of Silva," a four-act mystery play by Sax Rohmer, the action is in one room, which is furnished with all sorts of far eastern strange products.

Charles McEvoy's "The Likes of 'Er," which met with genuine success at the Copley Theatre last season, is announced in London as "a new play."

One hears of so many ambitious theatrical schemes which never get far beyond the stage of discussion that it is reassuring to have the names of wealthy

supporters for the project of the Forum Theatre. The idea is to exploit the opportunity of a long and cheap lease of a West end theatre for the revival of old dramatic masterpieces and for the discovery of new ones. Lord Howard de Walden, Baron Emile d'Erlanger and Mr. J. M. Keynes are among those interested.

Mr. Komisarjevsky, who is to be one of the artistic directors, has done isolated production in London, and his presentation of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" for the stage society was, with the support of a wonderful cast, a most poignant and delicate piece of work. In Moscow, from 1914 to 1919, he controlled the little theatre founded in memory of his sister Vera, who was considered the greatest Russian actress of her day.

Mr. Komisarjevsky led one of the sections of what may be called sympathetic revolt from the Moscow Art Theatre, and both his productions and his writings on dramatic theory are a criticism of the realism practiced at the Art Theatre. He admits that Stanislavsky, the director, carried realism to perfection, but he asserts the claim of a creative actor against the perfected drill of the Art Theatre.—*Man*

A. A. Milnes's latest play, "Success," did not appeal to the London public. "Peace and Quiet," by Horace Hodges, brought out at the Comedy Theatre, London, is described as "a childlike and bland entertainment, which gently stirs the milder emotions without the inconvenience of mental strain." The hero is an eccentric valetudinarian who unexpectedly proves himself a man of mettle.

I am glad that I like Dickens. You don't want always to like what everybody else likes, but you do sometimes. There is a great satisfaction in shouting with the crowd, even though you may like to do a little lonely meditation, too. Many years ago I heard Albert Chevalier sing some of his famous songs, including the most famous, "My Old Dutch." I found it greatly exciting, and I think everyone was excited. The old coster faces the thought of the death of his wife, and Chevalier gave to what I suppose are middling words and middling music a fine pathos and solemnity. He was a great artist, and it was good to applaud him in unanimity. And I remember on a Saturday night at the old Theatre Royal in Manchester seeing Irving play in "Waterloo." It is a play of no great note in the military-sentimental kind, but it roused us all to a long, tremendous volume of applause. How happy we all were! We spoke of our friends exultingly. Sometimes, on such an occasion, one wonders whether we are all applauding the same thing. In one's isolation and superiority it is possible to pick out the recondite note from the popular tune and to fasten upon that. But in these cases that I have named, as, happily, with some masterpieces of literature, we are all brothers.—A. N. M. in Manchester Guardian.

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing the musical season of 1922-1923, mentioned especially Henry Elchheim's "Oriental Impressions," describing it as "a strangely exotic essay in the art of eastern tone-painting" which gave the audience something "distinctly new, alike in color, rhythm and dissonance." Mr. Elchheim is now living in Santa Barbara, Cal. When he was in Boston a few months ago, he said he was at work on a composition based on oriental themes which he heard in his journey in the east last winter, when he was greatly impressed by the music of the Javanese.

Sir Edward Elgar composed recently a work for the opening of the Loughborough carillon, which forms a part of the war memorial there. There are 47 bells in the tower, ranging in weight from 32 cwt. to 20 pounds or thereabouts. The method of performance is the keyboard and pedal more or less of the organ. Josef Denyn, a distinguished Belgian carillonneur, "opened" the Loughborough carillon, and he it was who produced the Elgar work aforesaid at the unveiling of the memorial by Field Marshal Sir William Robertson.

Paul Paray, appointed conductor of the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris in succession to Chevillard, was in Rome on the outbreak of war, studying there as a Prix de Rome, and being taken prisoner during the war was interned in German prisons for a lengthy period. On his return to Paris after the armistice, he picked up a meagre livelihood by playing the violin in cafes, and subsequently organized a small orchestra from a mass of unemployed musicians. It was this tiny orchestra, playing daily at a casino in the Alps, that brought fame to him, for its reputation quickly reached Paris, whither Paray went as assistant to Chevillard.

Admirable is the disposition made of the notable violin loan used by Maud Powell and silent since her death three years ago. Her desire was that it should go to some gifted young violinist who needed a fine instrument and who was in such full sympathy with this one as to be able to evoke its spirit. After a long quest her husband, Mr. Turner, has awarded the violin to Mme. Renee Chemet of Paris, who made a brief concert tour in this country last season, and while here demonstrated that for her the long silent Guadagnini would sing. She has been practicing on it, and will make it sound in public for the first time when she returns to the United States in October. "For the first time," she says, "I will be happy in my work; to play with my other violin, it was like a singer who must make a career with a bad throat."—*Springfield Republican*.

The music of an opera, "Catherine," based on the life of Catherine the Great, produced at Birmingham, Eng., July 30, is taken from Tchaikovsky's compositions, among them the "Pathetic" symphony, the "1812 overture," the "Nutcracker" suite, songs without words, etc.

How few of us have realized that a "musical ear" is a literal, physical quality depending upon the shape of the aural orifice. Miss Miriam Ellis, in the current *Sackbut*, describes the shape of ear that denotes a musician of any special type. Organists have one shape, violinists another, and so on, and the shape is determined at birth, never altering. Mozart had one ear for orchestra and piano, and one for the organ. Sir John Stainer exactly reversed the Mozart ears, his right corresponding with the latter's left. August Manns had orchestral ears perfectly developed, and the ideal ear for violin is credited to the late F. Rees, second violin in the Joachim quartet.—*London Daily Chronicle*.

And some musicians have no ear at all.

We all know that the income tax commissioners demanded the return of his income from "Mr." Gay, distinguished author of "The Beggar's Opera," when that opera began its great success three years ago, at Hammersmith. Yesterday a letter was received at Aeolian hall, addressed to "William Byrd, Esq., Aeolian hall, W. 1," and was to the effect that "I see you are giving a recital at the Aeolian hall, and should like to draw your attention to this restaurant, which is conveniently near. We hope you will give us a trial, and, if you are pleased, recommend us to your friends."—*Daily Telegraph*.

#### MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN

(A comic song, as sung by Mr. Somerville at the New York theatres.)

In Yorkshire I wur born and bred  
And knows a thing or two, sir,  
Nay, what be more, my father said  
My wit would bring me through, sir.  
At single-stick or kiss-the-maids  
I wur the boy vor sartin.  
Zays I, "Push on, to be afraid's  
My eye and Betty Martin."  
Ri tol de rol, etc.

At whoam, I'd often heard folks talk  
Of Lunnun's famous city,  
And that the stones on which they walk  
Wur pav'd with gold so pretty.  
To mam and dad I gave a buss,  
Says I: "I'm off for sartin,  
So about my trip to make a fuss  
Is my eye and Betty Martin."  
Ri tol de rol, etc.

At Inn arrived, I met a man,  
Who offered me his sarvice,  
To take my baggage were his plan,  
And help me to a jarvis;  
"But stop," says I, "this wunna do,  
Your 'rigs' I'ze known, vor sartin,  
Your kindness, friend, 'tween me and  
you's,  
My eye and Betty Martin."  
Ri tol de rol, etc.

A lady next, a flashy dame,  
I in the Strand did meet, sir,  
Who said as how it were a shame,  
That I should walk the street, sir,  
She talk'd of love and sarvents, too,  
And thought her prey right sartin,  
"But now," says I, "to go with you's  
My eye and Betty Martin."  
Ri tol de rol, etc.

I'ze seen the fions and the Tower,  
The circus, Astley's, too, sir,  
The play, the giants strike the hour,  
And all that's strange to view, sir,  
So back to whoam I'll turn again,  
And marry Doll vor sartin,  
I'ze please her so, that to complain's  
My eye and Betty Martin.  
Ri tol de rol, etc.

ONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1923

### As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

During our sojourn on the Cape we called on our valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson. We found him the same modest, self-effacing man, although his name is known from Seattle to Vladivostok, from China to Peru, as an untiring sociologist, whose intrepid researches and formulated conclusions rank him with Einstein, Zweibrummer and Dreibruecke, not to mention M. Poteron-Fezensac. Nothing escapes Mr. Johnson's eye and ear. His mind is constantly working even when his face suggests the influence of dope. He talked, as we were seated on his veranda looking out across Maguit bay—which seemed to us sadly in need of dredging—about many things with a frankness that will not admit full publication of certain investigations, valuable as they are to men of science, psychologists, physiologists, pathologists and all other "ologists." By the way, Mr. Johnson informs us that he is not even distantly related to Magnus or Hiram W., not even to the man that made crackers educational, yet he confessed that he felt hurt whenever he heard the phrase, "Too much Johnson." We hastened to assure him that this phrase was never applied to him except, possibly, by some fellow laborers in the sociological vineyard envious of his widespread fame.

#### CONFESSIONS OF HERKIMER

It seems that Mr. Johnson even at an early age read indefatigably. His concentration of mind was so developed that he could follow intelligently from week to week three or four serial novels publishing in the New York Ledger, among them "The Hidden Hand" and "The Gunmaker of Moscow." His memory was equally remarkable: he could give the titles of Beadle's dime novels from No. 1 to the latest issue. Two stories that he read in the Sixties made an enduring impression.

"I think they were published in Harper's magazine. The narrator of one was sleeping in a house of a sinister reputation. One night his right arm was exposed. He was awakened by something cold and clammy holding the hand. Wrenching it away, he lighted the candle but there was nothing, nobody in the room and the door was locked. The other story told of a man, who, a guest in a Virginian plantation mansion, on the first day he stood before a looking-glass in his bed-chamber, saw a hideous face, apparently without a body, glaring malevolently over his shoulder at the mirror. Do you know, even now, I keep my arms under the sheet, and whenever I shave, I dread the appearance of a spectral face. I



do not like to go up a long flight of stairs in the dark. Poe's tales never frightened me; but I would not for the world read again that dreadful story of Bulwer Lytton's, 'The Hound and the Hunters'—it is also called 'The House and the Brain'—Wilde Collins's 'Haunted Hotel,' or some creepy novels by Sheridan Le Fanu, nor should I like to see again the picture of the Witch of Endor in that old gift-book 'Women of the Bible,' while Dore's illustrations of Dante's 'Inferno' did not frighten me a bit.

#### REMEMBERED DISHES

We asked Mr. Johnson what he was reading when we interrupted him on the veranda. To our surprise it was a cook book—Pamplie's 'Les Bons Plats de France: Cuisine Regnale.' We were surprised, for Mr. Johnson is not given to the fleshpots. He is singularly temperate at table. He has his weaknesses—corned beef and cabbage, green corn, deep apple pie; but buttered toast with raspberry jam—but he is neither a gourmand nor a gourmet. Nor is he a crank, always talking of calories, proteins and vitamins. He is in accord with M. Marcel Boulestin, who says in 'Simple French Cooking for English Homes': "Food which is worth eating is worth discussing. And there is the occult power of words which somehow will develop its qualities."

"Here is a golden remark of Pamplie's," said Mr. Johnson: "One must be at least 30 years old to be fond of pot-au-feu. Before that age of prophetic power one does not know what is good." Ah! How I miss the onion soup, the pot-au-feu, the Conde soup, the pumpkin soup, the blanquette de veau, of the Duval restaurants in the Paris of the eighties! Mr. Johnson sighed and was silent for a few minutes. Again he lifted up his voice: "Do you know, this Pamplie says that while Paris receives from France the finest fruits, vegetables, fish and game, it lacks two essentials: meat and milk; that the peasants in Touraine do not know how to make good butter; that the real bouillabaisse is to be eaten only at Marseilles, never in a restaurant of Paris where what is served under that name is only a thick, rich fish soup, of a disgustingly strong flavor."

#### BY POVERTY OPPRESSED

We urged Mr. Johnson to purchase M. Boulestin's book, in which he says that a good cook is not necessarily a good woman with an even temper. "Some allowance should be made for the artistic temperament." This led a London reviewer to annotation: "Remember the artistic temperament if you find her (an accident that will sometimes happen in the best families) with her head in the fender, clasping an empty bottle." M. Boulestin protests against English hosts and landlords serving red wine too warm. Heat kills the flavor and brings out the alcohol. "That little sentence 'have the chill taken off' has done more harm to good wine than it is possible to imagine." Green salad is best made with oil of crushed walnuts.

"That book, since it is published in London," said Mr. Johnson, "is probably expensive, and I cannot afford to purchase books in these days. And of what use would it be for me, a plain man, disliking sauces—bordelaise, bechamel, soubise, verte, vinaigrette—and all your foreign kickshaws. I must live simply for the sake of my health and my pocketbook, especially on the Cape. They asked 20 cents last week at the store for one cucumber. Fish costs nearly as much as beef. The fruit shops are often kept by Greeks on the Cape, and while they do not by any means offer gifts, I fear them."

#### LETHAL STATE ROADS

"I fear also for my life," said Mr. Johnson, "not that I expect to be held up by masked highwaymen as I return at night from the postoffice; not that the fish that comes from Boston and is carted about may poison me; nor do I think that I shall be murdered by an envious colleague or an impatient subscriber to my colossal work 'Man as a Social and Political Beast' (elephant folio), which is as yet unpublished. No, my life may be taken by some reckless daughter or foolish, blatant son of the rich summer cottagers on the Gold Coast motoring more furiously than Jehu drove his chariot, for these girls and youths, sometimes little more than children—have they a license?—like to see pedestrians jump from the highway;

they like to hear them swear in impotent rage, would the Cape be what it was 30 years ago with its sandy but safe roads, its slow but enduring horses! Not that I fear death, unless it is a messy one, but as Bert Williams once remarked: Death is so permanent."

Other sayings of Mr. Johnson, lodged in our memory, may be given to the public when it is no longer distracted by the question of coal.

#### PAN PIPES IN STATE STREET

With a wild woodland grace and his pipes at his lips,  
Onto State street at high noon danced Pan:

Through the luncheon-bound crowds,  
with mad capers and skips,  
Danced and piped as pipe Pan only can.

There were grapes at his brow; in a skin at his waist,  
lited wine gurgled and sang as he swung

In the whirl of a dance to be hardly termed chaste  
By a prudish, censorial tongue.

And the throngs gaping stood in a Circle of Stare,  
Throttling traffic and clogging the pass,

With a jumble of people and cars everywhere—  
In a shrieking, immovable mass.

And right there on the sidewalk—her usual place—  
With the rest of the Rubberneck Clan

Stood young Gertie O'Connor, of Notions and Lace,  
Deep intent on the gyrating Pan.

But her lips wore a sneer; so, I thrust to be near  
To catch onto the words that came through

From her scorn-bearing mouth, and I thought I could hear:  
"Think I'd fall for that old ballyho!"

HERMIONE.

428 1923

While we were absent in the flesh if not in the spirit, many letters were published in this column concerning the origin and meaning of the phrase "It is all in my eye and Betty Martin." Some of the explanations were ingenious; some were preposterous, but no correspondent mentioned the extraordinary explanation given by John Bellenden Ker, Esq., in his "Essay on the Archaiology (sic) of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes" (Southampton and London, 1834.) (There was a later and greatly enlarged edition in two volumes.)

Ker maintained that the words of these phrases and rhymes in their original form conveyed "The import they were used for at the time, but in the course of use, and through the mutability peculiar to our language, those forms have been confounded with others, of a similar or nearly similar pronunciation, which have subsequently found their way into the tongue and supplanted them." Believing that English and Anglo-Saxon are, at least, sister languages, and were identical at one stage of existence; believing that Anglo-Saxon and Low-Saxon "(still surviving, in the main, in what we now call the Dutch)" were the same language, Ker concluded that our own language must at one period have been as these once were, also the same language. Going back to the original form of the words, applying the sound of modern phrases to others which it fitted in the Low-Saxon stage, he found a sense, "corresponding with that conveyed by the form under which they are now disguised."

#### SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS

Here is his explanation of "It is all in my eye and Betty Martin":

"A saying used in relation to some report or story which is deemed groundless as having no other foundation than the fancy of the speaker; an affair in nubibus; a bare possibility. Het is al in mee, 'Eil end bede maer tijding,' q. e., it is all upon a footing with a man's praying for it to come to pass; and thus it has no better foundation than a wish; it has no better ground than an 'in case it should happen.' 'Bede' is prayer, petition, request. 'Tijden' is the same word with 'tijden,' in the sense of, to go on, to come to pass; and so to happen; for which we now use the verb, 'to betide'; formerly 'to tidd.'"

"How Aeneas Told to Dido every cass  
That him was tidd upon the se"—  
Chaucer

"But well is me, that evir I was borne  
That thou beset but in so gode a place,

For by my troth in love I durst have sworne

The should nevir have tidded so faire a grace"—Chaucer."

"I am aware," says Mr. Ker—we wish that we could have examined the gentleman's humps, to borrow Charles Lamb's remark—"The phrase has been laid to the account of the Latin words, 'Hei mihi beate Martine.'"

And now let Betty Martin sleep a dreamless sleep, not to be rudely awak-

ened by any one thirsting for miscellaneous misinformation.

#### SPACIOUS SORROW

The Daily Chronicle of London, speaking of the scenes attending the bringing of President Harding's body across the continent, quotes these lines from Walt Whitman's "Bural Hymn of Lincoln": "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed," as expressing "the sense of spaciousness and a continent's sorrow":  
Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,  
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,  
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,  
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-velled women standing,  
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night  
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,  
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,  
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,  
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around the coffin,  
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organ.

Yet there are some, and not only "morticians" but "gentle" persons who would substitute "casket" for "coffin," as they write "proven" for "proved." They would go through the poets from Shakespeare to Whitman, with eyes on scrupulous revision. The boy in school would then spout on "Speaking Day":  
"No useless 'casket' enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him."

And on the stage we would hear—  
If these genteel persons could have their way: "Stand back, my lord, and let the 'casket' pass." They still say "limb" for "leg."

#### QUICK WORK

(Kossuth County, Ia., Advocate)

Dora Laabs has brought suit for divorce from Emil Laabs. The parties were married Nov. 22, 1922, and lived together until June 26, 1923. . . . There are several children, and plaintiff asks their custody.

#### A MODERN TIMON

"That is what a physician told me a long time ago. He was well along in years and of great mentality. 'The more I love humanity the more I detest the individual. In my dreams comes the desire to sacrifice myself for humanity; yes, I would gladly be crucified for the love of men; but to share a room for two days with another, that I could not do. In 24 hours I should hate the best man in the world; one because he would be too long at his meals, the other because he constantly wiped his nose on account of a cold in the head. In a word, I am the natural enemy of anyone that comes near me.'"

#### HER ACUTE SENSE OF HUMOR

(Chicago Herald-Examiner.)

Attempts to block the fire by dynamiting homes, business houses and mine structures proved futile because of the high wind.

The entire performance was more or less of a joke to Mrs. Rohm, whose confidence in her husband was supreme.

#### A NEEDED "EXCHANGE"

The Herald would gladly add to its list of exchanges a newspaper published in Czechoslovakia. The name did not come from the amalgamation of 11 journals; but it was deliberately chosen. The full title, not abbreviated by the publisher, is "Das Egerlaender Tageblatt, Neues Marienbader Tageblatt, Neues Franzensbader Tageblatt, Neues Karlsbader Tageblatt, Neues Falkenauer Tageblatt, Chodauer Tageblatt, Koenigsberger Tageblatt, Elbogener Tageblatt, Schoenbacher Tageblatt, Planer Tageblatt und Tepler Tageblatt."

This newspaper recently published a valuable article on "Hypothekenverpflichtungen" (the documents connected with the duties arising out of the expiry of mortgages).

## 'MOUNTAIN MAN'

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "The Mountain Man," a play, in four acts, by Clare Kummer. The cast:

Wellington..... Ralph M. Remley  
Mary Vaughan..... Viola Roach  
Lullie, her daughter..... Agnes James  
Virginia Delaney..... Anna Layne  
Aaron Winterfield..... Walter Gilbert  
Major Miles McCloud..... Mark Kent  
Carey Winterfield..... Houston Richards  
Delaney McCloud, "Del"..... Adelyn Bushnell  
Jess..... Harold Chase  
Laura Bayne..... Marie Laloz  
General Velerin..... Edward Darney

The Boston Stock Company could hardly have selected a better play than "The Mountain Man" with which to open their third season. The applause and general enthusiasm of the large audience last evening certainly showed that the company has a strong attraction for people in Boston.

The play itself is not particularly strong, but so much the better, perhaps, since it does have plenty of interesting characters and tells a delightful story pleasantly and whimsically. The Mountain Man, played by Walter Gilbert with all his skill and charm, is an uncultured chap of fine old southern family. He is taken in hand by all the poor and, therefore, admiring relatives, and a vivacious and lovely young person, Del, played by Adelyn Bushnell, is brought from France, where she has spent most of her life, for him to marry. Which he does in a surprisingly short time. The situations growing from this seemingly impossible marriage take the action of the play through the period of the world war. And, of course, matters "work out" in a way looked for in a play of this type.

If the action was slow last evening the audience had itself to blame, for every player was enthusiastically greeted, and plot must pause. Ralph Remley, in the guise of a faithful colored servant, was the first to appear, and as the play went on proved that he had lost none of his ability to play a humorous and difficult character part. Viola Roach and Anna Layne had parts of sentimental, if scheming, sisters, and were excellent. Agnes James, the new ingenue of the company, as a disdainful and jealous cousin, was decidedly interesting, and Houston Richards did well a part that called for careful acting, and was in some respects the most complex in the play. Mark Kent had the part for which he is so well suited, that of a kindly and amusing gentleman—from the South, this time. Marie Laloz is the other new member of the company and played admirably a small part, as did Harold Chase and Edward Darney.

The settings were exquisite, and the music, with Charles R. Hector, conductor, again this year, added much to the evening's enjoyment.

## ON B. F. KEITH BILL

It would be difficult for the casual visitor to B. F. Keith's to say off-hand which of the numerous numbers he or she considers the feature act of the bill. When this is found to be the case the program may be said to be among the best ever and this home of vaudeville has staged some clever people in its programs for many a year.

Vaudeville offers opportunity for the wide jump from a negro act to one in which the performers could easily fill their places on a concert program or a dancing skit which would be easily a feature of any review. Songs, dances, melodies, dramatic bits and fun through it all describes what is sought for and delivered this week at Keith's.

Sarah Padden has a clever sketch entitled "As Ye Sow," rather more ambitious than some that form portions of vaudeville bills. She is a versatile actress, and the story with its moral leaves a rather pleasing taste. It has moments that hold the attention keenly and the development is natural, if a bit suggestive of condensation, in its writing. Her support is excellent and the actress was warmly greeted at the close.

Jan Rubini, concert violin virtuoso, and Mlle. Diane, French chanteuse, are worth listening to as a bill all themselves. Musically correct, artistic and appealing, Mlle. Diane sang French songs and a dainty song descriptive of a French maid and an Englishman who knew little of each other's native tongue that was a big hit. Her cigarette song also "went over" as they say in the land of the playhouse.

George Austin Moore is a well-known performer and his line is always welcome. This time he gives an interpretation of "Yes, We Have No Bananas," as it might be sung by a negro, an Englishman and an Italian. As this is a very much sung song the novelty of Moore's fun was refreshing.

Gene Morgan, the boy from Dixie, in his shuffle dance and his imitation of a colored dancer "gone crazy" had considerable originality. Fred Babb, Florence Carroll and Lois Syrell in a medley of steps presented a snappy dancing act, while Robert Reilly supported by Molly Kennedy and Little Larry gave a splendid performance in what is called "Irish Romance," introducing songs and dances of 1820, always young and always worth while.

Cooke, Mortimer and Harvey who open the bill in "A Ball Game in the Dark" surely have a novelty that is more than a game. It develops into a juggling act while mounted on bicycles. The shots, the caging of the ball, are little short of wonderful. Aesop's Fables and the Topics of the Day, with the usual news pictures, round out the fine bill.



## SHOWS CONTINUING

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," entertaining musical comedy. *with W 22.16*  
PLYMOUTH—"The Blarney Stone," with Walter Scanlan. Second and last week.

SHUBERT—"Ted Lewis Frolic"; last week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly"; George M. Cohan show; 15th week.

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," picture of Emerson Hough's story, 15th week.

*Aug 29th 1923*

There have been of late fine examples of hokum and hifalutin in the newspapers of the country. Under the head of hokum we should put much that has been written throughout the land about President Coolidge as a farmer, his ox and his ass and the stranger within his gates. (As for the now historical kerosene lamp, it outshines Sirius.)

There have been recent examples of hifalutin, or, if one prefers, the Asiatic style, that would have pleased Martinus Scriblerus compiling his Treatise of the Bathos. Thus Mr. P. Beaumont Wadsworth, enthusiastic over Dorothy Richardson—he ate with her and her husband "modest meals" in a London restaurant—tells the readers of the Evening Transcript that "the Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff, the classics of the literature of self-revelation, pale into the semblance of mere infant scribbles before the awe-inspiring Ivory tower upon which Dorothy Richardson is carving her hieroglyphics."

Mr. P. Beaumont Wadsworth, not content with this sonorous burst of wind, not to say hot air, does not hesitate to say that Miss Richardson's "name is as inevitable as that of Flaubert in any serious discussion on the tendencies of modern English literature."

But even the clear-headed and logical French do not in 1923 always keep both feet on the reviewer's ground. Here is M. Francis Gerard discussing Jean Cocteau's "Plain Chant" in the Paris Journal:

"With his hands skilled in wringing poetry as a cloth, Jean Cocteau loosens his girdle and appears before us in the simple dress of a beauty awakened from sleep. . . . The calm audacity of his bearing sweeps secret meadows; he arranges the furniture of our pleasant unexplored regions. . . . And to uncover these inclosed and complete spaces in their chaste equilibrium, so close to our naked skin, is the spectacle of poetry—great calm forests of the tropics."

The only answer to Mr. P. Beaumont Wadsworth and Mr. Francis Gerard is: "Yes, yes. Wow! Hot stuff. Atta-boys!"

#### AND WHAT IS TO BE SAID OF LAURIE CALHOUN'S LAKE SUNSET

The Alchemist tilts  
His kettle and spills  
A stream of fiery gold  
Into a bowl of dusky blue,  
And leaves it there to cool.

#### AROUND A HAT

Lord Claud Hamilton, speaking at the Harrow Luncheon Club, said there were many ways in which the mothers and sisters could assist the progress of the school, both socially and intellectually. "One of those concerned the appearance of the boys when they wore their terrible straw hats, effeminate in appearance and uneasy to wear. Those hats should be got rid of. (Cries of 'No.') He (Lord Claud) had himself been the first member of Harrow school to wear his straw hat through the winter, but it was a sensible Christian straw hat, such as an ordinary self-respecting person wore."

Sir Gerald Du Maurier said he entirely disagreed with Lord Claud on the question of the straw hats. (Cheers.) Now what is the form of this hat to which Lord Claud objects?

We read in the Daily Chronicle that the revived plug hat will probably never resume its sway as an introduction to business. "The days when perspiring men went to town in straws and kept silk hats at the office for business purposes will not be easily repeated. A prominent London business man with a handle to his name, who now wears a soft felt, owed his first step on the city ladder to a friend who lent him a silk hat in which to apply for a job."

*At a congress of doctors held not long*

ago in London the gradual disappearance of the plug hat and the frock coat as part of the professional uniform was mentioned. This led a London daily poet to write:

#### THE MYSTERY SOLVED

(On reading that the doctor has become less mysterious.)

How far remote  
The Doctor, dight  
In skirted coat  
And beaver bright!  
'Twas then they taught  
Us children that  
The babe was brought  
In Doctor's hat.

Now, boys of five  
Quite long have known  
That kids arrive  
By telephone.

A. W.

#### ADJECTIVAL ENTHUSIASM

Sir Henry Newbolt states that the word "topping" occurred four times in a boy's letter from school. "Ripping" was the favorite adjective for a long time. It was preceded by "spiffing." "Jolly" is a hardy perennial for one can say "jolly decent" or "jolly rotten." In one English school "racking" is the word for the highest approval. Perhaps the word is spelled "wracking." What is the origin of it?

#### THE CHOIR WILL NOW SING

As the World Wags:  
Being much interested in the old songs reproduced in your column, I would be glad to see in print some verses of the old song entitled either "Rosie-Nell" or "Swinging in the Lane." One of the verses ran something as follows:

"At last an hour of sorrow came,  
A spruce young man from town  
Was introduced to Rosie-Nell  
By Aunt Jemima Brown.  
She stayed at home from school next day,

The truth to me was plain,  
She'd gone off with that chy chap  
Swinging in the lane."

Has any correspondent heard the verse of "High Betty Martin" as follows?

"High, Betty Martin, tip-toe fine,  
Couldn't get a husband to suit her mind,  
Fine silk robes, fine yellow hair,  
Double ruffle round her neck

And not a smock to wear."  
Boston. WALTER C. MITCHELL.

#### THE EARLY BIRD ON THE JOB

(Galena, Ill., Gazette).

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Wurm and left a baby girl.

#### "FOR GROWN FOLKS"

"R. O. H." writes to The Herald: "I have in my library a book bound in brown cambric, entitled 'Mother Goose for Grown Folks. A Christmas Reading.' It is illustrated by Billings of New York and bears the name of Rudd & Carleton, 130 Grand street, and in parenthesis, Brooks building, corner of Broadway. The date of publication is 1861. The fly leaf or rather the page for frontispiece, has a picture of a witch holding a pie with the 'four and twenty blackbirds.' Underneath are the 'three wise men of Gotham' in their bowl, and surrounding the witch are sketches of the various characters referred to in Mother Goose's melodies. It is a very interesting little book and was published anonymously. If, among your correspondents, there is anybody who could give me information about the author, I should be pleased. The book has long been out of print and I have never known of but two or three copies ever in existence, although presumably there were many at the time of publication."

This book was advertised by G. W. Carleton & Co., N. Y., in 1867: "12 mo. cloth, \$1.25," but the name of the author was ~~not~~ then given.

#### URSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1923

#### NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

Cincinnati enjoyed opera last month at the Zoo. The Cincinnati Post reported the "melodious airing" of Samson and Delilah's troubles in a manner that would have won the approval of critics who believe in the personal note.

"For Henrietta Wakefield, who, as the musical barber, reduced Samson's hirsute adornments, and for Charles Milhau, who was anxious to get his hair cut, there should be nothing but praise."

The chorus was colorless. The women had all the snap of a wilted collar. And the dancing girls, who always nauseate everybody except their preposterous mothers, were as bad as usual. We would like to call attention in particular to one beefy female in the chorus, one whose actions served to mar the entire performance for us. She is one of those tall, husky creatures with a dull face and an overfed figure. She

insists on getting her countenance into the centre of every picture, and when this stage position is threatened she shifts and wiggles around until she is sure we can all view her loveliness. She pushes other and more charming girls out of her way; she forgets her business in her obvious eagerness to pose. She makes a spectator sick. If we have to struggle to concentrate on the music and the leads just because of a homely creature like this, we can't say much for the opera bosses."

We are indebted to C. E. D. of Cambridge for the clipping.

George Fitzmaurice, having conferred with Sir Hall Caine about the screen version of "The Eternal City," says that Sir Hall is a singularly gentle creature, possessed of a great deal of sentiment, who begins to talk in an "extremely modulated" voice and is "extremely enthusiastic" about the scenario. And he looks more like Shakespeare than ever.

Add "Conductors I have seen." Mr. Hans Knappertsbusch, general musical director of the Munich Opera, made a "vociferous" success, to quote the N. Y. Times, by conducting Beethoven's "Eroica symphony" without seemingly to move his arms. And if one hand had been tied behind his back, his success would probably have been stentorian.

The N. Y. Times apparently did not like the film play, "The Midnight Alarm," a "sad, stupid, boring, sleep-provoking effort . . . so bad that it lost all merit of being funny even in its serious spots." Nor did the Times like the titles. One of them was "You're as welcome as the seven years' itch."

Bernard Shaw wrote over 25 years ago: "As a rule when an Englishman can act, he knows better than to waste that invaluable talent on the stage; so that in England an actor is mostly a man who cannot act well enough to be allowed to perform anywhere except in a theatre. In France, an actor is a man who has not common sense enough to behave naturally."

The piano prize competition at the Paris Conservatory as seen and heard by Paris-Journal: "A young girl beats the piano with formidable chords. She thumps it with a savage frenzy. And as she thumps she seems to say: 'I have talent, I have talent; get that into your head.'"

Bozo, discerning opposite the Tivoli Theatre a sign reading "Come Across to Eat," assumes that the owner feared the place might be mistaken for a philanthropy.—Chicago Tribune.

The Eastman School of Music (Rochester, N. Y.), is sending Vladimir Rosing about to hear over 100 candidates for 12 scholarships, each of which will cover tuition and \$1000 for living expenses. Mr. Rosing will be at Steinert hall on Sept. 4 and 5.

The list of singers, pianists, fiddlers who will give recitals or appear with orchestras this season is as long as Homer's catalogue of ships. Mitya Nikisch, pianist, son of Arthur, will make his first appearance in America with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. One of the other pianists is Vladimir de Pachmann, who is said to be more chatty than ever and still the inimitable interpreter of Chopin. Moritz Rosenthal will come after a long absence. The last time he was in Boston he regretted that there was no adequate translation of Nietzsche in English, for Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. de Pachmann are alike in this: They enjoy philosophical discussions. Percy Grainger will return, having given 58 concerts in the north of Europe and Holland last season.

Willy Burmester will fiddle. The last time he was in Boston, he told Mr. Kniesel he would play Beethoven's concerto, for he did not suppose it was known here. He probably thought it would come under the head of "Sparkling Novelties."

Miss Easton's other roles this summer have generally had their points of interest; but almost without exception, they have been portrayals of maternity.—Edward Moore.

You upset us, Ed! Of course, we knew about Poor Butterfly's little 'un; but we understood Lohengrin left Elsa right after the ceremony, and that, while Tosca was not much better than she should be, there had been no consequences. . . . Well, a fellow can never really tell what these operas are all about.—Chicago Tribune.

The Josephine Durrell string quartet (J. Durrell, Louise Sweet, Anna Golden, Mildred Ridley) is having a month of work at Marialden, Peterboro, N. H. The quartet assisted Mr. Wilfred in his

color lecture, when the Dennishawen Dancers represented rhythm of motion; the quartet, rhythm of sound, and Mr. Wilfred played pieces on his clavilux, showing rhythm of color. The quartet has been giving concerts with a program composed of music by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and others.

The London Daily Chronicle cited this remarkable proof of "enthusiasm for good music." A Scottish miner not long ago walked nine miles to a river, crossed it by ferry, then walked five miles more to reach a town where "Parsifal" was performing. After hearing it he returned home, arriving at 3 A. M.

But when "Louise" was in its first year at the Opera Comique, Paris, Henry F. Gilbert, now the distinguished composer living in Cambridge, was so fired with desire to hear the opera that he left his business in Boston, took passage, heard the opera and then returned immediately home.

We read that the Chicago Opera Company lost \$351,718 during its season of 10 weeks in Chicago and three weeks on tour. There were 72 performances of 26 operas. The loss, coming from a total expenditure of \$1,335,925 and receipts of \$984,207, will be made up by about 200 guarantors who will be called on to pay about 70 per cent. of their pledge.

A Russian magazine published the following note of musical interest: "On Nov. 2d in London, the 1000th performance was given by an 18th century beggar named Hammersmith. It was revived two years ago. Another 18th century opera, 'Polly,' by an equally famous composer, Kinkway, will be revived shortly."

It is said that Lady Archibald Campbell, who recently died, was the first

to produce pastoral plays in the open air; that 39 years ago she turned the woods on her estate, Coombe Hile farm, in Coombe lane, Norbiton, into the forest of Arden and there, in doublet and hose, disported herself as Orlando. Society approved.

Louis Dulluc in Bonsolr: "What importance is there in the origin of cinema words? You say 'Metro' and 'autobus,' yet you discuss in the name of the Sorbonne 'cinégraphie,' 'visualiser,' and 'cinéaste.' If 'cinéaste' doesn't mean anything and is not a fitting word, why use it?"

*Aug 31 1923*  
We spoke the other day about the revival of the plug hat in London, though physicians no longer think it necessary to sport one, a frock coat and a Vandylke beard or other form of whiskerage in order to impress their patients. We remember the time when a young physician in this country was in despair if he had only scant herbage on chin and cheeks. But with the fear of microbes and all sorts of creeping things, the doctor shaved close. Was there not an old saying of a shiftless man, unkempt and irresponsible: "He has fleas in his beard," a phrase to accompany "he has bats in his belfry."

M. Achille Marie de Flummery, a Frenchman of an old and distinguished family, called at The Herald office yesterday. He told us he had an ancestor with St. Louis, the Crusader; that he himself failed of a seat in the French Academy at the last election from purely political reasons (we do not remember seeing his name among the candidates). He said: "I am pained to see the silk hat, the plug, the stovepipe as you Americans call it, revived. Even in the time of our Charles X our ladies, and they are the court of last resort, found it hideous. Read the letter written by Louise de Chaulieu to her friend Renee de Maucombe in Balzac's 'Memories of Deux Jeunes Maries.'" He then abruptly changed the subject and began to discuss the Ruhr question.

Last night we ran through the novel, which we had not read because it is in the form of correspondence. We finally found the passage.

The romantic and headstrong Louise, fresh from the convent, but by no means unsophisticated, wrote that she found the men in Paris very ugly as a rule. "I do not know what fatal genius devised their dress. . . . It is without brilliance, color, poetry; it does not commend itself to the senses, the mind, the eye, and it ought to be inconvenient. The hat struck me especially; it is the stub of a column, and does not follow the shape of the head, but they tell me it is easier to start a revolution in France than make becoming hats. The bravest man shudders at the thought of wearing a felt hat with a round brim, and from want of courage for a day, one is ridiculously hatted all one's life."

It's a singular story, this novel of Balzac's. Some one recently wrote for the Manchester Guardian an article about children in novels. The writer could not remember that Thomas Hardy introduced any. He evidently forgot the



wretched ones in "Jude the Obscure." Nor did he mention Victor Hugo's little Cosette in "Les Misérables" or the children in "Ninety Three." There are chapters in "Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Maritimes," letters from Renee about her babies that might serve as a manual for a nursing home. Nowhere is a young mother's joy more eloquently depicted.

#### TO ONE OF THE ADAMSES

(On his or her breaking into poetry)  
Oh, unknown cousin of Adam's line,  
We come of a hard-boned breed,  
And when we seek with the poets to speak  
We surely are moved, indeed.  
Can it be that the blood of an alien strain  
Has brought its ancestral curse?  
The Lowells who only with Cabots speak  
Are prone to drop into verse.

Oh, unknown cousin, thy bed lies soft  
Where you sing to the break of day  
Of love-lit eyes and pink-flushed skies.  
How did you get that way?

My day comes not at break of dawn  
But when the alarm clock calls  
In its stentorian half-past three  
To get into my overalls.  
My heart thrills not at the thrush's lay,  
But the lay of the speckled hen  
Beneath her breast in her cosy nest  
Is something else again.  
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Will "one of the Adamses" who wrote "Dawn," published in this column on Aug. 24, please send his (or her) name and address to Mr. Kenneth S. Clark, the Ontario, Ogunquit, Me.?

#### THE BURDEN OF CIVILIZATION

(For As the World Wags.)

The department store elevator was packed with shoppers. The stout 47s, the small 32s with bejeweled ears, and gun-case petticoats. The tall, thin gentlemen, whose anxious expression indicated fear of being borne past his destination, was grasping his tidy purchasing list with nervous fingers, while the key that hung from a loop on his watch chain told us that he lived behind the locked door of learning. Then there was the red-sandalled flapper, whose lip-sticked mouth was half open, not with surprise, but with the general relaxation of her whole body. Her tiny hand grasped a swagger stick and her body was doubled in the middle, not in pain but in a flapper pose. Seated on a stool in the corner was the operator, brown-skinned, clear-eyed, with a neat uniform and quiet, well-modulated voice that distinctly announced the wares on the approaching floors.

The elevator and other up-lifting experiences seem to be raising clear-eyed people like her, to something like leadership. Pressed flat against the side of the car, and partly held in place by my own body were two gentlewomen. Tall, and thin, with pot-ple hats sitting lightly on neutral hair, wound over night with kid curlers. Their high-waisted dresses were neatly buttoned over flat chests. Each woman carried a Boston bag. My ear was tuned to their low-voiced conversation.

"Did you find what you wanted, Victoria, at the women's undergarment counter?"  
"No, I got what the saleswoman said I ought to have. They don't make any more what I wanted. It is so with everything. You know perfectly well, Angelina, we can never find a modern bowl to replace grandmother's; we might as well buy one of those awful food choppers first as last!"

The operator announced "Kitchen department," and I relieved pressure on the ladies by wriggling free a little, and they left to go on their quest.

While I was waiting for a chance to buy a lemon squeezer, I heard the red-sandalled flapper, or matron, for such she was, if her wedding ring meant anything, ask if there was any danger of people trying to eat the artificial fruit she was buying.

Belmont. IDA HOOKER,

#### THE WELL-DRESSED HAM

As the World Wags:  
I saw a young cake-eater in Worcester last week garbed as follows:

Dinner jacket covering a Valentino waistcoat; tango shirt, wing collar, with a mauve four-in-hand cravat, set off by a yellow cap.

At first I thought he was going to attend a masquerade, but as it was in the heat of the afternoon, I knew that couldn't be. It turned out that he was simply "putting on the dog" for a trick wedding.

Every item wrong! None of your half-way measures for that buckaroo. He expressed a perfect synthesis of poor taste. Had the style editor of Vanity Fair seen this gilded lily, he would have frothed at the mouth.

WM. L. ROBINSON.

#### ADD "VERSES TO REMEMBER"

As the World Wags:  
Will some reader kindly tell me where I can find the poem of which this is the first stanza?

"Here's to the man who invented stairs  
And taught our feet to soar!  
He was the first that ever burst  
Into the second floor."  
I think it is by Oliver Herford.  
Newtonville. W. H. S.

Sept 1 1923

Some undoubtedly think that Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, pianist, is the egoist of all egoists, for he is reported as saying when he landed in New York: "I am the great player, the greatest player. When I hear what I play, I say 'it is finished—a perfect thing, thank God.'" But those who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. de Pachmann outside the concert-hall are not offended by this burst of self-appreciation. Nine out of 10 pianists, fiddlers, singers, even cornet players, think as well about themselves; they will admit that they are "the greatest" in private conversation, if any virtuoso desires privacy for a moment; but they are not so honest as Mr. de Pachmann in trumpeting their fame. For that they hire press agents.

Mr. de Pachmann is, indeed, a great pianist, the most poetic interpreter of Chopin that we know. No pianist produces more beautiful tones from an instrument which is for too many merely a box of jingling wires with a keyboard to be thumped.

It is true that Mr. de Pachmann's conversational abilities are so marked that his running comments on his own performance in the concert hall disturb those who look on virtuosos as more than mortals. The late John F. Runciman wrote in the Saturday Review that Mr. de Pachmann was playing in a certain hall: "No one should fail to see him." And the late "Sandy" Browne characterized Mr. de Pachmann when he first exhibited in Boston as "the Chopinzee." This does not prevent Mr. de Pachmann from being one of the few pianists that work a spell. He is the most "intimate" of all interpreters of Chopin. We regret to add that he is also a humorist; for in New York he said that Mr. Godowsky is the greatest living composer.

#### SCARLET COAT

I spied a girl in a flame-red coat  
While August slept in drowsy haze,  
It was as if I'd caught a glimpse  
Of cool autumnal days.

She was a leaf burned by the frost,  
A maple leaf turned red,  
And cool was the tilt of the proud  
young face,  
The lift of the slight young head.

I thought I heard a rustling dry  
Of crisp leaves and brown—  
Was she a scout of autumn  
Reconnoitering the town?  
Milton. H. W. M.

Apropos of the singular attitude of the inhabitants of New Rochelle toward a loaned statue, Mr. Frank H. Briggs recalls an old limerick:

"There was a young sculptor named  
Phidias,  
Whose statues some people thought  
hideous.  
He made Aphrodite  
Without any nightie,  
Which shocked the ultra-fastidious."

"I assure you," writes Mr. Briggs, "that this is of the vintage of 1878."

#### OLD SONGS AND ENTERTAINERS

As the World Wags:

My friend Miss E. Frances King, formerly of Middleboro, writes me that when she was a child her father used to sing for his children a song about "Hi Betty Martin, tip toe trot." Says Miss King: "Among my 'art collections' was a small engraving: a woman very much dressed in old-fashioned 'rigs,' reclining in a big easy chair, trying to hold one eye open with two hands, evidently for a young man in costume—ruffles and wig—trying to see if there were anything in it, and it was called 'Hi Betty Martin.'"

It would seem that the picture was meant to illustrate that eloquent passage, "O my eye, Betty Martin!" Judging by the ruffles and wig the song must be a very old one. Perhaps the whole thing will yet come to light.

As to that rare old entertainer, "Comical Brown," Mr. C. W. Lewis of Brookline writes me that at last accounts his widow, whom Mr. Lewis knew, was still living. Her name was Annie May (Ross) Brown. When he last saw her, in October, 1918, she was making her home with a married daughter, Mrs. Louis P. Lambert, in Dorchester. She was 16 years old when she married; her husband twice that age. "Comical Brown's" real name was William Buffum Earle.

Boston. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

#### FOR BLUE MONDAYS, OF COURSE

(Want adv. in Chicago Daily News)  
BY LAUNDRESS—COLORED DAYS;  
Refs. Phone Atlantic 1290.

#### A LONG PULL AND A STRONG PULL

(South Haven, Mich., Tribune)  
The child was taken to Dr. Becker, and, although it is a serious case, he hopes the eye will come out all right.

#### A VOCAL PROBLEM

As the World Wags:

As there seems to be a great interest in "Betty Martin" and no one remembers the tune, I venture to send the following memorandum. Nearly 50 years ago, I frequently heard the air in the home of an English neighbor.

4-4 Time—87653-4231-87653-422-87653-4231-87653-421-

All notes are quarter notes except 76, in the first, third, fifth and seventh measures, which are eighth notes, and the second 2, in the fourth measure, which is an octave higher than the first 2 and is a half note, as is also the last 1 in the last measure.

I hope the music will give your readers as much pleasure as it did me.

MARCIA G. GREENOUGH.

Woburn.

This takes us back to Pythagoras and his mathematical music.—ED.

M. O. R. of South Lynnfield writes: "I wish to tell 'V. F.' that 'My Eye, Betty Martin' had a merry, rollicking dance tune. Over 60 years ago, my mother used to sing (and dance) the song to please me, then a small child. She was a graceful dancer and her steps suited the music. There were two verses and a chorus."

E. E. E. of Ashland, N. H., writes:

"An old jingle ran:

"Hi! Betty Martin  
Tip-toe fine,  
She couldn't find a husband  
To suit her mind,  
Lookee East!  
Lookee West!  
'Lookee for the one that's best!'"

#### TO A FASHIONABLE DAMSEL

(Cigarettes to match each gown have become a mild rage among the super-smart set.—Daily Paper.)

You say that in the smartest sets  
Kaleidoscopic cigarettes

To match each different dress  
Are now the rage; and I foretell—

That soon your changing moods as well  
They'll tastefully express.

Thus, when you're suffering from  
"the blues"

An azure cigarette you'll choose;

And when you're feeling gay  
Couleur de rose will do instead;

You'll always smoke a fiery red  
When you're an angry day.

When you are deeply wrapped in  
thought,

Your "fag" will be—at least it  
ought—

Pale grey to match your cloak;

But, as your fancies soon die out,  
This fad, I've not the slightest  
doubt,

Will quickly end in smoke—  
L. M. O. in London Daily Chronicle.

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On Aug. 24 Nancy Bliss of Reading asked about a poem, "The Bluebird." We are indebted to "Subscriber" of Lancaster; "M. J." of Somerville; "M. L." of Boston; Margaret Lane of West Medford; "S. L. N." of Lake Sunapee, N. H.; Emily Wood of East Rindge, N. H.; "H. K. B." of Newbury, Vt., and an anonymous correspondent for information. The poem is by Emily Huntington Miller. "Subscriber" quotes the four verses from "Child Life: A Collection of Poems," edited by John Greenleaf Whittier (1872). Is it not probable that the four verses were first printed in a magazine for children?

The first verse runs:

"I know the song that the bluebird is  
singing,

Out in the apple tree where he is  
swinging.

Brave little fellow the skies may be  
dreary,

Nothing cares he while his heart is so  
cheery."

"COMPLETING IT"

H. H. B. of Newbury, Vt., writes:

"My Dying Fisherman" began his swan song four stanzas ahead of those already published in The Herald:

It was a nice day in October  
Last September in July,

The moon lay thick upon the ground,  
The mud shone in the sky.

The flowers were singing sweetly.  
The birds were full of bloom,

So I went into the cellar  
To sweep an upstairs room.

The time was Tuesday morning  
On Wednesday just at night,

I saw a thousand miles away  
A house just out of sight.

The walls projected backwards,  
The front was round the back,

It stood alone with others,  
The fence was whitewashed black.

#### SANITARY AND SOCIAL NOTES 167

##### FROM DOWN EAST

As the World Wags:

In our little village which has a summer population of several thousand, including many artists—operative or speculative, with pencil or pen—the postmaster has placed in the postoffice a barrel for waste, labelled "please be decent." In commending his action it was suggested that it might be well if accumulated litter were swept from the front steps. "Why!" said the young woman in charge, "They've been swept off three or four times already, this summer."

They strive to carry personal cleanliness, at any rate, a bit farther over at Old Orchard; witness this advertisement in the Biddeford Journal: "Wanted, a woman to clean, from 8 to 10 at night." But why not occasionally clean a man?

At the gateway to our village, on the state road, where the increasing stream of motor traffic goes up and down, a big sign reads: "Stop! Obey the law." This provokes inquiry and touches the New England conscience. It seems of general application and evidently one ought to stop, but why? As a matter of fact nobody ever does stop. In the village itself one is informed "You cannot ride bicycles on the sidewalks." Now, I think one can, if able to ride a bicycle at all, for there is nothing the matter with the sidewalks. But personally I have never tried it, since it seems to be agreed that one must not, even if one can. So curiosity remains unsatisfied.  
HORACE G. WADLIN.

#### FACT VS. FICTION

As the World Wags:

Chinatown is usually peaceful; but any moment the sawed-off shotguns may bark.—O. O. McIntyre in the Chicago Evening Post.

Only O. O., and nobody else, would have dared that touch! Novelists, O. Henry, let's pretend O. Henrys, slumscourers, Hearst reporters, and the police for years have been in rapt agreement that the shooting Chinaman uses nothing save the "long, sinister, blue-barreled pistol," which is turned out especially for the trade of the tongs. The weapon is always carried in the "capacious left sleeve of the slant-eyed, smiling Celestial's blouse"; we know because we've always read that it is.

As to the sawed-off shotgun, it is the Sicilians' specialty, although the naturalized Sicilians have been known to lease rights on royalty—based, of course, on lethal results—to the I. W. W., the K. K. K., and other sympathetic fraternities. One of the large distilleries, put out of business by the 18th, has been converted into a factory for the mass-production of these weapons. The better class Sicilians insist that the gun be made full-length, and then shortened.  
TANTALUS.

#### ADD "WONDERS OF ANATOMY"

(Saturday Evening Post)  
"Her lower lip seemed to him to shrug its little red shoulders."

#### ANYBODY HERE SEEN BRONSON?

(Panama, P. R., Star and Herald)

Notice—My husband, Samuel Bronson, having left my home and protection without any just cause since the 13th of May, 1920, and his whereabouts are unknown to me, I therefore notify the public that it's my intention to get married.—Mrs. Ethel Bronson.

#### NO SQUASHES; NO CUCUMBERS

(An Orono wedding: Bangor, Me., Daily Commercial)

The reception room was effectively decorated in green and white, the dining room in pink and white with green peas predominating.

As the World Wags:

My bachelor friend, James Fortescue, expresses the history of man as follows:

Hatched  
Hitched  
Switched  
Ditched  
Boston.

J. WALTER MAY.

#### A MIDSUMMER NIGHT MARE

As the World Wags:

The effort of The Boston Herald to bring the literary pollot back to normalcy by publishing such gems as "Hi, Betty Martin," and "The Fisherman's Song" is greatly appreciated by discriminating readers who are now following Otto Grow into Canada. Here is one that "us boys," over 60 years ago, used to declaim with many gestures and great gusto wherever and whenever we could get an audience:

"'Twas midnight, and the setting sun  
Was rising in the wide, wide west;

Rapid rivers slowly run,  
The frog(?) was in his downy nest,

The pensive goat and frisky cow  
Hilarious leap from bow to bow."

Perhaps some of The Herald readers can name the author and quote the next verse, if any.  
MAINE BOY.



## CURIOSITY VS. INDIFFERENCE

And we are apt to despise the curiosities we don't share. It may be that I have never been to a football match, never been to the Derby, never willingly attended any event that involves the presence of large crowds, and I may wonder at the thousands whose curiosity persuades them, at immense personal discomfort, to throng to these things. But their curiosity is more genial and human than my indifference. The billiard room at my club is on the top floor, and I have never had the curiosity to go upstairs and look at it. But the man (not a billiard player) who does shows a more complete desire for knowledge; he will know better than I what the club on the whole is like. Even scientific men seem to limit their curiosities a little capriciously. "Eminent men of learning," said M. Flammarion, "did not feel that penetrating emotion, and even looked askance at it." Thus Le Verrier, the discoverer of Neptune, was once asked if he would like to see it by M. Flammarion, who had turned his telescope upon the planet. "No, no," was the answer; "as a matter of fact I never have seen it." He had discovered its position by mathematics, and "except for mathematics he had little curiosity."—A. B. Walkley.

Sept 2 1923

## Music, Bored, Now Goes Back to a Primitive Pleasure

And now, after centuries of refining, music bored by the super-refined intoxications of orchestration, learned harmony and scientific counterpoint, goes back to the primitive pleasure of rhythmic shocks adroitly thumped. Among young musicians the search after accent and the longing for frank commotion replace the ecstasy of phosphorescent brilliance and mist, and so not long ago a composer employed for his score five stringed instruments, seven wind instruments and 18 instruments of percussion. This is not the result of a wager, a prejudice in favor of what is singular; it is a secret appetite for thundering measures. There is no more serious proof of this than the incredible welcome given in Paris, these latter years, to the appearance of the jazz-band.

## NEGRO VISITORS

When it came to Europe it was received with amused curiosity, as if it were a visiting negro King. It was not taken seriously. The indulgent hearers were diverted by this boisterous agitation; sour-faced critics denounced the infamous contagion of this "delirium tremens." No one suspected the diplomatic importance of this savage.

It is, in truth, rather disconcerting to find one's self for the first time in contact with this orchestra of the damned whose untiring banjos rasp the nerves, where an epileptic at the keenest moment jumps about like a squirrel in a cage and throws himself incessantly against the various sonorous bodies that form the bars of his prison. A spasm, and lo, tubes of brass dash one against the other; a second spasm, and 20 saucepans collide; strings of bells jingle, at the movement of an arm; while by a kick a tam-tam howls lugubriously. Everywhere bells, sonorous plates, tinkling objects; a bass drum thunders without stopping, cymbals sneeze, a side drum crackles furiously as a hail-storm on window panes. The madman grows madder in his vibratory hut; trumpets and auto-horns roar, whistles drill the tympanum; a Klaxon rips this thick sonorous stuff, but the countless needles of the banjos sew it immediately together. It's sure death by suffocation, or hypnotic ecstasy.

Superficial observers saw in this formula of orchestration only the triumph

of disorder, the glorification of charivari, the apotheosis of din.

## ORDER IN DISORDER

What a profound error! Listen to amateurs attempting this exercise. Have you heard young fools attempting to reconstitute this ritualistic tumult by striking cymbals and shaking or hammering bells? Much noise and no result, except that which is lamentable. No rhythmic elasticity, no boiling life. Then one perceives quickly that the jazz-band is an organized force, obeying obscure laws, conforming itself to a hidden technic, codified or not; that no one improvises himself virtuoso in this orchestra of "noise-makers."

For the jazz-band is not an accident, its sonorous disorder is only seeming, and even its origin is a guarantee, for the negro race possesses a musical sense of uncommon subtlety and an instinct of rhythmic suppleness of which we should be rightly jealous. Here is

The subject of jazz still exercises musicians, writers on aesthetics "uplifters," stern moralists, and the dancing public. Some busy themselves in tracing the origin back to southern Africa before the invasion of the white man; some, believing jazz to be the abomination of desolation, would have it the music heard in the halls and streets of Sodom and Gomorrah; others see in it the starting point for the great composers of the future. One sworn enemy of the saxophone says that Sax, the inventor, was a German, whereas Sax and his father before him were born at Dinant on the Maas and were educated in Belgium. Accuracy, accuracy, dear sir, as the excellent Joseph Pulitzer kept saying to his young men. In England ingenious writers are showing the influence of jazz on the young composers of today. In this country Mr. Gilbert Seldes considers jazz for 15 pages in the August number of the Dial, speaking knowingly of Messrs. Berlin, Confrey, Donaldson, Fisher, Hirsch, Gershwin, Porter, A. Harrington Gibbs and other inventors of immortal rhythms, immortal at least to Mr. Seldes.

Meanwhile let the saxophone moan and snort and gurgle and smear. We like to hear it, and we remember gratefully the mulatto girl who a few years ago shook and quivered and palpitated as a member of an orchestra, she thus poured out her tropical and not too dusky soul.

Of the many articles about jazz, the chapter "Rag-Time et Jazz-Band" in "Musiques d'aujourd'hui," by Emile Vuillermoz, seems to us the sanest and the most eloquent. Not that his French is the French of the great writers from Racine to Anatole France. M. Vuillermoz "jazzes" the language. He finds out singular comparisons and still more singular metaphors, nor does he fear to mix the latter. A literal translation, if one were possible, would astonish and frighten the smugly conventional. The article is based on the proposition that modern music is in the way of discovering a new pleasure: the joy of pure rhythm; new, yet melomaniacs have always known it, for it was in the birth itself of the musical art. "The cave man or the virtuoso of the lake-dwellings learned the pleasure of rhythm before he invented the polyphony which in turn engendered harmony. Striking a sonorous calabash with a stick or his fist, our ancestor created a rhythmic art of percussion which, no doubt, procured for him a delicate satisfaction."

no arbitrary deformation; there is an impulse given to revolving rhythm, a whip that lashes the whirling melody, to redouble its dash at the exact moment when it is about to slacken. The true wielder of the knot for the jazz-band should resemble the child that whips his top at the right moment; not at regular intervals; he should punctuate the rotation by marking adroitly his accents.

This evolution is logical, not only from the philosophical standpoint; from the strictly musical standpoint as well. The public of the music-halls undergoes without knowing it its Wagnerian and its futurist reform. It is learning the power of continuous melody and diffused sonority, as if one were revealing to the hearers a sort of gutter "Tristan and Isolde" orchestrated by the disciples of Marinetti.

## AN ESCAPE FROM PRISON

M. Vuillermoz finds rag-time a relief from the old geometrical plans. The melody renews itself unceasingly; there are no more symmetrical fallings, no more musical rhyming; no more breathings, stoppings. The syncope is there to sustain the melodic line when its energy is about to weaken. If the movement should stop, the charm would be broken. Thus while the intoxication is mechanically provoked, there is still intoxication. Men of this period should not flatter themselves that they can escape it, for it is the intoxication of movement, of fleetness. This appetite for speed can no longer be confined prosaically to locomotion; it, and the new pleasures, will find expression in the arts. The triumph of machinery is a phenomenon whose crushing tyranny will not be possibly eluded in any domain of contemporaneous activity. By hearing, we have learned to be intoxicated by movement. We taste this vertigo of the whirling dervishes in abandoning ourselves to a theme of which an invisible accumulator maintains the spiral gyration. This regular movement, which has no beginning, no ending, no rest, no scansion, no need of taking breath; which seems to be connected with the great motor that makes the earth revolve; this obstinate force that humiliates human weakness, the feebleness of our muscles and the too rapid pumping of our lungs, is the whole secret of this coarse but irresistible pleasure. It is not a culpable Sadism, a congenital stupidity, or the taste for mystification that pushes a Stravinsky to write a "rag-time" and certain young composers to study the explosive reactions of a jazz-band. Banal ironies on the negro art do not explain everything. These searchers are drawn instinctively by mysterious promises of the infernal machine. This means for dislocating music seems favorable to them for attempts at making rhythms and measures more supple. After having exhausted the riches of polyphony and the superposition of timbres, the explorers attack isolated sound, hoping at any cost to snatch from it a more expressive vibration, a more poignant accent. The composer of "Sacre du Printemps" has no longer need of a gigantic orchestra for these experiences: a violin, a clarinet and a piano are enough for him.

And this is why one should not be in haste to smile at our young musicians fettering the acrobatic negroes who juggle with the bars of measures and strong accents. There is in merely material musical matter, a rigidity, an inertia from which all creators have suffered. They have periodically tried to shake off tyranny, to escape toward life or reverie. The divine Mozart succeeded without effort in slipping outside the jail, but Beethoven, on the contrary, is there with bloody hands and forehead. Musicians today seem decided to employ Melinite to open for themselves a passage. What does this matter, if, behind the wall thus shattered, they discover their promised land!

## MUSIC NOTES

It is just that power of genius to set at naught ordinary estimates, a power asserting itself rarely but unmistakably through the ages, which allows us to cling to this conviction that music in its essence is something more than arrangements of sounds in varying degrees of agreeableness with each other, or of appropriateness to thoughts which lie beyond it, such as those of a poem, a liturgy, or other verbal text. When that happens the methods even of the most enlightened examination break down. We can give our alphas to Holst or Debussy, but not to Beethoven.—London Times.

At the instance of the "Sokol" in Prague, an operetta has been given dealing with an episode in long bygone Czech history, namely, the enthronement of Libuse, a young girl who was appointed by the people to rule the country as successor to her father, King Krok. The performances took place on the traditional sites of the original scene, the courtyard of Vysehrad dominating the Vltava at one end of the city, the spectators being assembled on an island in the river just opposite. Although too far off to see the actors and actresses distinctly, they were near enough to get full value of the orchestral effects and the admirably rendered songs of Mme. Destinnova.—N. Y. Times.

Smetana wrote an opera "Libussa."

Dr. Schmidt of the Berlin Tageblatt praised Furtwaengler conducting music by Handel because he, the conductor, is "all feeling." "And there is much to do for Handel in this way. I remember with horror the leathern, tedious, stiff performances of his works which I had to sit through in my youth. The warm-blooded, passionately feeling man was represented to us as a cool, tonal mason, if not even a pedant! So Furtwaengler was right to maintain the lively pulse of this music and not to follow the indications of a tempo long foreign to us. We can enjoy music only as we feel it. There are, certainly, fixed rules of style and there is danger of breaking them by an impulsive modern musician. Furtwaengler did not entirely escape it in certain transition passages and in the slow movement."

## IN THEATRES

There is talk in London of reviving Allen Ramsay's Scots opera, "The Gentle Shepherd," rewritten by Wilfred Eaton, and the old melodies arranged by William Robins. The first performance was in London in 1729; the latest revival was at Glasgow in 1876.

Sybil Thorndike thinks of producing "Cymbeline" in London this fall. The play is seldom given. At a revival in London in 1872, George Rignold was Leonatus. Henry Irving produced it in 1896 with Ellen Terry as Imogen. Irving took the part of Iachimo. Genevieve Ward was the Queen. Not long

ago there was a performance with the characters in modern costume. The Herald gave a full account of it at the time.

Somerset Maugham, whose play "Our Betters" is expected at the Globe Theatre some time in September, is desirous of making it clear that the characters in it are presented as types, not in any way as individuals. The play, he says, is a study of a particular class, the wealthy Americans who live in Europe; and, he continues, this class "has had so much influence on the social life of this country that it naturally suggested itself as a subject for dramatic treatment."—London Daily Telegraph.

Ten to one this play will not be so amusing as Abel Hermant's "Les Transatlantiques."

G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" did not please audiences in this country, but the promised revival in London led the Daily Telegraph to say that it is very welcome. "The play contains a lot of brilliant writing and one of the drollest first acts in the modern repertory. Indeed, on that first night the laughter over the sayings of the Duke—the part then played by Mr. Fred Lewis—was so uproarious that it became almost tragic. People were in an agony of fear that they would miss the next sally. This commonwealth of enthusiasts, the Summer Repertory Company, responsible for this promised revival, will deserve public gratitude."

The 400th performance of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" took place in London on Aug. 10.

"Harwood Blood," a dramatic comedy

by Frank Russell, an Australian, to be produced in London on Sept. 9th, is said to be one of 300 plays submitted to the Repertory players during three months.

Of course the art of recitation goes on in a perfunctory way. Great actors occasionally declaim a ballad at a charity matinee and school children are put through elocution as part of a routine, but the adult reciter has become too often a butt for burlesque, a fate which his sorry choice of material has often done much to justify. Modern actors are trained in the arts of speech, but modern plays and modern methods of production do not encourage any generous use of this education. Had Hamlet to give his advice today he would have no need to discourage the excess of sound and spirit that was spilled from Elizabethan stages. A revival of good speaking would be a welcome thing, and there is much un-realized value in the reading of mighty speech aloud, either alone or in company. The swift and silent perusal of the great feats of language is to enjoy a beauty dimmed and despoiled, like seeing fine country in poor weather.—Manchester Guardian.

An eminent, but not therefore a necessarily trustworthy, French professor says that because the earth is using up its supplies of carbonic acid gas faster than they are manufactured the world will be "caught in the grip of another ice age" in a few hundred years. This will mean the end of the human race. If we are not in error, Marcel Schwob wrote a grim story on this subject long before the eminent professor made his statement.

Three years ago Prof. Minders Petrie predicted a carbonic acid gas famine 200,000 years hence.

M. Martel assures us that "the water level of the globe is being progressively lowered, and if it continues, the human race will perish of a water famine in a few generations."

Sir Archibald Geikie, on the other hand, tells us that the land areas are disappearing so that "in a comparatively short period there will be a second deluge."

Then comes a cheery soul who has calculated that in the year 2117 the population of the world will reach the maximum it can support. After that there will be a savage struggle for food supplies.

We are indebted to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, the



age of Clamport, for these conflicting statements. Mr. Johnson writes: "Few hundred years," A. D. 2117, "200,000 years hence," "Comparatively short period." I wish that these men of science would all give the exact date of the world-ending, so that I could make definite plans and engagements for the future."

**CAESAR REMEMBERS**  
(By William Kean Seymour)  
Caesar, that proud man,  
Sat in his tent,  
Weary with victory,  
With striving spent.  
  
Where the grey Chilterns  
Coiled and slept  
That hard-lipped emperor  
Vigil kept.  
  
But Caesar cared not  
For dyke or wall,  
Faint and remote  
Came the bugles' call;  
  
Soft in the shadows  
He saw, and heard,  
A Roman garden,  
A Roman bird.

**BALMORAL**  
We read that King George is the most popular of all the kings and princes that have been connected with Balmoral, partly on account of the excellence of his shooting. "Balmoral." We can understand why a Scotch cap is called a Balmoral; but why was the word given to a kind of faced boot, also to a petticoat? Was it in honor of Queen Victoria? For some no doubt unfounded and unconfirmed reason we associate her with cloth shoes. She probably wore petticoats, though Mr. Strachey has nothing to say on the subject.

**THE ACID TEST**  
(For as the World Wags)  
Cornelia has a family reputation of being an "Impecunious Idealist." Some practical members go still further and talk about "being willing to live on —'s generosity instead of giving the public what it wants." Cornelia is afraid she deserves all this. She knows a lot of it is true. She is past 50. Her place has not been in the sun. Her roots have had somewhat rocky soil, but she has vigorous sap, and her blossom (so people say) was beautiful. Cornelia is a perennial, and her seed hasn't developed yet. She has six daughters. This simile is analogous and ends here.  
Cornelia has desired to pass along a few experiences, and a "watch your step" code that might help a little.  
"Rubbish! Nobody wishes to read those things; you must give people what they want, if you ever hope to sell anything. Your stuff has got to stand the acid test; in your instance, public favor."  
So with acid test before her, Cornelia cramps her fingers and steers an unwilling pen past desire into the straight and narrow path of public favor, stopping now and then to put her ear to the ground through somebody's best seller, finishes her job, carefully corrects and revises it, then—jams it into her waste paper basket.  
"It is all a lie. I won't try to put over such nonsense." She goes once more to see her publisher. "I will succeed in spite of them," Cornelia is saying to herself as she sits in a trolley car after an unsuccessful interview. Conversation between two other passengers diverts Cornelia's attention.  
"How is extermination of the corn borer coming on?"  
"Really, it is the most extraordinary thing. We have been trying a new method, acid. After subjecting the most vigorous specimens of the borer we could find to a bath of — acid for 24 hours, we took them out, put them on a glass slab, and left them for 13 hours. Then we looked at them, and they were again ready for business as though they had returned from a vacation."  
Cornelia flushed and clutched her flat purse with vigorous fingers—the corn borer had stood the acid test!  
Belmont. IDA HOOKER.

**WHY RING IN CELTIC?**  
(From The Boston Herald via L. R. R.)  
Sullivan's favorite song is "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." The truth of his statement was vouched for today by N. L. Smith of Boston, who has lured a rowboat after Sullivan's Bismarck every long distance swim the Lowell man ever has taken. "Henry always sings when he swims," said Smith.

**CLASS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE**  
As the World Wags:  
It is breakfast time and the place is in old-fashioned inn up in New Hampshire. At a table in the centre of the inn room are two couples of the Jewish persuasion.  
The previous evening at the weekly movie "The Man Without a Country" had been given and they were discussing the picture. Said the older of the two men:  
"Who wrote the book, anyhow?"

"Why," answered the younger, "John Bunyan wrote it."  
"And who was John Bunyan?" queried graybeard.  
"John Bunyan was a professor at Princeton," replied the other.  
And then they argued as to why a certain man was worth five hundred a week.  
E. G. C.  
Antrim, N. H.

**BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT**  
(Adv. in Calumet Index)  
FOR SALE—Baby carriage and hand-wringer. 254 West 108th place.

**PRESIDENT'S HALF-MAST FLAG**  
The Daily Chronicle of London noted that it was "many a long day since so great a number of flags at half-mast were seen in London as was the case yesterday" (Aug. 10) as a tribute of respect to President Harding. "Not merely were government and municipal buildings, churches, and private establishments in the neighborhood of Parliament square thus indicated, but warehouses and wharves also, far down river and up, as well as craft afloat. Street vehicles, at such a time, are handicapped; but in one case, a small stars and stripes bunched with crepe was seen on a lorryman's whip. Significant, too, was the half-mast flag, both fore and aft, on the well-named ship of his Majesty's service, the President, off Blackfriars bridge."

*Sept 4 1923*  
The question has been raised in London: What sort of luck is brought by a mole on the skin? In our little village of the Sixties, a mole was supposed to show that the boy or girl would acquire riches. When a mole was situated piquantly on a young maiden's face it was called a "beauty spot." In these days the newspaper physicians urge the removal of moles and frighten those sporting them by talking of cancerous development; but in our boyhood, cancer was popularly supposed to come from only two causes: Eating tomatoes, which applied to male and female; or if a woman ran into an open closet door and hurt her breast. The world went very well then, when appendicitis was known only as "inflammation of the bowels" and pneumonia was "lung fever."  
Is a modest, discreet mole a beauty spot? About a century ago a physician wrote: "A small mole on the cheek is sometimes held as a heightener of female beauty than otherwise"; but he did not give his own opinion. A still older authority thought that "one moale staineth the whole face," and it is said that this was the more common opinion. The ungentlemanly Iachimo, relating to Posthumus Leonatus his adventure in Imogen's bed-chamber, had much to say in praise of a mole and its position.  
One of the disputants in London says that the name comes in a roundabout way from "the iron-mole (corrupted to mould), a spot left by hot irons on cloth," but the dictionary at hand says the word is the old English "mal."

The Prologue to the Story in the Magazine From the Seaman's Institute (By A. Binns)  
"Alexandria," said the old-timer.  
"Alexandria, Odessa, Antwerp and Barcelona—  
I've been in them all.  
But I never took notice of any of them.  
I went for what I got to eat, not what I saw in port.  
'Seeing the world,' which, for the most, is not worth seeing.  
Ports are all alike, and none of them any good.  
Once we went to Rome. (I didn't go ashore.)  
Lying in my bunk, during the watch below,  
I read magazines from the Seaman's Institute.  
One of them had such a curious story in it.  
It was so curious I saved the magazine.  
And any that wants can read it.  
If he puts it under my pillow again."

**COL. WHEATLEY'S ADVENTURE**  
As the World Wags:  
I am in a hurry to catch a boat and I cannot pause to adorn the tale which answers your appeal for data as to egg-throwing. The boat might be wrecked, I might be drowned and you would miss the story your frankness has made you deserve hearing.  
"Colonel" Wheatley lived in Cherry county, Tenn.—I wish I had time to tell you of Cherry county of 30 years ago. The colonel liked to lecture, he was a local Col. Bryan, and the people, lacking other entertainment, liked the entertainment he provided. Unfortunately the colonel's language was not always as chaste as his audiences thought it ought to be, and on one occasion when he was to lecture at the little school-house he was warned that if he offended he would be rotten-egged. "Rotten-egging" was a practical method of showing disapproval—the egg production always exceeded home consumption

and there were no means of transportation for the surplus. "Rotten-egging" was a less severe and less laborious method of expressing disapproval than tar-and-feathering.  
"Colonel" Wheatley was in the midst of his lecture. He was illustrating a proposition: "As the little tumblebug rolls his ball of —" He got this far and the egg-throwing started. What the little tumblebug rolled was well enough known to all of the audience to warrant the verdict that the allusion was obscene.  
When the shower of bad eggs ceased to fall the colonel cautiously projected his head from the curtain behind which he had retired.  
"Ladies and gentlemen, just one word," he begged, and assent was given for him to speak. Returning to the platform he said:  
"Ladies and gentlemen, I have traveled from the rock-ribbed East to the western horizon, from the Great Lakes on the north to the great gulf on the south; I have seen all kinds and all manners of men, but this is the first damned community I ever saw where ignorance was cultivated as a science."  
HOWARD SHARP.  
Formerly of Gibson county, Tenn.  
West Palm Beach, Fla.

**VERS SUR LES BUCKETEERS DE GOTHAM**  
(Feverishly fashioned after reading heartrending interview with Louise Groody McGee.)  
Wives of brokers sure remind us  
We should toss the bull sublime,  
And put gaudy swank behind us  
Lest the boys be doing time:  
Let us, then, talk of reversals,  
Wear gingham frocks, eat simple food,  
And back to Ziegfeld for rehearsals  
While the going-back is good!  
—Gabby La Brune.

**A GOOD OLD WORD**  
As the World Wags:  
"Where do they get the idea that Philadelphia is slow? In Dreiser's 'The Financier' one finds that the city had national banks in 1853 and called a fop a dude 20 years before 'dude' was in use."  
PHILISTO.  
Philisto might have added, in additional proof of Quaker City speed, that the inhabitants managed to read "The Financier" within the period when it still classified as one of Dreiser's recent novels; and that was so long since that I have forgotten to what period the author assigned "dude."  
"Dude" was still in circulation when, at the age of six, I took to noting words other than those having to do with food, toys, the punitive bath, and the kindergarten. No word has taken its precise place; for a dude was not necessarily a fop, a heavy swell, a snappy dresser, nor a nutt, which is current Londonese for what in Manhattan is man-about-town. The dude was, in attire, elegant and a precisionist; he was au fait because of temperamental compulsion. He didn't ask his tailor, but told him.  
The feminine "dudine" crept in, via the stage, flourished a year or so, and vanished; "dude" endured into the 'nineties, and faded out. My oldest memory of Lew Dockstader is of hearing him sing "I'm a Dude," which involved the riming of "fashion" and "passion," and also the use of "au fait," correctly pronounced. It may have been the celebrated and over-rated Billy Emerson I heard sing "I'm a Dandy; but I'm No Dude" about the same period.  
TANTALUS.

**ADD "WONDERS OF NATURE"**  
(Ohio State Journal)  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, 2396 Loudon avenue, announce the birth of Mr. and Mrs. Corwin Mendenhall.  
Mr. John N. Warren, "the oldest spotlight man in the United States and the first to put a light on a motion picture for Prof. Maybridge," writes: "Reading this morning's Herald about 'Dad' not wanting his age known, I am willing to go back to the time of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge and ask the old-timers if any remember a sort of spectacle in which some one, maybe the chorus, said or sang these words:  
I'll open the hole at the Great North Pole  
And blow you all to thunder."

**SHOWS CONTINUING**  
WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," a pleasing musical comedy. Fifth week.  
TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly," a George M. Cohan show in the truly Cohanesque manner. Sixteenth week.  
MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon," a vivid screen version of Emerson Hough's novel. Sixteenth week.  
TREMONT TEMPLE—Mrs. Wallace Reid in the expose of the drug evil, "Human Wreckage." Last two weeks.

# "The Cat and the Canary" Opens Its Run at the Plymouth

By PHILIP HALE  
PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Cat and the Canary," a play in three acts by John Willard. Produced in New York on Feb. 7, 1922, at the National Theatre. Of the company now at the Plymouth, only Messrs Moore, Keane and Elton were in the original cast.

Roger Crosby..... Percy Moore  
"Mammy" Pleasant..... Virginia Howell  
Harry Blythe..... Carl Ekstrom  
Susan Silsby..... Florence Huntington  
Cleely Young..... Clara Verdera  
Charles Wilder..... Walter Regan  
Paul Jones..... Miriam Dorle  
Annabelle West..... Edmund Elton  
Hendricks..... Franklin Fox  
Patterson.....  
Mr. Willard, like the Fat Boy in "The Pickwick Papers," wished to make your flesh creep. Audiences like to sup with horrors; they dote on a mystery. Then there is the pleasure of comparison. Is "The Cat and the Canary" more mysterious than "The 13th Chair," "The Bat" or more astounding in ghastly scenes and terrifying suspense than "The Monster"? Some might answer that they all are inferior in the art of raising gooseflesh to "The Monkey's Paw," by Jacobs, or that play of Dunshany in which the idol has its revenge.

Yet there are a few thrilling moments in "The Cat and the Canary" and there is, indeed, the powerful element of surprise. Let us respect Mr. Willard's secret. Who murdered the eminently respectable lawyer Crosby after he had read the preposterous will in the library of Glenclyff Manor at midnight? Glenclyff Manor, one of Mrs. Southworth's heroines might have lived and been persecuted in a spooky house of that name.) How was Crosby killed? What hand with cruel fingers snatched the priceless necklace from Annabelle's neck? Was Hendrick really in pursuit of an escaped lunatic? Was Patterson the physician who had been summoned? It looked at the beginning as if Mr. Harry Blythe was capable of desperate deeds. Was "Mammy" in league with the murderer? Who was the one to fall heir to the fortune if Annabelle turned out to be insane? Was there a delibetiae plot to frighten her into insanity? And was the malicious chatterer, Susan Silsby, privy to the conspiracy? For answers to these questions go to the Plymouth.  
There are good melodramatic touches—the tolling of the bell while "Mammy" is prophesying death. "Mammy" sets the key to the play at the very beginning. How neatly Mr. Crosby is made to disappear! No commonplace pistol shot, stroke of dagger or poisoned liquor. A section of library shelves springs about. Exit Mr. Crosby, until he again appears, in a most surprising manner, dead as a door nail, with the third envelope announcing the possible heir no longer in his pocket.

But between the thrills there was much idle chatter, laboriously comic lines for Mr. Jones, and the wish that something would happen. Too often there was a long time between thrills.  
In the little poem—  
"Mr. Alfred Belt  
Screamed suddenly in the night.  
When asked the reason why,  
He made no reply."  
This is where he differed from Annabelle. She gave her reasons.  
The company played with the utmost seriousness. The leading figure was Miss Howell, as the Voodoo "Mammy." Her intensity at times chilled the blood. Mr. Regan, the coward-hero (50-50), was often amusing, in spite of the lines given to him by the author. The large audience laughed and shrieked fully as much as could have been expected. No doubt the play will have a long run.

## "The Charity That Began at Home" Is Given

By PHILIP HALE  
COPLEY THEATRE—"The Charity That Began at Home," a comedy in four acts by St. John Hankin. First performance in the United States. Played by Henry Jewett's Repertory Company. Produced at the Court Theatre, London, Oct. 23, 1906.  
Lady Denison..... Alice Bromley Wilson  
Margerie..... Katherine Standing  
William..... Timothy Huntley  
Anson..... Gwen Richardson  
Mrs. Horrocks..... Daisy Belmont  
Hugh Vetterker..... Philip Tonge  
General Bonsor..... Charles Hampden  
Mr. Firkett..... Cecil Magnus  
Mrs. Eversleigh..... Catherine Willard  
Miss Triggs..... May Ediss  
Basil Hylton..... Harold West  
Soames..... L. Paul Scott  
Lady Denison, a weak and exasperatingly amiable woman, listens with open ears and mouth to the words of Mr. Hylton, who belongs to the "Church of



Humanity," which has no consecrated building, no ritual. He thinks that there is good in the lowest of mankind. Even a selfish man of the upper class can become generous and saintly.

The lever that raises him may be the thought expressed in a poem, the reading of some heroic deed or the love of some excellent woman. Mr. Hylton, belonging to what might be called the mutton-tallow order of lay preachers, or busy philanthropists, persuades Lady Denison to invite to her country house some men and women, not because they are old friends; not because they are interesting, celebrated, companionable, but because nobody wishes them as guests. Truly a motley crew! Vulgar Mrs. Horrocks; Gen. Bonsor, a stupendous, roaring bore, with interminable tales about his experiences in India; Mr. Firkett, a harmless, impecunious old chap, who constantly tries to sell something to his hostess; Miss Triggs, a teacher of German, with a chip on her shoulder, and Mr. Verreker, tiresomely cynical and at times witty. Of course Mr. Hylton is there, as manager of the menagerie.

And what is the result of Mr. Hylton's philanthropic schemes? He had recommended to Lady Denison Soames, a butler, who had already lost a place by stealing. Soames irritates the other servants so they give warning. He incidentally seduces Lady Denison's maid. He cannot marry her, for, to his regret, he is already married. Mr. Hylton advises Lady Denison to give Soames another chance. Mrs. Horrocks, the General, and Miss Triggs, having finally learned through the reckless talker, Verreker, why they were invited, leave in a huff.

Margerie Denison, a sweet, amiable girl, becomes interested in Verreker, because Mr. Hylton spoke to her so beautifully about the purifying, elevating influence of woman, and wishing to raise Verreker from the slough of cynicism and the bog of selfishness, sticks to him even when it comes out that he left the army because he had misappropriated the mess funds, intending, of course, to make restitution and expecting daily a check. This staggers Mr. Hylton, and he advises against the marriage; but when Verreker tells his story in a semi-jocular, light-hearted manner, he claps him on the back, exclaims "Noble Fellow!" and tells Margerie to go to it.

But Verreker urges Margerie to break the engagement, because she is too good for him, and a life of continual goodness would in the end bore him. He asks her to bear Mr. Hylton in mind, who has been in love with her since the curtain rose.

And all the time Lady Denison's sister, Mrs. Eversleigh, stands by, disgusted by the visitors and her sister's weakness, sneering, not without reason, at Mr. Hylton's philanthropic speeches and acts; a woman of common sense, worldly, quick at repartee.

What was Mr. Hankin's purpose in writing this play? Was he satirizing the Hylton brand of philanthropists or the women that with the best intentions get into a mess by heeding them? Whatever his purpose, he wrote amusing, keen-edged dialogue, and in Lady Denison and Verreker drew two characters with no mean skill. The General, Mrs. Horrocks, and Miss Triggs are more familiar types.

Unfortunately the last act is wordy and the ending requires a more mature, more experienced actress than Miss Standing, who in the preceding acts was adequate, to make the last scene convincing or even plausible.

The comedy and the performance pleased a large audience. The more cynical the lines, especially those concerning hetrothals and wedlock, the more spontaneous and heartier the laughter. Miss Wilson at first was evidently play-acting, but as the scenes passed she grew more natural in her impersonation of the weak-minded woman striving to do good.

Miss Willard shone brilliantly as the one sane person in the house. Thrice admirable was the expression of her change of attitude toward Mr. Hylton when she learned that he was wealthy, a man of an estate. The others, Mr. Tonge in particular, contributed to the success of the play.

**COLONIAL THEATRE**—Florence Reed in "The Lullaby," by Edward Knoblock—a play in four acts and 11 scenes, not to mention prologue, epilogue and incidental music. The cast: Madelon ..... Florence Reed Jacques ..... Harold Elliott Claudet ..... Leonard Mudie Bouillard ..... David Glasford Elise ..... Mary Robson Rosalia ..... Grace Perkins "La Poule" ..... Marianne Walter Salzman ..... Henry Plimmer Victor Lebeau ..... Rupert Lumley Freddie Maynard ..... Charles Towbridge An Organ Grinder ..... Frank Watson A Driver ..... Walter F. Scott Baroness Dax ..... Alice Fleming Felix de Parme ..... Peter Carpenter Count Borrelli ..... Frank Morgan A Waiter

**A Police Officer** ..... Bernard Thornton Two Other Men ..... John Dougherty and John Leahy A Guide ..... Frank Howson A Young Sailor ..... Leonard Mudie An Older Sailor ..... Bernard Thornton Father St. Joseph ..... David Glasford The Young Girl ..... Rose Hobart A Waitress ..... Mary Robson

Anyone who doubts the influence of the "movies" on the stage of today should go to see "The Lullaby." Here is to be found the cinema raised to highest terms. Time and space offer no obstacles which the stage force of the Colonial (with a little more practice) cannot overcome. The eleven scenes range over a period of 63 years up and into 1923. The geographical distribution includes three provinces of France, five houses in Paris, and two in Tunis. There is also mention of the United States, South America and England. Some of the scenes last for only a couple of minutes; others play for as much as 20 minutes.

Of course, this is not the first time that this has been done—witness no further than the author's "Kismet." But the rapid succession of "high spots," with little or no quietly characterizing filler, is something that has been popularized by the motion picture.

Finally, Miss Reed comes to the stage after several screen successes. And barring the interruption of the numerous curtains, her playing is as effective in the one medium as the other. To her pantomime she adds a voice, flexible though occasionally ill-controlled, concerning whose emotional power there can be no dispute.

Dedicated to "The women that men have forgotten"—and there seems to be an unconscionable number of them—"The Lullaby" traces, accurately, graphically, and once in a while with true insight, the downward (at least so regarded hereabouts) career of a girl for whom "life is a trap" in which "we pay for everything." From one little foolish misstep, there springs a train of consequences which, coupled with several purely adventitious happenings (it is here that Mr. Knoblock is least convincing), lead a French maid from the secluded fields of Normandy to Paris, to Tunis, to prison—to a life that is worse than death itself (which, Heaven be praised, the author carefully omits to say in so many words).

On the way there occurs much that is moving, not a little that is sincere, and some that is worth listening to. "I am free," cackles the poor, old, broken soul when at last she is released from prison. "I can go where I please, because no man will look at me any more." Irony there, and cynicism—of a French twist.

French is the point of view throughout. Indeed, one suspects a French genesis. If so, Mr. Knoblock has happily had the courage to retain the original attitude (of atmosphere there is nil) and the result is (and was) enough to make staid Boston giggle uneasily in its seat. For the author politely insists in calling a spade a spade—not a trowel nor yet a steam-shovel, as other of his contemporaries have sometimes done. There is much food for thought in Mr. Knoblock's play; and genuine emotion.

Also is there much that is not so genuine—much that has been used before and with no better skill. Following the really tremendous scene which concludes act two, the piece hovers for a long time on the edge of sentimental melodrama.

He rings the old familiar chimes Not once, or twice, but several times.

Here are introduced the extraneous incidents which mar the remorselessness of the plot. Yet, following these, we have the scene in Tunis—perhaps the most interesting, though not the most effective—and so to a powerful, well constructed end.

In short, in many ways an excellent piece, and one enlivened by the acting of Miss Reed and a company above the average.

**SELWYN'S THEATRE**—First production in Boston of "Runnin' Wild," a musical comedy in two acts and 10 scenes; book by F. E. Miller and A. L. Lyles, music by Janice Johnson, lyrics by Cecil Mack.

#### CAST

(In the order of their appearance)  
Uncle Moses ..... C. Wesley Hill Uncle Amos ..... Arthur D. Porter Tom Sharper ..... Lionel Monagas Ethel Hill ..... Miss Revella Hughes Jack Penn ..... George Stephens Detective Wise ..... Paul C. Floyd Mrs. Silas Green ..... Miss Mattie Wilkes Mandy Little ..... Miss Edna Dunham Ada Adams ..... Miss Adelaide Hall Steve Jenkins ..... F. E. Miller Sam Peck ..... A. L. Lyles Willie Live ..... Eddie Gray Chief Red Cap ..... Tommy Woods Harry East ..... Clarence Robinson Head Waiter ..... Charles Olden Ruth Little ..... Miss Elizabeth Welsh Silas Green ..... J. Wesley Jeffrey Post Captain ..... James H. Woodson Sam Slocum ..... George Stamper Vincent Jones ..... Billy Andrews Lucy Lanky ..... Miss Katherine Yarbrough Ginger ..... Bob Lee Lighting ..... Miss Georgette Harvey Angelina Brown ..... Miss Blanche Deas Lucinda Johnson ..... Miss Blanche Deas

"Runnin' Wild," runs true to form after you know that the famous pair of "Shuffle Along," Miller and Lyles,

produced it, that the cast is entirely made up of negroes and that the "pick of the country's tanned beauties," as the program declares, are in it as chief feminine actors and as chorus girls. It runs wild all right, yet not too wild. For, while the note of jazz permeates all the music and dancing and the quaint characteristics associated with dusky skins are ever present in story and incident, there is constantly present a spirit of restraint and decorum so often missing from all white musical comedies. There are fun and joyousness without limit, but it is all wholesome.

There is enough of a plot, with sufficient interest in it on which to string lively scenes. It jumps from Jimtown, in the sunny South, to the Arctic ice of St. Paul, Minn., and back again. It gives Miller and Lyles, the two excruciatingly funny darkies, abundant chances to convulse their hearers, to

display their wonderful arithmetic that makes 13 one-seventh of 23 and to joke with the cold of St. Paul and the value of a thermometer. Their decision to go back to Jimtown as ghost wizards and "organize" their black friends out of their savings provides the best fun of the piece, and their contact with ghosts, living and dead, is worth analysis by psychic experts.

The music and dance numbers are unusually attractive. The undertone of pathos in all the music and songs, with a touch of fun and playfulness intertwined extricably with the sadness, is ever present and makes the entire naturalness of the whole production ever noticeable and effective.

That "tanned" chorus is a wonder and a revelation—very much so. It is young, graceful, supple, etc., and the costumes enable one to decide which shade or shades from light cream to dark chocolate one prefers in legs. For no money is wasted on stockings or tights.

The actors without exception give splendid support to the two chief comedians. Comparisons might seem invidious. They are all just right for their parts.

K. P.

**SHUBERT THEATRE**—"I'll Say She Is," new musical comedy revue.

Book and lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, music by Tom Johnstone; cast in part: Theatrical Agent "Richman" ..... John Thorne "Zippo" ("Doctor") ..... Herbert Marx Chicko ("Pooman") ..... Leonard Marx Groucho ("Lawyer") ..... Julius H. Marx Harpo ("Beggarmen") ..... Arthur Marx "Beauty" ..... Lotta Miles White Girl and Hop Merchant, Cecile D'Andrea and Harry Walters Bull and Bear, Alcee Cavanaugh and John Holland Gold Man ..... Ledru Stiffler

Two large holiday audiences filled the Shubert Theatre yesterday afternoon and evening to witness "I'll Say She Is." Titles of this kind mean nothing to the action of the two acts as the term is used only once and then only at the start.

The flimsy story concerns the attempt of a thief, doctor, poorman, lawyer, beggarman and chief to give a thrill to a beautiful woman and each of them presents in rapid succession his ideas of some novelty that is guaranteed to give the wanted effect.

How well they accomplish their mission is evidenced by the fun which moves at a rapid pace with dangerously beautiful girls and dazzling costumes and scenic effects that are both artistic and bewildering with their kaleidoscopic colorings. There are many clever comedy situations.

The four Marx brothers—Herbert, Leonard, Julius and Arthur—are favorites in this city, and a royal welcome was given them. Their work as comedians is clean and forceful, Julius doing perhaps the best in his burlesque characterization of Napoleon and again as the fairy queen in "Cinderella Backwards," the others aiding in all the various scenes.

Lotta Miles, as "Beauty," is statuesque and sings several delightful songs in her rich, mellow contralto voice. Her costumes were a source of much delight.

Dancing was one of the features of the entertainment. From the Chinese Apache dance, by D'Andrea and Walters, with its weird ending: "Wall Street Blues," interpreted by the Melvin sisters, and Holland and Cavanaugh in the spectacular fantasy, "The Tragedy of Gambling," with the dance of "Wine, Women and Song," which closed the first act, down the list to the oriental specialty of Ledru Stiffler, who appeared as the "Blue Pharaoh," all were excellently done and applauded.

Little Florence Hedges deserves much praise for her contributions of "San Toy," "Claire de Lune" and "Fairy Dance," all of which she did gracefully.

Other specialties were given by William Dargrett, whose playing on the harp was very artistic, and Sig. Tomasso Pelusso and Albert Cooper, who gave violin and piano solos.

M.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"Alas Nora O'Brien," by Marlon Short and Lynne Osborne. Comedy drama in three acts. First performance on any stage.

Mrs. Delevan ..... Anna Layng Jasper Delavan ..... Harold Chase Mildred ..... Agnes James Cruger Baldwin ..... Walter Gilbert Ralph Hastings ..... Samuel Godfrey Hosea Pettigrew ..... Frederick Murray Lady Constance Darcy ..... Adelyn Bushnell Henry Ruggs ..... Ralph M. Remley Charles Edgerton ..... Edward Darney Viscount Lord Beverly ..... Houston Richards Mrs. Stuyvesant Hatch ..... Viola Roach Walter ..... Lionel Bevans Angus MacFarlane ..... Mark Kent Tammias ..... By Himself

Perhaps the most conspicuous thing about the new play at the St. James is the preponderance of allases and the simplicity of Mr. Godfrey's sets. There was none of the cardboard clatter that usually answers for atmosphere in a stock company production and even the nuances of Mr. Hector were tuned to the romantic blue greens of the sky line.

In a comedy based on concealed identity entailing a valuable chemical formula, a titled Irish colleen, a Scotch bootlegger and a love affair there should have been little cause for boredom. There is a general buoyancy about the playing of the St. James Stock Company that extends itself to the audience and stirs up rounds of applause that include everyone from Lord Beverly to the devout Scotch cat, Tammias. Adelyn Bushnell plays with the same vivacity and dash that has drawn Broadway audiences to see Jeanne Eagles in "Rain," and she is a deft and versatile mlimc.

It all started because Jasper Delevan, chemist, had "never learned to say 'no' to a woman," and with a spoiled daughter, a Lady Bountiful in the offing, and the ineffable Walter Gilbert as hero, it takes little imagination to stir up a plot. And not one of our old friends were forgotten. They were all there from bananas to a bootlegger and a thunderstorm.

**THE HOLLS STREET THEATRE**—

"Take a Chance," a musical comedy in two acts. Music by Harold Orleib. Book and lyrics by Mr. Orleib and H. I. Phillips. The cast:

Margerie Frayne ..... Sibylla Bowhan Mrs. Warewell ..... Alison Skipworth Baby Ruth ..... Nellie Breen Willie Fall ..... Joe Mack A Buyer in Bazaar ..... Virginia Anderson Dick Warewell ..... Walter Douglas Clix Young ..... Sam Critcherson Patricia Warewell ..... Leeta Corder Joe Bagley ..... Hansford Wilson Joe Bagley, Sr. ..... Charles J. Stine

The innovation of opening the season at the Hollis with a musical comedy was well received by an appreciative audience. As was to be expected from a production advertised as a girl and music gambol, the plot was negligible. What story there is centres about a girl with whom two men are in love. A trial honeymoon chaperoned by the entire company reveals the true soul-mates, and everything ends as usual. The situations are handled delicately, and there is nothing risqué.

Alison Skipworth, who took the part of Mrs. Warewell, the impoverished society matron, played with the sure skill of the artist that she is. Leeta Corder, as Patricia Warewell, the girl who went on the trial honeymoon, was much applauded for her clear soprano voice and her delightful personality. Sibylla Bowhan is a good dancer and singer, and does much to make the production a success. Nellie Breen, as Baby Ruth, is a graceful solo dancer, but was a little too sugary sweet in her manner. Joe Mack, as Willie Fall, who jumped from a parachute in the Catskills, Sam Critcherson, the leading tenor of the company, as Clix Young, and Hansford Wilson, as Joe Bagley, the rich football hero, all acted, danced and sang acceptably.

The music is lively and tuneful, but not particularly haunting, the most popular number being "Don't Forget." The orchestra, under the direction of Vincent Lopez, and Harold Orleib's own symphonists—a male quartet—elicited much applause.

The chorus, although small both in stature and number, are all good dancers. Their costumes are not as varied or elaborate as one expects in a production of this kind.

Mr. Orleib, who last night made his debut as a producing manager, is well known as the composer of "Listo, Lester," "The Red Canary," and other musical successes. Mr. Phillips, who collaborated with Mr. Orleib in the book and lyrics, is also highly regarded here as a newspaper humorist.

**BILL AT KEITH'S**



Tom Burke, from the Royal Opera house, Covent Garden, London, assisted by Burton Brown, accompanist, is a feature card on one of those holiday cards that B. F. Keith's always provides its patrons. This means that while Burke is featured, he is but one of many who would be entitled to as much applause were it not the policy to choose one act above all others.

Mr. Burke has a voice of strength and wide range. He was particularly fortunate in his selections, among them being a bit of Canadian dialect in song that was a gem.

Charles Crafts and Jack Haley, in what they term "Laughics of the Day," were warmly greeted and would have continued their entertaining nonsense throughout the night if they had answered the demands of the large audience.

Helen Goodhue and her company in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" was another act well received. Miss Goodhue is a clever comedienne and her fellow-players carried the spirit of the farce to perfection. It was filled with action. Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson, familiar figures on the vaudeville stage, who have been abroad for some time, repeated their former success. The ventriloquist act was a scream, as was the yore.

Florence (Euster) Santos and Jacques (Mary Jane) Hayes have a remarkable collection of songs and skits which they alone could put over. The girl with the double voice is very clever in her canary act, while the stout Florence radiates good humor. Ed Janis has selected three accomplished dancers, and he gives several dances wearing the shoes of the men whose style he imitates. This is one of the best dance sketches in vaudeville.

Boudini and Bernard, with their acrobatics, furnish a fine program of classical and up-to-date music. "The Frog-man," who opens the bill, performs the almost impossible. The Castilians reproduce the world's masterpieces in statuary and there is the Aesop's Fable, the Topics of the Day and the Pathe News to round out the bill.

Sept 5 1927

Tears came to our eyes when we read these headlines in The Herald:

## GATHER UP BEER IN NANTASKET RAIDS

Beer! Cases of beer! Barrels of beer! Thoughts of Bishop Still, A. E. Houseman, Hans Bretmann, Calverley's "beef and beer" rushed into the mind. We found ourselves repeating the verses of the gentle George Arnold:

Here  
With my beer  
I sit.  
While idle moments fill.  
Alas!  
They pass  
Unheeded by.

We also recalled an evening at the Porphyry Club. Old Mr. Auger was reading from a newspaper an account of fishes killed in a river by stale beer poured from an adjacent brewery into the stream. "Picric acid did it, gentlemen," said Mr. Auger, "and yet you will undoubtedly continue to drink that poison." "Horrid stuff!" answered Mr. Golightly, flippantly; "I wish I had a barrel of it."

Last summer on the Cape we heard of an exploit that shows there are still heroes among the Cape Codders. Uncle Josh was telling at Nickerson's store how he and his crew once unloaded ice at a brewery. "They were mighty free-handed folks. About 10 in the morning they gave us a barrel of beer, me and the crew. Well, after dinner they gave us another barrel and shortly before we went home a third, and we drank that all up." There was silence. As Artemus Ward put it—it was so still that if a cannon had been fired it would have been distinctly heard. Then St. Eldridge had the courage to ask: "Uncle Josh, how many were there in the crew?" "One," answered Uncle Josh.

The llinotype dislikes my breaking into French or any other foreign language. We mentioned Balzac's novel, "Les Femmes de Deux Maries" the other day. The llinotype would not include his novel in the complete list of Balzac's works, and so we discussed "Les Femmes de Deux Maries," a novel as yet unknown to us.

### TEMPUS DOES FUGIT

(For As the World Wags)

Ah, life is short; the crowding years  
Come on at rapid pace.  
Until I really cannot count  
The wrinkles in my face.

Some from thought and some from care,  
Some from laughter, too,  
But all relate unfailingly  
The years that I've lived through.

My dragging feet and palsied limbs  
My weight can scarcely bear,  
While round about my yellowed face  
Are wisps of snow-white hair.

My eyesight fails, and humorous specs  
Sit half-way down my nose,  
And rheumatism adds itself  
To all my other woes.

"How old are you?" methinks I hear  
Some gentle reader say—  
Just twenty—but, you see, I found  
My first gray hair today!  
East Andover, N. H. I. E. H.

### LETTY LIND

As the World Wags:

In presenting certain observations on the philosophy of feminine attire some months ago, I referred to a graceful English dancer, Letty Lind, who won the hearts of the American public and Harvard College as they were beating in the early '90's, by the charm of her personality and accomplishment. Her surname suggests more recent Scandinavian descent than that of the more blended Anglo-Saxon of the present, but the blondness of her misty hair was warmed with a touch of a more southern sun and her clear-cut features and slender figure pictured English youthful beauty in all its loveliness. Her artistic performance was the perfection of the so-called skirt dancing of the time, a phrase to be noted now when the elimination of the skirt has become a fundamental principle of feminine expression, not only in Terpsichorean endeavor, but in the daily walks of life as well.

Letty wore skirts, innumerable in their lacy whiteness, and in them, seemingly unhampered, she wafted about the stage like a vagrant thistle-down. At moments a flash of gleaming black would appear from the foam of them and a dainty slipper would ascend to a height only equalled by the enthusiasm of those to whose eyes she gave delight. Of those eyes two were mine.

Last night, I read with them through spectacles, that Letty Lind had died in England at the age of 60. It was dizzying to be whirled back through time by death's message to such mind pictures of buoyant youth, but with regained poise and settlement of thought they still remained in all their vividness, leaving no room for thoughts of age and death. And so came the truth of it, that in the memories of

those on whom she cast her charm, still many I hope in their good fortune, lovely Letty Lind, still sweet-and-twenty, will dance through the years to come until those memories fail. By so much is life after death assured to her. Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

### DR. GOODSPEED IN MAINE

Greenbush—Old Home day reported in the Old Town Enterprise, Old Town, Me.)

The school had just opened by singing "School Days," "The Sweet Bye and Bye" and repairing the Lord's Prayer, when a clap of thunder called attention to an approaching shower.

### DR. GOODSPEED AT HOME

As the World Wags:

A minor lifetime of looking-on and listening-in has implanted in us the idea that the persons for whom Dr. Goodspeed is putting the Bible into Loop patrols are the persons who take most and retain most from the Bible as it is. The King James version offers no puzzles to the very men or the very women or the very children about whom the eminent Greek repository is worrying himself. Like attention, ocular and aural, to things as they go on causes us to believe that the only class of persons who worry about the Bible are acutely, painfully educated.

The same persons who spell their way through the sub-titles of the movies and the philological pitfalls of The Inquiring Reporter seem to know just what they are reading, and what it means, when they turn to Scriptures. This may not be readily explicable, but it is so. TANTALUS.

Chicago.

### DUSTING OFF THE OLD ONES

Maud—Do you love me, John?  
John—Of course I do, dear.  
Maud—Then why don't your chest go up and down like the man in the movies?  
J. O. M.

(Adv. in Portsmouth, N. H. Herald)  
MADAME HILLIS, Physic Reader  
and Adviser, 212 Summer St., cor  
Islington St.

## New Production Opens Season at Fine Arts Theatre

FINE ARTS THEATRE—Opening of the season. The first time on any stage; "Eruption," a drama of character in three acts by Anne Bunnet; produced by George G. Holland Productions, Inc. Cast:

Jane Carr.....Florence Morford  
Mason.....Joseph Reynolds  
Jack Westcott.....Sheldon MacKaye  
Nina.....Maryalice Secoy  
Emilia.....Pauline Nickerson  
Diana Forestier.....Thais Magrane  
Carlo.....Lola Shore  
Nanna.....Theo Goodrich  
Comte Mario Forestier.....Louis Alberni  
Mrs. Ellis.....Eleanor Creighton  
Dr. Whitledge.....R. A. Spencer  
Marchese Orsini.....Robert Lord  
Capt. Carter-Page.....Shannon Cormack  
Nurse.....Dorothy Bacon

"Eruption" is, presumably, the first play from Miss Bunnet's hand to achieve metropolitan production. As the daughter of H. C. Bunner, once editor of Puck, and author of many entertaining short stories, something out of the ordinary was to be expected from her hand. "Eruption" is out of the ordinary, in fact, it is a good play. Of course, its first performance on any stage was bound to have its faults. The play needs cutting, and large portions of the third act might bear revision, but by and large, it is an excellent piece of writing. A "drama of character" it is, and were the third act strengthened the play would be excellent.

### AMBITIOUS UNDERTAKING

The opening performance of a new company in Boston is bound to be attended by a certain amount of nervousness on the part of the cast. There was, however, no more than a legitimate amount of it, and there were astonishingly few stage waits and awkward pauses. Mr. Holland has undertaken an ambitious thing, and if this performance is any criterion, Boston may very well be very proud of Mr. Holland and his company at the Fine Arts Theatre.

"Eruption" deals with the development of the character of an American woman, Diana, the wife of an Italian count. She is self-satisfied, selfish and insists that every member of her household should be at her beck and call at all times. Her daughter, Nina, by her first husband, revolts at the subjection demanded by her mother, and goes off to her father, under whose protection she remains until her marriage with a young man, of whom her mother does not approve. Carlo, her son by her second husband is a cripple, and even his simple pleasures are denied if they in any way interfere with his mother's comfort.

Mario, the Italian, comes to Diana and tells her that he is about to engage in a duel with Orsini, a suitor for Diana's favors, because Orsini has been repeating an unsavory rumor about her. She confesses that the rumor, while untrue, is not without its foundations, and demands that Mario give up all idea of this duel, on pain of being divorced on the grounds of his proven infidelities. Mario conceives no other course open to him, and shoots himself. Diana retires to Dr. Whitledge's sanitarium ostensibly to recover from the blow, but leaves in a fit of pique, as her whims are not granted. She leaves, however, too late to see a telegram announcing the illness of her son, Carlo, and arrives in Naples the day after his death. With the wreck of her life about her, she sees that she has been a too selfish and unattentive mother and, broken, finds her only consolation in the fact that her daughter, who has been married during her stay at the sanitarium, is about to become a mother. Diana sees herself as a grandmother, and finds in this her opportunity for repentance.

### MISS MAGRANE CONVINCING

Miss Thais Magrane as Diana is headliner on the billboards. She deserved it. She carries almost the entire play on her shoulders. That her performance was uneven is pardonable. She will improve, once relieved of the strain of the first night. In the emotional scenes she was thoroughly competent. It was in the sustained bits of small talk that she showed lack of study and rehearsal.

Perhaps the most convincing performance was that of Miss Secoy. We suspect that Miss Secoy was recruited from the ranks of amateurs, but nevertheless she was the most unself-conscious and sincere of the entire cast. Mr. Alberni as Mario, gave the most finished performance, although frequently he read his lines too fast. Mr. MacKaye provided in a very pleasing manner, the light comedy relief, playing opposite Miss Morford's

adequate rendering of the role of Jane Carr.

The stage setting of the salon in the Naples villa of Diana was very pleasing. Mr. Frank Cherry, Jr., the designer, was handicapped by the size of the stage, but he gave, in the small space allowed him, a very good expression of Diana's taste in salons.

On the whole, we predict that "Eruption" will improve very quickly, and will shortly become a production worthy of Boston's attention. Mr. Holland and his company merit the encouragement they will undoubtedly receive. J. S. Jr.

Sept 6 1927

## NOTES and LINES

By PHILIP HALE

We are publishing in this space every day a different Herald feature, taken from the many which appear regularly elsewhere in the paper.

NOTES AND LINES is published on the editorial page every Thursday. It is a popular and widely quoted Herald feature.

The Record, which proudly proclaims its importance as the "fastest growing newspaper in Los Angeles," sent Mr. Jose Rodriguez to talk with Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard of Boston, who is a visitor in that town. We are glad to see that Mr. Hubbard as teacher and as man is warmly appreciated there. Mr. Rodriguez is sure that "Beethoven would have liked Arthur J. Hubbard, would have quarrelled with him, drunk with him, and made lovely music with him."

And why?

Because Mr. Hubbard's "ethical notions" give him a certain breadth of conception which is denied many artists, "who, as a rule, are merely emotional aeolian harps, delicate traceries of leaded glass through which the light of a day to come begins to infiltrate its serene radiance, pure fragilities, puerilities," while Mr. Hubbard comes into the world "like the strong, clear blaze of an honest day."

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When "The Cat and the Canary" first raised goose flesh in New York some one recovered sufficiently to write these lines:

If you're of emotion chary  
If your nerves would normal be,  
Shun "the Cat and the Canary"  
If you're of emotion chary;  
For a person shy or scary  
It's no sort of show to see,  
If you're of emotion chary,  
If your nerves would normal be.

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J. Menzies Van Zandt appeared as a pianist last Tuesday at the Scollay Square Theatre. He is in his 24th year. Many remember his mother, the charming Marie Van Zandt, the ideal Lakme, and some recall his grandmother, Jenny Van Zandt, the opera singer, who was a daughter of Sig. Blitz, the magician.

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The best of all possible quips on the subject are anti-climatic; nothing appertaining can be one-fifth as funny as the mere suggestion of "Romeo and Juliet" for a movie.—Chicago Tribune.

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"L'Infidele" by Porto-Riche at the Theatre-Francais produced this outburst of criticism: "The play is of a Venetian old formula to constrain all that liked it or like it to eat for their whole life chopped hay on plates, which would be decorated with pictures of the principal scenes. Ah! Venice and the gondolas! When shall we be delivered from this stock bore, the worst of all stock bores?"

"And this is what they offer us at the Theatre-Francais!"

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WE MUST SEE THIS FILM  
(Webster Daily Times)

## "THE FOG" A FILM OF REAR APPEAL

### A STRENUOUS GAME

From "N. J. S." "A friend, who is passionately addicted to Mah Jongg, has written to me: 'Miss Blank is a wonderful player; she had Heavenly Twins three times last night and scored the limit twice.' I wrote at once that I hoped she would not have the 'Nine United Sons' just at present."

### THE TRUE PAPHYRIAN SPIRIT

As the World Wags:

It has been heralded in a column adjacent to that one on which wags the world that the famous Derby winner Papyrus is to visit this country to race against some American horse, as yet unchosen, for the championship of the world and \$100,000. What that would be in German marks the mind staggers to conjecture. Although the laws against betting have put somewhat of a crimp into the sport of kings, just as the Volstead act has made the pursuit of happiness less swift if not less pernicious by the American people; it still remains "difference of opinion that makes horses race," and a recent personal experience leads me to believe that opportunity will soon be knocking at the door of a chosen few, some two or three at least on the Herald staff at that, whereby the holding and financial support of the sound opinion as to the merits of the racers will be to their pecuniary advantage if those of opposing mind can be found with whom to differ.

Some time before the Derby was to be run I chanced to notice a list of the horses entered for the race, and in an idle moment bethought me to pick my winner. As I ran down the long list of entries I came upon the name Papyrus. Instantly thoughts of friendly loyalty to a group of merry gentlemen, their reasonable and harmonious feasts, the brimming loving cup, rose to my mind. The message seemed from Pharaoh's shade itself, and as the odds were high against my choice I backed Papyrus heavily—in thought. Then came the news that he had won, and I with him, a roll of cow-choking dimensions.

Now the heroic steed approaches our shores. With the choice of his opponent made, difference of opinion will become rampant in our midst. Past performance is the acid test of presumptive equine victory, and based on it there is but one choice and one opinion possible for those remaining ones who sat in company together. Cheered by the omen let them differ in opinion fearlessly according to their means, and make provision for their advancing years from those of our fellow citizens, who, untipped by Ra's command, will bet their money on the other horse.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

As the World Wags:

What do you think of this sign which is over the front of a little shop on the foot bridge at Boothbay Harbor, Me?

"Saws Filed. Boat & Yacht Repairing. Home Baking & Sailing Fish Parties."

FRANK W. PATCH.

### FOR "R. O. H."

F. F. H. answers your question, saying that "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," was written by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, a Boston woman. She also wrote, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys" and other books. She has been dead several years.

S. M. W. of Stoneham says that a new and enlarged edition, illustrated by Augustus Hopkin and Hammet Billings was published by Loring, Boston, in 1870.

The Galveston Commercial Association advertises in the Beaumont (Tex.) Enterprise that it has one of the finest golf courses in the South.

### MOST MUSKIES ARE LIKE THAT

(Chicago and North Western Fishing Bulletin No. 6)

A few days ago the smallest boy in Camp Mishike landed a 33 lb. muskie weighing 10 lbs. in Rainbow lake. He was Harold Chinle of Chicago.

### JOHNSON AND HAWTHORNE

As the World Wags:

It was a surprise to me that, in your conversation with Mr. Herkimer Johnson, summarized in The Herald under the title, "Remembered Dishes," neither

you nor he mentioned a man whose peculiarities fitted the very mood in which you found Mr. Johnson. I refer to the Inspector on duty at the Salem custom house in the eighteenth century, to whom Hawthorne introduces us in "The Scarlet Letter."

Listen to this: "To hear him talk to roast meat was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster," and "his reminiscences of good cheer, however ancient the date of the actual banquet, seemed to bring the savor of pig or turkey under one's very nostrils."

Mr. Johnson was in very good form when he spoke to you of "Lethal State Roads" (I, with hundreds more of The Herald's readers, laughed heartily), but Hawthorne surpasses him in suggestiveness, I think, with his "ghosts of bygone meals."

AN OLD MANSE.

Lexington.

### LIVING ON BORROWED TIME

(New York Times)

899-Year-Old Man Is Struck by Trolley at Coney Island.

### A PROOF OF AFFLUENCE

As the World Wags:

My friend Smithers who is visiting me tells me that he went to a bank in Providence, R. I., wishing a check cashed. Asked to exhibit something that might identify him and testify to his trustworthiness, he fumbled and fussed through all the pockets, and then dug up a membership card in the Association Opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment. The check was cashed.

W. R. K.

Sept 8 1923

Mr. Carl Laemmle, in producing a film play, makes "an explanation but not an apology."

"When Victor Hugo wrote 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' he was not thinking about the screen rights to his novel. I doubt that he had even heard of Hollywood."

Parisians are notoriously provincial, ignorant concerning American geography. And so Hugo when he wrote 'Notre Dame' missed a great opportunity, as when he wrote 'Les Misérables' and 'The Toilers of the Sea.'

### LURING ADVS.

"Dow Pencil: Used by Thinking People and Large Corporations." But corporations may occasionally think, though they have no souls.

The card of the West Harbor Hotel, Wls., tells of boating, bathing and fishing; "Also a Good Place for Hay Fever." Those not having contracted it should apply early for rooms next season.

The Antioch Hotel, Ill., invites custom as follows: "Antioch Hotel: Meals Served." Bedrooms may be added when the cost of building is lower.

### WHAT IS A "BORARY?"

As the World Wags:

In my last month's statement from Macy's I found myself charged \$3.39 for "I Madam's Borary." I asked my wife: What is a "Borary." She blushed crimson; said she had not purchased anything at Macy's that month. Then it occurred to me that I had bought Flaubert's novel there.

New York. BLEECKER DOUW.

### A PROSAIC ADAMS

One of the Adamses is led to verse.

To tell of a beautiful dawn; And Abel, of Amherst, takes time to write, When he should be attending his corn.

So why not a word or two from me, A poet in the bud? For my mother was born an Adams, So I am of Adams blood.

Now, I have risen to see the dawn, And I've been up at half-past three, Yet I'm loathe to admit neither time inspired

Any poetic mood in me, So Abel may continue to arise in the dark, And fumble for a pantaloons; And the unknown cousin may write of the dawn, While I sleep till nearly noon.

Shirley Centre. R. N. G.

### THE REV. F. H. KNUDEO

"The American girl is at her lowest moral ebb today."—The Rev. F. H. Knudeo, on leaving for the Eisenach congress.

While wending forth in Boylston street, I walked upon a damsel's feet who

flitted like a sunbeam through the throng, "Oh, hell!" she thrilled in tinkling tones—"I hope you break your clumsy bones! Why can't you keep your dogs where they belong?"

"Now this," I mused, "appears to show that Mr. F. H. Knudeo is reasonably right in his surmise. A mouth so foul—a face so fair; she'll finish—need I mention where? I trust she'll wear asbestos when she dies!"

Then, after I had wandered far, I stepped upon a trolley car, where piggrims stood like porkers in a pen; and with them stood an ancient dame, with silvered hair and fragile frame.

while seated here and there were husky men. And then a painted flapper rose, with sleeveless arms and fishnet hose, who gave the dame her seat with courtly grace, and cried aloud to all the car: "What lazy swine you Bohunks are! I'd like to paste you all across the face!"

"The case," I pondered (hand to brow), "is getting complicated now: it hardly looks as simple as it seemed. A wan face and form, I find, can sheath high gifts of heart and mind—a phase of which these preachers scarcely dreamed. A Vestal wears Astarte smile, yet stays a Vestal all the while; how wondrous are the ways of malice and men! No true appraisal will be shown till Gabriel wields his saxophone. . . . They'll have to get weighed and tagged by then!"

B. W. W.

### ACCEPTED UNANIMOUSLY

I wonder if any one has noted Mr. Dally Brewer of Hopsville, Ind. How delightful it would be if you could find some nice, still corner for him among the illustrious ones.

B. W. C.

And so is Mr. Leasure, who recently won the slow race at an Illinois fair.

### PERHAPS BETTY WAS A BLACK-SMITH

As the World Wags:

In my nursery days we older children helped in dressing the younger ones, and in putting on their shoes we sang these words to a lively tune:

"Hi Betty Martin! Tipto fine!  
Can you shoe this horse of mine?  
Yes, indeed, and that I can,  
Just as well as any man."  
Then to the baby we said:  
"Shoe the horse and shoe the mare,  
But let the little colt go bare."

MARY CUTLER FAULKNER.  
Sharon.

As the World Wags:

In answer to the question that vexed our wise legislators and immigration officials as to whether Baby Przysogal was Polish or British, Patrick settled it conclusively: "Sure, if my old cat had kittens in the oven, would they be biscuits?"

CLAN ROSS.

Sept. 9. 1923

The Rev. Increase Mather, born at Dorchester in 1639, wrote a preface to his "Remarkable Providences" in which he stated, "some proposals concerning the recording of them," beginning:

"In order to the promoting of a design of this nature so as shall be indeed for God's glory and the good of posterity it is necessary that utmost care shall be taken that all (and only 'Remarkable Providences' be recorded and published.

"Such Divine judgments, tempests, floods, earthquakes, thunders as are unusual, strange apparitions, or whatever else shall happen that is prodigious, witchcrafts, diabolical possessions, remarkable judgments upon noted sinners, eminent deliverances and answers of prayer, are to be reckoned among illustrious providences."

In view of the awful calamity in Japan, we are naturally interested today in Mather's account of earthquakes in New England.

Here is his stately opening: "Earthquakes deserve to be mentioned amongst Remarkable providences, since Aristotle himself could say that the man is stupid and unreasonable who is not affected with them. This part of the world hath not been altogether free from such tremendous accidents, albeit (through the gracious providence of God) there never was yet any harm done amongst us thereby, so far as I have heard."

There was a considerable earthquake in 1638. "There are who affirm that they heard a strange kind of noise before the earth began to tremble." Another was observed in 1658. In January, 1662, the earth was shaken at least six times in the space of three days. "I remember that upon the first approach of the earthquake the things on the shelves in the house began to move. Many people ran out of their houses with fear and amazement; but no house fell, nor was any damage sustained. There was another earthquake April 3, 1668. We in Boston were sensible of it, but some other parts of the country were more terribly shaken. The Indians say that the earthquake this year did stop the course of a considerable river." (Mather's preface was signed Jan. 1, 1683-1684.)

The tenor referred to above was Tom Karl; and his name comes appositely with respect to an Iowa divine's denunciation of "Robin Hood," the Smith De Koven operetta: Karl had the title-role when first we heard it, in 1891, by the Bostonians. It was, all around, just a little bit better than the best other operetta of native make; and, while we have heard it frequently since, we never ascertained that it was made up, in the continental phrase by the Iowa preacher, "of drunken orgy, sacrilegious mimicry, and scenes of debauch." True, there was a brave brindisi in it, "Brown October Ale"; B. L. T., as was his habit, sang it on the 13th hole the last time we played with him; and we, as was our habit when he sang, golf'd no more that day.—Tantalus.

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Mr. Lansing R. Robinson writes: "In his version of the chorus of a song that was once in the repertoire of all pink-skinned so-called Irish comedians, 'Dad' mixed up the gentlemen who paid respect to Mr. McGinnis. Here is the first verse with chorus:

"Last night I went in to the Shamrock Hotel

Just to pay me respects to McGinnis.

And as I was passing I thought it as well

To pay me respects to McGinnis.

There were four or five others along by the bar

And as I came in they cried "Ah, there you are.

Won't you take a drink, or a 10-cent cigar,

Just out of respect to McGinnis?"

### CHORUS

"Then we all paid for drinks in turn; McGinnis did the same;

As fast as we could order them

Around the glasses came

Sullivan got paralyzed,

O'Reilly couldn't see,

I was drunk, but Flannigan

Was ten times worse than me."

An excellent song for the Alcoholic Male Quartet (or Glee Club).

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Now that Irene Castie has hers, there will be nothing for the cables to carry save fugitive items about the Ruhr, the strained Anglo-French entente, and such.

When we think of her, which is every time her name gets into print, it is, first, for her singing in "Watch Your Step," and, then, as hostess in the first Manhattan cabaret that asked a dollar for a highball. If—Vernon—was clever in spite of his being a tavern dancer. The family strain was in his acting; and the strain was partly Barrymore and partly Grossmith.—Chicago Tribune.

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Mr. Patrick Flinn wrote from Mount Vernon, N. H., on Aug. 20th:

"Miss Annie Hart who is at the Howard this week knows every old timer of the past 40 years. I saw her at the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, New York, 35 years ago and at the Howard before that when John Stetson had it. She will tell you about Billie Carter, Sam Devere, Ada Richmond, Nellie Larkelle, Marie Bates, Jerry Coahan, Schoolcraft and Coes, Maffitt and Bartholomew, Cool Burgess, Pat Rooney, Sr., Delchanty and Hengler, Oliver Doud Byron in 'Across the Continent.' Many a time I paid 10 cents for a seat in the gallery, when you went up an iron spiral stairway. Coming down my feet never touched the floor. This was more than 40 years ago."

Sept 7. 1923

There are certain barren and thornier sciences which for the most part are forged for the multitude: they should be left for those, who are for the service of the world. As for my self, I love no books but such as are pleasant and easie, and which tickle me, or such as comfort and counsel me, to direct my life and death.—Montaigne.

### DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM

(La Grange, Ill., Citizen)

Dr. Leonard, Mr. Clark's pastor for many years, was unable to be present; and the funeral services were in charge of Dr. Magor, who said he was glad to be there as a friend of Mr. Clark.

### AUGUST L'ENVOI

Ten thousand crickets madly chirped And to the fog their rapture told; All flooded with the white moonlight, The country-side lay passion-cold.



remarkable," says Mather, "was at which happened A.D. 1670 at a place called Kennebunk, in the province of Maine in New England, where not far from the river side a piece of clay round was thrown up over the top of high oaks that grew between it and the river, into the river, stopping the course thereof, and leaving a hole 40 yards square, wherein were thousands of clay pellets like musket bullets. It is also remarkable that the like to this happened at Casco (20 miles to the eastward of the other place) much about the same time. Whether the removal of this round did proceed from an earthquake, or by the eruption of mineral vapors, or from some other cause, may be disputed; they that would give a probable conjecture concerning the natural cause must first know whether a great drought, or much rain, or both successively, did not precede, of which I am not informed."

#### THE METEOR MAIL

Lo! high in the heavens a sail,  
Or something with eagle-wings  
That mightrily whirrs and slings:  
The mail—the meteor mail!  
See where it flies,  
Piercing the skies,  
Higher and higher in flight;  
Above the clouds by day;  
At night a pillar of light  
To guide it on its way,  
Mountain and river and plain  
Under it vanish from sight  
Only it speeds to gain  
The goal it would attain,  
Scorning the thought to fall—  
The mail—the meteor mail!

What is the word it bears  
Through the blue deep it dares?  
Greetings from man to man  
It carries across the span  
Of three thousand miles!  
Greetings of joy and smiles,  
Greetings of hope and peace,  
Saying that wars shall cease,  
Speaking of love that grows  
Like to a climbing rose,  
Until at last it bloom,  
Hiding the ancient tomb  
Where sleeps the dust of hate!  
Climbing to Heaven's gate  
And filling with sweet perfume  
All worlds that spin afar,  
Kin to the morning star—  
Kin to the Holy Grail:  
The mail—the meteor mail!

LAURA BLACKBURN.

#### ON THEIR WAY TO PINCHOT

(Kankakee, Ill., Daily Republican)  
Ruth Cole and Irene Fuel called in Kankakee Monday.

#### ANOTHER KANSAS ORGY

(Lyons (Kan.) Daily News)  
After a good time of playing, refreshments consisting of watermelon and hewing gum were served.

#### HERE'S TO THE MAN WHO INVENTED STAIRS

"The world would be downstairs today,  
Had he not found the key,  
Then let his name go down to fame,  
Whoever he may be.

—W. S. B.

#### YOUNGER THAN THE AVERAGE PARENT

(The Furniture World)  
Birthday greetings are extended to George W. Moses, who has been with the Boston office of Conant Ball Co., for quite some years. Mr. Moses was born at Durham, Me., on May 27 and on June 5, 1890, his son G. Raymond Moses was born at Freeport, Me.

#### "ROSANNA" VARIANTS

is the World Wags:  
"Subscriber" asks "Will Old Harry accept my version of the third line in the chorus of 'Where's Rosanna Gone?' And she'll never return to soothe the heart that now with grief am sore." Not being the author or composer of the ballad in question I am not disposed to accept or reject any change or amendment of the line which was given from memory. I have a number of versions of the chorus, one of which the second line reads: "I'll never ask Rosanna to be wed me any more."

Another version of the third line is: "She'll never pinch my funny-bone until it's getting sore."

Either of these variations sounds more "less English," but the version of "Subscriber," particularly the concluding words of the line, has a flavor of nigger minstrelsy hardly in keeping with the ballad.

The fitness of any of the lines quoted will depend somewhat on the reader's experience or point of view. Rosanna's activities in the way of cheek-biting and funny-bone pinching might appeal to one, although her passive submission to finger squeezing would seem more commendable to another, while sympathy with one whose heart "with grief am sore" might make "Subscriber's" version more acceptable.

Wilton, N. H. OLD HARRY.

Mr. Henry Jewett brought out at the Copley Theatre last season a play, "The Likes o' Her," by Charles McEvoy, with more than ordinary success. If we are not mistaken, the play had not been performed previously in this country. We thought that the interest in the play was sustained until the last act, in which the hero and the heroine are effaced to make way for the "conniptions" of a subordinate character.

Strange to say, this play, which, according to the Manchester Guardian, "takes life immediately the actors set to work upon it and keeps its vitality throughout," had not been performed in England until it was produced at St. Martin's Theatre, London, by the Readeau management on the 15th of last month. Yet Mr. McEvoy's "David Ballard" was "a forerunner of the realistic plays that swept across the intelligent English stage 15 or a dozen years ago."

As the play is an intensely local one of Stepney, yet with a theme of universal importance—poverty—it is interesting to know how it was received in London. It appears that some of the players made "rather sluggish efforts to do Stepney justice," for dialect is seldom well done on the stage, but there was "no grotesque exaggeration of the Cockney idiom or intonation." The Times does not care whether the dialogue was or was not in the authentic tongue of Cockney: "It is a good play with a tale to tell and economy in the telling of it."

The Manchester Guardian was more analytical in its review. It found Mr. McEvoy still "impenitently realistic." The play is on the surface "a fable of demobilization times, but it is in essence a postscript to the Shavian thesis that 'What is wrong with the poor is poverty.'" Yet Stepney is a world with a good deal of rough decency. "There are hearts atune, as there are hearts awry—the faithful heart, the rough tongue, the itching palm, the hand raised to smite, all are there."

The dramatist has no sovereign remedies. "He observes, records, and relates with savage accuracy. His play has all the East End gusto in life, and all its tenderness and humor. . . . It is a haunting study in the moral blessings of poverty." And the Manchester Guardian ends its review by wondering why the English managers have been so shy of Mr. McEvoy's work during recent years.

One might also wonder why no American manager before Mr. Jewett had the courage to produce "The Likes o' Her." Was it because it was thought necessary to import an English company? Or did the managers fail to see the vitality of the drama? (We still think the last act episodic, rather than a logical continuation with effective climax of the preceding scenes.)

It was greatly to Mr. Jewett's credit that he recognized the worth of Mr. McEvoy's work; and it is to the credit of the Copley audience that it also gave generous support to Mr. Jewett. It is often said that this or that play which is worth while demands a "special" audience. We need special audiences in Boston until they become general; audiences that are not solely for a jig or a tale of bawdry; audiences that are not afraid of a play that leads to reflection, comment, fierce discussion. Parisians have fought duels as the result of a dispute over the proper impersonation of a character in a play. We do not recommend duels of this nature in Copley square or on the Common; but the spirit that led to the Parisian duels is praiseworthy and should be emulated here.

#### "FAKE IRISH TENORS" ARE DEVASTATING THE LAND

To the Editor of The Herald:

The number of fake Irish tenors is increasing so rapidly that an organized effort is necessary to undeceive the public as to the race and nationality of these artists. This is being accomplished, and we hope for your assistance. We are ashamed to say that these singers have succeeded in employing Irish advance agents to create the impression among Irish organizations that they are genuine, so they may trade upon the sentiment of the Irish people. Your city has been operated both in the concert and dramatic field. New England is their first effort of the new season. We are asking that they may be investigated and the public be advised if they claim unjustly to be members of the Irish race. The most of them claim Irish mothers when their real name comes out, which is a clever alibi, but not the truth.

DANIEL J. HENNESSY, Secretary.  
Society for the Suppression of Fake Irish Tenors.

#### VIRGINIA HOWELL

Virginia Howell, who is "Mammy" Pleasant, the sinister Voodoo woman who sets the key of mystery and horror at the very beginning of "The Cat and the Canary," although she is a comely woman, as those who saw her a few years ago as Iris in "Ben Hur" well remember, finds more satisfaction in playing strange characters than in society plays or conventional drama. Her father, Theodore Kuter, in his youth a concert violinist, having toured Europe, settled in London, was for a time considered master of the Symphony orchestra, and then conducted opera, being identified with the Carl Rosa company and other grand opera organizations.

The name of Howell was given to Virginia when she joined Broadhurst's forces. George Broadhurst thought the name of Kuter was too difficult for American tongues. He persuaded her to adopt the name of Howell. Her first appearance on the stage was with Nance O'Neill in repertoire. The following season she played in stock in Malden, afterward with Otis Skinner. For five seasons she played Iris in "Ben Hur," and then joined the cast of "Chu Chin Chow," in which she was the fortune teller. When Marjorie Wood left the company, through illness, Miss Howell took her place as leading woman. Last season she played with Margaret Anglin in "A Woman of Bronze," and when Miss Anglin produced "Hippolytus" by Euripides at the University of California, Miss Howell had a prominent part.

#### PLAYWRIGHTS AND COMEDIANS

John Willard, the author of "The Cat and the Canary," is a Californian and a graduate of Leland Stanford University. He has been a gold digger and rancher; he studied painting in Paris, and then turned actor, appearing as Inspector Cassidy in "Within the Law," in "Very Good Eddie" and in operettas. During the war he was a lieutenant in the infantry, also an aviator. He played in "The Son-Daughter." He has written vaudeville sketches. "The Cat and the Canary" was at first a one-act play for the Lambs' Gambol. It was his wife who insisted on developing it into three acts. In the production last year he took the part of Harry Blythe.

Florence Huntington, playing Susan Silsby at the Plymouth, was seen here several seasons ago as Jo in "Little Women." Later she played here in "He Said and She Believed Him." She was also in the cast of "Song of Songs." She has been making campaign speeches, and is an expert horsewoman, having often ridden in the New York horse shows.

Heywood Brown on "mystery" plays: "As like as not the dead man wasn't murdered at all, but simply slipped and fell on the paper knife while endeavoring to open a bottle of olives. The gardener who said he saw the mysterious woman in the black cloak and the diamond necklace was just lying."

When Oscar Asche produced "Kismet" in London he brought fame to Edward Knoblock and gave an opportunity to Miss May Robson, a young girl studying for the concert stage, who had wandered into the theatre during a rehearsal, and, by being mistaken for another person, had been engaged as the singer in "Kismet." So despite the fact that her actress mother had discouraged her going on the stage, Miss Robson came to America to appear in "Bulldog Drummond." At the close of its run she was seen in "Dew Drop Inn," James Barton's play, but left it to play in Knoblock's "Lullaby."

Tom Johnstone, the composer of "I'll Say She Is," after studying at the New York Conservatory of Music and three years of European travel, began his musical composition by planning symphonies and tone poems. But after a glimpse of Stromberg's effects in the Music Box Revue, he and his brother, "Bill," decided that a comedy sprinkled with just enough tune to make it "hummy" was more satisfying. The result was "Up in the Clouds," and his music for "Molly Darling."

Florence Hedges, who is making her first appearance in Boston in "I'll Say She Is," has been on the stage since she left school in Detroit, although she made her first success in musical comedy in Philadelphia.

Cecilia D'Andrea has danced from the chorus of the Marigny Revue, where she gained poise and training for solo dancing, to the combination with Harry Walters in "I'll Say She Is." After her probation course at the Marigny, Miss D'Andrea appeared in many elaborate Parisian revues, and then danced in Milan, Madrid and Seville until she reached London, where she appeared in a Henri de Courville revue. There she met Mr. Walters and formed the partnership that resulted in engagements in the recent revival of "The Merry Widow," in New York, and "I'll Say She Is."

It is to their mother that the Four Marx Brothers owe their present success. Mrs. Marx, or as she was professionally known, Minnie Palmer, is a sister of Al Shean, of Gallagher and Shean. She is the daughter of a German magician and was on the stage for a number of years. The Marx Brothers made their debut as children in a "school act," playing in the smaller vaudeville theatres.

Grace Perkins, seen last season as old Bill's daughter in "Lightnin'" is now here in "The Lullaby." A New York girl, she went on the stage after she had completed a course in journalism at Columbia University. She found her first engagement as the general understudy in "The Scarlet Man." After that engagement she joined a stock company. Then she went to Rochester, N. Y., for further stock training, and in addition to her acting, served as press representative and wrote special features for the Rochester Sunday American. She next went on tour in "The Silver Fox," and the following season joined the "Lightnin'" company. Playing in "Lightnin'" in Chicago she found time to study harmony. She has prepared a book of musical instruction for children which will be published this autumn, and collected a group of songs for children which have been edited by Walter Damrosch. This collection also will be published within a few months.

Miriam Doyle, now in "The Cat and the Canary," as an ingenue played in John Craig's stock company at the Castle Square Theatre. After her engagement in Boston she supported May Irwin in "33 Washington Square," and then appeared in "Moonlight Mary," later in "The Silent Witness." She was leading woman for Leo Ditrichstein in "The King." Then came a season of stock in Milwaukee, followed by an engagement in "An Exchange of Wives." She supported Mary Young in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," and played Katherine in the revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm," in which she played here at the Tremont Theatre two years ago. Then came the engagement as Annabelle West in the Chicago run of "The Cat and the Canary" last season.

#### LETTY LIND

(From the Chicago Tribune)

Letty Lind, whose death is cable news, was the first great actress we ever really loved. We had unnumbered rivals, ranging from merchant-princes, bankers, and drama-critics down to other schoolboys aged, as were we, by nine years of life. Some of the merchants and bankers, critics and schoolboys affected a preference for Sylvia Gray, another great actress of the same troupe; but Letty Lind was truly of les neuf soeurs!

Later, we found out for ourselves that neither was a great actress; indeed, was no kind of an actress; but we shall keep on till we die remembering that two more exquisite dancers never have danced. Of the day's dancers of all kinds, they were the stars in their corsets—corsets and long dresses; and what they did was called, stupidly, "skirt-dancing."

They came hither as members of the first company from the old, the storied, London Gaiety to visit the States; other celebrities were their associates—Nellie Farren, whom London regarded as an inspired player of boys long after she reached grandmaternity, and Fred Leslie, the most gifted actor of true burlesque we have ever seen. Others were Marion Hood, Charles Danby, and an astounding dancing-man whose name has wandered into an inaccessible cranny of memory.

They played in "Miss Esmeralda" and "Monte Cristo, Jr.," and never since have we been able to take Victor Hugo

or the elder Dumas with proper reverence. Worse: Leslie's Claude Frolo stands to this day as the visualization for us of all the notable churchmen of fiction and of history. No actor has ever been able to play even Shakspeare's Wolsey without reminding us of Leslie in a movable halo, which he put aside along enough to sing the ballad of the Frenchman who was fool enough to teach French in Killaloe.



Leslie died soon after his return to London, where, years later, we again saw Letty and Sylvia, and Nellie, too, with her perfect legs, and heard Marion sing again—and none too well—and were freshly astounded by the dancing-man whose name we should never have let slip and which we are too lazy to look up.

#### PERCY GRAINGER

We have received a letter from Mr. Percy Grainger. It was written in Norway.

"I have heard much interesting music in England, Holland and Germany. The German and Austrian younger composers seem to me much more vital and genuinely musical now than before the war; in particular, young Paul Hindemith seems to me especially gifted, and I heard interesting things by Schreker, Schoenberg, etc.

"But by far the strongest impression was made on me by the new works of Frederik Dellsus: 'The Song of the High Hills' that I heard magnificently given by Coates in London and again in Frankfurt; the 'cello concerto, 'North Country Sketches' and 'Hassan' that I heard in various German cities. He seems to me a giant towering above all the others, not merely expressing a momentary mood of one day or a 'movement,' but a collective genius in which the combined honey of Bach, Chopin, Grieg, Wagner, etc., is stored up in new manifestations; in which all the chief elements of music (harmony, exquisite melody, tone, color) abound in balanced proportions."

Mr. Grainger gave 53 concerts in the north of Europe and Holland and found his old public as loyal as ever. The two strongest firms on the European continent, B. Schott's Sons of Mayence and Universal Edition of Vienna, will publish between them all of Mr. Grainger's larger unpublished compositions and for the last six months he has been working over them in preparation.

#### EMERSON HOUGH'S LETTER

Emerson Hough, the novelist who died on April 30, 1923, was not only a brilliant writer, but was, as well, an orator of unusual force and magnetism. His last public appearance was at Woods Theatre, Chicago, just a week before he died, the occasion was the opening presentation of the motion picture of his "Covered Wagon." He made a stirring appeal to our interest and pride in American traditions.

A letter he wrote just before "The Covered Wagon" was presented in Chicago illustrates his modesty and intense love of country. A part of the letter reads:

"I want to add a word or so of a personal nature. When Mr. Lorimer (George Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post) and I were planning for the serial ('The Covered Wagon') neither of us thought of much but the story. We both put it all on a story basis. To the surprise of everybody, letters began to come in literally by the thousands, all telling of the intense interest and pride in that supposedly forgotten period of our history. By accident, we had uncovered a great American tradition.

"I take no credit for that and neither should anybody else—it is simply a discovery by accident—and because the discovery was due.

"The trouble with this country is we don't know it is a country. We have forgotten we are a nation. We need something to bring out our pride in our country. The tremendous success of the picture shows that can be done. We are touching the people in a new place."

Mr. Hough lived only a few days to see the promise of this prophecy approaching in the success of his story in picture form.

#### GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, U. S.

The writers of titles on news pictures have been having a good deal of fun with the English conception of a confederate general: a news picture from London, showing Felix Aylmer walking down a London street in the costume he wears in the John Drinkwater play, "Lee," displays the band and "U. S." on the belt and the hat. This, thought the title writers, was a drill bit of oversight on the part of the English who didn't know history well enough to know that Lee, being on the confederate side, would wear "C. S. A." as insignia. The only trouble with this reasoning is that the picture is of the character representing Lee when he was a colonel in the United States army before he had resigned to join his native Virginia troops. Being in the U. S. forces it was quite fitting he should wear their insignia.

An international film conference in which all countries except Germany engaged in the cinema business will be represented is arranging in Paris. It is proposed to establish a World Cinema Club there, and in connection with it there will be information bureaux all over the world.

Leon Berard, minister of Beaux Arts in Paris, has appointed a commission to revise the famous Decree of Moscow signed by Napoleon in 1812 for the administration of the Theatre Francais. It is thought by many that the decree is no longer adapted to the present circumstances.

The fact that the Old Vic opens its coming season with "Love's Labor's Lost" is very interesting to Shakespearean students. This comedy is generally regarded as Shakespeare's first contribution to the theatre, and it bears upon it the marks of brilliant youth rather than of thought and experience. Human nature, which plays so great a part in the later works, plays but a small one in this, and the main impression left by reading the play is that it is a wonderful piece of literary bravura, and the characteristic work of a young dramatist of great genius who had not yet learned to feel either his feet or his wings. The comedy is very seldom acted. Indeed, in its entirety, and apart from the Old Vic, it is almost unknown to the contemporary stage. After it will come "Titus Andronicus," which many people consider is not by Shakespeare at all. It certainly contains scarcely a flash of his poetry, and is simply a dishful of horrors so crude as

to be entirely unworthy of him.—London Daily Telegraph.

A British film version of "Chu Chin Chow" will be shown for the first time in London on Sept. 17. The interior views were taken in Berlin; the exterior ones in Algiers. Betty Blythe takes part in it. Nearly 5000 people appear in the production, it is said, and the cost is about \$500,000.

The Indian Players are making a film called "Mumtaz Mahal" with the empress for love of whom her husband erected the Taj Mahal at Agra as heroine. The film will be made in India, Persia and Egypt.

The Western Import Company exhibited privately a new film called "Jacqueline," which is described by its sponsors as a "Great Epic of the Flaming Forest with a record-smashing cast." It can certainly justify its claim to be an "epic" in that it follows traditional lines and avoids originality at all costs, but altogether it is not quite so exhilarating a piece of work as its label suggests. If it had been the first of its kind, it would have been a distinct achievement, but by now we have had so many of these films that are laid in the primeval forest, based on primeval passion, and rounded off with an artificial "thrill."

The heroine of the story is rather a tiresome young person who seems to involve herself in a number of unnecessary difficulties solely to please the writer of the scenario, and she is aided and abetted by an "infant prodigy"—one of the growing band of film "stars" who have not long left the cradle. When the "thrill" does eventually come, however, it is quite alarming and has the merit of rescuing the action from a depressing anti-climax into which it has been precipitated. Technically the film is excellent, and no fault can be found with either the photography or the production. Its only drawback is that the story was thought of just a little too late.—London Times.

An American newspaper just to hand describes a Miss Helen Wesley as having lately returned to New York from play-scouting in Europe, and as dismissing drama in England and France as "crudely constructed, over-acted, and a bore." The newspaper writer adds: "She will return to her place in the cast of Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple,' glad to get back to American drama." It must indeed be a comfort to a traveler to get back from the crudities of the British theatre to the work of that eminent American, Mr. Bernard Shaw.—Daily Telegraph.

The 100th performance of the present revival of "What Every Woman Knows" took place in London on the 20th ult. The play was produced on Sept. 3, 1908.

Mme. Pavlova will open a season of two weeks in London on Sept. 10 before her American tour. She has new ballets in her repertoire, new dances with music by Glinka, Grieg, Paderewski, Rameau, Glazounov, Tchaikovsky and others. At Covent Garden Theodore Stier will conduct for her an orchestra of 60 players.

Mr. Gilbert Miller has lately been at Buda Pesth, and is delighted with the present-day Hungarian dramatists, finding in their work a happy blend of native mystery and subtlety with the touch of spontaneity, charm and vigor

of the French technique. He says: "The smallness of the Hungarian nation drives its dramatists to extra effort in their desire to create something which will reach not merely their own countrymen, but the rest of the world also." Similar, apparently, to the cases of Ibsen, the Norwegian, and Synge, the Irishman.—Daily Telegraph.

A survey of the productions that are "released" this week suggests that the British National Film League is well advised to prosecute its attempts to establish British films more firmly in this country. Of more than 20 films, not one is British, and all but one are American. Most of the American productions are on familiar lines, and many of them rely for success on the "star" rather than the story. In "Quincy Adams Sawyer," however, the "stars" (and there are many of them) are cunningly subjugated to the story, and the result is all to the good. This film was reviewed in the Times when it was shown for a season at the Palace Theatre, and is well worth seeing. It tells quite an entertaining story and ends with a "thrill." In the course of it, in addition, some really clever "types" are presented. Four of the less pretentious productions released this week are described as "slapstick comedy." The description fits them admirably, and in every case we are immediately reminded that in them we have the "cradle of the films."—London Times.

#### LONDON PROMENADE CONCERTS

(From the London Times)

Strauss and Mendelssohn: "The two most interesting things in last night's program at Queen's hall were Richard Strauss's early Burlesque for pianoforte and orchestra, and Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. The juxtaposition of these two works suggests a similarity between these composers, superficially so different. Strauss has said many things that would have brought a blush to the other's maidenly cheek. But there is in both men the same specious attractiveness, the same facility, the same fundamentally commonplace mind. Perhaps in 50 years' time Strauss will occupy the same kind of position we accord to Mendelssohn today. The Strauss work belongs to the period when he was still under the influence of Brahms.

Saturday's concert began with Elgar's "Cockaigne" Overture. And what more appropriate piece than this, which is dedicated to Londoners, for the opening of our metropolitan festival of music? Here is a picture of London amusing itself on an August Saturday, wandering round, seeing the sights. It is, perhaps, a picture of London through the eyes of a countryman, a little open-mouthed at the bright tunics of the guards and the strange humors of the Cockney, rather than of London seen from within and seen whole with all its melancholy and its grimness as well as its delights, that profounder view of it given in the "London Symphony," which has at last been accorded its due place in these programs. But this countryman has a discerning eye, and the aspect he presents to us will remain a true picture, whatever external changes there may be, so long as the Cockney spirit lasts, and will remain good music even if that unthinkable loss should occur.

The ballet music from "Le Cid"—as vulgar as music can be.

The only unfamiliar item was Saint-Saens's "Grande Fantaisie Zoologique—Le Carnaval des Animaux," which received its first performance in this country. One can very well understand the composer's refusal to allow it to be played, except on special occasions, during his lifetime. For it is a series of very mild musical jokes, which might have raised a laugh at a students' concert 40 years ago, but which have mostly long since lost their point. To play a tune of Offenbach's at half-speed and call it "Tortoise" may have amused the cognoscenti of Paris in 1886, but to a Promenade audience it appeared to be merely grave and reverent music of the dullest type.

The Promenade concert at the Queen's Hall on Tuesday night began rather dimly with the Prelude to the third act of "Parsifal," which is one of the least satisfactory Wagner excerpts. After being raised by Tchaikovsky (of all people) and Haydn, the gloom settled down again with Mr. H. Greenbaum's "Sea Poem," which was given its first performance.

The composer avoids description, and the program informed us that he "justifies the title by creating an atmosphere of the sea; but it is that atmosphere as reflected in the corresponding emotions in himself, and not in the actual and visible things which constitute its reality." This seems to mean that the connection between the music and its subject is not very clear to the writer of the note; it certainly is not obvious. But, be that as it may, the sea seems to have had a depressing effect on the composer, and then to have filled him with lurid and unpleasant thoughts. That is a very possible emotional reaction; but its musical expression requires something more concrete than

the nebulous phrases of this piece, which is wholly lacking in definite themes strong enough to support its large structure. We did observe one melody of Celtic flavor; but it was used with very little effect, and one tune does not make a symphony.

Compared with this, how delightful "The Sleeping Beauty" sounded! Here are genuine melodies, which swing through the movements. Granted that there are vulgarities, irritating orchestral tricks, even banalities. But it is thoroughly euphonic music, to which one can enjoy a cigar and nod one's head.

The majority of the items making up a "popular" program appeared to fall between two stools; between undoubtedly great music, like that of Berlioz and Elgar, and the old standard of popular light music like Thomas's Gavotte. There is between these two classes an arid desert of mediocrity,

where dwell the composers who would be great but cannot, and who will not condescend to the merely light, which, after all, has a very welcome place in the scheme of our entertainment. We cannot, on this earth, live entirely upon the nectar and ambrosia of the gods. Are these popular programs to be for the future meals of glycerine, or are they in a chrysalis stage, about to develop into the full-winged glory of first-class symphony concerts? We shall regret, in that case, our pleasant Thomas and our Boccherini.

Arnold Trowell, cellist, has rescored Haydn's violoncello concerto in D and written cadenzas for it.

#### MILNE AND DRINKWATER

(A. D. Peters in the London Daily Telegraph)

There is current a strong belief that British drama has never been in such low water as it is today. This is no new complaint. Colley Cibber tells us in his "Apology" that the same thing was being said in his day. Every generation has its pessimists, and every generation has its answer to their ululations. At present the gloomy fraternity are asking rhetorically where are our successors to Shaw and Barrie and the other giants, if any, of the generation that is beginning to enter the grandfather class. I see that Mr. Frank Vernon, in his recent book on the theatre, counters with the single name of Noel Coward. I can almost hear the wails of the mourners rising to an ecstasy of shrillness at the suggestion. It is the signal for the body to be brought downstairs.

Others, who are willing to extend the age-limit beyond Mr. Vernon's narrow compass, have been wont to invoke the names of A. A. Milne and John Drinkwater. These two have been strong allies in the fight against darkness and despair. A year or two ago they might unaided have routed the pessimists. It seemed as if the immediate future of the theatre was safe in their hands. They had already achieved a great deal, and they showed promise of yet bigger things. Unfortunately, their more recent work has not fulfilled that early promise.

Two years ago Milne looked like a Sheridan or a Wilde (the Wilde of "The Importance of Being Earnest") in the making. His earliest plays, published before they were produced, had given good cause for jubilation and hope. "The Lucky One," "Belinda," and some of the shorter comedies all had wit, and more important still, they had that "feeling" for drama without which genius itself becomes inarticulate in the theatre. "Mr. Pim Passes By" carried the writer a step farther. There was a sureness of touch about this play which the earlier ones lacked. It is true that the plot was so slender that the weight of a single minute's boredom would have snapped it in two, but any such strain was skilfully avoided. "The Romantic Age" was a poor, thin weakling, unworthy of its predecessors, but one regarded it as a temporary lapse from grace and thought no more about it. Every creative artist falls below his own level sometimes. It does not necessarily mean anything. But now that we have had four more comedies from Milne it looks very much as if those of us who saw in him a future star of the first magnitude will have to revise the judgment. "The Truth About Blayds," "The Dover Road," "The Great Broxopp" and "Success" leave Milne almost where they found him. They show little, if any, advance on his earlier works. There are the same weaknesses, the same defects, and we are struck by them the more forcibly because our expectations ran so high.

#### MILNE'S RECENT PLAYS

One cannot put forward the excuse for Milne that he was tempted by success to take things easily and to turn out what he knew to be second-rate stuff. Although this is not a kind ac-



cusation to make against anybody one almost wishes it were possible to do so here. But it is not Milne has evidently been taking himself seriously. He has turned out his best. Unfortunately his best is not so good as we hoped it would be. These four plays have all the quality that Milne can put into them. They have also all the defects of his early work, and these defects become more marked by repetition.

The greatest defect, perhaps the only insurmountable one, is lack of depth. A man must feel deeply to write well, whether he is a tragedian or a comediant. Milne's plays are products of the mind, not of the heart. He has a pretty wit—there is none prettier—but it is verbal and does not go beneath the surface. His characters are rather the comic papier-mache figures of the marionettes than human beings. Milne, as we know him at present, follows in the line of Goldoni and Marivaux. We had thought to find him by now in better company. Perhaps Life, which so often is cruel to be kind, has been cruel to him by being too kind. "The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" have passed him by. And because he has never looked into the depths where true drama is most readily found, he paddles about quite contentedly in the shallows.

DRINKWATER'S SERIOUSNESS

If Milne does not take life seriously enough to be a writer of first-class comedies, Drinkwater, on the other hand, takes it far too seriously to be a writer of first-class tragedies. He is the reincarnation of the Puritan spirit. The Puritans tried to make people listen more to sermons by abolishing their theatres. Drinkwater delivers the sermons in the theatres. Autres temps, autres moeurs—but the principle is the same. It is the principle which was directly responsible for the licentiousness of the Restoration. I can sympathize. "Robert E. Lee" made me enjoy a musical comedy more than I have ever done since adolescence. Drinkwater is converting nobleness into a defect.

Was there ever a general who behaved so foolishly as Drinkwater's "Lee"? Was there ever a great man so utterly devoid of human nature as Drinkwater's "Cromwell"? Henry Alnley's revolt against the figure of doom who rides through the play with a sword in one hand and a hymn book in the other is easily understandable. He tried to make the fellow a human being.

Drinkwater is spoiling his work because he has chosen to regard himself as a man with a mission. His heroes are becoming mere Robots provided with the nobility "complex." Missions do not flourish in the theatre. It is not the proper place for them. Heroes who are all white are dull heroes. They also demand, as a corollary, villains who are all black. Drinkwater gives us one in Charles I, and incidentally perverts history in this play quite as wilfully as did W. G. Wills. These are errors into which his passion for proselytizing is leading him. He is in danger of ruining his great dramatic gifts through mistaking the stage for the pulpit. He has a wonderful opportunity of vindicating himself if it is true that he has been commissioned to write a play about Burns. One can hardly imagine a Burns from whom love of wine and love

of women shall have been all purged away. Here is Drinkwater's chance to deal the pessimists a shrewd and—dare I suggest it?—vicious blow.

FILMS IN THE EAST

(London Times)

There has recently arisen a good deal of dissatisfaction among British residents in our possessions in the East on account of the unsuitable nature of many of the films that are being shown in cinemas frequented by the native population. A great many films that are sent to India and other countries are quite unsuitable for exhibition to natives. Either they are actively injurious, as when scenes of violence or passion are exhibited, or they are passively harmful, as when they exhibit the white man in a foolish or contemptible light. It seems that the time has come to regulate more strictly the importation of films from abroad into those countries and to examine more carefully those that are imported.

The dangers of showing unsuitable films to natives have long been realized and reference has already been made to them in The Times, but it is striking that there should still be so much room for complaint when all over the world the standard of film production has been rising. In India probably nine-tenths of the population are illiterate. The native never seems to grow up mentally, and the average audience at these picture theatres is, therefore, composed of those who are mature in body and very immature in mind. To them are exhibited

"sex" films made in American studios, and films in which violence is the main theme. With these may be sandwiched a comic film showing a white man carrying out a series of ridiculous antics. The result is inevitable, and a little while ago there was definite proof that the abduction by natives of an officer's wife was suggested by a serial film in which scenes of violence occurred.

Such films, of which there are many, are positively harmful, but there are others that do a great amount of insidious damage. It must be remembered that practically all the films imported into India are American.

There are no home-made productions there and very few British productions are imported. The Americans have a monopoly in the market and they send films over in an indiscriminate way. Everyone has seen those films made in the United States which set out to give an idea of English life and manners. To the English they are merely ridiculous. To the native, who probably believes that they give a fair idea of English life, they may be very harmful indeed. The same may be said of films that are shown in parts of Egypt.

Film distributors do not realize that a film may be tolerable in one country and quite unsuitable in another. There is at present no system regulating the importation of films from one country to another, and very little check on those that are imported, because, so long as import duties are paid and local censoring regulations observed, anyone is free to send what films he likes to any part of the world. A certain amount of good can be done by strengthening the local cinema censoring rules in the different countries, and it might even be possible eventually to institute throughout the British empire a roughly uniform system, but far more good could be done by dealing with the matter at the root.

As the World Wags  
By PHILIP HALE

Typical Herald features, which usually appear on inside pages and thereby may have escaped general notice, are being published in this space from day to day.

AS THE WORLD WAGS has been an extremely popular column for many years. It is published regularly on the editorial page.

The Prince of Wales paid tribute to Mr. Paul Whiteman, as one saying "We potentates must stick by each other," when he offered to back pecuniarily the restaurant and dance hall proposed for London by the "king of jazz." Mr. Whiteman, answering that he had money in his inside pocket, reminds us of our own John L. Sullivan meeting Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales.

"How did it go off, John?" asked a friend.

"Well, the Prince was a little embarrassed at first, but I soon put him at his ease."

FROM THE LARK

"The Bolshevik" writes: "The verse concerning the man that invented stairs, published in your column the other day and attributed to Mr. Oliver Herford, reminds me of a similar beautiful thought, which has lingered in my mind for many years. I quote from memory as follows:

"My feet, they drag me round the house,  
They hists me up the stairs,  
I only have to guide 'em  
And they takes me everywhere."

"Is it possible that this is another stanza of the classic concerning which your correspondent inquires?"

The four lines quoted by "The Bolshevik" are by Mr. Gelett Burgess. They were published with an amusing illustration in The Lark (San Francisco), No. 3, July, 1895, and they run as follows:

"My Feet they haul me 'round the house;  
They holst me up the Stairs;  
I only have to steer them and  
They ride me everywhere."

What a delightful little magazine The Lark was! How we looked forward to the forthcoming number! In this No. 3 was the "Villanelle of Things Amusing," beginning:

"These are the things that make me laugh—Life's a preposterous farce, say I! And I've missed of too many jokes, by half."

"The high-heeled antics of colt and calf, the men who think they can act, and try—these are the things that make me laugh."

"The hard-boiled poses in photograph, the groom still wearing his wedding tie. And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!" etc.

The other articles were a prose-poem, "Nerea"; "Tell me, mother, said Vilette," and "The Peculiar History of the Chewing-Gum Man."

The Lark was published by William Dorey from May, 1895 to April, 1897, in which month, alas, it ceased to sing. Although there was an "Epi-Lark" No. 25 in May, 1897. It was a time of little magazines: The Chap-Book, the Phillistine, the Echo, the Milkmaid, the Idiot, the Blbelot. Boston had its Time and the Hour, and there was a little magazine written and published by William A. Hovey. The Lark was to our mind the most entertaining of them all. The first number was the work of Bruce Porter and Gelett Burgess. Ernest Pelkotto just drew for the magazine in No. 5.

"CADY" WRITER

"R." writes: "In looking over some of the biographical material on Jeffery Farnol, we find an old clipping from the New York Sun containing an anecdote rendered by Mr. Farnol's father-in-law for the purpose of illustrating Mr. Farnol's absent-mindedness."

"The anecdote begins as follows: 'I remember once taking him to the Players' Club with me for luncheon. After luncheon he wandered into the library and was delighted to see the plays of Aphra Behn—some Cady writer. I'd never heard of but belonging to Farnol's favorite period and well known to him.'"

"Can you throw any light on the word 'Cady' as used above? I have been given to understand that it was English slang, but the dictionary does not include the word."

The dictionaries fail us. The great Oxford, or Wright's huge Dialect Dictionary and "Slang and its Analogues" by Farmer and Henley know not the word.

THE LATEST CANDIDATES

Messrs. Crisp & Kerley, general dealers in Elizabeth, Ark.

Officer Spies, who arrested Mr. John Hughes in South Milwaukee for speeding.

Mr. Robert Restrainer, who runs a dairy in Omer, Mich.

"PATRONIZE YOUR NEIGHBOR"

(From Carl Van Vechten's "Blind Bow-Boy")

"Frederika," Campaspe said, "will you please run around the corner to the grocery and get some gin."

A TUMULTUOUS GATHERING

(Dwight, Ill. Star and Herald)

A reunion of the Rumney family was held Aug. 18 at the home of John Finch. Mrs. Martha Finch was the only one living that was present.

ADD: "MEMORABLE SAYINGS"

As the World Wags:

That the motorist who ran into two women wheeling babies didn't mean to do it is a matter of easy belief; his discharge of that argument reminds me of what James W. Gerard says the Kaiser told him after the Lusitania sinking— "To kill so many women and children was not the act of a gentleman."

TANTALUS.

Performance of "The Times"

Casts Doubt on Type

COPLEY THEATRE—First time in America of "The Times," a play in four acts by Sir Arthur Pinero, vintage of 1892. The cast:

Denham, Lord Lurgashall... Philip Tonge  
Jeff. B. Butler... Q. Paul Scott  
Countess of Ripisow... Kathleen Beldon  
Beryl... Katherine Standing  
Percy Egerton-Bompas, M. P... Leo Stark  
Hon. Montague Trimble... Charles Hampden  
Mrs. Edgerton-Bompas

Alice Bromley Wilson  
Miss Cazelet... Catherine Willard  
Lucy Tuck... May Ediss  
Howard... Timothy Huntley  
Mrs. Hooley... Daisy Belmore  
Honoria... Gwen Richardson  
Timothy McShane, M. P... Harold West

Arthur Wing Pinero has written many plays—and many kinds of plays. From the pen which produced both "The Magistrate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," one might expect almost anything.

There is no telling in advance what sort of piece it will be.

But the performance at the Copley last night offered little assistance in determining the proper classification for "The Times." From it, one is not altogether sure what sort of a play the author wrote. To be sure, it is labelled on the program as a farce—and much, nay a great deal, of it is not as farce much of it is played. But farce. Nothing further from the mood than the curtain of the third act can be imagined. And the butler's quiet correction of the nouveau riche, "We are out" to "Not at home" is not a farce touch. Rather in comedy do these bits belong, and as a comedy do the printed versions label it. The author hopes in a lengthy preface that his satire may not be found too blunt, the moral of his story too trite, the exposition too trivial, the jest too stale. How completely these hopes are fulfilled is another question; but certainly as satirical comedy it was written, and as such it was quite as certainly not played.

Of course the temptation was there, lurking within the piece itself, strong temptation at that. The peculiar rigidity, the artificial smoothness of dialogue and action, which characterizes the "well-made play" of the period is unescapably felt throughout. Not that this is of necessity a fault. We have had many striking plays—notably the Wildean farces—where this artificiality is even a virtue. But any adherence to a set form suggests at once that most set of all forms—farce.

Further, there are many good lines in "The Times," which go well in a farce setting. "Acquaintances should be regulated with an eye to future disagreements," is one such. And there are many others. Were it not for certain unmistakable high comedy touches, farce treatment would be justified. It is to be regretted that the Copley people did not see these obstacles in the way of a farce treatment. Swiftiness of action—the sine qua none of farce—is lacking.

So through this material went the Copley company, farcing where possible and floundering more or less, according to their skill, through the other, unfarceable parts. Miss Willard played always within the bounds of the piece, as did Miss Standing, but theirs were the least comic of all the roles. Miss Belmore and Mr. West "forgot themselves" on several occasions. But it is Mr. Stark, a new member of the company, who was least able to resist the opportunities for comic action which his part contained.

Speaking always in a throaty voice, bellowing on all, or nearly all, occasions, and animating his performance with Guyas Williams gestures, he set a pace and an example which his companions found hard not to follow. Thereby were many of Mr. Pinero's best touches lost. For there is no denying that much of the dialogue is in no small degree amusing. So if the piece falls somewhat in its "bite," just possibly it is that the satire of upstart drapers has dulled a bit in 30 years. Perhaps after all, Mr. Pinero has something to do with the patchy effect which not even Mr. Tonge's priceless "Lord Lurgashall" could eliminate.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Barnum Was Right," by Philip Bartholomae and John Meehan; a farce in three acts, rewritten by George M. Cohan. First time in Boston. The cast:

Miriam Locke... Adelyn Bushnell  
Sarah... Anna Layng  
Samuel Locke... Mark Kent  
Harrison... Ralph Remley  
Seymour Standish... Samuel Godfrey  
Felix Haumer... Ralph Morehouse  
Fred Farrell... Walter Gilbert  
Mr. Tuttle... Houston Richards  
Mrs. Tuttle... Marie LaLoz  
Burke... Edward Daney  
Phoebe O'Dare... Barbara Gray  
Gulseppe Verdi... Harold Chase

"Doubloons, doubloons!" walls the mad Harrison in "Barnum Was Right," and Fred Farrell decides to prove that Barnum was right when he said that there was one born every minute. It is a Cohanized version with the same touch that made the hired boy of The Tavern a by-word, and the Boston Stock Company played it excellently. There was none of that affected spontaneity that makes many a good farce drag, and the company was well cast, especially Anna Layng as the mournful Sarah who warned guests out of the house, and Edward Barney as Burke. "Barnum Was Right" is Cohan writing with his tongue in his cheek, a burlesque melodrama based on Fred Farrell's denial that there is a fortune buried on a certain Long Island estate. Immediately guests begin to arrive to dig the treasure, and Farrell provides them all with a hammer and charges them for damages. It is a skillful play on credulity, and has enough exaggeration to make it ea-



to act. Action rather than characterization is the strong point of any company that changes its plays and moods every week, and the Boston Stock Company did perhaps the most amusing work of its career.

From the first entrance of Harrison, played by Ralph Remley, with his wide-eyed dreams of "doubloons, millions of doubloons!" to the mysterious prowling in places that smell of treasure, the play is ridiculous, and a deluge.

## 'B.F. KEITH'S'

When the "Virginia Judge," as Walter C. Kelly is known in vaudeville, comes to town those who follow that form of entertainment are assured of one good laugh. He has a fund of stories and he tells them as none but he can. This week he is at B. F. Keith's and the large audience that greeted him last night was well paid for the visit. Kelly tells an Irish story so you can see the men talking. His cockney English dialect is delicious and when it comes to the old southern twang he "turns black in the face."

The Virginia courtroom is historic and the Judge as Kelly gives him is a delight. Perhaps one of the best stories he tells is of the little English boxer very much the worse for wear in the third round, who is being cautioned to keep away from the other fellow in the fourth round.

"Why, I can't!" he exclaims. "I'd have to leave the city."

The Land of Fantasie with Stasia Ladova is an interesting feature. Her dancing is among the best seen in town for many a week and the Dance of the Wooden Soldiers proved artistic and effective in the extreme.

Dainty Marie performed remarkable stunts on the flying rings and the swinging rope and sang prettily.

The Four Diamonds is a real live act. The song, "My Man," was nicely done and the two young Diamonds were as full of pep as men of their inches could be.

The bird cabaret proved to be more than a bird act. The pollys talked and sang, as well as performed on the platform. Lang and O'Neal, in their "debate," telling of "Who, What and Izzy," caught the popular taste. The whistling was fine. Wade Booth sang many songs pleasingly, among them being "The Babbiling Brook," and his song story of McGinty was a gem.

Jimmy Lyons, with more medals than a pawn shop carries in its windows, described the war and its tough side from the standpoint of a private, explaining that he was "not always a general." His line of chatter is original and amusing. The Kitaros gave a splendid exhibition of Japanese dexterity and the most entertaining bill was rounded out with the usual Fable and Pathe news.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL**—"The Lullaby." Drama of a soul tragedy by Edward Knoblock. Florence Reed, leading woman. Last week.

**FINE ARTS**—"Eruption." A drama of character by Anne Bunner. Second week.

**HOLLIS STREET**—"Take a Chance." Musical comedy by Orton, Phillips and Orleib. Second week.

**MAJESTIC**—"The Covered Wagon." An impressive screen version of Emerson Hough's novel. Seventeenth and next to last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Cat and the Canary." A mystery play exciting curiosity and raising goose flesh; by John Willard. Second week.

**SELWYNS**—"Runnin' Wild." An entertaining negro musical comedy, humorous, and with hilarious dancing by Miller and Lyles. Music by James Johnson. Second week.

**SHUBERT**—"I'll Say She Is." Musical comedy revue, with the Marx brothers, by W. B. and T. Johnstone. Second week.

**TREMONT**—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." An attractive, light-hearted show by George M. Cohan. Seventeenth week.

**WILBUR**—"Sally, Irene and Mary." A pleasing musical comedy of New York life. Sixth week.

We believe there is, or there was, a book entitled "The Parents' Guide." We doubt if it gives advice concerning the choice of a trade, calling, profession for the young Augustus. When we were boys together in our little village Bill looked forward to driving a stage; Sam wished to run a sawmill; George, who always skinned us at marbles and owned all the rabbits after others, purchasing them jointly with him, had built the hutch and fed the pets—this thrifty George purposed to be a banker. One or two reckless fellows dreamed of a pirate's life, hoisting the jolly Roger on their long, low, black, rakish craft, and making the schoolmaster, the constable, and boys who had rubbed their faces in the snow, walk the plank, while they stood grinning, a pistol in each hand and a cutlass between their teeth. No one was so far-sighted as to see that the day would come when bootlegging would be a lucrative profession.

And now in the year of our Lord 1923 Doubleday, Page & Co. have published a Child's Guide to the Professions: "Tinker, Tailor," verses by Mr. A. P. Herbert of Punch, with amusing illustrations by Mr. George Morrow. "Child, your life is just beginning; You must look ahead.

Life, alas! consists of winning Little bits of bread. Pause and ask yourself a minute; How do I propose to win it? How shall I be fed?"

Will the child be a soldier, burglar, artist, baker, diplomat, editor, funnyman, clergyman? So on through the long list from engine-driver to peer, from physician to apothecary or undertaker.

Would the child be an archdeacon? "They are a scourge to all the clerge. They jump on any parson Who gives himself to sin and crime And wastes his valuable time On burglary or arson."

For example (and these lines bring to mind a recent incident in the clerical and military life of this city): "And if at some rough country fair The Reverend Mr. Glue Has hotly pulled a maiden's hair And giggled 'How are you?' Or madly kissed a maiden's wrist— A horrid thing to do— O then, O then that lawless kiss Re-echoes through the Diocese And all the air is blue; From Vicarage to Vicarage They fling the warning beacon, And at a very early stage It reaches the Archdeacon."

The Archdeacon weeps, his rugged features weaken

"As he pursues, in rubber shoes, The wickedest of all the Glues And vainly tries to dish up Some sort of case for that embrace, To pacify the Bishop."

Twenty-one callings are considered in this book of good fooling. We may refer to it again. As Mr. Herbert says in his preface:

"Cowboy? Cutler? Broker? Butler? Clergyman or Cook? Yes, it is an awful question; I have only one suggestion: If I'm not mistook, You'll discover which you'd rather If your admirable father Buys this little book."

## OF THOSE TO BE ENVIED

Col. J. Hamilton Gillespie, who introduced golf into Florida, constructing the first links at Sarasota, dropped dead with a driver in his hand on the links that he had made. A death that he no doubt would have courted; if he was ahead in the game. More fortunate was he than Senator Wagner who was killed in a drawing-room car that was known by his name when he was a rival of Pullman. And actors and singers have died on the stage during a performance; more than one actor with a strangely significant speech of the dramatist delivered just before Death gave the reply.

## "O SUSANNA"

As the World Wags: Does the song "Oh, Susanna" embody a coherent story, or did the writer of it (Stephen C. Foster) intend it as a mere jingle without sense? Assuming that it is a coherent story, I will ask a few questions pertaining thereto, for

I should like to understand it. "Susanna" was, as I understand the story, the sweetheart of "dis darry," the hero of the story, who so often enjoins upon her not to cry for him. She could not have been with him when he thus enjoined upon her not to cry for him, for he is on his way to Louisiana, and says that he will try to find her in New Orleans. Had he once had her and afterwards lost her? Why should she cry for him, as he so repeatedly enjoins upon her not to do? Go ahead, somebody, and tell the coherent story embodied in the song if such a story is embodied in it. By the way, what is the correct title of the song—is it "Oh, Susanna," or is it "O Susanna"? The latter is the title which is given of it in the sketch of Foster in Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography.

Brookline. SUBURBANITE. When this song was published in 1848 by W. C. Peters & Co., Louisville, "as sung by Mr. Tichnor of the Sable Harmonists" the title was not "O Susanna," not "Oh Susanna"; it was "Susanna." Yet in a letter dated 1849 Foster referred to it as "O Susanna." Peters & Co. announced the song as one of the "Songs of the Sable Harmonists." The others in the set were: "Louisiana Belle," "Away Down South," "Uncle Ned," and "Wake up Jake." It is said that the Louisville publisher made \$10,000 from three of them. There is no coherent story; the song is a foolish jingle surely.

"It rained all night the day I left  
The weather it was dry  
The sun so hot I froze to death,  
Susanna don't you cry"  
requires no learned commentary.—Ed.

## A MODERN GISELDA

As the World Wags:  
I used to sing to the tune "John Brown's Body" nonsense verses beginning

"He hit me with the hair brush,  
And he biffed me in the dome,"  
ending  
"But I love him just the same,  
He looks so swell in evening clothes."  
Does any one of your readers know the whole song? J. D. Melrose.

## WARM BABY!

(For sale adv. in Chicago Tribune)  
COMBINATION STOVE AND BABY  
BUGGY. 6327 Evans av.

## A SCRIPTURAL BANANA PRECEDENT

(Isaiah xlii, 8)  
Yea, there is no God; I know not any.

Harry Arms did brave deeds, but Harry Legg is an eminent golfer of Minneapolis.

So Mr. Kuskevitzky will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the season of 1924-25. Many will be interested in the exact pronunciation of his name.

When Arthur Nikisch appeared at the first rehearsal of his first season he expressed his delight at the technical proficiency and euphony of the orchestra. "Why, all I'll have to do will be to poetize," he exclaimed. Mr. Kuskevitzky will be equally, if not more, fortunate, for he will have for his instrument the superb orchestra that is wholly the work of Mr. Pierre Monteux.

Some no doubt will timorously ask whether Mr. Kuskevitzky is a bolshevik. He is said to be rather sensational in the concert hall, a man of now imposing, now wild gestures. If this is so, he will surely please all those who attend concerts to see a conductor and incidentally to hear his interpretations. His programs in London and Paris have been of a catholic and interesting nature. As was to be expected, he favors Stravinsky and other ultra-modern composers, but not exclusively.

The list of soloists is a strong one. Moriz Rosenthal will return, the witty Moriz, bringing no doubt his dazzling technic with him. Some of his witticisms have passed into history. When a Vienna pianist returned from a concert tour, he told a group in a cafe how he had triumphed gloriously. "How much do you think I made on the trip, Rosenthal? To which Moriz answered: "Half."

We remember Rosenthal and the late Henry Wolfsohn, his manager, talking together in Symphony hall after a recital. The audience was a comparatively small one.

"I suppose, Moriz, you were counting the house during that slow movement of Chopin's Sonata."

"No, I did that in the grim, ironic scherzo."

Mr. Rosenthal is a man of wide read-

ing and original views. When he was last in Boston he complained of the translations of Nietzsche as inadequate.

The name of Vladimir de Pachmann is not on the list. He is not to be trusted in a Symphony concert. To him it would be a recital with the assistance of the orchestra.

Mr. Leon Henry Zach, the son of the late Max Zach, writes: "Was my father's unfortunate tiff with De Pachmann at a St. Louis Symphony concert of more than local interest? After 'rendering' his solo and his one permitted encore with his more or less customary concomitant comments to the audience during the playing, De Pachmann was quite unsatisfied. He kept returning to bow and to amuse the audience, doubtless in the hope that he might be given opportunity, not to say permission, to give one more exhibition of his admitted talent. Father finally gave the signal for the orchestra to leave the stage, and the last number of the program was not played. He was, of course, backed up by the Symphony society. I've forgotten whether this happened at a Friday afternoon concert, and if it did, I have forgotten what happened Saturday night. At any rate, I believe De Pachmann has not played with the St. Louis orchestra since."

We remember De Pachmann playing additional pieces after a concerto at a Boston Symphony orchestra concert in the old Music Hall. Arthur Nikisch was then conducting, if we are not mistaken. The breaking of the rule was not wholly De Pachmann's fault. The audience was wildly enthusiastic. It called him out again and again. Nor was it satisfied with one "encore."

We also remember when Chickering hall on Tremont street was crowded at his recitals. Two staid Boston ladies were anxious to meet him. They were taken to the "artist's room." There stood the pianist, mopping his neck and brow with a handkerchief. The ladies expressed their rapture. When they paused, De Pachmann said: "Yes. It's terribly hot. My shirt is all wet."

This singular man and most accomplished pianist—one of the few to whom we listened gladly—carried in his pocket a box of precious stones. He said they suggested colors to him while he was playing Chopin's music. He was interested in philosophy and liked to discuss the theories of various metaphysicians. His wife, a pianiste, who once played in Boston, was formerly his pupil. An attractive woman, she left him, obtained a divorce and married M. Labori, the distinguished French lawyer, who was conspicuous as the defender of Dreyfus. The three were good friends until the death of Labori. When he and Madame Labori were in this country some years ago they asked many questions about De Pachmann's reputation in the United States. M. Labori said that he had only recently heard him play—it was in London—and that to him he was the most pleasing of pianists. De Pachmann's two sons were cared for by the Laboris, and the father was in the habit of sending them large sums of money. One became a lawyer of no mean repute.

Marya Freund, the singer, unknown here, is recommended by M. Monteux. Vera Janacopoulos has been applauded of late years in Paris. We have a vague recollection of her singing here. Was it at one of Mrs. Hall McAllister's morning concerts? She is said to be very beautiful, and that is half the battle. Carl Flesch has fiddled at a Symphony concert. A serious fiddler, delighting in the long-winded concertos of Beethoven and Brahms. It is a great

pleasure to find the name of Roland Hayes in the list. He richly deserves the honor. This list is all the more acceptable by reason of the omissions.

Messrs. Gallagher and Shean went out beyond the three-mile limit to have pictures taken of them for their first film production, "Around the Town." Their journey past the bootlegging vessels inspired these lines:

Oh, Mr. Gallagher, oh Mr. Gallagher,  
When we near home you'll get a great surprise,

When our ship is drawing near, it will  
make you shed a tear  
To see the lights of New York shining  
in the skies.

Oh, Mr. Shean, oh, Mr. Shean,  
I made the trip, so I know just what  
you mean,

But there is one light shines so bright,  
It's the prettiest sight at night.



Statue of Liberty, Mr. Gallagher?  
No, the rum fleet, Mr. Shean.

Who was the manager of a film theatre that said with reference to titles and mottoes displayed on the screen, "Most people who come to this theatre can't read, the others read out loud?"

The Sunday Times of London welcomed Mr. Al Jolson in that city as "the greatest of all American comedians." It stated that Sir Alfred Butt has an old contract with him to appear in London for £30 a week.

"Why should I risk my reputation?" Mr. Jolson asked me. "In New York the audiences laugh if I blow my nose. I might be a terrible failure here." . . . Nine years ago Jolson sang in London at a reception given by Lady Paget; but, successful though he was, he only appeared that once."

"Runnin' Wild" should be seen if only for the sake of the dancing chorus of negro girls. It may be said without any attempt at humor that these girls, pretty, vivacious, with dainty ankles and feet, make the chorus girls of the whites look pale. The girls in "Runnin' Wild" with their partners, dance as if they were dancing for their own enjoyment. They are not self-conscious; they are not irritatingly fresh. The humor of the comedians is not forced; it is never vulgar. Then there is the effective, rich-toned singing of the chorus.

#### DID DOCKSTADER SING IT?

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson writes: "There you go again. My memory for historical matters is absolutely worthless. I cannot recall who was President very far back, but the moment you mention ancient ditties—click! And my mental cinema unfolds and I even recall the number of the front row aisle seat, and my bliss at listening to:

"I'm a dude, dandy dude,  
You can tell by my style, I'm in fashion.  
Everyday, quite au fait,  
To stroll down Broadway is my passion.  
Necktie very crushed strawberry,  
I can live on canary bird's food,  
Curl my hair, diamonds wear,  
A dashing, a dandy young dude."

SEPT 14 1923

It appears that in London men are now urged to sleep in night-shirts rather than in pyjamas; perhaps because girls and women have learned to favor the latter. We read this advertisement:

"The new girdle night-shirt is made in soft, specially dressed Winceyette, with turn-down collar, pocket and coat sleeves. Bold black stripes of pink, helio or blue." And there is pretty, snopkeeping talk about a more or less ornamental girdle.

"Winceyette." Is this the same as "Wincey"? What's "helio"? Is it a contraction of "heliotope"?

Will a return to the night-shirt be generally favored? We know men in Boston who abhor pyjamas and say that the night-shirt allows joyous stretching of legs, kicking about, and is warmer in cold weather; that the strings of pyjama trousers are always loosening and require a hauling up that disturbs sleep. Mr. George Moore, of course, prefers pyjamas if one is to take his story of an adventure that befel him in a French village.

In the middle ages men and women were not expected to make a choice: They slept without shirt or any substitute. Under the Tudors there were night-gowns, but they were usually of silk or velvet. Anne Boleyn's was of black satin, bound with black taffeta, and edged with velvet of the same color; Queen Elizabeth's of black velvet, trimmed with silk lace and lined with fur. Who was that noble and famous dame, a dazzling blonde, who wore neither pyjamas nor night-dress, whose bed-sheets were black? A hit of a coquette, we infer.

#### "YES, BY HECK!"

A little dictionary of affirmatives is needed. "Right-o." "I get you, Steve." "You're shouting." "Now you're talking"—these and other little phrases should be annotated with dates of their introduction into familiar speech. The Manchester Guardian mentions "Yes, with knobs on," as "one of our most modern ironical affirmatives." Is it ever heard in this country?

Were the following lines written with reference to a recent poetical outburst from Mr. Masters, whose "Spoon River Anthology" is still his chief work, though the idea of men and women

confessing from their tombs had been utilized by Dostolevsky, Maupassant and Thomas Hardy.

#### TO THE POET'S WIFE

He left her in a dismal, broken place—  
Her courage flailed, her wifely pride  
white-hot.

He says she threatened him disgrace:  
Weary, beaten, baffled, was she not,  
Goaded to flaming fury, justified?

While in the Luxembourg he dreamed  
and thrilled  
In borrowed beauty: an enchanting  
guide

Shared stolen ecstasy because he  
willed.  
Then he came home again: the haunt-  
ing rain.

The chill of brooding silence, and the  
strain  
Were maddening; and, hurting her in  
vain.

He hated her, and, hating, hurt again.  
He stripped her of her hope. She left him  
then—

And now he strikes and smites her with  
his pen!

LOIS HOOVER.

#### CLASS IN ZOOLOGY

The British Association has for a subject of discussion this month the origin of the cat. About 50 years ago Mr. Steenstrup, the Norwegian, maintained that the Greek and Roman cats were weasels, while the Egyptian cat was a real cat, allied to our wild cat.

(We hope for the dignity of science that no member of the association will spring the old wheeze, "What makes the wild-cat wild?")

It has been said that the Persian cat is descended from the wild cat, but the Norwegian denies the statement; also that the cat commonly known to us, the area or gutter, as well as the pet cat, first appeared in the middle ages.

Has anyone explained satisfactorily why the cat is not mentioned in the Bible? Some say that as the Egyptians paid great respect to cats (see Herodotus), the Hebrews held the animal in detestation, but this is a wild and whirling answer. Other animals favored by the Egyptians are mentioned in Holy Writ. We are Egyptian in our respect for Puss: It is the one domestic animal that knows exactly what it wants and will not be turned aside. It makes itself comfortable. It is independent, while the dog, admirable in many ways, is too often a flatterer, looking on his master as a god. We have no patience with those who would exterminate the race. Think of the men that have made them close companions: Mahomet, Cardinal Richelieu, Montaigne, Baudelaire, Gautier, Champfleury. Did not Pope Gregory make his cat a cardinal? Is there not in Siam a royal breed of cats, and death awaiting anyone that takes one beyond the precincts of the palace? Read the poets from Butler:

"Or making gallantry in gutter-  
tiles,  
And sporting in delightful faggot-  
piles;  
Or bolting out of bushes in the  
dark  
(As ladies use at midnight in the  
park).  
Or seeking in tall garrets and alcove  
For assignations with affairs of  
love,"

to Gray with his "pensive Selina"; from Chaucer to Blomfield, Gay, Wadsworth, Barry Cornwall. Cowper shows us in the "Retired Cat" how Puss is complacently sure that everything in the house is designed and arranged for her special benefit.

#### MEMORIES

There is green gloom underneath these  
trees—  
An age-old fear that lies in shadowy  
wall;  
What did I see that leaped there in the  
shade,  
Crouching and furred? Whence came  
my fear and hate?  
When did I flee from moonrise to barred  
dawn,  
Leaping long-fallen tree-trunks in my  
flight,  
Hearing gray satyrs laughing, hooves  
that crashed—  
Felt their hot panting in the wind of  
night?  
Leaves float across the dusk; a twig  
snaps here;  
My heart is pounding in a sudden fear!

BERTHA TEN EYCK JAMES.

#### PAR NOBILE FRATRUM

Mr. Sylvester Baxter recently quoted the first verse of a poem which he said dates back at least to the early 60's:

"One night as old St. Peter slept."

A correspondent sends the original and the humorous answer, the defence of St. Peter resenting the charge that he was careless.

There is this note: "The nice old southern gentleman (sure-nough accent and all) who brought this in had it in a scrapbook that goes back 60 or 70

years. He has heard that the poems were written by two brothers of Bangor, Me. One was Lew Barker, who wrote the first; he hasn't the name of the brother that wrote the reply."

SEP 15 1923

The Herald has received a printed letter written by the Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell and addressed: "To Whom It May Concern."

In it he states that at the 25th anniversary dinner of the Harvard class of 1880, a man from the West recited:

"Here's to old Massachusetts,  
The home of the sacred cod,  
Where the Adamsons vote for Douglas,  
And the Cabots walk with God."

Mr. Bushnell goes on to say: "These lines struck the fancy of Dr. John C. Bossidy, Warren Chambers, 413 Boylston street, Boston, and he wrote the following, which he recited at the annual mid-winter dinner of the alumni of the Holy Cross College:

"And this is good old Boston,  
The home of the bean and the cod,  
Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots  
And the Cabots talk only to God."

Dr. Bossidy sent this letter to The Herald with this marginal note, which apparently is his, not Mr. Bushnell's:

"This is the version. No 'only' in third line. The beginning can be as now, or 'Here's to good old Boston.' No plural to 'bean'."

Having quoted the lines "Here's to the town of New Haven," etc., by Dean Fred S. Jones, Mr. Bushnell concludes by saying: "My present concern is that Dr. Bossidy should have the credit of the authorship of the lines which many have wrongly attributed to me."

Dr. Bossidy cannot now say with the vexed Virgil: "Hos ego versiculos feci tulit alter honores." And now that this important point has been definitely settled and justice been done to the son of the Muse, let us turn our attention to the more trivial business of the day.

#### WHO WON THE WAR

As the World Wags:

The gun fighting of the world war ended in an armistice. The mouth fighting of the coal war seems to have followed that precedent. Again, the next question is, Who won the war?

That the New History may escape the animadversions of Mr. Henry Ford to the effect that all history is bunk, it is proper that the truth of the matter be now recorded. Presidential nominations have swung pendulous by less tenuous a hair.

It will be remembered that it was not until Friday morning, Sept. 7, that news of the armistice was published. Up to that moment the re-arranged hostile forces had sullenly confronted each other through their barbed-wire entanglements, on which hung the mangled fragments of the Departments of Justice of the United States and the state of Pennsylvania. Firing had ceased, but the guns were loaded to the muzzle. An unkind word would have touched off both batteries. Gov. Pinchot, like the piano player, was doing the best he could to put an end to the daily loss of \$25,000 to his state treasury from unmined and therefore untaxable coal. Justice demanded that mining must begin again at once at any additional cost to non-residents of Pennsylvania. Millions for tribute and not one cent for defence has become the slogan of our sister state. Such was the condition at the front.

#### BREAKING THE NEWS

On Thursday, Sept. 6, the 12:25 express arrived at Harrisburg with the New York and Boston papers. Under warrant of standing orders from Commander-in-Chief Lewis, officers of his intelligence corps immediately seized them. As a young lieutenant scanned the editorial page of The Boston Herald of that morning in the performance of his censorship, he suddenly turned pale and rigid, as one shell shocked. Recovering himself, he rushed to his superior officer and pointed to something at the bottom of the printed page. Taking a hasty glance, the officer made instantaneous decision.

"My God, Pietro, it's ruin. Get that to the chief, into his own hands. Quick now. Beat it." And in an instant the waiting armored car was roaring up the street to headquarters where Commander-in-Chief Lewis was in conference with his staff.

Entering the room, with the paper folded neatly for quick perusal by his beloved leader, the young messenger thrust it into his hand without a word. As the piercing eyes which had out-faced bureaus, commodores, boards and all the other carpentry of government, looked on the printed word, the light within them paled. "Not that, not that," he sobbed and, covering his eyes with his unnerved right hand, passed the paper to Maj.-Gen. Capellini on his left. Roman that he is, he faltered at

what he saw, but, with Roman fortitude, accepted the defeat foreboded.  
"Yes, we have no more striking," he declared, and passed on the paper to Maj.-Gen. Murray.

#### THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON

"Read it, lad, I've left my glasses in my room," said he, and Maj.-Gen. Golden read in quivering tones how the Hon. Robert M. Washburn had declared that ostracism was the mightiest of weapons and proposed that the people in their wrath use the threat of social ostracism on the miners in self-defence. Maj.-Gen. Kennedy first broke the deathly silence.

"Say, John, wouldn't that be unconstitutional? It's sure unusual and it sounded damned cruel. Who is this Washburn, anyway?"

"He is a desperate man," responded the chief; "he'd put it over somehow."

"A fightin' man?" quavered Maj.-Gen. Golden in question.

"An ace; in fightin'," answered the commander-in-chief.

"Hot or cold?" inquired the Scotch officer.

"Hot," was the reply.

"We can't let the boys in for that, nor ourselves either," continued the commander-in-chief. "They'd be quit-  
tin' now if they knew what's comin' to 'em. Pass the word, men. I'll see the Governor."

As the corps commanders rose to go, Maj.-Gen. Kennedy stopped and turned.

"Say, John, what is this ostracism thing anyway?"

"I don't know," replied the commander-in-chief, "but its somethin' to do with bein' kicked to death by an ostrich."

"Hell!" said the major-generals in unison, and hurriedly left the council room.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H.

#### ARE THEY A PAIR?

(From the Brookline Chronicle.)

FOR SALE—Mahogany dresser and mirror, small mahogany desk, gray wood and wicker day bed, two gray wicker chairs, two small oriental bugs. Telephone —

#### BUSINESS IS PICKING UP

(From the Bridgton, Me. News.)

FOR SALE—Two choice burial lots in lower cemetery, also one washing machine, with wringer attached.

A. P. CLARK.

(The Haverhill Evening Gazette)

FOR SALE—Paper route of 70 customers, in Bradford; also a baby carriage.

FOR SALE—Large, beautiful gladioli and asters, 50c a doz. Bouquet 25c and 50c. Kittens free. Mrs. —

#### As the World Wags:

An advertisement in The Herald of an old colonial house one hour from Boston for sale ends, "Owing to death, I want to return to Halifax."

Doubtless some of your readers are glad to learn that the abode of the dead is so near their beloved Boston; but the fact that the message comes from one who would prefer to remove to Halifax may leave some doubt in the reader's mind as to from just which of the final abodes the message originated.

East Brookfield. EFFENTEE.

SEP 16 1923

From Salzburg comes the news that the famous Mozart House, now a museum, and containing a very valuable collection of relics of the immortal musician, has fallen into a state of serious dilapidation. The roof leaks, and the rain is seriously endangering the contents of the house. The citizens of Salzburg are too poor to raise the funds necessary for carrying out the repairs. The situation, however, is being saved by a number of Swedish musicians and lovers of music, who are subscribing a sum large enough to enable the repairs to be put in hand at once. In view of the approaching musical festival to be held there, the news has been received with great gratitude by the people of Salzburg, who, whether musicians or not, are all very proud of the associations of their town—his native place—with the great Mozart.—London Daily Telegraph.

San Francisco will hear grand opera Sept. 26-Oct. 8. The operas will be Puccini's "Bohème," "Tosca" and "Triptych; Giordano's "Andrea Chénier"; Bortol's "Mefistofele," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" and Verdi's "Rigoletto." The chief singers will be Quenna Mario, Blanca Saroya, Doria Fernanda and Messrs. Gigli, Marabelli, De Luca, Didur and Ananian. Gaetano Merola, well known in Boston, will conduct.

The soloists of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra will be as follows: Singers, Mabel Garrison, Dusolina, Minni, Sigrid Onegin, Paul Althouse, Bender, (Elsa Stralla, Marjorie Squa, Arthur Hackett and Pavel Ludikar in Beethoven's 9th symphony); violinists, Renee Chémet, Henri Verbruggen (the conductor of the orchestra), Paul Kochanski; pianists, Myra Hess, Mitja Nikisch, Guy Maier, Lee Pattison and Arthur Shattuck (the last three probably in a triple concerto).



In view of the interest excited by "The 13th Chair," "The Bat," "The Monster" and "The Cat and the Canary," would it not be well to revive some of the old melodramas that shook the souls of spectators at the Grand Opera House? We remember one in which the hero was being walled up. The bricks had reached his chin and the villain was gaily about to complete the job when the heroine dashed to the rescue in a motor car. What was the name of the play in which a wedding was interrupted by the objectors marching down the broad aisle with drawn pistols? The author of the former melodrama had evidently read Balzac's "La Grande Breteche" or Poe's "Cask of Amontillado." The latter play reminded me of the Kentucky bride, whose man with several of her relatives and admirers were shot in church as the clergyman was about to speak the binding words. "She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry." She merely remarked: "These air self-cocking pistols are raising hell with my prospects." Or why should not "The Span of Life" be revived? Excitement reigns from the very beginning in which the villain is seen on a ladder poisoning grapes with a hypodermic syringe so that the little heir may eat and die.

The great public likes a mystery. It likes to have its curiosity whetted. (Some would prefer to say, analytical powers tested.) "The butler committed the murder." "Ten to one, it was that sly-looking dinner guest. Don't you remember that before he came into the room, they were talking about his gambling in stocks?" And Mrs. Golightly the next day says at the tea-table: "You must all see the play. I never was so excited in my life. I was THRILLED. You never would guess how it comes out. I won't tell you; I wouldn't spoil your enjoyment for the world."

And now the Grand Guignol of Paris is coming to this country with its hair-raising, blood-curdling repertoire: plays, with

"Much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot."

A contributor to the London Times recently discussed plays of terror. Contrasting the creation of terror in a prose tale and in a work for the stage, he endeavored to explain the badness of many plays written with the one purpose—to thrill. "Excitement," he said—"the plain desire to know what will happen—can be manufactured by the skilful arrangement of events, but terror, which is a movement of the spirit, originates in style."

"Thrilling" plays leave one unmoved or produce a physical reaction—a tightening of fingers or a sudden intaking of breath. They cause "horror with revulsion, not terror with beauty." Whether we are thrilled or not thrilled, "we come away from them, knowing that they are ugly things; and this not at all because they contain violence or torture or fear, which have been subjects of the greatest plays, but because the physical reaction to them is isolated and is not a part of a spiritual reaction of terror. They have not the language; their failure is a failure of style."

Poe, De Quincey, Henry James in his "Turn of the Screw," Sheridan Le Fanu, when they set out to strike terror in the soul of a reader used the device of "long suspension"—not suspense of plot—but "suspensions of phrase and sentence in continuous prose. . . . You read on, breathless, not because you want to know what will happen, but because you do know."

The contributor might have used this illustration: Macbeth's "fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in 't." He was not frightened by the witches; but event after event led him to exclaim that he had "supp'd full with horrors," so that Direness could no longer start him. The very abundance of contrivances to excite terror in a play lead the spectator to laugh and look on it as a roaring farce. The first night of "The Cat and the Canary" at the Plymouth Theatre there were shrieks, but, as a rule, they were shrieks of laughter. It is true that when a startled man or woman jumped on the stage, there was jumping in the audience, contagious jumping, but laughter immediately followed. The genuine thrill was at the opening: the entrance of the Voodoo negress, her face full of mystery, her awe-struck voice, this apparition of bodement. The mechanical tricks in the course of the play excited only surprise.

## The Touch of Terror in Certain Old Plays

Apropos of "the touch of terror," the experienced critic Mr. H. M. Walbrook wrote an interesting article for the Daily Telegraph of London last month in which, saying that the thrill of fear is not only one of the rarest, but also one of the most enjoyable a playgoer can experience, he gave incidents of this "fearful joy" occurring to him and others. Thus the late William Warren Vernon told him that he was terrified one night in 1855 by Rachel in "Hippolyte" and the next night by Ristori in "Myrrha," but not so much as when at Eton, Macready, in the mathematical school, read "Hamlet," and, seeming suddenly to see his father's ghost exactly where he was sitting, made my hair literally stand on end, so frightened was I by the glare of his blazing eyes."

Mr. Walbrook remembers Irving in "The Bells," and the crash that is heard while village cronies are gossiping about the snowstorm and the murder of years before. It was only a horse in the stable kicking the woodwork. "I know that for days after seeing the play I was haunted by the jingle of the sleigh-bells; but I also recall with a smile that when that early crash came I jumped at least an inch out of my seat." "The Bells" had been much talked about; one went in a mood of

being prepared for anything, and Mr. Walbrook's own imagination played a large part in the shock of terror."

This critic was also haunted by terror after he left the theatre where he had seen Irving as Dubosc. While he was writing his review, he saw before him the "trickling mouth, bloodshot eyes, and evil leer," until the face seemed to fill the room.

Fear can arise from a kind of moral impulse, as when Charles Warner, as Coupeau, was seen early in "Drink," friendless, helpless, at the parting of the roads.

Whole audiences have been terrified. This was the case when Mansfield first appeared in London in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." (It was in August, 1888.) Hyde's first entrance was at the end of the first act. "The ill-shaped monster appeared in the moonlight behind a French window, with his hands up to his head, and making a horrible hissing noise. Never did I see an audience so petrified. Perhaps part of the effect of the performance was traceable to the fact that London was at that time not supping only, but breakfasting and lunching on the squalid horrors of the 'Jack the Ripper' murders in Whitechapel."

There was an "audible shiver" when Irving entered in the last act of "Louis XI," after he was thought dead; "a tall, swaying figure in long robes of light blue velvet, starred with a fleur de lys, and surmounted by a crown-like face and a heavy-toppling crown."

Kavaks' "R. U. R.," which, unfortunately, has not been seen in Boston, provided a special thrill in London, new quest

where the robots came crowding in through the window at the end of the third act, though, for my own part, I found the works manager's statement of his aim: 'To establish an aristocracy of mankind ministered to by millions of perfect slaves,' a far more horrible thing to listen to than anything was to watch. No man, realizing and seeing all that lay behind those abominable words, could listen to them without a shiver. As to the robots themselves, I can only say that they frightened me far less than the first glimpse in Mrs. Higgins's famous story of the monstrous being set loose upon the world by the wretched Frankenstein." The mysterious opening of the door in the haunted room in the first scene of Barrie's "Mary Rose" gave to many the "authentic uncanny" thrill, but this effect had been used by Barrie in a little one-act play of the war, "Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' either read in the study, or seen adequately acted in the theatre, evokes a shiver again and again, notably in that marvellous little scene just at the end of the first act, and in the mother's scream

in the third at her son's vision of the cherry-colored velvet curtains."

We well remember our own first feeling of terror in the theatre. It was years ago at the Boston Museum. The play was a dramatization of Mrs. Bradton's novel, "Henry Dunbar." In one scene a corpse was brought on the stage. The last genuine thrill we experienced in the theatre was when we saw Laparra's "Habanera" at the Boston Opera House, an opera that was thought by our light-hearted, prima-donna adoring, tenor-worshipping opera-goers as too sombre, "not a bit amusing." Even in the opening scene, where the dance tune was heard from the street and murder was in the heart of the jealous lover on the stage, there was the sinister impression made by Miss Virginia Howell as the Voodoo servant ushering the lawyer into the long-closed library at the beginning of "The Cat and the Canary."

## PLAYS AND COMEDIANS

London newspapers received last week tell us that Letty Lind, who died at her home at Slough on August 27, "following pneumonia," was named Rudge and was the pick of five sisters. The others were known as Millie Hilton, Fanny Dango, Adelaide Astor and Lydia Flopp. The Daily Chronicle said of her: "However loud the laughter at a comedian's sally, or however deep the admiring murmurs for a scene of special beauty, the 'house' always hushed itself down into silence when Letty Lind floated on to either a Meyer Lutz or a Lionel Monckton dance melody. Her tiny voice was nevertheless a very clear one, and her audiences never lost a word of her songs. Of these, perhaps, her most memorable was 'Click! Click! He's a Monkey on a Stick' a characteristic Monckton dancing song which left her so out of breath that in the encore she had almost to shout the words over as the easiest way to pronounce them." Her first appearance in London was with Howard Paul at the Princess's in 1879. She left the stage in 1902; making her farewell as Ellen in "The Girl from Kay's."

G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," which was revived last month in London, has a soliloquy for one of the characters. Some of the critics complained of it as "bad technique," to which Mr. Chesterton replied: "A soliloquy is the most natural thing in the world. I constantly talk to myself. If a man does not talk to himself it is because he is not worth talking to."

The first night of "Blinkers" at Liverpool appears to have been highly satisfactory, and Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell made a speech at the end of the evening which also seems to have captivated the Liverpoolians. Dramatists of the present day can be classified under various headings. For example, there are those who on first night take their call and make a speech, and there are those who do not let themselves be either seen or heard. Perhaps of the two the former are the more helpful to the piece produced, as the audience go away excited about the personality of the author and talk about it as well as about the play. And "it all helps."—Daily Telegraph.

Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" was revived at the Haymarket, London, on Aug. 23, with Robert Lorraine as Prince Rudolf and Fay Compton as the Princess Flavia. The incidental music is by Norman O'Neill.

"Omar Khayyam" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, Aug. 21. The Times took a sour view of the play, or what-you-call-it. "Edward Fitzgerald's verses have in recent years suffered hard things from their admirers. In the suade binding, which needs tissue paper and a beribboned cardboard box to protect it, they have

been laid among the scent-sprays or sophisticated dressing tables, have been hidden under the pillows of schoolgirls seeking a new philosophy and have been given place among photograph albums and pressed flowers on the most

prim of Victorian what-nots. Now, at the Court Theatre they have been set upon the stage in the form of an entertainment which is partly a series of dances, partly a recitation, partly a singing of Mme. Liza Lehmann's songs. The songs have the best of it. . . . All might have been well, but for the recitation. A vast sonorous prolongation of final syllables and a solemn matching of each phrase with an illustrative action are laughable for 10 minutes, but when they continue throughout an evening's performance, even laughter fades from them."

Monckton Hoffe's excellent play, "The Faithful Heart," has been filmed by a British company. "The story has been followed with much attention, emphasis being laid on the right points, and the leading characters are very well drawn. There is, however, an adventitious episode, in which the hero takes an extremely vigorous part in the South African war, during the interval of 20 years which is supposed to elapse between his departure from the heroine and his return to the daughter of the woman he loved too well. In the stage play this break is indicated in a couple of lines. The acting in the film is competent. Owen Nares plays well, if rather stiffly, the part made famous by Godfrey Tearle on the stage, and Miss Lillian Hall-Davis is an attractive heroine."

Some one asked recently what has become of Arthur Sinclair, one of the lights of the old Abbey Theatre (Dublin) company. He and Marie O'Neill have brought out at the Coliseum, London, a short play, "Special Pleading," by Bernard Duffy. The leading characters are an impulsive Irish amateur burglar and the daughter of the house chosen as the scene of the amateur's first crime.

The Rev. Clarence May, preaching at St. Anne's, Soho, about the late Albert Chevalier, said: "In such a play as 'My old Dutch,' God is magnified and praised. I have often heard the words 'For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death do us part,' played with, on the stage. I have often heard fun made of them. This is the first time I have heard these words given their real force."

Mrs. Chevallier's wreath at the funeral bore these words from the song: "When we've to part, as part we must, I pray that God will take me first To wait my pal."

## IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

Chopin, Beethoven and Haydn have already been heroes on the stage, now it is the turn of Mozart. The composer of the opera, Hans Duhan, a baritone at the Staatsoper, Vienna, composed most of the music, and took the part of Mozart at the production in Vienna. The scene of the play is Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace. In one scene Mozart sings his song, "The Violet," during a thunderstorm, under the window of Aloysia von Weber, with whom he was in love before he married her sister, Constanza. The plot is concerning the unsuccessful and the successful courtship. The librettists have taken many liberties with the truth. Schikaneder, the librettist of "The Magic Flute," Suessmeyer, who completed the "Requiem," and Michael Haydn, the brother of Joseph, are introduced.

John McCormack was obliged to give a third recital in London when he sang music by Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Franck, Wolf, Hughes, Rachmaninov, Cyril Scott "and much else." There was not even standing room available.

Don Lorenzo Perosi, the Italian priest whose compositions created considerable stir in the world some 20 years ago, has long ceased to have any interest for the public at large. Indeed, his rise to fame was no more sudden than the decline. And our Rome correspondent informs us that Don Lorenzo Perosi has now decided to abandon composition, which he finds too easy an exercise. "When I set about composition," he is reported to have said, "my pen simply runs along." It is highly probable that if he had discovered before this fatal tendency of his pen, his music might have had longer life. He does not intend, however, to correct the error of his way, and prefers to give himself heart and soul to the study of religious reformation. For Don Lorenzo professes to be an Anglican, and intends to come to London to interview the Bishop of London, and leave Rome where his views have caused him to be bitterly attacked.—Daily Telegraph.

Solve for the 24th season of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Singers: Hilda Lashansky, Elizabeth Bonner; violinists, Mrs. Thibault, Kochanski, Plesch, Rich; pianists, Wanda Landow-



... (Lipman) (L), Yolanda Mero and Messers, Sidi, Hopmann, Nikisch, Lamond, Cellist, Hans Kindler. Other soloists will be announced.

Ischl, once famous as the favorite holiday resort of the Emperor Francis Joseph and other monarchs, is now the headquarters of Austria's most important industry, which sends its exports to all parts of the world. It is the industry of turning out operettas and musical comedies. At the present time work is going on at very high pressure. Franz Lehar is there at his villa, busy endeavoring to "go one better" than his wonderful "Merry Widow." Leo Fall, Emmerich Kalman, Robert Stolz, and Julius Bittner are also working overtime there in order to devise new tunes and harmonies, while their

librettists are at hand conjuring up rhyme and plot. Oscar Strauss has settled down in a suite at an Ischl hotel, and he is now putting the finishing touches to his "Cleopatra's Pearl," which is to be the sensation of the coming season in Berlin and Vienna.—Daily Chronicle.

ON THE SCREEN

A friend who is interested in these matters points out that the banning of the "Birth of a Nation" film in France (on the ground of its anti-negro bias) is part of the national policy there toward the natives. Recently the French authorities have in many ways shown an anxiety to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of colored people. The French have always, indeed, acted in an enlightened way in this matter. If a political reason apart from humanitarianism is wanted it may be found in the great African interests of France and her efforts to raise an enormous African army.

In France the view is that if the African is good enough to serve in the French army he is good enough to be treated on an equality with other French citizens. The government only the other day, it will be remembered, issued a manifesto urging on foreign visitors the necessity of treating Africans in France with consideration. A restaurant in Paris whose keeper, on the protest of some Americans, refused to serve natives, was closed, it is said, by an order signed by M. Poincare himself.—Manchester Guardian.

American productions again predominate in London this week. More than 20 films are assigned for "release" to the picture theatres today, and every one of them was made in the United States. The type is familiar.

Few of them are worth more than a passing mention, but some of the labels attached to them are decidedly instructive. In the film trade periodicals it is the custom to give, for the guidance of the exhibitor, a succinct description of each film that is to be released, and in this way the whole 20 are dealt with in a very few lines. Thus, "The Romance of the Rosary," an F. B. O. production, is described in one trade paper as "Sentimental drama. Tale of three loves—sweet, sad, unrequited"; "Oathbound," a Fox film, is a "Nautical story of romance and mystery, with strange denouement"; "Roughshod," another Fox film, is a "thrilling story of the Wild West, with a spice of romance," and so on. Then, too, there are various "slapstick comedies" and "stunt serials."

These labels are certainly very descriptive and admirably suit their purpose. There is one exception, at least, to the revalling mediocrity, and that is the film, "Peg o' My Heart," recently seen at the Palace Theatre, which is being shown this week at the Marble Arch avignon. This film version of the popular play is admirable, and Miss Laurette Taylor proves in it that, although it is her first appearance in this kind of production, she is a born film humorist, moreover, in this case the sub-titles are admirable. They are written with a crowd mixture of subtle humor and commendable brevity, and the result is at good production, excellent acting and an unusually good performance by Miss Taylor make the whole film a most pleasing entertainment.—London Times.

The more travel films that are shown, our big towns the better it will be, if the object of the cinema as a factor in education is to be realized, which more care must be devoted to the sub-titles. It seems to be forgotten that the child is likely to be as much influenced by these as by the pictures that are shown, and it is necessary that this fact should be realized. As a result of seeing this film, the average child quite likely to be converted to the descending view toward Africa depicted by the film editor. The production is good enough of itself to be worthy of better treatment.—London Times.

SPANISH MUSIC

(London Times, Aug. 22)  
The interest at the concert at the Queen's Hall last night centred on three works of Spanish origin. There was the performance of a violin concerto

in A minor by Tomas Breton, which was composed 14 years ago as a tribute to the memory of Sarasate. It proved to be a rather faded wreath for that illustrious tomb; for the composer, though evidently a master of violin technique, shows himself very unskilled in other respects. Ideas were continually appearing throughout the work, but they were never developed to any purpose, and the orchestral writing, especially for the brass, was extraordinarily ineffective, when one considers the general proficiency of modern composers in this branch of their art. The soloist was Mr. Angel Grande, whose tone was too thin and wiry to present the work in the most favorable light.

On the other hand, brilliant orchestration was the chief quality of the Three Dances from de Falla's "Three-Cornered Hat," which preceded the concerto, and there is besides an extraordinary rhythmic vitality in them. One wonders, however, how much they meant to those for whom they did not conjure up the vision of Leonide Massine attitudinizing wonderfully against a background by Picasso. The final Jota seemed more than ever to be a great deal of sound and fury, signifying very little. The dances were magnificently performed by the orchestra.

After the concerto Mr. Arnold Bax's "Mediterranean" was played. This is an arrangement of the familiar piano-forte piece, and confirmed one's opinion of this composer's works for that instrument, that they are conceived in terms of the orchestra. It is a lively work of Spanish color, cleverly scored, but with the composer's usual faults of rather unimportant thematic material, and a habit of flying off at a tangent into meaningless harmonies. It was, frankly, a relief to get back on to the safe ground of Verdi, whose "Credo" from "Otello" was sung by Mr. Arthur Evans with real style and a fine voice, though Sir Henry Wood was rather unmerciful to him at the end. There is no doubt about this being music; as to the rest we are not so sure.

AN OLD SONG

To the Editor of The Herald:  
Mr. Walter C. Mitchell's inquiry about the old song, "Swinging in the Lane," touched the hearts of the "people." The Herald has received several letters giving one verse, the chorus, and in some instances the whole song. There are variants, as was to be expected. We are indebted to Harlan J. Davis of Hopkinton, Sandy MacDuff of Wlthrop, H. C. Moody of Kittery, Me., "A Maine Reader" of Newcastle, and no doubt others to come. Mr. Davis's version is as follows. We add the more important variants:  
How oft I've thought of childhood's joys  
Of games we used to play,  
Among each other while at school  
To pass the time away,  
And oh, how often have I longed  
For those bright days again,  
When little Rosy-Nell and I  
Went swinging in the lane.

CHORUS

But, oh, I'd give the world to be  
With Rosy-Nell again.  
I never, never can forget  
The swinging in the lane.

The boys and girls would often go  
A fishing in the brooks  
With spoons of thread for fishing lines  
And bended pins for hooks.  
They always wished me with them,  
But they often wished in vain,  
For I'd rather be with Rosy-Nell  
A swinging in the lane.

But soon a cloud (day) of sorrow came.  
A strange young man (chap) from town  
Was introduced to Rosy-Nell  
By Ann (Aunt) Jemima Brown.  
She stayed away from school next day,  
The truth to me was plain:  
She'd gone off with that city chap  
A swinging in the lane.

Now all young men with tender hearts  
Pray take advice from me:  
Don't be so fast (quick) to fall in love  
With every girl you see.  
For if you do, you soon will find  
That you have loved in vain  
(Your love is oft in vain)  
They'll (she'll) go off with some other chap  
A swinging in the lane.

NEW ENGLISH SONGS

(Daily Telegraph.)  
Elkin & Co., Ltd., publishers: There is very pleasant music to be discovered in the latest parcel from Elkin; and none of it overwhelmingly high-brow. Prof. Granville Bantock, not so long ago regarded as something of a revolutionary, is represented by three very simple and even conventional songs of childhood, of which the words are Graham Robertson's. Their titles are "Babyland," "Lullabye" and "Dream Merchandise," the subject-matter as naive as can be. One can hardly imagine such a refrain, for example, as

Sleepy-Head and Drowsy-Eye  
Little sister, Drowsy-Eye,  
Stealing from the Hush-a-bye;  
Drowsy-Eye and Sleepy-Head,  
stirring up thoughts of anarchy in the mind of any composer, nor have they done so here. Prof. Bantock, indeed, seems to have left the highways of the strenuous creative life for the byway of spiritual retreat, and to have lost a good deal of his own personality in doing so. "Cotswold Love," by Michael Mullinar, a setting of the poem by John Drinkwater, is a good, hefty song dedicated to that heftiest of all English singers, Robert Radford. The composer has succeeded in keeping much fresh air in his music, and the song should be well liked. A curious experiment is Cyril Scott's "In the Silver Moonbeams," adapted by the composer from the old French song, "Au clair de la Lune":  
In the silver moonbeams  
I stand here below.  
Lend me, please, your goose-quill,  
My good friend Pierrot!  
To my pretty sweetheart  
I a word would send;  
For the love of heaven.  
Let me in, good friend!

In the silver moonbeams  
Wrathful Pierrot said:  
"Go and ask a neighbor,  
I am in my bed.  
Never shall my goose-quill  
Write your billet-doux;  
Get you to the devil—  
She's my sweetheart, too!"  
And somehow it doesn't come off. It seems inevitable that the old familiar French tune should lose much of its character in foreign verses so stilted and self-conscious as these.

"YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD"

(London Times)  
Gone, it would seem for ever, are those days, about which old men still can tell us, when musicians were the idols of the great public; gone and passed into legend. Anecdotes relate how the cabmen of London climbed the lamp-posts outside the St. James's Hall and raised three cheers for the "Habby List"; or how a crowd, determined against disappointment, stormed the opera house and tore off the roof so that the narrator's favorite divinity had to sing *al fresco*. Not that the spirit of hero-worship had died out; it is as vigorous as when Cimabue's "Madonna" was carried in triumph through the streets of Florence. There has merely been another transference of its attentions. The successful film star and the man who just did not swim the Atlantic have taken the musician's place upon the pedestal of public admiration. The loss has, too, been the public's rather than the art's; for the music performed under the influence of mob worship was not, as a rule, of the highest order, even if we allow something for changes of fashion. This fact makes one doubt, incidentally, the eulogists of vanished stars: one wonders, a little sacrilegiously, whether Liszt was really a greater artist than Sig. B., and whether we should prefer Mahler to Mme. D. For men cherish pathetically the enthusiasms of youth after they have passed the age when they can react with the same ardor to fresh experiences. Those of us who at 20 heard Chaliapin in

Boris's "Godounow" will probably go to our graves proclaiming, perhaps with justice, that he was the greatest dramatic singer of all time. And that "perhaps with justice," slipping unnoticed into the sentence, gives the game away!

WHAT IS RECITATION?

(S. S. in the Manchester Guardian.)  
We have all experienced at recitations a feeling of strange shyness, a suspicion that the reciter is affecting a false intimacy with the poet, a sense that we are being pushed into a relationship we do not like and should never have made for ourselves. Many years ago I had a dear sister who used to take me to revival meetings; they affected me in exactly the same way, and even more powerfully. To listen to "Mariana" at Oxford was just like being at a revival meeting. I have always thought of it as a beautiful but monotonous piece; Mariana was, after all, dying of ennui, and the mastery of the verse is in the atmosphere of lethargy with which it surrounds her, so that in line after line we seem to hear the clock of her life ticking slowly on to final doom. I should have imagined, for the recitation of a piece like this, that a rather sing-song, lifeless manner would be the most telling, with very considered attention to the dreamy cadence of the lines and the sustained stanzale melody. The refrain, just because it is a refrain, would not need to be emphasized; it does not break the continuity of feeling in the least, for its meaning is merely a summary of what the verse means. But for those reciters whom I heard at Oxford (I could not bear to listen to very many) Mariana's ennui became an acute anguish; it was as if, at the end of every verse, she had a tooth drawn.

She only said "My life drew near."  
"IE cometh not," she said.  
She said "I am a-wee-e-e-ary, a-weary."  
but the second "weary" had often as many e's in it as the first, and I could not begin to say how many. It was generally admitted, even among the expert reciters at Oxford, that their methods broke down over "Mariana." Ten-nyson, I was told, knew nothing at all about reciting; if he had, he would never have written such a piece.  
This idea, of judging poems by their recitability, was wholly new to me, and I am still far from having grasped it.

CHANGING FIRST NIGHTS

(Manchester Guardian)  
An old social observer sends me his musings about first nights, provoked by the first night of the new play at the Playhouse. He writes: "It is 40 years since the publication of a popular cartoon representing a first night at the Lyceum. Irving was on the stage. In the boxes were the then Prince and Princess of Wales, Disraeli, Lord and Lady Dudley, Lord Hartington, and other famous people, and in the stalls the fine flower of the social and literary world. The occasion may have been idealized, but it was not far from the truth, and it contrasts sharply with the first nights of today, when finance directly or indirectly interested in the stage seems to loom so large in the audience. There are still a few regular first-nighters who are on the list for all these occasions, but they are distinguished rather as theatre habitués than for any distinction of their own.  
Of course, it must be added, a Barrie first night is an exception: something worth listening to is sure to be given, and most men of letters are eager to be first to hear it. When Mr. George Moore produced a play authors gathered thick. But with the passing of the actor-manager who is independent of support and syndicates the atmosphere of the scene seems to have changed. The dresses, and especially the cloaks, are more gorgeous, gloves less present, (at the Playhouse Miss Marie Tempest was almost the only gloved lady in the stalls), smoking more frequent among men, and the conversation during the entr'acte far less brilliant than formerly. Times have changed and first nights with them.

AMATEUR PLAYERS

Mr. Nigel Playfair went to Norwich, (Eng.), where a performance was given by amateurs of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." The actors were respectable citizens by day and mums by night.  
"There is naturally plenty of room for criticism. But they were enthusiastic, and their clothes were so beautifully designed and carried out, and I felt so grateful for the absence of delays and cardboard scenery, that I do not feel inclined to indulge in it.  
"Only this I may say, in case it may seem worthy of their attention. They all of them seemed strangely conscious of the presence of a proscenium, even though none existed and quite possibly few of them had ever acted behind one. They rigidly avoided knowledge of the presence of an audience, were inclined to turn their heads away from them when speaking quite important passages—and spoke their soliloquies with down-cast eyes as if they were terribly afraid of being overheard, and, indeed, they very seldom were. It is a pity, and it is surely contrary to all the traditions of Elizabethan acting as far as we can guess and deduce them. It was an age of letting your audience have it—right from the shoulder—well-timed and every time.  
"It is a matter, perhaps, a little beyond the scope of this article to discuss the question as to whether performances of this character are better confined to amateur or to young professional actors. As far as our own profession is concerned there can be but one answer. The scope for obtaining sound acting experience and variety, especially in plays which do not add the intelligence of those taking part in them, is every day becoming more and more limited. If it is not increased, the art of acting, rare enough in all conscience, may die out almost altogether, and, little as they may realize it consciously, that would mean a ghastly loss to the community at large.  
"I have had moments of believing that amateur acting, if more than occasionally indulged in, is bad for the individual. But I am thinking rather of the old, frivolous, though quite pleasant days. I remember well as a boy having my conscience somewhat assuaged by carrying a gentleman of middle age (a friend of mine that he was obliged to go to Flomburg for a course of the waters, owing to the excessive strain put upon him by his organization of a performance of "Poor Pillioddy" for an entertainment at Windsor Castle) and organizing such entertainments was his only visible means of moral and intellectual subsistence. There was something wrong with a society, in which such a state of things was possible.



"In this case of Norwich it is, of course, entirely different. Only I think the amateurs might well, if it is ever economically possible, be asked to retire later in favor of young and eager professional actors, conscious that they have done good service as pioneers. Perhaps even one or two might join the professional ranks. This is actually the history of events in Birmingham, the happy model for all local repertory theatres."

#### A LETTER FROM BUDAPEST

I have been hearing a good deal of music, principally opera, as usual, but am sick to death of the Zigeuner. It is a quaint business. In England British

bands play Hungarian music, but here Hungarian bands play nothing but rag-time.

As to opera, too, one here is still quite good, but fearfully hard up, and I honestly do not know how they keep their shows up to the standard. I believe their soloists only get about £3 or £4 a month. I heard a perfectly wonderful performance of the 'Rosenkavalier,' with Maria Jeritza singing Octavian. For the first time one was able to realize what Strauss meant. She is certainly the greatest operatic artist I have heard so far. Puccini is another most interesting personality. He sings mostly at the Vienna opera, where I have heard him once or twice. He was born American, of British parents, and such studying as he has done, I believe, was in Italy. He also has got a truly wonderful voice, with the Caruso style, and is a far better actor to my mind. It makes one sadder and sadder when one hears and sees such performances as one gets here, in Vienna, and in Berlin, to think that opera is at a discount in England.

"Eljah" was revived in Petrograd after 27 years. Following on this, performances are promised of "St. Paul," Brahms' "Requiem," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and the "Matthew Passion." These choral concerts have the sanction of the soviet, but notification of them has to be sent by post individually, as they are not permitted to be advertised.

#### SOUSA'S BAND

The music to be given by Sousa and his band, in Symphony hall, today is as follows:

##### AFTERNOON

- 1—Rhapsody, "The Indian".....Orem
- 2—Cornet solo, "Cleopatra".....Demare
- 3—Portraits, "At the King's Court".....Sousa
- (a) "Her Ladyship, the Countess"
- (b) "Her Grace the Duchess"
- (c) "Her Majesty, the Queen"
- 4—Soprano solo, "Shadow Song".....Meyerbeer
- (Dinorah).....Miss Marjorie Moody
- 5—Fantasy, "The Victory Ball".....Schelling

##### INTERVAL

- 6—Caprice, "On With the Dance".....Sousa
- Being a medley of famous tunes
- 7—(a) Xylophone solo, "Nocturne and Waltz".....Chopin
- Mr. George Carey
- (b) March, "Nobles of the Mystic Shrine".....Sousa
- (new).....Miss Rachel Senior
- 8—Violin solo, "Faust Fantasy".....Sarasate
- Miss Rachel Senior
- 9—Folk Tune, "Country Gardens".....Grainiger

##### EVENING

- 1—"A Bouquet of Beloved Inspirations".....Sousa
- Entwined by Sousa
- 2—Cornet solo, "The Centennial".....Bellstedt
- Mr. John Dolan
- 3—Suite, "Leaves from My Note-Book".....Sousa

- (a) "The Genial Hostess"
- (b) "The Camp-Fire Girls"
- (c) "The Lively Plapper"
- 4—Vocal solo, "Villanelle".....Dell Acqua
- Miss Marjorie Moody
- 5—"The Portrait of a Lady".....Rubenstein
- (Kamennoi-Ostrov).....Rubenstein

##### INTERVAL

- 6—Fantasy, "The Merrie, Merrie Chorus".....Sousa
- Compiled by Sousa
- 7—(a) Flute solo, "Valse".....Godard
- Mr. Meredith Willson
- (b) March, "The Dauntless Battalion".....Sousa
- (new).....Miss Winifred Bambrick
- 8—Harp solo, "Fantasia Oberon".....Weber-Alvarez
- 9—Tones, "When the Minstrels Come to Town".....Bowron
- "Rameses," by Alexander Steinert, Jr., will be played as an encore at both concerts

#### As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE

Our faith in our own judgment and in the judgment of some in the literary court of last resort has been rudely shaken. Since boyhood we have believed that "Moby Dick" is one of the great books. We would have maintained this with our sword. But now comes Mr. D. H. Lawrence and says of Melville's masterpiece: "It is a great book, a very great book, the greatest book of the sea ever written. It moves awe in the soul." And now we suspect our judgment.

#### "WHALES IN THE SEA"

The Daily Chronicle of London speaks of an expedition preparing for the far south. One of the objects of the expedition is to learn whether the humpbacked whale is being scared away or exterminated in the Falklands, where last year 37 Norwegians and 17 British vessels were in pursuit of the "blue," "fin" and "humpback."

According to Melville the humpback's oil is not very valuable, but "he is the most gamesome and light-hearted of all the whales, making more gay foam and white water generally than any other of them." The "fin" was also known as the "tall-spout," "long John." "The fin-back is not gregarious. He seems a whale-hater, as some men are man-haters. Very shy, always going solitary; unexpectedly rising to the surface in the remotest and most sullen waters; his straight and single lofty jet rising like a tall, misanthropic spear from a barren plain; gifted with such wonderful power and velocity in swimming as to defy all present pursuit from man; this leviathan seems the banished and unconquerable Cain of his race, bearing for his mark that style upon his back."

Melville does not give the "blue" whale the honor of a paragraph, though

the Daily Chronicle says this variety is now the most profitable in yield of oil. (This probably is in reference to whales found in the Falklands.) Melville classes the "blue" with "a rabble of uncertain, fugitive, half-fabulous whales, which as an American whallemaster, I know by reputation, but not personally." He enumerates them by their fore-castle appellations: Bottle nose, junk, pudding-headed, cape, leading, cannon, scragg, coppered, elephant, iceberg; Quog—not anyone of them among the leviathans of note.

#### SEEN IN A BROCKTON STREET CAR

By L. M. C.

"Change of service in effect Monday, Aug. 16. The 4:30 P. M. trip to Mattapan week days, except Saturdays, will run to Randolph only."

#### JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

To the memory of you—  
Dreamer in the morning dew,  
Seer under twilight skies;  
Sagely fond and elfin-wise;  
Seeker of the Fleece of Gold,  
Laureate of wood and wold,  
Bard of Childhood's Wonderland  
And the humble Hired Hand;  
Fellow of the Brotherhood  
Of the Sylvan Solitude,  
And a hermit in the throng—  
I would dedicate a song.

Where are now the Afterwhites?  
Where the mystic Flying Isles?  
Where the goblins and the ghosts?  
Where the myraid fairy hosts?  
Where the mossy garden-walks,  
Flanked with plinks and hollyhocks,  
Marigolds and columbine?  
Is there still a Brandywine  
Rippling idly, truantly,  
Careless of the calling sea,  
Mindful only of one goal—  
Just to form a swimming-hole?

And the yearning Yesterdays!  
Fancy falters as she strays  
Down the leagues of shade and sun,  
Where the poet's pathways run,  
Yesterdays and Afterwhites—  
Both he sang 'mid tears and smiles  
With a voice that never failed,  
With a heart that never quailed—  
From the shadows, Songs of Cheer,  
Childhood's Rhymes, as Age drew near,  
Master of the gentlest Art:  
Minstrel of the Guileless Heart!  
EOLUS.

#### ADD "ADJECTIVES OF INTENSITY"

As the World Wags:  
Apropos of Sir Henry Newbolt's statement about the favorite adjectives of the contemporary English schoolboy, I am reminded of an adjective nearer home. Members of a party summering on the Cape inform one that they are "dripping" with pleasure, "dripping" with anger, or with jealousy. A not very adept imitator of this local jargon, having finished a fifth ear of corn, was heard to admit that he was dripping with corn. LEON HENRY ZACH.

#### AND A BIT OF A WAG

"Some one having made a protest against the use of the new motor-hearses on the ground of their levity and worldliness, a lady who was of the company declared that they seemed to her the most appropriate vehicles for the conveyance of the quick and the dead."

#### WAKE UP, MR. MANN

An extract from a letter by Thomas Mann was published in the Evening Transcript not long ago. "A friend told me that on visiting Andre Glde in Paris recently he found the French writer buried in the large German edition of Dostoevsky's complete works— for there is no edition in French. But

while France has discovered Dostoevsky in German," etc.

As a matter of fact, at least a dozen of Dostoevsky's important works were translated into French and published by Plon, Nourrit & Co. at Paris in the 80's. The translators were Halperine, Kaminsky, Melchior de Vogue, Derely and Humbert.

#### A SQUARE FEET TEST

The statement has been made that the Liverpool Cathedral, now building, will be second in size only to St. Peter's at Rome. The statement is not correct. The areas in square feet of the great cathedrals are as follows:

St. Peter's.....	180,000
Milan.....	126,000
Seville.....	124,000
Liverpool.....	101,000
St. Paul's (London).....	84,000

Barcelona's Church of the Holy Family, still building, has at present an area of nearly 100,000 square feet.

The Manchester Guardian is enthusiastic over the Liverpool Cathedral's magnificent scale, "a largeness of parts, apart from mere size, with an almost continuous beauty of line." From the picture of it we should say that this cathedral is singularly ugly, not so ugly perhaps as the Frauen Kirche in Munich, which has been called the ugliest in the world, though to us the cathedral at Magdeburg might dispute the honor.

#### MR. ARTHUR RANSOME'S BOAT

(Racundra, built at Riga in 1922)

"She was to be a cruising boat that one man could manage if need be, but on which three could live comfortably. She was to have writing-table and bookcase, a place for typewriter, broad bunks where might lay him down and rest, but bruising knee and elbow with each unconsidered movement. . . . She should not be fast, but she should be fit to keep the sea when other little boats were scuttling for shelter. In fact, she was to be the boat that every man would wish who likes to move from port to port, a little ship in which in temperate climates a man might live from year's end to year's end."

#### "A MOTHER'S UNION"

(Young Too in the Newton Graphic.)

My modest proposal is for a "Union of Mothers" which would be a help of those of us who cannot afford to buy silk school-stockings for our daughters, a union which would determine that no girl should wear her hair "up" till after Christmas in her sophomore year at least, that all expensive boy-killing clothes be barred at school, that no dances or entertainments should be allowed except on Friday and Saturday nights, that all such should end at 11 o'clock, and that school-girl complexion should be one spot in the universe not included in the statement that "Blank's Paints Cover the World," and a few other such considerations of girlhood. Then the poor mother would not be left at the mercy of every other foolish parent, but could answer her daughter's objections with the counter-statement that "all mothers are doing it!"

#### A LOST DELIGHT

(From "The Wheelwright's Shop," by George Sturt)

No higher wage, no income, will buy for men that satisfaction which of old—until machinery made drudges of them—streamed into their muscles all day long, from close contact with iron, timber, clay, wind and wave, horse strength. It tingled up in the niceties of touch, sight, scent. The very ears unawares received it, as when the plane went singing over the wood or the exact chisel went sapping in (under the mallet) to the hard ash with gentle sound. But these intimacies are over. . . . In what was once the wheelwright's shop, where Englishmen grew friendly with the grain of timber and with sharp tool, nowadays untrained youths wait upon machines, hardly knowing oak from ash or caring for the qualities of either.

#### NOT BETTY MARTIN

Octavia writes: "The picture described by Miss King in the letter quoted by Mr. Sylvester Baxter in your column was called in my early days, 'My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.'"

#### As the World Wags:

This is what a Pennsylvania Dutch girl said to her brother when he was late to dinner:  
"Go eat yourself. Ma's on the table. Pa's half et."  
Fitzwilliam, N. H.

#### As the World Wags:

I wish to remark on a paragraph in The Herald of Aug. 31.  
I think Peter Manning is some race horse, but I cannot figure out how he came to be in conference with the

mine operators on the wage question. Go. Pinchot got a start on the operators, as the first quarter checked 28½ seconds. C. H. HARPER.

Portland, Me.

#### THE HAPPY HOMES OF (NEW) ENGLAND

(The Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Me.)

NOTICE—This is to notify all that after this date I will pay no bills contracted by my wife, Beatrice Gardner, having left my bed and board this date. GEORGE G. GARDNER, Camden, Sept. 4, 1923.

NOTICE—My husband, George B. Gardner, published a notice in this paper in which he states that I left his bed and board on the fourth day of September, 1923, and that he would pay no bills of my contracting. I wish to notify the public that I did leave him; but it was nearly a year ago, I left him because of his abuse and because he didn't furnish me anything to live on, nor his children. The children are living with me and we are taking care of our own bills and are not running him into debt, neither have we asked anybody to trust us on his account, as nobody would have given him credit if we had asked. He hasn't had even common decency enough to buy even a present for his children. All he does is to go about the streets talking about them and injuring them. This is the real truth. His notice was put in solely for the purpose of spite and his customary annoyance. BEATRICE E. GARDNER.

#### COALS TO NEWCASTLE

As the World Wags:

More riches are to be poured into the lap of Fortune's pampered pet, Pennsylvania, that state "where every prospect pleases," etc. For many years the Standard Oil research laboratories have striven to make some edible product from petroleum, but apparently without success. Now the Columbia University laboratories are reported to have perfected a unique food fat for diabetics; this fat is almost entirely consumed in the human body, its cost has already been lowered to one-fortieth of the original one, with promise of still further decrease. Accordingly it is likely soon to be within reach of every table in the land, it being free from the harmful effects of butter.

The material from which this new food fat is to be made, is said to be a refined paraffin oil; unfortunately, most of the United States petroleum fields produce oils with an asphalt base, those from Pennsylvania having a paraffin base. Accordingly, here is the opening for another of those (essentially export) taxes which the typical "Philadelphia lawyers" have foisted upon the other states (one being an element in the present coal situation). This is perhaps no place to set out the long series of successes whereby Pennsylvania has created its multitude of millionaires, in taking advantage of various crises of the republic whereby to erect monopolies, natural and artificial. Any recent monopoly in foodstuff material does not occur to me, but since boyhood my personification of Pennsylvania has been a man named Hook, purveyor of meat to the Continental army during its darkest days. Defending a suit long afterward, Atty.-Gen. Wirt said in substance: "The deadly silence at Valley Forge, interrupted only by the faint moans of pain as the sharp ice cut the feet of shoeless sentries along their paths in snow already reddened by their blood, was broken by the raucous voice of Contractor Hook, crying: 'Beef! Beef!'" ALFRED ELA.

Boston.

#### SOUSA'S BAND

When Sousa's band comes to town it is an occasion for the entire family to celebrate, and to judge by the attendance and applause at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, at his first concert of the season, they all did. There was the usual sprinkling of Sousa marches and waltzes, played with the dramatic precision and lack of flourish that are peculiarly his own. In addition to a program of nine numbers, there were 13 encores, ranging from Alexander Steinert, Jr.'s, "Rameses" to "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

The program opened with "The Indian," a rhapsody by Preston Ware Orem, from the Indian themes discovered by Thurlow Lieurance. It is a dramatic piece, based on a recurrent theme in a minor key, and closes with a veritable tour de force, of which Sousa made the most.

Mr. John Dolan's cornet solo, "Cleopatra," by Demare, was much applauded, as were the solos by Miss Moody, Mr. Carcy and Miss Senior.



Sousa's portraits, included in "At the King's Court," are exquisite short characterizations, and in quite a different mood from the Sousa of martial fame.

"The Victory Ball," Schellung's latest work, a fantasy based on the poem of the same name by Alfred Noyes, was the most interesting thing on the afternoon program. A horrible, disjointed fantasy of dead men watching the "Victory Ball," with the strains of the dance repeated in caricature in the minor mode, it suggests Rimsky Korsakoff's diabolical orgy, "Moonlight on Mount Triglav." By a curious bit of irony, the encore was "Solid Men to the Front," with an added interpolation of pistol shots to increase the tension.

The only new number was Sousa's march, "Nobles of the Mystic Shrine," that is very good Sousa. The most applauded number was the medley of old and new dance tunes, "strung together by Sousa," some semi-classical, some jazz, but all of them popular, with a recurrent Gallagher and Shean dialogue in the trombones. The program ended with Percy Grainger's folk tune, "Country Gardens."

Sept 18 1923

The ingenious and delightful Mr. Briggs has pictured in his cartoons many ways of "beginning the day wrong." Montaigne's father, thinking that the violent awakening of children from dead sleep in the morning demented their brains, caused his son Michel to be awakened by the sound of some instrument. "I was never without a servant, who to that purpose attended upon me."

Summer cottagers are awakened by the chatter of birds who from the noise they make should be at least six feet in height. In the city there is the din of the street and back alley. One is soon accustomed in city and in town to these instruments. There are cheerful souls that sing in the bathtub, to the annoyance of others in the household, nor are they vexed if the coffee is execrable, the toast is burnt and the eggs not above suspicion. It has been said that the reading of a short poem or a passage from a cheerful essayist will insure a perfect day. In the good old times there was the institution of family prayers, and the fathers stumbling in the pronunciation of Old Testament jaw-breaking proper names put one in good humor for the routine of shop or office. Let us begin this day with pleasing anecdote and lightsome verse.

#### LOUISE AND THE EMERALD

(From Cocteau's "Le Grand Ecart")

Louise danced at the Eldorado. Four students went there to applaud and throw bouquets of violets at her. On New Year's day they wished to give her a pendant. The rascal of the band filched an emerald at the house of an old lady, a relative. He naively agreed that they should draw lots to see which one should present it. Fate chose the most timid. Louise thanked him with a caress. They said to themselves that an emerald for an actress is a drop of water in the ocean. They forgot that the ocean exists by means of these drops.

A long time afterward, the timid student, having become a diplomat, met Louise. They stirred up reminiscences. She said: "You remember that false emerald, I gave it to my mother, and she always wore it. She wished it to be buried with her."

The diplomat acknowledged the theft and said the emerald was a genuine one. Louise grew pale.

"Will you swear to that?" she asked. He did not dare to swear, for Louise's face had become the face of a gravedigger.

#### CHINESE LULLABY

Where are the indoor sports of yesteryear!  
The auction, bridge, erstwhile to us so dear.  
Those fickle Fortune favored, heedless of their vow,  
Not come to pung and remain to chow.  
Where are the jackpots and the deuces wild  
That once the tired business man beguiled!  
Forsworn each one he never would learn how  
Now comes to pung and remains to chow.

All silent rests the wheel; the unwrapped decks  
Give place to walls and winds and laundry checks.  
In contemplation Buddha-like we bow.  
We come to pung and remain to chow.  
Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

#### "THEM THAT HAS, GITS"

Earl Farquhar has left by will about £400,000 to England's royal family; to George V, sugar castors used in the time of Louis XIV for ladies' powder; to Queen Mary a Louis XVI commode; a vase to Alexander, but his great wealth, including motor cars, goes to Princess Arthur and her son.  
When Artemus Ward was dying in England, he said to an attendant: "I see it's the fashion to give the Prince of Wales something. I think I'll leave him my panorama."

#### FLUTTERING INFLUENZA

"Not even in the mysterious orientals of the upper Amazon is it possible to get beyond Spanish influenza, for there, too, the brave priests of his religion have occasionally ventured. The very trail we had followed had known the flutter of sanctified robes."

It may be said in reply that the word "influenza" comes from the late Latin (then Italian) word which means "Influence."

#### WHY "SHAVIAN"?

As the World Wags:

I wish that you, or any reader, would give me some authority for the use of the word "Shavian" as applied to the sayings and doings of George Bernard Shaw. The Herald recently had an editorial thus headed: Who started it? It sounds like "dear old Lunnun." If it is correct I suppose it will be only a short time before some lawyer will (when quoting from Chief Justice Shaw) state to the court that he will now read a Shavian opinion; or may be The Herald when writing of the wealth of the Shaw family will speak of the Shavian millions. If one terminal is correct, why not? New words concerning persons are as a rule not needed. Perhaps Capt. Boycott's name may be exempted. We have a half a million words now and that is enough. The press is a good deal to blame. A year or so ago when that noisy ghost was on the rampage down in Nova Scotia we had "poltergeist," morning, noon and night. As they could not find the word in our dictionaries they had to get one made in Germany. A few years back all the papers and magazines simply ran the word "meticulous" to death. Just now all is "propaganda," from The Boston Herald to the Bogville Howler, and it is mostly used far apart from its original and authentic meaning. So again I cry, "Why Shavian?"

Watertown. V. F.  
What do you say to "Bessemer," "Harveyized"? As for "Poltergeist"—do you object to "Sauerkraut," "hangar"? We might multiply instances of foreign words that are now respectable members of the English family. We say "Byronic," "Miltonic" or "Miltonian"; why not "Shavian."—Ed.

#### ATTENTION "WATCH AND WARD"

(Address Adv. Textile World.)

WANTED—MISSSES' MERCERIZED RIBBED LEGS

Boiled or fried?

(Reason Traveler.)

COOK A VISITOR

AT WHITE HOUSE

"SING US A SONG"

As the World Wags:

Perhaps some of your readers will recall that song that the late John W. Kelly used to sing, namely, "Tim Too-lin." I have tried to get the words and music but it is apparently out of print. Of course, it is about a New York policeman, but I can't seem to get more than one verse and that is not quite complete. Quite a few seem to know the air.

Lawrence.

## BEAUTY PLENTY IN THE FOLLIES

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—Ziegfeld Follies, lyrics by Gene Buck; music by Victor Herbert, Louis A. Hirsch and Dave Stampfer. "Authorship" by various persons. Oscar Radin, conductor. The theatre was crowded.

In the course of the first act a pseudo David Belasco took a seat in front. Recognized from the stage, he was introduced as the greatest American producer. Although, of course, he came wholly unprepared for a speech, he arose and said that he was there to see the Follies; that Europe now came to Mr. Ziegfeld to learn from him; that Mr. Ziegfeld might justly be called the David Belasco of shows like the Follies.

Now nothing could have been fairer than that.

The playbill characterized Ziegfeld's Follies as "The National Institution Glorifying the American Girl." The American girl was not only glorified last night, she was fully revealed, now gorgeously clad, now gorgeously half-robed, or a quarter-robed. Not merely as dancing girls, who brought to mind the familiar story of the London busman and his reply to the lady, but as summer girls who showed the effects of the generous sun shining on the vacation beaches. There were front views, and side views, and often these handsome young women might have said with Bishop Still in the old drinking song: "Back and side go bare, go bare."

But in all this frank display of beauty there was the absence of snickering self-consciousness that makes a revelation a base appeal. There were a few dances in the oriental and South Sea manner frowned on by prim missionaries, but they were modest in comparison with the dancing at private balls which takes place in Boston under the eyes of indulgent chaperons and pious matrons. As for the dancing last night, it was as a rule of a rather primitive order, although Miss Law was graceful and Miss Gray was vivacious. The evolutions in ensemble were effective.

When the "Black Crook Amazons" appeared one longed for the march music beginning with the song: "I Am Stalaeta." O days gone by! Alas the fleeting years!

Of Mr. Ben All Haggins pictures "The Kiss," "Lunette" and "The Triumph of Venus," the last named was the most artistically conceived, the most beautiful, although at the first showing there was some trouble with the lighting.

There was singing. The young women at the beginning had the voice of Conscience, and the words of the songs were as if they had not been written. Mr. Gray has a manly voice which was well used, and Miss Peterson sang agreeably. Miss Patricia Salmon by her ballads of the heart and home and by her yodelling pleased the audience but hardly justified the enthusiastic eulogies of those distinguished connoisseurs, Messrs. Heywood Brown and Bide Dudley, who heard her at Shelby, Montana, while they were attending a prize fight.

Besides the gorgeousness of certain scenes, the "splendidous, magnolious" costumes, and the indisputable and uncovered beauty of the young women, the salient features of the show were the delightful dialogues in song of Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, and the "Ziegfeld News Reel," by Mr. Andrew Tombes. We could listen to the former gentlemen to an hour at a time; Mr. Shean, restless in declaration and acquiescence; Mr. Gallagher, calmly authoritative, giving with unctuous tones his conclusion of the whole matter. As for Mr. Tombes's filmless reel, it is one of the most amusing acts that have been heard here for many months. And it seemed so spontaneous, so vivid, burlesque delivered as it should be, with the utmost seriousness.

#### PLAYS CONTINUING

MAJESTIC—"The Covered Wagon." An engrossing historical and dramatic film version of Emerson Hough's novel. Eighteenth and last week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Cat and the Canary," by John Willard. A play of mystery and surprises, with several shocks to the expectantly nervous. Third week.

SELWYN'S—"Runnin' Wild." A revue or negro musical comedy by Miller and Lyles, the leading comedians; music by James Johnson. A vivacious show with captivating songs, joyous dancing and humorous scenes. Third week. Midnight performance Thursday.

SHUBERT—"I'll Say She Is." Musical comedy revue by W. B. and T. Johnstone, in which the Marx brothers figure largely. Third and next to last week.

TREMONT—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." One of George M. Cohan's gay and captivating musical comedies, with plenty of dancing. Eighteenth and last week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary." An agreeable musical comedy with various entertaining scenes of New York life. Seventh week.

## "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" Good Production

TREMONT TEMPLE—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Carl Laemmle's film version of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." First production in Boston. Cast:

Wallace Worley, director; Perley Poore Sheehan, adapter; Edward T. Lowe, Jr., scenarist; Robert Newhard and Tony Korumau, photographers.  
Quasimodo.....Lon Chaney  
Clopin.....Ernest Torrence  
Esmeralda.....Patsy Ruth Miller  
Phoebus.....Norman Kerry  
Vane de Gondelaurier.....Kate Lester  
Jehan.....Brandon Hurst  
Gringore.....Raymond Hatton  
Louis XI.....Tully Marshall  
Dom Claude.....Nigel de Brulier  
Monsieur Neufchatel.....Harry L. Van Meter  
Gadule.....Gladys Brockwell  
Marle.....Eulalie Jensen  
Fleur de Lys.....Winifred Bryson

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a good production, with care for architectural detail and historical accuracy. It has the spirit of the reign of Louis XI, but where is the tremendous denunciation of Victor Hugo? Dom Claude has become a saccharine figurehead, a platitudinizing preacher in the robes of an arch-deacon. Jehan is made the scapegoat, and on his head is placed the blame for all misdeeds.

Quasimodo, the "demon of Notre Dame," leers at the populace in an orgy of caricatures. Lon Chaney has done a skilful characterization, if he is a bit more vengeful than the deformed bell-ringer of "Notre Dame de Paris." His cathedral climbing is a feat of mathematical accuracy.

Phoebus, the gay rotter of the Guards, has become an insipid nonentity prancing around in a coat of mail that looks as if it were too large for him, and reforming at a maiden's prayer. Of course it was necessary to provide a hero, and to string the romance to a satisfying end. Otherwise there would have been no film version. Victor Hugo killed them all, either by hanging or by dropping them off the parapet of the cathedral. Carl Laemmle has preserved the romantic unities only.

Patsy Ruth Miller, as Esmeralda, is charming, and really a young girl, but we missed the little Djali, her constant white goat. Djali only appeared once, and then at the end of a string. Ernest Torrence, as Clopin, made a striking king of the court of miracles, where the parasites of the city drop their crutches and eye patches for the night.

On the whole we would say that "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is an interesting production, conspicuous for its bits of local color and by play, especially among the thieves, and some artistic backgrounds. The nave of the cathedral, with the tapers burning on the altars, and the cathedral gardens are really beautiful. But the sub-titles have the same heart-throb tendencies of most movies, with the exception of a few straight ones taken from the novel.

Victor Hugo said that his purpose in writing his novel was to stir interest in the founding of national schools of architecture. This could hardly be the main theme of a film version, but "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a skilful padding of mob scenes and architecture, with a romance of life in Paris of the 15th century. E. G.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Jewett Repertory Company in "Mr. Hopkinson," a farce in three acts by R. C. Carton. The cast:

Lady Thyra Eggleby.....Katherine Standing  
Lord Gawthorpe.....L. Paul Scott  
Duke of Braceborough.....Charles Hampden  
Parbury.....Timothy Huntley  
Duchess of Braceborough.....Catherine Willard

Hon. Otho Dursingham.....Philip Tonge  
Samuel Hopkinson.....E. B. Clive  
Footman.....Wilson Verney  
Eliza Dibb.....May Ediss  
Earl of Addleton.....Leo Stark  
Rilset.....Ceall Magnus  
Mr. Smethurst.....Harold West

Mr. Jewett is nothing if not original. He can almost always be depended on to do the unexpected. Last week his players presented a comedy as though it were farce; last night the piece—labeled by no less person than the author as a farce—was rendered in the best high-comedy manner. But at least the direction was consistent, and a full house chuckled not a little at most of what took place on the stage. Thereby is Mr. Jewett justified.

Possibly the author was a bit prejudiced in his designation of the play. At all events, Mr. Jewett found much in it that was not farcical, and directed accordingly. But few of the spectators were prepared for the snail-like pace at which the "farce" moved.

Paced like a high society tea-party, the few really crisp lines in the play became but the languid bon mots of half-bored idlers, tossed off, as it were, in a desperate effort to keep from going to sleep. The Copley is fortunate in possessing at the present time several gentlemen who lounge perfectly: Mr. Scott, Mr. Tonge, Mr. Hampden—not to mention the butler (Mr. Huntley). And last night none of them ever spoke in a hurry.

To be sure, the author gives them but little to hurry about. His is dis-



thly not a play of situation; rather it is in large part social satire. But that the satire is never profound, it would be dominant. As it is, it furnishes a basis for much repartee of a more or less smart nature, and sufficiently exaggerated to prevent its being taken seriously.

Indeed, nothing about the play is serious. This is probably what the author had in mind when he called it farce. Situations, dialogue, characters, all are but amusing material, as such created, and as such put forward. As for the last named, the detached attitude toward them is certainly one of the earmarks of farce.

Mr. Carton, then, wrote a satirical farce—not very satirical and not over-farical which has none the less considerable amusiveness, and whose varying shades are consistently portrayed by the company. Mr. Clive returns to the Copley with his old-time dash, and Miss Willard is as ever effective. Miss Standing has the only violently emotional part, and handles it well. Gentle entertainment, and in good form.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—The Boston Stock Company in "Nice People," a comedy by Rachel Crothers. Cast:

Halle Livingston.....Ethel Henin  
Freder Lewis.....Houston Richards  
Eileen Baxter Jones.....Violet Roach  
Theodore "Terry" Gloucester.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Oliver Comstock.....Ralph M. Bentley  
Scotty Wilbur.....Edward Parmer  
Margaret Rainsford.....Anna Laving  
Hubert Gloucester.....Mark Kent  
Mr. Heyfer.....Harold Chase  
Billy Wade.....Walter Gilbert

"Nice People" is the story of a modern young girl who tries to uphold her ideals of "freedom, frankness and beauty" against the influences of her father and friends. "Terry" Gloucester, whose father begins to see that she is getting too much liberty, attempts to forbid her to go out on a party with a group of friends, among them "Scotty" Wilbur, her most recent and fascinating suitor, who wishes to marry her for her money.

She disobeys her father, and stays out all night with her friends, and after an all-day drive with Scotty, arrives at a little farm left to her by her dead mother. A thunder storm comes up, and it is obvious that they cannot leave until it is over.

Scotty gets drunk on some whiskey he has brought with him, and after making somewhat unwelcome advances to "Terry," goes to sleep on the sofa. Out of the storm comes Billy Wade, who says that the storm is so bad that they will have to make a night of it.

Terry goes up stairs to bed and he remains by the fire until morning. He leaves at daylight, before anybody has seen him. Mr. Gloucester appears, and denounces Terry for having compromised herself, and demands that she marry Scotty at once. She refuses, and Mr. Gloucester leaves in disgust.

Billy Wade returns and persuades Terry to stay on the farm with Teddy's aunt and himself. After three months of hard work she is completely changed, and refuses to go back to her old life of

gayety in town. Billy is, of course, in love with her, but hearing that everybody is saying that he is trying to marry her for her money, starts to leave.

Terry tells her father that she cannot live without him, but her father insists he can be bought. Put to the test, Billy refuses to marry her without her money, and only succumbs when she comes to him herself and begs him to marry her.

"Nice People" is a comedy of manners and requires throughout a light touch. The Boston Stock Company, with the exception of Mr. Richards, does not play light comedy to the best possible advantage; consequently the play loses. The play was well received last night and doubtless will meet with the universal approval of its audiences.

Mr. Gilbert played the role of the hero seriously and convincingly and was ably seconded by Miss Bushnell. Miss Bushnell had a trying part and filled it creditably. The only person on the stage who seemed wholly at home in the atmosphere of the play was Mr. Richards. He was at his ease all the time and made every line draw its laugh.

## 11 "THE IRON KING" TOPS KEITH BILL

Some of the most remarkable feats of strength which Bostonians have ever witnessed were performed at Keith's. He is billed as the sensation of Europe and is really a superman of strength.

Alyn Mann in "A Whirl of Dance," presented by May Tully and assisted by Jay Russell, Hall Taggart and company, including Billy Bradford, was not only pleasing to the eye through his grace

and skill, but marvelous in his interpretation of the sensuous snake dance.

Ned Norworth, supported by Zoe Howell, with his rapid fire fun and comedy, interspersed with clever manipulation of the piano keys, brought forth the heartiest of applause, while Miss Frankie Heath in a quartet of song stories, showed her versatility and ability as an actress, which was greatly appreciated and applauded.

Miss Jean Adair and company, in a skit entitled "The Cake Eaters," presented an up-to-the-minute characterization of parties "as is" today, with the ever-present flapper, flask and cigarettes. Jean Schuller played a number of old familiar pieces, offered imitations, and completely captivated the audience, which accepted his offerings with delight.

Fred Barnard and Sid Garry were syncopators who had jazz and snappy songs at their tongues' end. Marguerite and Alvarez, aerialists, were well received. A showing of Pathe News closed the program.

Amazing feats of strength by Breitbart feature this week's bill at B. F. Keith's. Breitbart is a pleasing performer to watch and some of his acts are truly remarkable. With only his hands for tools he bends iron bars into many shapes and drives spikes through an inch board. One of his acts is to support upon his chest a merry-go-round with six men mounted on wooden horses. Miss Frankie Heath combines

Sept 19, 1923

Mr. Will Geddes of London once wrote a song, classified as a "sob song" or "Spanish onion," that wrung the hearts of thousands. It was entitled: "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy." The song is of still more pathetic nature today, especially when it is sung in Pennsylvania. Toward the end of last winter we read that as the fox-trot type of melody was preferred to the sob, Mr. Geddes was earning his living by cleaning windows. We hasten to add that he is not the composer of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Br-r-uther," which was sung with great expression in our little village whenever a Sunday school boy was buried in the old graveyard on the Plains. If the pupil was a girl, "Br-r-uther" was changed to "sister."

The Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Knobel who made unpleasant remarks about the American girl—he said her "morality is at its lowest ebb"—now, returning from Europe, declares that the European girl is ever more shameless. As the reverend gentleman, an intrepid observer, seems to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel, we look forward impatiently to his description of young women in Asia, Africa and the South Sea Islands. How disappointed he will be if he finds, anywhere, a Miss Prim Prune, buttoned up to the chin!

### THE SOCIETY MULE

As the World Wags:

I wonder if you have heard the latest in mules, a mule Burbanked. The Herald has reproduced the photograph of a socially prominent young lady seated on a sensitive sulky and ready for the race behind a mule clad in blinders. One loses sight of the young lady, however, and sees only the assemblage of sensitive sulky and mule; yet amidst such incongruity she had won the race, a mule race subsequently announced as having been "the outstanding social feature at the fair," Dutchess county, New York.

The Herald's annotations concentrated upon the winner, neglecting to tell us what had become of the other mules; whether they were in as well as of the race; whether they had taken time off for muleish diversion, asserting their native instinct and creating something in the nature of havoc and confusion at the rear end; or whether, for social purposes, possibly morphined, they all had charged around the race course in tow of Fordson tractors. Possibly, instead, a white horse had gone ahead, dragging a bag of oats, but probably we have a new mule—at least one.

The Herald should have supplied more particulars, telling about these other mules of the race. Perhaps, being resourceful, they all came off victorious in their own divers ways, this victor of the race being the only one to stick to fundamental rules of the track. At any rate, the others seem to have disappeared; The Herald's photograph is of but one mule. And he himself chafes at the bit and leans forward for slight just about as much as a fire hydrant would. Planted firmly, his mouth is open and one rear hoof is in a loaded

state of relaxation, as if regretting the blinders. One ear points to the southwest and the other ear points to a place in the sky chosen for the feminine driver and the sensitive sulky, free transportation, in case his muleship changes his mind about entering the race and elects to do business at the old stand in proud emulation of his illustrious forefathers.

It may be that the young lady won the race because the other mules followed tradition instead of the race track, this one mule behaving as one wishes all mules might. Hats off, for her ability to uproot a mule and transform him into a flying steed. Experience teaches that mules are peculiar and, although active enough in their own pursuits, are not, as a rule, given to the furtherance of race course purposes. There is no record of the mule entering the ark and being preserved for our generation as a steed, in breathless agitation to negotiate a half-mile as a social feature.

### LOOK ON THIS PICTURE

Picture, if you will, a mule comfortably settled on his legs for the day's snooze, awakened by a sharp and compelling urge from the sensitive sulky and sent at a maddening breakneck flight up the track, with no time available for regrets or remonstrative opposition, wondering what it's all about. Picture him suddenly startled out of hereditary inertia by his modern Valkyrie and sent flying ahead of his contemporaries, showing his muleish brethren that he isn't a mule at all; pounded on the back and still going; headed for the ark and the shades of his forefathers but certain he will reach perdition first if his wind holds out; hoofs tangled up, ears plainly indicating consternation, a new kink in his back at each whack of the whip, the bewildered mule wondering where he is going and when he will get there. Continue the picture; picture the mule again rooted, restored to the inertia of heredity; trying to puzzle out what had happened, wondering at such need of haste, wondering at the young lady's desire to loop the loop at a gait contrary to all muleish definition, disconsolate in the realization that he had been given no chance or time in which to exercise the prerogative his forefathers had always asserted on very slight provocation, and amazed to find that, after all the commotion, the loop looped, he is back again at the very spot whence all the fuss had started.

We all have known of mules that liked nothing but cussedness, inertia and oats, we are delighted to learn of a new kind in process of development. As time goes on there may be evolved a social mule that sings, or at least one that brays in a major key. When a mule gets into the social column he is no longer a mule, no longer the mule of steamboiler, backfire proclivities that have softened the hearts of stone walls and armor plate. We hail the new mule, expecting as we do to find roses blooming on sagebrush next summer.

Fitchburg.

H. C. P.

"R." quoting the sentence "delighted to see the plays of Aphra Behn—some Cady writer" asked the meaning of "Cady." Dictionaries, great and small, orthodox, dialect and slang, do not know the word.

"B. D." writes from Taunton: "Might it not be lady writer?"

## "ONE HELUVA NIGHT"

FINE ARTS THEATRE. "One Heluva Night." A play in three acts. First time on any stage.

Heralded as a mystery play by "the greatest playwright since Shakespeare," the new play at the Fine Arts Theatre proved to be nothing but a feeble imitation of George M. Cohan, couched in rhymed couplets. We had really expected to see a clever piece. With a Cohanesque roundup, including the Cop, the Stick-up, the Girl and the Mysterious Stranger there was material for a good burlesque, but there were no clever lines, and it was not played as burlesque. The first act dragged interminably. By the end of the second there was a glimmer of a plot, ingenious enough for a vaudeville skit of one act, but hardly substantial enough for a three-act play.

There were no cubs' settings, but there was a jazz orchestra, the one thing on the program that really came up to our expectations. The whole performance smacked of the amateur, and the amateur at his worst. The players looked as if they were enjoying themselves, although the audience seemed dubious.

Sept 20, 1923

Was the Esterhazy that died not long ago in England the chief villain among the many scoundrels who conspired against Dreyfus, of the famous and noble Hungarian family? The Hunga-

rian family, which boasts of being descended from Attila, whose death was, to say the least, an uncommon one, indignantly denies any relationship with the dead forger, but we have known Smiths, who, suddenly rich, became Smythes, or Smythes-Smythes, and refuse to recognize acquaintances with plain Smiths.

Perhaps the most famous Esterhazy was Prince Paul Anton, who is now remembered as the patron of Haydn, the composer, and the maintainer of a princely orchestra and opera company for which Haydn wrote all sorts of musical pieces and operas. Prince Nicholas Joseph succeeded Paul Anton as encourager and supporter of the art, but he died and his son, Prince Joseph, was not so fond of music that he wished to pay large sums for it.

The Prince Nicholas, who was ambassador at St. James's, appeared at Queen Victoria's coronation "all jewels from his jaissey to his diamond boots." He was pleased with himself, for once at a sheep-shearing in England he boasted to Lord Leicester that he had as many shepherds on his estates in Hungary as the earl had sheep. It was this Esterhazy who once said that for him "below the rank of baron no man exists."

He was not the man to slap on the back and address as "Well, Nick, old top, how are your poor feet?"

### A VINOUS RHAPSODY

Yet we associate the Esterhazys chiefly with priceless tokay. Though we have seldom had the privilege of drinking the inferior vintages in goblets much less in a tin dipper. The tokay of the Esterhazys has been as celebrated as the wine of the Borgias, though the result of deep potations was exhilarating, while anyone invited to sup with the Borgias was wise in sending his regrets to Cesar, Lucrezia, or Pope Alexander VI. The poets have praised tokay.

Have the prohibitionists in the Browning Society thrown overboard his "Nationality in Drinks"?

"Up jumped Tokay on our table, Like a pigmy castle-warder Dwarfish to see, but stout and able, Arms and accoutrements all in order. And fierce he looked north, then, wheeling south,

Blew with his bugle a challenge to Drouth."

Then there is the sonnet of Francis S. Saltus in his "Flasks and Flagons," wherein he sings the praise of wines and liquors from absinthe to Vermouth. "A glass of thy reviving gold to me, Whether or no my dreamy soul be sad,

Brings souvenirs of lovely Vienna, glad In her eternal summer-time to be!

I hear, in joyous trills, resounding free, The waltzes that the German fairies bade

The souls Strauss and Lanner, music mad, Compose, to set the brains of worlds aglee.

And in the Speri, dreaming away the sweet Of pleasant life, and finding it all praise,

Dead to the past and scorning Death's surprise, I see in calm felicity complete

Some fair Hungarian Jewess on me gaze, With the black glory of Hungarian eyes!"

LEAVING TOWN

A correspondent of the N. Y. World complaining of congested streets; of crowded cars overhead, on the surface, and in tunnels; of slums and insufficient housing, urged inhabitants to go away from the city in great numbers, saying that a town of over 300,000 dwellers is not to be tolerated.

He may find comfort in the fact that during the years 1911-1921 the net migration from London was 320,000; that the rate of increase was 3.2 per cent. while that of the rest of the country was 5 per cent. "Very slowly, but appreciably, the tide of humanity has, for the first time, begun to trickle out of Greater London; and it may be that the limit of its population has been reached. There need be no real regrets. With a population of some 7,600,000 it is as big in administrative area as can fairly be compassed by any local authority."

It was Reuben Pettingill's in Artemus Ward's story "Pyrotechny" who said that a peaceful hamlet was better than a noisy Othello. "Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first class manner."

### PERHAPS HIS DAUGHTER, MISS TRUST, RUNS THE BUSINESS

As the World Wags:

Seeing a sign in the South end, "A. Trust, new and second hand furniture bought and sold," I entered, picked out an old highboy and told the proprietor to charge it. "Nix, said he, or words to that effect. Despite the name, he isn't and doesn't.

PERIPATETIC PETE.



## As the World Wags:

The mystery as to the identity of "One of the Adamses," who wrote the poem "Dawn" in your column for Aug. 24, still persists despite your paging him (or her) in a recent issue on behalf of the undersigned. The poet has not come out of his hiding place, but I have received a letter from one of your readers who sought information as to a missing link in the Adams family line which would clarify her own ancestry. I have explained to her that my designs upon the anonymous author were not genealogical ones. Meanwhile the puzzle is still unsolved unless this note shall lure "One of the Adamses" from his anonymity.

KENNETH S. CLARK.

155 East Thirty-seventh street, New York city.

Is it not meet and proper that a vice-president of the National Anti-Cigarette League is Hudson Maxim, the inventor of smokeless powder? RAMESES.

## THEY ARE ALL AT WORK

"Archeare" writes: "Mr. Cobb is hauling corn. Mrs. Corn is in the husking room, and Mrs. Pancake runs the restaurant in the Milford Canning Company's plant at Milford, Ill. (Racine Times-Call)

## THE COPPERED ELOPEMENT

Mary Allranthro, who disappeared from her home Sunday night, has not been located. Police in Racine and neighboring cities accompanied her when she ran away.

## A PASSIONATE PRESS AGENT

As the World Wags:

Sol Lesser should tie a can to the publicity agent, Mose Garfinkle. First he says Baby Peggy gets \$1,500,000 a year, which figures \$4109.60 a day, Sundays and holidays included.

Then he announces in another paper that she's paid \$200,000 a year (\$548 a day). And yet once again he makes it "over a million." L. R. R.

## CHESSVILLE, GERMANY

(London Daily Chronicle.)

That a village should remain faithful to one pastime for more than eight centuries is certainly remarkable. The village, writes a wandering correspondent, is Stroebeck, in central Germany, and the pastime is chess. The game came to the village in 1011, more than half a century before William the Norman came to England. A Count Gunnellin was imprisoned in Stroebeck, and to pass the time he made a chessboard and chessmen. Then he played with his valets. The whole village took to the game and has played it ever since to the complete exclusion of all other pastimes. Old and young, men and women play it; the inhabitants are seldom seen without a chessboard; the children take chessboards to school; at the schools instruction in chess is given daily; every day there are chess competitions. The village hostelry is called the "Chess Inn." Yet, strange enough, Stroebeck has never produced a world's chess champion.

## THE COUNTRY-DWELLER

"Sir: May I suggest as a remedy for danger at cross-roads that landowners should be compelled to grub up the hedges for, say, 20 or 30 yards from each corner, substituting iron railings, thus rendering visible the approach of a car in any direction?"—An authentic suggestion from the correspondence columns of a London paper.] I had a little pleasure, a secluded, trim domain. But the motorists objected to my hedge along the lane; "You've got to grub it up," they said, "for railings in a row"— But I had not got the money, so my pleasure had to go.

I had a little cottage, creeper-clad and black and white. But the motorists protested that it blocked their line of sight; So once again I had to drink of tribulation's cup— The motorists evicted me and blew my cottage up.

I had some little chickens and a big fat pig or two. But most of these the flying cars incessantly slew. And those they did not kill outright (these left them much annoyed) Were certified as nuisances and had to be destroyed.

My land is gone, my house is gone, I've lost my stock in trade, And, with just what I stand up in, to the workhouse I'm conveyed, And there I settle down to spend a most protracted stay— And I hope and pray I shall not be in anybody's way. —Lucie in the Manchester Guardian.

For an example of fine discrimination commend us to this "Society Note" in the Evening Post of Chicago.

"The London String Quartet and a group of musicians have been rehearsing under the patronage of Mrs. Coolidge."

The London Daily Telegraph received the volume of the late James Huneker's "Letters" last month. "To turn over those pages is to experience feelings about equally mixed of annoyance and delight. One is annoyed for Huneker that so many letters of no more literary value than invoices should be collected and printed by way of memorial and one is delighted to get glimpses again, through a thick-set hedge of commonplace communications, of a personality that was magnetic, adorable, unique. It would be too much to say that that personality could be traced in everything bearing the well-known signature—the acceptance or refusal of invitations, tittle-tattle about journalism, about food, about the weather, about his friends' health or his own. . . . The book is no real book in which the opinions are not carefully considered, and this one has suffered greatly by its (natural) lack of cohesion, or any sort of synthesis. The occasional glimpses, charming as they are, are an unsatisfactory reward for ploughing through much mundane prose."

Elisabeth Marbury in the Saturday Evening Post: "Stetson had learned to read and write mildly. He presided over the destinies of the Globe Theatre on Tremont street."

Yes, and at the same time the Boston Museum was on Newbury street.

## Notes and Lines:

I have read with interest both "Dad's" and "Lansing R. Robinson's" comment on the old "classic" entitled "Just to Pay My Respects to McGinnis." It is evident that neither one of these gentlemen has a good enough memory to recall the words of the first verse and chorus.

As I was budding into manhood, I delighted in singing this song on every possible occasion, though much to the displeasure of my dear mother, who could never countenance it, preferring to hear my voice round out in good, old home songs and hymns.

Here are the exact words as they come back to me in all their pomp and splendor:—

"Last night I stepped into the Shamrock Hotel,

Just to pay my respects to McGinnis, For as I was passing I thought 'twould be well.

To pay my respects to McGinnis.

There were four or five fellows, who stood 'round the bar

And as I walked in they said, 'Ah there you are.

Will you all have a drink, or a ten-cent cigar,

Just to pay your respects to McGinnis?"

## Chorus

"Then we all paid for the drinks in turn,

McGinnis did the same;

As fast as we could order them,

Around the glasses came.

Big Murphy he was paralyzed,

O'Brien couldn't see.

Well, I was drunk, but Flannigan

Was ten times worse than me."

Substantially the same, but why not have it as it really was.

Boston. FRANK E. ORCUTT.

## Notes and Lines:

Reading this in the American, Golfer dated Aug. 25, "Like the bewildered hero in one of Cinquevall's old songs, 'E don't know where 'e are'—reading it, I saw I'm wondering if you are reminded of how Albert Chevalier was wont to juggle cannon-balls and balance drawing-room furniture on his left ear.

Then there was Madame Modjeska, the Queen of the Slack Wire.—Ed.

## FROM THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Half an hour devoted yesterday to reading the folders, circulars, dodgers and other propagandist impedimenta of the Manhattan plays now in Chicago left us with this impression:

## EXTRACTS FROM UNANIMOUS CHORUS OF CRITICAL PRAISE!

The new play is in three acts.—World. Most of the boxes were occupied.—Post.

New play adds one more to busy theatrical season.—Globe.

Orchestra played some pretty music in the entr'actes.—Sun.

Final curtain fell at 10:55—a boon to commuters.—Herald.

Cast is made up of Actors' Equity members.—Morning Telegraph.

Although this is the author's first play, it is a very good one.—American.

No question that the management hopes the play will succeed.—Evening Telegram.

Good news from London. There will be a return at Drury Lane to the old sporting drama. In the grand realistic reproduction of the race for the Ascot Gold Cup, no less than 16 horses will dash across the stage at headlong speed. A portion of Parkhurst Prison will be destroyed by fire so that the hero, wrongfully committed, may make his escape "under the most perilous conditions." There will be a lady of high degree; also a kind-hearted, honest, but rather vulgar bookie. And, of course, there will be a villain. Will he wear a cutaway coat, white spats and a glossy silk hat? Nothing is said about our old friend, the clergyman, who through poverty is the villain's tool, but repents and confesses in the last act.

Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson) has been so successful touring in Australia that she has signed a contract to prolong her stay there for another year.

Barthe, the French dramatist, calling on a theatrical friend, who was on his deathbed, insisted on reading his new play to him. "But," said the dying man, "I have only one hour to live." "That don't matter," replied Barthe, "My comedy will take only half an hour."

Wonder of wonders! Mr. George Arliss, talking in London with Mr. Malcolm Watson for the delectation of Daily Telegraph readers, did not say: "Of course, I am glad to be again in London. I love London." Mr. Arliss, appearing in cities of the United States, is more careful to tickle local pride. He did say to Mr. Watson, who asked him how long it is since he played in London: "To me it seems but yesterday." We are told that while most of his time in recent years has been spent in America, "he has never relinquished his right to proclaim himself a citizen of London."

Mr. Archer, the author of "The Green Goddess," also talked with Mr. Watson and told him he had four plays in his "literary wallet.

"Two are of a modern type. In one the plot is laid in an imaginary country bordering, so to say, on Ruritania. It contains what I hope will prove an exceedingly strong part for a woman.

There is also a couple of romantic dramas of the Renaissance period, the action of one taking place in Spain and of the other in Italy."

## Notes and Lines:

Looking at the panes of blue glass still to be seen in windows along Beacon hill, forerunners of Roentgen Rays, etc., recalls to mind that they were at the time the subject of jesting in variety show songs. For example:

"If a pane of blue glass you hold over, the head of your mother-in-law, She'll be tame as a lamb in spring clover,

And won't hardly dare wag her jaw.

GEORGE ANON.

Mr. William B. Wright sends to The Herald a clipping from an article in a Toronto newspaper:

"Time was when music was a 'course of sweet sounds,' the graceful handmaid of poetry grave and gay, and the clear firm voice of reflective and devotional religion. Now it is catalogued with the daily needs of the community. It heals the sick, it speeds up industry, it pacifies discontent. It is more than art. It is science, politics, sociology, philanthropy, statecraft and religion all combined. The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is very short and we are in daily dread of reading something like this:

"Is the plumbing of your house defective? Dryoffsky's C. Minor Minuet acts like a charm. Sixteen bars of Rosinsky's A Flat Impromptu will produce a tomato-bloom complexion that defies washing. Business worries vanish before the first three chords of Jiggs' Get-it-across Symphony. Every millionaire of distinction keeps this on his radio-phonograph-odeo. Suits any make of machine."

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"Betty Martin" has been mentioned in this column several times and in various rhymes. The Herald is indebted to "I. L. G." for the following biographical sketch:

"Betty Martin was not, as 'V. F.' suggests, a figment of imagination like little Miss Muffet. She was a living embodiment of wit, beauty and culture. Born in Maryland, she was translated, after the manner of all flesh, in 1778, at the age of 100 years. Miss Martin laughed, sang, danced and flirted through early girlhood with the men of two continents, having been sent abroad to be finished in the fine arts that were not hers by nature. Her life in Europe, as in America, yielded her an endless crop of admirers, on all of whom she bestowed all her fascinations, but not her hand.

"On her return to her native land the age-old couplet found utterance, shortly after which, to the astonishment of all, she announced her engagement to Richard Dallam, a companion from early childhood.

"From this marriage came Gov. William Paca of Maryland, who was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Many other men and women notable in various walks of life came from this union. Richard Dallam died in early manhood. Two years following his decease Betty married William Smith, step-son of a younger son of the Duke of Marlborough, who had crossed the ocean with Mistress Betty on her return from school. They lived at 'Blenheim,'—named for the English home—on the banks of the Chesapeake. There Mr. Smith died; and as the estate was entailed, Betty went back to the home of her first husband, where she died, attractive to the end.

"In the historic relics at the Chicago exposition of 1893 was a quaint old amethyst set ring labelled: 'This ring belonged to Betty Martin, grandmother of Gov. Paca of Maryland.'

"I hope some may be pleased with this limited biography of

"Hi! Betty Martin, tip-toe-fine, Can't find a husband to suit her mind."

## MME. PARLAGHI

As the World Wags:

The adventurers who won a decided but necessarily short success had many qualities in common. They were generally charming personally, often impressive in manner, always audacious and clever, with capabilities in one or more directions that were far above the ordinary. The Chevalier d'Eon, Cagliostro et al. were of the same type. A very agreeable lady has just passed away who possessed with these many characteristics in common. Let us say nothing evil of the dead, but the career of Mme. Parlaghi, the Hungarian portrait painter, is worthy of being more critically chronicled in some particulars than was done of late by the author of a syndicated article, who claimed for the artist royal birth, and that she was "one of the greatest woman artists of all time, and one of the greatest portrait painters of the day!" (Messrs. Sargent, Benson, Tarbell, Reid, Dewing and others please take notice!)

## EASY MARKS

To correct a few of the inaccuracies into which the writer of the article fell, it may be said that the lady was probably of the lesser Hungarian nobility, was handsome, talented to a moderate degree, used to the world and society and of extreme cleverness in the useful art of wheedling. The astonishing way in which she created an atmosphere of mystery, romance and tradition about her own person was quite worthy of the best adventurers, and the result was shown when, armed with good letters of introduction (Oh, so easy to get in this world!) she wheedled dear Mr. Choate (an aged, good-natured gentleman) into having his portrait painted. (Oh, dear me, not for money!) and using said portrait as the entering wedge into New York society, which she then found to use a modern word, very easy. Her work varied from downright mediocre to passable, but her aristocratic (off the stage) manners, her rooms at the Grand Hotel, and her liveried servants, headed by a gigantic uniformed porter, who resembled a belizzened general of Cossacks, ah, what a joy to be painted by a real princess in such surroundings! How she persuaded so many rich people that they positively had to be painted by her is one of the most amusing as astonishing episodes in Manhattan chronicles. And there are many American painters who never earned enough to live at a hotel but whose talents far transcended that of the "princess" who might ruminate on the hollowness and false art standards of society.

## MASHING A HOHENZOLLERN

But the "princess" only repeated her successful campaign carried out in Berlin in the 90s of the last century, of which I was an interested spectator. As in New York, she brought excellent letters to prominent people and the rest followed. Then followed also the epi-



sode which the author of the above-mentioned article incorrectly relates. The great Reichstag building in Berlin had just been dedicated by the Kaiser, by whose favorite architect it had been planned, and it was promptly declared by the Berlin artists and the general public to be the Gipfel der Geschmacklosigkeit (height of bad taste), a dictum which angered the Allhighest. The Baroness von Parlaghi (she was a niere baroness then, by courtesy only, as the Parlaghi family did not possess that title or any other) succeeded in getting the Emperor (for who could refuse her anything, such were her fascinating ways?) to have his portrait painted; but when it was sent to the jury of the Berlin salon of that year, it was refused as not worthy to be shown, a very just verdict. It was this painting which the Kaiser, thereby insulting every painter in Berlin, caused to be exposed in the grand entrance hall of the exhibition at Moabit, on a special easel.

Having come to the end, a few years later, of her Berlin vogue, she married the "Prince" Lwow, who was indeed a Russian nobleman whose title, for want of a correct equivalent, is translated prince. The idea that he was of royal rank or anything approaching it is simply funny. There are hundreds of such princes all over Russia, who are simply a higher sort of peasant. But princess sounded magnificent, and helped the little charming Hungarian woman to new successes in the land of gullibility, the good old U. S. A.

She was a dear, good soul, theatrical to a degree, believing the traditions she took such pains to disseminate. She played the society game in a wonderful manner, and her talents in this direction, and her interesting personality, but very certainly not her artistic achievements, enabled her to play a part twice that was brilliant.

EDWARD BRECK.

MY! MY!

As the World Wags:

A sporting writer who has been calling Mr. Firpo the "Wild Bull of the Pampas" referred to him on the morning after the defeat as the "Ox of the Argentine."

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

As the World Wags:

I thought it might be worthy of record that Miss June Fields married Mr. Grass at Sugar Hill, N. H., and that they not only "make hay while the sun shines," but deal out to summer visitors the most exquisite of sweet peas and other flowers.

Yes, and Miss Arvida Offenlock is a scalp specialist in Chicago.

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But forasmuch as the Sermon is one thing, and the Preacher an other: I love as much to see Brutus in Phuturke, as in himself: I would rather make choice to know certainly, what talk he had in his Tent with some of his familiar friends the night foregoing the battle than the speech he made the morning after to his Armie: and what he did in his chamber or closet, than what in the Senate or market place.—Montaigne.

A DENTIST INTERVENED

I do not find the light of stars  
As warm since you are lost  
To me forever; your small faith  
Just seemed to slip away,  
Like ebb-tide, you preferred  
A polisher of teeth—  
An artisan who looks in open mouths—  
To me, a scribbling dreamer  
Looking into souls!

COLORADO PETE.

In Pittsfield Mr. and Mrs. Giordano named their triplets Prima, Seconda and Terza in the order of their birth. Who once knew a man named Quartus, Dickerman, but he was not the fourth child born to his parents. If a girl is named Octavia, she is not necessarily an eighth. There was a charming English actress in musical comedy whose Christian name was Declina. Was she the 10th born to her parents?

WHOM DID IT?

(From the Hyannis Patriot)

I will give \$10 reward to any one who can give me information as to whom entered my cottage and took three burners from an oil stove, also stole a screen door, taking off the casing. Both the burners and screen door were found in the lake some time after they were stolen, showing it was a case of sheer cussedness.

The London Daily Chronicle, speaking of bachelors having been penalized with a view to encouraging matrimony, says: "The citizens of Eastham, Mass., decreed that every man should kill six blackbirds and three crows yearly while he remained single."

What was this penalty enforced and when were bachelors of Eastham allowed to remain single without this compulsory gunning? Perhaps Mr. Sylvester Baxter can inform us.

THE KU KLUX KLEAN KAMELIA  
(Adv. in the Flery Cross)

FOR SALE—Bathroom complete, \$90.  
E. M. Hardin & Co. Lady attendant.  
220 E. Michigan-st.

NEED OF PENAL REFORM

(Salt Lake City Tribune)

The party who picked up a pair of red puttees on the bench at the State Prison please call Hy. 1294 and get reward.

PROBABLY NUT SIZE

A dealer in Des Moines has put out the sign: "Our Coal is Crazy with the Heat."

THAT "CADY" WRITER

While some think that "Cady" in the sentence with reference to Aphra Behn—a word that has excited the curiosity of our readers—is a misprint for "lady," a correspondent sends this note:

Wright's "Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English"—not to be confounded with Wright's great Dialect Dictionary: "Cady: foolish, added. Lloyd's Encyclopaedic Dictionary says: "Cady—Cadgy (Scotch). Cadgy—lively and frisky; wanton (Scotch): "Ye nar saw him sae cadgy in your life." (Scott: "Eride of Lammermoor.")

ADD "AMIALE HUSBANDS"

(Harris, Mo., Herald.)

Notice—To whom it may concern: A false report is out that I would not let my wife vote. It is not true. She votes when and as she pleases.—John Washburn.

ADD: "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

As the World Wags:

On a recent trip from Bar Harbor to Boston over the road, I noticed two signs:

RUFUS HATCH

Brown Eggs.

WE SUPPLY OUR OWN CHIPS AND KISSES.

I fear that the second is too recondite for the average person who hasn't had a Harvard education. But any one who has ever seen that kind of a sparrow sitting on the Harvard fence would see a point.

Boston.

R. W. H.

IS IT POSSIBLE!

As the World Wags:

Is it possible that our good old Doc Evans had been roped in as head of the so-called "Invisible Empire"? Perhaps it is not so improbable, as he has been giving us instructions as to our invisible "innards."

Is it possible that women will be added to the gullible ministers, professors, would-be reformers and others who think that Americanism needs a disguise? At \$10 a head and \$6.50 for the disguise.

Is it possible that our sympathies are to be more enlisted for families of Sacco, Vanzetti and such than for the families of the victims?

Is it possible that we shall extend more pity for those who did not succeed in photographs of the moon and sun than to the families of those poor mariners trapped and drowned on the U. S. navy ship off the coast of California?

Will the fault be laid at the door of the drowned sailors that it happened, as the captain of the steamer Portland was blamed, and the engineer of the locomotive at Readville was blamed—all being dead and unable to defend themselves?

COXY.

Bridgewater.

TOLERANCE

The rich may dwell in palaces,

And ride in limousines,

And spend their days devising ways

To dissipate their means.

The rich may dress in sequin gowns,

Wear jewels in their hair,

And dance, and dine, and drink sweet wine—

They may; I do not care.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

There are fashions in vital matters as well as in fripperies. This world holds so many interesting and undying things that no individual, no community, can keep them all going at once. We glow with enthusiasm for a thing, we get it out of proportion for a time, we drop it, if it's a triviality it won't come up again. I don't say that time and posterity always get the proportions right, but if a first-rate thing be established they won't let it be destroyed.—Manchester Guardian.

BOY, PAGE DR. MASSEE

As the World Wags:

When in San Francisco at the time of the Panama-Pacific exposition and during a discussion of the earthquake, always referred to by the inhabitants

Seeing the Follies at the Colonial Theatre one might shout in the Handelian chorus (slightly altered): "Wonderful—all flesh seen together."

We were surprised that Mr. Ziegfeld includes in this edition of the Follies "Jerry & Co.," a knock-about, rough and tumble act, of the sort that we had supposed is now performed only in small-town theatres visited by wandering burlesque troupes. Yet Mr. Ziegfeld evidently knows the taste of the great "metropolitan" American public, for last Monday night when the comedians were hit on the head by falling planks, fell down a ladder, suffered similar accidents; when they threw things about to their own great personal inconvenience, bashed one another, sat in water or sawed asunder the horse as well as a board, there were noisy squeals of joy throughout the theatre and fair ladies screamed: "Oh dear, oh dear! Did you ever?" while their gallant spouses and swains wiped away the streaming tears of merriment.

The "Rube" Dance by the Kelo Brothers also excited laughter, but this acrobatic dancing is well worth seeing. The gravity of the dancers, the ill-disguised jealousy of the one when the other has performed a striking feat and his laudable desire to outdo it, then his air of triumph—these are graphically expressed.

While, as we said last Tuesday, the dancing of Miss Law was graceful and elastic, while the evolutions of the chorus showed the invention and the taste of the experienced Mr. Wayburn, the dancing of this chorus was negligible. At the best there were only slight variations of the Kiralfy Kick. Yet whenever a long line of girls raised legs in a forward kick in unison, there was enthusiastic applause as if there had suddenly been a revelation of ineffable beauty in terpsichorean art.

Mr. Ziegfeld in his earnest and indefatigable efforts in "glorifying the American Girl" might put on his playbills a line from one of Swinburne's earlier poems:

"And all her body was more virtuous than souls of women fashioned otherwise."

This would be a more acceptable motto than the remark of a sour-visaged—the Shakespearian phrase is "tripe-faced"—person who said that "Follies" and "Scandals" are merely examples of the disease known as proud flesh. This remark is surely not applicable to the "Follies" now in Boston, for the charming young women do not show undue aggressive appreciation of nature's kindness toward them.

We have spoken of the dancing, or the lack of truly artistic dancing. Are imitations of the danse du ventre, or the intensified "shimmy," or the vigorous contortions from hips to neck really attractive to any one except very old gentlemen who are threatened with senile dementia?

What an outcry there was when "The Black Crook" was first produced! One would have thought that it was the show which brought down fire on the Cities of the Plain. Not only the pulpit denounced it; but even as liberally minded a woman as Olive Logan wrote a furious, and to our young mind, indecent article against the managers that put poor girls in tights and the bestial audiences that applauded. Yet what a pleasing and decorous show "The Black Crook" was with its various "specialties"—among them the dancing of the Majiltons! Today, it would be voted dull. Yet when it was first seen and for some years afterward Uncle Amos, fired with an unholy desire, ventured to visit Boston that he might dilate on his experience when he again dropped in at the village store, and deacons in good and regular standing donned false whiskers, gazed open-mouthed at the stage, and thus snatched a fearful joy.

What would Uncle Amos have done had he last Monday night seen the young women who drew the back curtains to open and close a scene! He surely would have fainted in his seat. When the statues in the museum came to life he would have attempted to rush on the stage.

In 1923 we are all more sophisticated. We are not easily moved. We judge and measure, for the young women do not allow us to guess and infer. There is a great deal to please the eye in the Follies, and for the enjoyment it is not necessary to be a member of the Society of Physical Research. At the same time the scene of wriggling and convulsive contortions of hips and waist is neither alluring nor beautiful. Probably the orientals and the South Sea island nymphs do it much better.

The audience at the Copley Theatre is supposed to be a special audience, one sworn to assist in the "uplift" of the stage, and not merely by jack screws and other mechanical appliances. Why is it then that such excellent and unusual plays as "Chains," "Rutherford and Son," "The Truth About Blayds" and interesting plays of lesser merit, as "The Charity That Begins at Home" and Pinero's "The Times" receive meagre support and are quickly dropped, while "Charley's Aunt" has known 11 weeks in the history of the Copley and "The Man Who Stayed at Home" stayed for 27 weeks?

Variety, reporting through its London correspondent the great success of "The Likes of 'Er'" in London, remarks gravely: "As to the chances of its success in the United States, it depends on how well known the English prototype of New York's East Side resident is. \* \* \* In spite of this 'The Likes of 'Er' looks like the best kind of risk for the states." Thus the fact that the play was produced at the Copley before it was seen in London, and ran here for four weeks, is calmly ignored.

FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

(From the Chicago Tribune)

R. Emmet Gloom, the well known theatrical manager, returned yesterday from a long visit among the European capitals in search of plays for his stars and theatres, and gave out the following exclusive statement to all papers:

"I found the stage in bad shape everywhere save in Hafiz, which, I predict, will soon be looked up to as the theatrical metropolis of the world. Although greatly handicapped by the failure of the United States to accept Article X, the Hafizers have mastered the trick of chiaroscuro in their drama, with the result that they're there."

"I have taken for immediate production 'Abou Pasha's remarkable play, 'Tidrits,' which I will call 'The Vanilla Cage,' as I do not think the average American can pronounce the original title. I think it is the greatest play yet written by anybody since the parting of Weber and Fields. It tells of a young girl whose indifference to her

A new play by John Galsworthy will be produced in London early next year.

Harris Deans's version of Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring," produced at Liverpool last Christmas will probably be seen in London during Christmastide.

as "the fire," I was told that in one section of the destroyed city a saloon was the only building left standing unharmed. The quick-witted owner had this sign put up on the premises:

"If, as they say, God burned the town because it was so frisky, Why did he burn the churches down And leave Cohallan's whiskey?"

Dr. Massee will no doubt be interested in this incident, and Mr. Cohallan would certainly be interested in Dr. Massee's explanation of the cause of the Japanese earthquake. N. L. B. Augusta, Me.



sweetheart was covered to lie in her belief that her soul had passed into the body of a small white vanilla her father had captured, tamed, and caged in the back-yard. The lover kills the vanilla, whereupon the girl regains her affection for him.

"Dr. Abou, the author, says the play is an adaptation to cultural ideals of the well known Pythagorean theory; but I think he is misinformed. I find that it symbolizes a plea for the municipal ownership of street railroads.

"I have contracted for the next 17 plays by John Drinkwater, whose 'Abraham Lincoln' fooled 'em for the coin. I saw his 'Robert R. Lee' in London, and thought it suffered for lack of a good banjo-player. His first play for me will be 'John Alexander Dowle.' All 17 of the plays are biographical; but 'Dowle' is particularly so. Indeed, it is almost autobiographical.

"Drinkwater is eager to do a play for me about Len Small, but it waiting to get some material for a happy ending. I am negotiating with Harold Lloyd, and, if successful, will learn him how to talk correct, and then let him create the title role in Drinkwater's 'Newman D. Baker.'

"I have other plans which, for the present, must be secret. One is to build six theatres in Chicago. We must be careful; conditions are on the bog."

#### ENGLISH SENTIMENT, ETC.

"The Elopement," adapted by Arthur Wingpin, from a play by Messrs. Armont and Gerblond, at the Comedy Theatre, London, Aug. 28, is described by the Manchester Guardian as a foolish essay in sentiment. The story is thus told in a pleasingly contemptuous manner by "T. B.": "Simone Martin, the innocent 18-year-old daughter of a business man in Biarritz, discovers that her father is on the point of giving herself to one of those post-war cad. This gentleman is certainly as rash as he is bad, for he climbs trees in broad daylight to enter the lady's bedroom, and runs about the house brandishing her nightgowns. Simone did not require particularly sharp eyes to see that the post-war cad had sinister designs. Her father, going away on business, instructs the daughter to keep an eye on the mother, and Simone decides that the best way to keep her mother's mind off the post-war cad is to become compromised herself. Accordingly she flies

on board the yacht of a middle-aged waster called Freyrel who is at the time entertaining a certain princess of nimble virtue. Freyrel manages to escape from the yacht, so that Simone is not compromised in fact. But the girl has shocked her mother sufficiently to make her abandon her tree-climbing adventure, and seek penitence in her husband's arms. The home is saved and Simone, who had been engaged to a leading nincompoop of Biarritz, throws this imbecile over and is left with the creature Freyrel, whose mistress kindly retires from the field. The sanctity of the home is certainly given a somewhat curious preservation. . . . If these people are typical of the idle rich class the sooner membership of that class is made a capital offence the better. For they are not only stupid and coward, they are fundamentally and irretrievably dull."

Karel Capek's new play, "The Makropulos Affair," has just been produced at Prague. "It is a fantastic comedy, in which a woman is given the power to live for hundreds of years, only to find no increased happiness. She discovers that, with the loss of the fear of death, she has also lost all normal passions."

#### ERNEST NEWMAN LOQ.

An intelligent and gifted young English singer whom I was once coaching in the second aria of the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute" and who had always looked upon the coloratura as that sad nothing more, was astonished when I pointed out to her that some of the phrases that look superficially like mere vocalises are really full of dramatic fury. When the ordinary coloratura singer, quite unconsciously, makes them sound like a bird pecking at something, she is nearer the truth of the matter than she suspects; it is only the scale of the pecking that is wrong. The phrases do really suggest a bird driving its beak again and again into something; but a big and powerful bird, striking at something it hates, and striking to kill. What the ordinary singer who plays the part suggests is a frightened mouse—frightened at the technical task before her, at the vast audience in front of her, and, in some cases, at the peril her life is in from the height of the platform on which she is perched.

#### GUSTAVE HOLST'S "PLANETS"

It is a great pity that the work is so long as to make it unsuited in its entirety for the average concert. Not merely does it take up a disproportionate part of the evening, but it must be confessed that even the hardened musician feels the strain of such prolonged concentration a little tiring towards the end. It is not Holst's fault;

it is the fault of whoever planned the solar system. Given seven planets, an impartially-minded man like Holst could not reconcile it with his sense of fairness not to treat them all alike. As it is, he has shown a certain moderation in leaving out Jupiter's moons and whatever satellites some of the other planets may have. The universe, in fact, is a theme almost too vast for even the modern composer. Some of us still remember Mr. William Wallace's "Cretation" Symphony, given at one of Granville Bantock's New Brighton Tower concerts some twenty years or so ago. Mr. Wallace was a hustler; he improved on the original process by creating the world in, I think it was, four movements instead of six.

Carl Nielsen, Danish composer: I had the greatest hopes of him when I saw him walk on to the platform wearing ordinary evening dress, but with a red tie. I took that to be symbolic; I visioned Mr. Nielsen as the brother in art of that Russian Red composer—I forget his name at the moment—who tells us that he has abolished everything and everybody in music and rolled Bach and Beethoven and Wagner and Brahms in mud and blood, and who, I imagine, before he writes each new masterpiece, in a scale of his own that is distinguished from all other scales by being no scale, lets down his back hair and wades through seas of gore. There is nothing red about Mr. Nielsen, however, except his tie. His music, like the lining of the young lady's coffin, may have a dash of heliotrope, but that is all. . . . Mr. Nielsen's music seems to be mostly a collection of jottings from a notebook. These are generally good in themselves, but they lack a genuine connective tissue; they float about like goblets of real musical turtle in a sort of thin soup of academicism.

J. D. asked recently in The Herald whether any one knew the old song beginning

"He hit me with the hair brush,  
And he biffed me in the dome."

The Herald has received an answer that is not an answer.

To the Editor of The Herald:

No, I don't, but here's a classic of the same intellectual sort which had tremendous vogue for years. The knock-about comedian on entering assumed the posture of a "neat" song-and-dance man and warbled this strange verse:

"She's the only girl I love,  
She's got a face on her like a horse  
and buggy,  
I met her while leaning on the lake,  
Oh — fireman, save my child!"

On the last line he would back up, shoot cuffs, then come forward "neatly" in time to the music, and, just preliminary to breaking into the usual dance, did a Lief Erickson pose with hand shading eyes gazing into the depths of the first entrance. What all this signified heaven only knew, but it was invariably good for a laugh at the old Howard in the eighties."

And the Jewish comedian never failed to work this in once:

"I'll sell you this coat for half a dollar,  
But don't you go and tell my brudder,  
For he has got the heart disease  
And would drop dead on the spot."

Nether of these features had the slightest relation to the plot.  
Ah, me, the advancing years!

LANSING R. ROBINSON.

#### OLYMPIC GAMES AND MUSIC

A contest will be held in Paris from May 15 to July 27, 1924, between the composers of music of the different nations admitted to the Olympic games. Only unpublished scores which draw their inspiration from ideas of sport (symphonies, dramas, choruses, songs, etc.) can be entered in the contest. The time required for their execution must not exceed one hour.

The scores must be sent to the offices of the French Olympic committee, 30 rue de Grammont, Paris (2c), prepaid, between the first of February, 1923, and the first of February, 1924 (last day). They should be accompanied by an arrangement for piano and voice (piano two hands or four hands); in case the work submitted be a song, a translation into French of the text must be sent with the original. All indications of tempo must be in Italian. Each composer must send with his scores a notice giving his name, nationality and address.

An international jury composed of personalities in art and sport, with a majority of musical composers, will judge the scores sent for the contest. Prizes will be awarded as follows: First, silver gilt Olympic medal and diploma; second, silver Olympic medal and diploma; third, bronze Olympic medal and diploma. The score which is awarded the silver gilt medal will be played under the direction of the "Commission des Arts et Relations Exterieures" of the Olympic games, either in the stadium or in a concert

room, according to the character of the work.

None of the scores sent to the contest may be played or reproduced without the written authorization of their author. Whatever the cause or extent of damage, the "Commission des Arts et Relations Exterieures" cannot, under any circumstances, be held responsible for the damage to scores by fire, theft, loss or other accidents which might occur.

#### VARIOUS NOTES

There is only one thing to be urged in favor of opera in a language unknown to us—that it leaves the imagination wholly free, while words are, at times, to opposite effect. Much as I admire Parsifal, the first conversation between Gurnemang and the hero invariably reminds me of a casual meeting between the headmaster and a backward boy from the lower forms of a preparatory school. When Scarpia, after having Cavaradossi tortured almost under the very eyes of Tosca, invites her to partake of his evening meal with the remark: "My poor supper has been interrupted," I invariably feel that there was the making of a good, law-abiding, and not particularly bright citizen in Baron Scarpia. But this is not the purpose of opera. We must turn to mimes and dancers if we wish to let the imagination roam untrammelled in the realms of fantastic tragedy and fantastic comedy where Tamar's lovers are hurled as if from the edge of a planet to fall through all eternity, where the good-humored ladies make merry with the ghosts of 18th century Venice. There is only one way to establish opera as a national art form—to perform it in the language understood and spoken by all. If the translation is inadequate, the public has the right to insist that it should be done again by those who are competent to do it.—London Daily Telegraph.

To the average Briton a plantation song means a comic affair—comic even where it is meant to be serious, as in the spirituals—with a certain amount of syncopation.—Ernest Newman.

Four Choral Preludes by Ethel Smyth, arrangements for strings and a few other instruments, of organ preludes were played for the first time at a London Promenade Concert Aug. 28. Dame Smyth conducted. "They would probably have made a deeper impression under a conductor with a less angular and uncertain beat; as it was, the playing lacked the definition of outline which is essential to this class of music."

Apropos of Borodin's symphony No. 2, B minor, with its "barbaric and highly

colored splendor," played at the same concert, the Times said: "Borodin was no exception to the rule that Russian composers show themselves generally incapable of developing their material; their qualities lie in the direction of brilliant coloring and rhythmic force. There is the exception of Tchaikovsky. But he, like Turgenev, who was the only Russian novelist with a sense of form, was something of a cosmopolitan."

The soloists of the Detroit Symphony orchestra this season will be: Singers, Mmes. Braslau, Clemens, Hempel, Olegin; violinists, Mischa Elman, Ilya Schkolnik, Elrem Zimlist; pianists, Mmes. Bloomfield Zeisler, Wanda Landowska (harpsichord), and Messrs. Gabrilowitsch, Nikisch and Rosenthal. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is the conductor; Victor Kolar, the assistant conductor. Bruno Walter will conduct as a guest.

Robert Lorenz, in the Daily Telegraph of London: "In no country are music-lovers so timid, or so cowardly as in this. Under the banner of 'good form' they tolerate in music every conceivable form of insult that they would not dream of tolerating in other spheres of life. Why it should be bad form to lift up your voice in the cause of music I cannot say, but the fact remains that really enthusiastic and enlightened music-lovers allow themselves to be bamboozled time after time simply because they have not the pluck to make their views public. It may sound vain-glorious, but I make so bold as to say that if every one who had half my love for music in general had made themselves one-hundredth part as objectionable to composers, performers, critics, and editors as I have done in the last four years our musical life would be a good deal more uncouth and less stagnant than it is now. No specific musical knowledge is necessary for this purpose, only an unshakable resolution to take nothing lying down which one feels convinced should be fought against. One may often be proved wrong, but no harm to self or others has ever resulted from speaking out on any subject. If only a few thousand music-lovers would understand that, by merely wanting Elgar's music and saying so, they can have it, we should be miles further on the way to salvation.

In La Critica Musicale Alfredo Casella has written about jazz music: profession!

"Among all the sonorous impressions that a musician may have experienced in the United States that which dominates every other by its originality, its force of novelty and even of modernism, its stupendous dowry of dynamics and of propulsive energy, is, without doubt, the negro music called 'jazz.'" (Casella is wrong in supposing that jazz has anything to do with negro music.) "The occasional decadent examples of jazz which we have had here and there in Europe do not give, even faintly, an idea of this most curious music," and he proceeds to enlarge upon the wonderful instrumental technique of the leading players of jazz he heard in America. "If this technique is unusual and bewildering, not less so are the aesthetic values revealed through it. Art this is—art composed, first of all, of rhythm; of a brutal rhythm often; but always rhythm of a barbaric effectiveness which would raise the dead; rhythm which, on account of its persistence, its tremendous motive force, brings to mind not rarely the more heroic pages of Beethoven or of Stravinsky."

The D minor Concerto for violin and orchestra by Dohnanyi was played by Miss Isolde Menges at the Queen's Hall. It was practically a novelty to London, as it has been heard before only with a piano transcription of the orchestral part.

The Times said of this work which has been performed in Boston by Mr. Spalding at a Symphony concert:

"As the orchestra is of great importance throughout—indeed, the solo violin does not really dominate the music until the last movement—the strength and beauty of the work was not fully apparent until last night. It is in four movements, and cyclic in form to the extent that themes from the first three movements are reviewed at the end of the last. The themes are significant and ably developed, while the orchestration is always effective and sometimes inspired, as in the beautiful pianissimo passage for muted trumpets, which accompanies the solo instrument at the end of the slow movement. The concerto is not original in the sense of working along an untrodden path; but it is none the less individual in idiom, the only noticeable influence being that of Brahms in the last movement.

#### A CAUTION TO PLAYWRIGHTS

(Manchester Guardian)

Dramatists who live in hopes of a world-wide reputation would do well to consider two items in the current news. The police authorities in Paris have placed a ban on "a film entitled 'The Birth of a Nation'" (rather late in the day if this is the same "Birth of a Nation" which America and most of Europe have been looking at for the last seven or eight years), and soviet Russia is said to have forbidden any theatrical performance in which fun is made of Jews. The Paris decision is presumably another indication that official France is determined to have no dealings with a "color ban" of the American model. The famous Griffith film takes a strongly southern line in dealing with the American civil war, and when it was first shown in some parts of the United States there was open trouble over this aspect of the story. French sensitiveness on behalf of men of color is becoming somewhat acute, and people who are preparing plays or films for consumption in France had evidently better bear the tendency in mind. However, it is an easy difficulty to surmount; if you must have negroes (and their dramatic necessity is not very obvious) it is always possible to have them noble or pathetic, as an old but pretty strong literary tradition already testifies. The new Russian ukase, "No jokes about Jews," sounds a rather more serious matter. A nice plight the humorous stage would be in if other theatrically oppressed nationalities could induce the police to give them a similar measure of protection. If you are not to joke about Jews, why should you be allowed to joke about Scotsmen or Irishmen? And if whole nationalities can be put out of bounds, why not whole professions? The clergy and some others might demand a close season from such attacks. And perhaps—the most alarming possibility of all—the public might support all of the claimants, on the ground that it was about time some really new humorous characters were invented. All things considered, there is an ominous ring about the embargo on soviet Russia.

#### IN GOOD, OLD MINSTREL DAYS

To the Editor of The Herald: Inspired by Mr. Patrick Finn's paragraph, I send you three old programmes (copies thereof) of date April 29, 1875—and they (the performances) were given for a benefit performance, tendered by 11 theatres in New York city, for the relief of the family of Dan Bryant, who died April 10 of the same year. His



real name was Daniel Webster O'Brien, but with his two brothers, Jerry and Neil, he became identified with the minstrel business as Dan Bryant. His first appearance on the stage was as a dancer at the old Vauxhall Gardens, in the Bowery, nearly opposite where the Cooper Institute now stands—in 1845. In connection with the Ethiopian Operatic brothers, consisting of Barney Williams, Billy Whitlock, Dan Gardner, Charley White and Jerry Bryant. In 1857, with his brothers, who had just returned from California and Australia, he opened at Mechanics Hall, on Broadway, where they remained until 1867. While I was at Booth's Theatre, New York city, in 1869, Bryant's Opera House was built, on Twenty-third street, west of Sixth avenue, and almost diagonally opposite Booth's Theatre, on the southeast corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. I watched the building of it, and during the succeeding seasons of 1870-71 I had the entree of the Opera House, and saw the cream of minstrelsy offered by Bryant's minstrels—among the choice bits on the menu being Dan's "Essence of Old Virginny," Nelse Seymour and D. B., as Major Rocks and Hungry Jake, in "Les Miserables," and "The Slippery Day" stailway.

#### PROGRAM Of the THEATRE COMIQUE

Joah Hart.....Sole Proprietor.

The Most Gigantic Entertainment Ever Given in the World.

Harrigan and Hart. Rickey and Barney. John Wild. Larry Tooley. Wm. Barry. Miss Jennie Hughes. Adah Richmond. Nelly St. John. Kitty O'Neil.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD!!  
Herr Schulze - The Man with 100 Faces.  
Humorous Sketches of Characters and Temperaments of Mankind.  
This Performance is Worth the Price of Admission Itself.

The Comique's Entire Company and an Addition of Over 100 Volunteers.

HARRIGAN, HART & WILD.  
In Their Great Sketch, "A Terrible Example."

MR. CHARLES WHITE.  
In a Comical Negro Sketch.

All the Company in a Grand Olio!

Prices as Usual.

#### PROGRAM Of the SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS Entertainment a la Salon.

##### PART PREMIERE.

Overture.....San Francisco Minstrels.  
Arranged by W. S. Mullaly.  
Ballad, "Home by the Sea".....A. H. Delhaai.  
Comic Ditty.....Charley Backus.  
Ballad, "Little Robin Tell Kitty I'm Coming".....D. S. Wamhold.  
Comic Refrain, "Solid Disks to the Front".....Billy Birch.  
Ballad, "Lost in the Wide World".....Carl Rudolph.  
Finale, Grand Medley, San Francisco Minstrels.

##### PART SECOND.

##### "THE VIRGINS," BY THACKERAY.

"I Thought You Was."  
Double Song and Dance by Mackin and Wilson.  
Add Ryman—On the Topics of the Day.  
Burlesque Prima Donna by the Great Ricardo.  
The Young Actors.  
Billy Birch and Charley Backus.  
Flute Solo.....J. G. Withers.

The whole to conclude with the Langhale Sketch of "School!"  
Introducing the Spelling Match, for Two Prizes.  
1st Prize—A Beehive. 2d Prize—A Club.  
Prof. Peach.....Sim Dipsey.  
Add Ryman.....Francis Wilson.  
Dunce, Charley Backus.....Joe Gug. Carl Rudolph.  
Snyder Hooch.....Slippy.....A. H. Delhaai.  
D. S. Wamhold. Copy.....W. S. Mullaly.  
Jule.....J. Mackin.  
Waddy.....Billy Birch.

Orchestra and Parquette.....One Dollar.  
Private Boxes.....Five and Six Dollars.

Box Office open from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.  
Seats may be secured 6 days in advance.

W. A. Hunter.....Treasurer.

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

#### PROGRAM Of the OLYMPIC THEATRE

John F. Poole.....Manager.

Overture at 1:45. Opera Bouffe Medley, by Zaullig & Orchestra.

To Be Followed by the Comic Ethiopian Sketch,  
THE BAD BOYS.

The Snow Boys.....Chas. Worley & John Queen.  
Old Man Snow.....G. W. H. Griffin.  
Mrs. Snow.....John Gilbert.

Popular Ballads.....Miss De Motte.  
Banjo Solo and Songs.....Wm. West.  
The Champion Swimmer of the World,  
J. B. JOHNSON.

In his Wonderful Feats of Eating, Drinking,  
Smoking, Reading and Writing, for Three and  
a Half Minutes under Water, in a Mammoth

#### Tank upon the Stage.

MR. WM. COURTRIGHT,  
In his famous Original Specialty, "Flewy  
Flewy!"

Swiss Warhags.....F. W. Hoffman

Maffit's Beautiful and Artistic Tableaux,  
THE COMANCHES.

Lisbe-Mab-Na.....Jas. Maffit.  
(The Great Bear.)  
Wah-gah-gee, the Raven.....Wm. B. Oahill.  
Wau-bah-so, the White Rabbit.....Jno. Gilbert.  
Sha-ge-sh, the Diver.....John Queen.  
Joan-ge-bah, the Strong Heart.....Wm. West.  
Reel Buckle.....Mr. Griffin.  
Frontiersmen.....Mr. Reed.  
Shaw-on-da, the South Wind.....J. Marr.  
Sergt. Wilson.....U. S. A. Chas. Worley.  
Corporal Jackson.....A. Bellamy.  
Martha Buckskin, Ben's Wife.....Saidce O'Neil.  
Dame Stackpole, her mother.....Addie Farwell.  
Ebenzer Snowball.....Wm. West.  
Little Harry.....Master Curran.

C. L. Davis—in his—Dutch Songs and Dances.

The World Famed American Gymnasts,  
THE FOUR WILSONS.

In Their Beautiful Entertainment, Quadruple

Parterre.

Comic Act, "My Father Sould Charcoal,"

Master Martin.

The Wonderful One-Legged Gymnast, Stewart

Dare, in his Horizontal Bar Performance.

The Laughable Interlude, called

"THE WHOLE FAMILY,"

John Queen & Wm. West.

Beautiful Songs and Ballads.....Aonic Morgan

John Hart's Very Funny Sketch,

"TIE UP THE KITTEN."

Simon Duplex. John Hart.

Moco, the Monkey.....Master Martin.

Mr. Lappell, the Landlord.....G. W. H. Griffin.

Miss Leona Dare—in her—Wonderful Aerial

Performance.

Lester and Allen, in their Eccentric Songs and

Dances.

The Inimitable Comedian and Buffo Singer,

Harry Rickards, in his own Comic and

Character Songs.

The performance concluding with the New

Military Pantomime, entitled

"THE RECRUITS."

Garousse, a Miller's Man.....Jas S. Maffit.

Cast to the full strength of the Company.

"Here was richness," as Wackfield Squeers would say. And this was 48 years ago, nearly half a century. I was on tour with Lawrence Barrett, and on this particular date, April 29, 1875, we played "Hamlet" at Jackson, Mich. It rained. The house was less than \$200. The performance was over at 10:30. ("Hamlet" was the play.) We left at

12:55 A. M. ("after the show") for London, Canada, where Mr. Barrett played Richelieu the next night to nearly \$400.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.

#### MISSING AMERICANS

(By Ernest Newman)

This year there has been no American invasion, for which I beg to assure the American readers of the Manchester Guardian that we are all very sorry. I gather from various little hints, public and private, that our friends in the U. S. A. think they have a grievance against us over our treatment of their musicians. Some of them even speak heatedly of "prejudice." Of course there is nothing of the kind. For the failure of a number of American artists to make good here some two or three years ago the American managers, not the London critics, are to blame. These artists, some of whom were quite first-class, were badly posted as to the state of affairs in England. However great their reputations may have been in America, on this side even the names of some of them were hardly known, except to those among us who read the American musical papers. They took Queen's Hall, instead of one of the smaller halls, drew only a 10-pound note or so at their first concert, cancelled the other in a temper, and went back with a pretty poor opinion of London. Had they been content to start in one of the smaller halls and work up their public gradually, several of them would have become very popular. In other cases the American singers made the blunder of mixing up cheap ballads with their art-songs, in deference to what, no doubt, they had been told was the taste of English audiences. It took them some time to realize that though the shop ballad and the slop ballad flourish exceedingly among us, they have their own clientele; the people who listen to Schubert and Brahms and Debussy in the first half of the program do not want sentimental ballads in the second half.

One or two Americans, again, have been disappointed in not getting the reception here that their vogue in the United States had led them to expect. This may have been because they were not at their best when they sang to us; and some allowance must also be made for variations of taste between the two nations. The London press, it is needless to say, had no prejudice against Americans qua Americans; it judged each individual on his merits. Some long-ago remarks of mine on the conducting of Mr. Walter Damrosch still seem to rankle, if I may judge by the gusto with which an American critic walked into my poor self the other day. It is true that he did not seriously argue that Mr. Damrosch is one of the

world's greatest conductors; but he carefully pointed out that Mr. Damrosch has not his equal in compiling an orchestral program. I am glad to have discovered at last a ground on which my critic and I can meet. I suggest to him that the next time the New York Symphony orchestra honors us with a visit Mr. Damrosch shall select the program and Sir Thomas Beecham conduct it. That ought to make us both happy.

#### RACHMANINOFF

(From the Washington (Pa.) Reporter)

Yes; we were there. A few minutes after we had taken our seats in the Capitol auditorium, it doesn't matter where, a tall, thin man of about 50 and more than a little stooped, appeared at a side door of the stage and set his eyes on a grand piano. He had an air of curiosity as if he had never seen such an instrument before. But he approached it without obvious fear or hesitation, took some pains to seat himself comfortably before it, touched a key and waited for results.

When the house grew perfectly quiet, he went on as if examining what he had found. He scanned every key of the keyboard, bringing down a finger upon the ivory here and there. It looked as if he were looking for different marks on the keys or for some differences in color. It was clear that he was greatly interested. He paid no attention to anything else. There was no score on the rack. There was nothing even to hint that he could read music, or for that matter that he could read anything.

Anybody could see that he wasn't rehearsing; he was on a voyage of discovery; he was merely trying, so it seemed, to find out what was in that piano. He was following a clue like a treasure hunter, or Pere Marquette on the Mississippi river. He would gather in an unexpected bunch of keys here, on another there. Sometimes he would raise a single finger, high and doubtfully, as if he might miss the best note to follow and so lose the trail; but certainly he never did. Then, the more handsful he took the more melodious the effect. The thought arose that this was merely a foolproof piano and that he couldn't, that nobody could, make a mistake on it.

Such a view of the case seemed after a while to warm the performer up, so that he took chances. He grabbed right and left. With all hands busy at one end of the keyboard, he would suddenly reach one long arm across the other and capture some fugitive chord that was trying to escape at the other end of the line. He increased his speed till his hands looked like a pair of miraculous egg-beaters, but he never exceeded the speed limit. If his fingers

were a blur, his music wasn't. He couldn't have done better if he had planned it all out and practised it for a thousand years.

#### COST OF OPERA

(Chicago Opera Co. Bulletin.)

In spite of strict business methods applied to administration of affairs of Chicago civic opera, \$1547 was spent during the 1922-23 season for each \$1 that was paid in at the box office. At the same time, it was disclosed that, had all the artists performed without pay, there would still have been a deficit at the end of the year.

The deficit was greater than the sum total paid the artistic personnel.

This statement quite dissipates the idea that many have held that the cost of opera to the public could be materially reduced if the salaries paid to artists were substantially diminished. It indicates conclusively that reducing the cost to the public can only be brought about by a general reduction in all charges that have not become fixed.

Labor charges, material charges, repairs to property, the documents of the Chicago civic opera show, stand in the front rank of costs.

Each dollar of civic grand opera expense, is distributed in the following channels, the company states:

Miscellaneous expense.....5.23 cents  
Rehearsal expense.....7.35 cents  
Publicity, administration, etc.....9.28 cents  
Repairs to scenery, costumes, etc.....15.98 cents  
Theatre, warehousing, etc.....20.25 cents  
Musical staff, orchestra, chorus,  
ballet, stage hands.....20.25 cents  
Artists.....21.96 cents

That's where the money goes, with experienced business and opera men administering the company firmly and cautiously and watching the outgo with greater regard for economy than, perhaps, would be exercised if Chicago's opera were not a civic opera financed by a regiment of 2200 guarantors, who, at the end of each year, fill the gap between receipts and expenses. One item of expense occupying a prominent position on the stage is that of the cost of the theatre, warehousing and kindred charges. It amounts to 20.25 cents of every dollar expended by the company.

Critics of the cost of grand opera in the United States point to a lower cost abroad where, in most theatres, opera is presented as a matter of truth with fewer good artists than in Chicago, although the public has not yet come to a complete realization of that fact.

though the public has not yet come to a complete realization of that fact.

In the case of most operas abroad, the expense of the theatre and warehousing, which in Chicago is a large one because the company owns neither the Auditorium theatre, which it uses, nor its tremendously large warehouse now scenery manufactory, but leases them, would be eliminated from the expense sheet. For abroad, opera is mainly presented in opera houses built by governments and former rulers on government property, and the cost of the theatre and warehousing is a public charge when any is made.

Aside from the cost of the artists, the musical staff, orchestra, chorus and ballet, the expenses of the Chicago civic opera, as shown by the company's chart, are charges for materials, and labor, the materials evidenced by scenery, costumes, properties, the labor in the handling of them and their repair.

#### GALLO SYMPHONY

The following program will be played by the Gallo Symphony band of 60 pieces, under the conductorship of Stanislaw Gallo, at the Parkman bandstand, Boston Common, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 23, at 3:30:

March from "Tabasco".....Chadwick  
Overture "Il Guarany".....Gomez  
Waltz, "Española".....Waldteufel  
Fantasia from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi  
Symphonic Sketch, "Tarantella at Piedigrotta".....Gallo  
(Depicting a brilliant scene of merry-making in southern Italy)  
Suite, "Scene Pittoresque".....Massenet  
(a) Marche  
(b) Air de Ballet  
(c) Angelus  
Selection from "The Firefly".....Primi  
Album Leaf.....Wagner  
Finale from the Fourth Symphony.....Tchaikowsky  
"Star Spangled Banner"

Sept 24 1923

The Herald has received the following letter from M. S. D. of Arlington:

"Last Sunday night (Sept. 16) a popular clergyman of Boston stated in his discourse that two names are never given by parents to their children, so opprobrious are the reputations of their possessors: Judas and Jezebel. I believe Judas has not been without his defenders though I cannot state precisely who they have been. Jezebel has often been mentioned in your column with admiration as a great and fascinating woman who has been abused by prejudiced Jewish historians. But who will be the first courageous father to promote further the rehabilitation of this illustrious and much maligned queen by proudly naming his little daughter, Jezebel?"

Judas Iscariot has had his defenders, or rather explainers of his conduct who argued that he acted as he did in the hope of proving that the Saviour was Lord of earth and when it came to his trial and condemnation he would assert his divinity to the confusion of the Scribes and Pharisees and establish his kingdom. Among the writers arguing thus were Archbishop Whately, Wm. W. Story, DeQuincey, Richard Henquist Horne, and certain German theologians. Men have been named Judas, as "Edouard" Colonne the distinguished orchestral conductor, Judas Maccabeus was a great and good man. Judas (or Judah, Judas) was considered as the chief of Jacob's children. Then there were Judas or Jude, surnamed Barnabas, the companion of Paul and Barnabas, Judas or Jude surnamed Thaddeus, the writer of a canonical epistle; and a half dozen Judases, one of them the apostle Paul's host at Damascus.

There is the exclamation "Judas H. Priest" but we find nothing about his life in the biographical dictionaries.

As for Jezebel, who, we maintain, was a great and fascinating woman, see Bernstein's remarkable play and the tragedy "The King's Daughter" by John Masefield, which was produced at Oxford, Eng., last June. She was, without doubt, a lover of law and order, who attempted to bring two peoples into abiding fellowship. Would anyone hesitate to name a daughter Lucretia because the Borgia of that name was accused of horrid crimes? There are daughters who deserve the name of Jezebel, and mothers, too, shrews, all of them.

#### ADV. OF THE WESTERN MAUSOLEUM CO.

"Let the last scene be a hollowed memory . . . It costs no more in the long run."

Does not this restaurant sign speak well for the comfort and the refinement within? "Hot Lunches: Served on Plates."

But this sign was in Facer's Bakery in Peru, Ill.

Do Not Touch or Handle Goods; You Will Have to Buy Them; or We Will See you.



That You Don't Do It Again. It Is Against the Food-Law to Handle Bake-Goods, and, What's More, It's Ignorant."

### "TIM TOOLAN"

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent who inquires for the words of a half-forgotten ditty, in which Tim Toolan (such was his name as spelled in my recollection of it) was celebrated, jostles the stagnant pool of memory and causes certain disjecta membra of minstrelsy to float to the surface. I remember Tim Toolan indistinctly. He was an officer of the New York "finest," and of him the bard tunefully remarked:

When the po-lice force paraded 'r the semi-annual drill.  
Tim Toolan was the straightest man in line.  
An' the judges all were forced to say, tho' much against their will,  
That Toolan was one hundred karats fine.

His form compact,  
His step exact—  
'Twas plain to see he had no ayqual there.

His martial stride  
All others tried—  
'Twould stamp him as a model anywhere.

So we gave three cheers for Tim Toolan, Tim Toolan,  
A tiger an' three-times-three.  
Ivery cheer in the crowd was for Toolan, Tim Toolan.  
The stout lad that came from Tipperary.

I disremember what occurred next, but doubtless the above is enough to give us the taste of the poet's quality. In those days there was rather a run on New York coppers as the subjects of poesy and song. No one, surely, has forgotten that moving ditty whereof the refrain was:

"He's a handsome New York po-lice-man—  
Ther finest in ther land."

It sorted well with the passion, then current, which led song writers so universally back to the race that produced Ossian. Popular verses celebrated the beauty and chastity of numerous colleens, gossoms, humble cots, vallant lads—and naturally some of the latter were on the force. It may not have been Big League Stuff, but it was usually clean and frequently not altogether inane. There was one about "Mahoney's Mouth of July"; and a very long and breathless one about "An Irishman Named Doherty."

### PERVERSITIES OF MEMORY

I have that inconvenient sort of mind which retains with painful accuracy such poems as that relating to the martial Toolan, but never can remember to mail letters or bring home a half-dozen lemons. I am never quite sure which poems were by Kelly and which by Sheets. But when you stir up controversy over the ballades that were trod by the care-free youth of some 30 years ago you bring promptly to the surface many fragments that never got into the anthologies—even among the minor poets at the end. Rabelaisian limericks, which wicked sophomores taught me in my freshman year at dear old Siwash, persist in my recollection; and my secret dread is that some day I may contract typhoid and in my delirium babble them to the scandalized ears of my nurse. I wonder if these ingenious ribaldries are current among our clean-limbed college boys of today? Whether they are joyously recited at gatherings of the Arrow Collar fellows, or in companies of those alert young men, who, from the hoardings, inform you that they have devoted their lives to smoking out the inner facts as to the Dromedary cigarette?

What we need isn't a system of mnemonics which will make us recollect immaterial facts, such as the telephone number of Mr. Jones of Spokane, but rather some aids to forgetfulness. Then I should doubtless recall more about the Idylls of the King and much less about "Hello, Ma Baby, Hello Ma Honey, Hello, Ma Rag-Time Girl." I should be better acquainted with the feast of Belshazzar and less well informed as to the party in Odd Fellows hall at which Patrick McKenna and his belligerent friend fell from grace and were sent for 10 days to the island by Justice Duffy. Wameist. PHINEAS REDUX.

PERHAPS THEY ARE EXCEPTIONAL  
We learn that a firm advertises on its cartons: "Beautiful Gift Boxes and Unusual Packages Out of the Ordinary."

The Herald has received from Mr. Sam Charles, sojourning in West Dover, Vt., a poem of 27 verses, entitled "The Story of the West Dover Hotel," by Mr. James Kling Atwood, aged 78 years, journeyman-plasterer and poet of that town. "He has given me permission," writes Mr. Charles, "to send

in the enclosed bucolic. Though 60 years in the making and not done yet, it has never before been put into print. Mr. Atwood recited it from memory; I accompanied him on my Corona. Nothing was said about periods and commas, so I dropped those kill-joys over the side early in the case. Punctuate to taste."

We regret to say that we are able to publish only a few of the 27 stanzas.

1. Ladies and gentlemen, hear me tell  
The story of our West Dover Hotel  
And of its inmates for many a day

Until used for a store by D. N. May.

4. A. B. Collins and family dwelt  
here a time,  
Which kept this house both neat  
and fine.

As neighbors they could not be beat,  
From the slaughter-house he sold  
his meat.

5. D. P. Leonard moved in as still  
as a mouse.

And soon had built that syrup-house.

Pure Vermont maple syrup became his pride

Until this good man sickened and died.

8. The office, being vacant for the want of work,

Was hired by Jones, town treasurer, and clerk;

The iron safe was soon brought in  
To keep records and cash from fire and sin.

15. Until the present day I've brought  
my history

Without one word for cider and whiskey,

Which has not been here for many a day,

And that cupboard is empty in the cellar way.

18. This has been a place of honor  
and sometimes fame,

The next one here, William Churchill, came,

Saying he would live here and roam no more,

Keep a first class hotel and a grocery store.

20. Then to do business and make things rattle

He commenced doctoring horses and buying cattle,

To increase business and have things move faster,

He was appointed West Dover postmaster.

27. This point in my story I will tell:  
Mr. Allen did not wish to keep hotel.

To do his best and never harm,  
Just above the village he bought a farm.

HARASSING DOMESTICITY  
(Adv. of the Bolton Company)

The ease with which the saxophone can be played brings a new era in American family life, and offers untold possibilities in knitting closer family ties.

"Inquirer" of Lawrence would like all the words of that grand old song "Tim Toolan." Mr. S. Randall Lincoln writes: "I am very sure that Dr. George M. Hersey, 15 Dakota street, Dorchester, would furnish them."

Speaking of physicians, "Spuds" wishes to know if Dr. F. R. Eccles of Chicago is a specialist in diseases of the skin.

A HEAD-LINE ARTIST  
(Niles, Mich., Journal)  
"CRAZY SUITOR MUSSES WOMAN'S HOME WITH BLOOD."

AT ANY RATE THERE'LL BE LUNCH  
(Mame, Ia., Record)

Music and playlets will be given, and lunch will be served. If the weather is hot, a cold lunch; if the weather is cold, hot lunch. If neither hot nor cold, both cold and hot lunch.

FOR CLOVEN HOOFS  
A sign in the window of a Dubuque shoeshop reads: LET US COVER YOUR SATAN HEELS."

AN EDISON OF A. D. 1240

As the World Wags:

"Listening in" Monday evening, Sept. 17, to a speaker talking at Schenectady.

N. Y., while I was in Brookline, I heard a short description of the manner in which a ship may be steered by electricity. It was very interesting. It called to my mind, however, something written by Fr. Roger Bacon, about the year 1240, or 633 years ago.

Fr. Bacon was a philosopher, and for his time a scientist. He was also a mechanical genius, and was accused of magic performances by the ignorant masses of that day.

He wrote in one of his essays as follows: "I will now," says the friar,

"mention some of the wonderful works of art and nature in which there is no thing of magic, and which magic could not perform. Instruments may be made by which the largest ships, with only one man guiding them, will be carried with greater velocity than if they were full of sailors. Charlots may be constructed that will move with incredible rapidity without the help of animals. Instruments of flying may be formed, in which a man, sitting at his ease and meditating on any subject may beat the air with his artificial wings, after the manner of birds. An instrument may be fabricated by which one man may draw a thousand men to him by force and against their will; as also machines which will enable men to walk at the bottom of the sea or of rivers without danger."

Prentice Mulford's slogan, that "thoughts are things," would seem to have some foundation in the light of present day marvels, even if Fr. Bacon's thought was more than 600 years developing into actual things.

Coolidge Corner. E. R. PIERCE.

### "I'M A DUDE"

As the World Wags:

Mr. Lansing R. Robinson has given a verse of the song, "I'm a Dude," in your column with the heading: "Did Lew Dockstader Sing It?" I can't say that Dockstader did or didn't sing the song, but Carroll Johnson did, and he was most gorgeously attired: Cream colored flannel suit, with a long frock coat, faced with red satin, white silk hat, white shoes and socks. He was with one of the minstrel shows at the time, possibly McNish, Johnson and Slavin, but I think later than that.

Boston. F. E. H.

### FOR PARENTS

As the World Wags:

In your allusion to "The Parents' Guide," did you, perhaps, have in mind "The Parents' Manual," by Hiram Orcutt, A. M.; published by Thompson, Brown & Co., 25 and 29 Cornhill, Boston; copyright dated 1874, with a full bearded frontispiece of the author?

CHARLES ST. C. WADE.  
Taunton.  
No, we had no particular manual for the use of "parents at bay," to use Frank Stockton's phrase. We recall vaguely a "Parents' Assistant."—Ed.

## 'LOYALTIES' OPENS

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Loyalties," a drama in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, March 8, 1922, when Ernest Milton played De Levis and Eric Maturin, Capt. Dancy.

Charles Winsor.....Charles Esdale  
Laird Adela.....Mary Forbes  
Ferdinand de Levis.....James Dale  
Treasure.....Henry Carvill  
General Canynze.....Herbert Bunston  
Margaret Orme.....Cynthia Latham  
Captain Ronald Dancy, D. S. O.  
Charles Quartermaine  
Inspector Dede.....Ottola Nesmith  
Robert.....Victor Tandy  
Constable.....Deering Wells  
Augustus Borring.....Deering Wells  
Lord St. Erth.....Henry Morrell  
A Club Footman.....Henry Morrell  
Major Colford.....Wilfred Seagram  
Edward Graviter.....Henry Morrell  
A Young Clerk.....Deering Wells  
Gilman.....Murray Stephens  
Jacob Twisden.....Victor Tandy  
Ricardos.....Henry Carvill

This is a remarkable play acted admirably by a company of uniform and unusual strength.

Mr. Galsworthy is a man of strong convictions, but in his plays he does not ram them down the throat of the audience. In "The Silver Box," "Strife," "Justice," "The Skin Game," he, realizing that there are two sides to nearly all questions, even when justice and humanity are at stake, presents both sides, gives the argument for each conflicting force. So in "Loyalties" he considers the conventions of loyalty to which we are all slaves, unless we wish to be on the outside, regarded as cranks or trouble-mongers.

The Jew, De Levis, is sure that the gallant officer Dancy stole money from him. De Levis has social ambitions; he wishes to join the Jockey Club. Dancy's fellow officers are shocked that a Hebrew civilian should charge a brave captain with theft. De Levis makes the charge when he is black-balled at another club.

"The honor of the army"; loyalty; esprit de corps. Here we have again the Dreyfus case. Now De Levis is not a boonder; he is an honorable, decent fellow, who at the end gives Dancy warning of a warrant taken out for his arrest. He, however, feels that race prejudice is against him.

When the old lawyer, Twisden, learns about the stolen notes from the respectable Gilman and Ricardos, who had received them as a salve for his daughter's wounded honor, he is loyal to his profession. Gladly as he would save

Dancy and his wife, his loyalty to his profession forbids his going on with the defence in the libel suit that Dancy is forced to bring against De Levis. Finally, from loyalty to the spirit permeating the army, Dancy kills himself to avoid the disgrace of arrest and prison.

It has been said that the play is of a racial nature; to oppose the single-minded Hebrew against the Gentiles eager to cover up a crime. This reproach is absurd. It is true that on two occasions De Levis proclaims the fact that he is a Jew, but the play demands the outcry. If De Levis had been a Frenchman, Italian, or even a middle-class Englishman, the loyalty of the army officers would still have warred against him.

Here is a drama that is indisputably of the theatre. Without sensational appeals, it is engrossing from the beginning to the end. (For our own part we wish that the play had ended with the pistol shot. The few words spoken afterwards are superfluous, if not weakening.) While it is of the theatre, the dialogue is crisp, always to the point, revealing character, emphasizing the situation, well written, without a too evident attempt at "literature," moving without a trace of sentimentalism, exciting reflection without any sermonizing.

And how well it was acted throughout! We have seldom seen in many years so well balanced and so capable a company. There really is no "hero" in the play, but De Levis may pass as such, and Mr. Dale played the part with authority that never degenerated into aggressive farce. Mr. Quartermaine took the disagreeable role of Dancy, but he, too, played with fine reserve, without any attempt to excite undue sympathy, without the bravado that might have convinced the club members and his host of his innocence.

And so throughout the cast—nothing but praise for Mr. Bunston as the general, Mr. Tandy as the old lawyer, and down to the most subordinate character. The scene in the club was finely done; it was so natural—and again there was the emphasis of understatement. The ladies, too, although they had the less important roles, were adequate.

Seeing this play and the performance, one need not despair of the modern theatre.

### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—Ziegfeld Follies, world-famous review, in its 16th edition. Gallagher and Shean, Andrew Tombes and Jimmy Hussey in scenes of genuine humor. Evelyn Law and Martha Lorber, graceful dancers, with Gilda Gray shimmying and hula-hulaing. Scenic songs with choruses, and rows of alluring girls in various evolutions. A sumptuous entertainment. Second week.

MAJESTIC—Film play, "The Covered Wagon," based on Emerson Hough's stirring novel. A graphic epic of the Oregon trail, with pictures of hardships, trials and dangers from Indians and the elements till the slowly-moving wagons reach wished-for Oregon. Melodrama of the nobler sort, with scenes of humor. Nineteenth week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Cat and the Canary." A mystery play with thrills, shocks, surprises. Who was the murderer? Who was the maniac with cat's claws? A tale of darkness, with a voodoo woman's warning, and with the necessary comic relief. Fourth week.

SELWYN—"Runnin' Wild." A clean and entertaining negro play with music, comical and lively. Sonorous choral singing, joyous dancing and strutting, and highly amusing scenes for the comedians Miller and Lyles. Fourth week. Thursday midnight show.

SHUBERT—"I'll Say She Is."—An enlarged vaudeville sketch in which a girl meets adventures among all classes and conditions of men. The four Marx Brothers are the chief and acceptable entertainers. Fourth and last week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary." An entertaining story (with music) of an "East Side"



and his three girl friends who rise to prominence. Capital singing and dancing; vivacious acting. Eighth week.

## 'IF WINTER COMES' SHOWN AT FENWAY

**Humor, Sentiment and Tragedy Revealed in Film**

"If Winter Comes," the film adapted from Hutchinson's novel, which is showing at the Fenway Theatre, is indeed a justification of the screen, lambasted for meaningless titles and constructed sets. The titles have been taken over bodily from the text, soliloquies many of them, and the result is a most realistic film portrait. It is a literary version that recreates the moods of that "Old Puzzlehead," Mark Sabre, a rare combination of exaggerated chivalry and humor.

Each characterization is individualized. There is no stamp of the studio about it, either in the groupings or in the English country with its mullioned windowed cottages and ivied castles reflected in the river. The death of old Mrs. Perch is a beautiful scene, reminiscent of Barrie's "Well Remembered Voice."

Percy Marmont, the English actor, has made Mark Sabre intelligible, and his portrait is as well turned in the little mannerisms, as in the dramatic moments of his tumbled existence. At times Mark Sabre was unintelligible. Percy Marmont is never so, and he plays with sympathy and control.

High Jinks and Low Jinks, the maids of all work at the Sabre establishment, are capably portrayed, and played with just a touch of whimsy that is a relief from farcical exaggerations. Mabel, Nona, Effie and Twynning are careful and controlled characterizations. In fact, the whole production is stamped with that essentially British virtue, control.

There is humor, sentiment, and tragedy in this film adaptation, and the producers are to be congratulated for an intelligent and artistic piece of work. E. G.

**COPLEY THEATRE:** The Jewett Players "at home" in Tom Robertson's famous comedy "Caste," in three acts, each longer and better than the one preceding. The cast:

Hon. George D'Alroy ..... Philip Tonge  
Captain Hawtre ..... Charles Hamplen  
Eccles ..... J. P. Huntley  
Kathie Eccles ..... Katherine Standing  
Polly Eccles ..... Gwen Richardson  
Sam Gerbridge ..... F. E. Clive  
Dixon ..... Harold West  
Marquise De St. Maur ..... Alice Bromley Wilson

"At home"—and very much at home. That is the Copley Players this week. Seldom has such a finished production graced a Boston stage, even the Copley. There are weak spots: Mr. Hampden mumbles occasionally; Miss Wilson lacks somewhat in variety, and Miss Richardson's Polly is once or twice a trifle overdrawn. But a completely sympathetic treatment is what these older plays require and which they all too seldom receive. They need careful handling to smooth over the antiquated places. They must be accurately pitched and properly paced. All these things, or nearly all, has Mr. Jewett succeeded in accomplishing. Thus is there a revival worth having.

"Love conquers all" is an old theme and a favorite one, whether it be the ladie faire and the squire of low degree, or, as in this case, a titled nobleman and a simple maid. Generations have laughed and cried over it, and Tom Robertson's version is as good as any, even after all these years. The breath of life is there, ably sustained by the Jewett company's acting.

For "Caste" is a capital acting play. Every character, every part, is a "fat" one. Foremost, perhaps, is that of Eccles, the original "old soak." In the hands of Mr. Huntley (visiting artist for the part) it was a rare piece enlivened by many quaint and amusing touches.

His soliloquy to the baby in the last act ranks with those of the first grave digger and the porter in "Macbeth," among the world's great mirth-producers. Likewise, the vivacity of "Polly" (Miss Richardson), the quiet sincerity of "George D'Alroy" (Mr. Tonge), and the admirable uncouthness of "Sam" (Mr. Clive) will long be recalled. As for Miss Standing, she bore the role of "Wife, mother widow" with even more than usual grace. All around, an excellent performance.

Without the sparkle of the Copley performance, "Caste" might not have fared quite so well. To be sure, it is a play of considerable importance historically. Those who follow the fashions in art—and judging from the audience last night, there are not a few—and who like to catch the stage unawares in its shirt sleeves, or in the cast-off garb of yesteryear, should see "Caste." They will find many interesting things. Lines: the original "true hearts are more than coronets," or this bit—"I am a lady," "I am a mother," and others we have "loved long since." And Ideas: "If you must go to the club, George says so. I won't mind." Also not a little sprightly repartee.

Yet despite its comedy form "Caste" is a tragic piece. For it represents the literary ideals of 60 years ago left high and dry on the rocks of convention by the changing tides of popular demand. Originally it voiced the protest of the discriminating against the sentimental melodrama then rife in England. Bulwer Lytton, "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," were the names which most frequently adorned the billboards of the day. Yet compared to these latter, "Caste," a bit stilted and mechanical though it is, becomes something infinitely fine, infinitely human, infinitely "real." It sweeps along on the twin streams of humanitarianism and romanticism—the first theatrical backwash from their mighty resultant eddy. In its morality (and moralizing) is rife.

The antecedents of the piece are Auger (pere) and Dumas Fils. But to these antecedents it adds something distinctively British, a lightness of touch which had been missing from the English stage for more than half a century.

Compared to our modern plays, this tale of true love between persons of very different "station" is undoubtedly lacking in the finer perceptions of character: despite a certain "punch," the wheels squeak occasionally; fortuitousness is largely an ingredient of the plotting, yet there are fine scenes—that of the sword belt, for instance, and when placed beside the concoctions of Boucault, Jerrold and the other contemporary playwrights Robertson's work stands as a beacon in the desert, and emphasises the importance of his contribution to the drama of his day, and through it, to that of our own. Taken as a piece emphatically "of its day" (sometimes, unfortunately, a hard thing for our audiences to do) it becomes in every way an interesting, nay fascinating spectacle.

**Hollis Theatre.** "Thank-U," a comedy in three acts, by Tom Cushing and Winchell Smith. Produced first in New York by John Golden, Oct. 4, 1921.

Hannah ..... Helen Judson  
Miss Blodgett ..... Eleanor Post  
Freddie Stoner ..... Elsie Cook, Jr.  
David Lee ..... Harry Davenport  
Andy Beardsley ..... Phil Bishop  
Mrs. Jones ..... Phyllis Rankin  
Gladys Jones ..... Nancy Lee  
Monte Jones ..... Edward Grandall  
Diane ..... Martha Hedman  
Kenneth Jamieson ..... Richard Sterling  
Cornelius Jamieson ..... Frank Monroe  
Leonard Higinbotham ..... Allen Peel  
Aber Norton ..... George A. Schiller  
Dr. Andrew Cobb ..... Will Chatterton  
Judge Hasbrouck ..... Albert Hyde  
Hiram Swett ..... Frederick Malcolm  
Morton Jones ..... Herbert Saunders  
Alfred Watrous ..... George Spelvin  
Griggs ..... Leslie Palmer

With an enthusiastic audience, "Thank-U" opened its entertaining homily on the underpaid clergyman last night at the Hollis. It is a well constructed piece, interspersed with humor and sentiment, and bids fair to rival "Lightnin'" in popularity.

The clergyman, hounded by his parish and dictated to by his vestrymen, is a familiar figure, and in "Thank-U" there is no satirical tirade or bitter denunciation. There is merely a pleasant comedy, "a clean, moral play," as Mr. Winchell Smith said in his curtain speech.

David Lee, played by Harry Davenport, is the traditional minister, preaching platitudes sincerely, and satisfied with the meagre donations that suffice for salary. Then comes Diane, his niece, Parisian and sensible, and proceeds to set her uncle's house in order. There is an adroit scene in which the vestrymen meet to discuss a raise in the pastor's salary. Their differences, and the stalling of the capering, absent-minded clerk, are a never-failing source of delight.

From then on the plot develops in regular fashion, unregenerate son of a millionaire arrives on the scene, and becomes converted to the church for love of Diane. He, too, turns on the homiletic, and pleads with the vestrymen to show their appreciation for Lee in a more substantial way. In the unfolding, there are many amusing situations, and realistic pictures. Andy, the reformed drunkard, is a positive delight with his store of ejaculations, each more

explosive than the one before.

The cast is well chosen, and Harry Davenport has created a realistic portrait of the minister. Martha Hedman as Diane has a cultured charm, and plays with poise and assurance. We have no doubt but that "Thank-U" will have a long run here. E. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE—"It Is the Law,"** a melodrama in four acts by Elmer Rice, the fifth week of the season of the Boston Stock Company. The cast:

Ruth Cummings ..... Adeline Bushnell  
Lillian Cummings ..... Jill Middleton  
Justin Victor ..... Walter Gilbert  
Theodore Cummings ..... Harold Chase  
William Elliott ..... Houston Richards  
Albert Woodruff ..... Edward Darney  
"Sniffer" Evans ..... Edwin R. Wolfe  
Lt. Byron ..... Ralph M. Renney  
James Dolan ..... Ralph Northouse  
Edward Harley ..... John J. Geary  
Ellen ..... Margaret Ford  
Bob Fisher ..... Samuel Godfrey

This play is by the author of "On Trial," another mystery play, and in a way succeeded it. The first three acts are practically "actor-proof," and we should have supposed the same of the last act, had not nearly everyone on the stage at the St. James Theatre last night sadly bungled a great many of his lines, thereby blurring the significance of the final scene.

The plot hangs on a legal technicality, whereby the hero, "framed" on his wedding night by a disappointed suitor of his wife, convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence, and later pardoned by the Governor, kills the man he was supposed to have murdered. Since he has been convicted of, sentenced and pardoned for the murder of this man, he cannot be brought to trial again after he has really murdered him. Mr. Rice has wrought an extremely clever play about this flimsy situation.

Mr. Gilbert did not play in his most convincing manner. Miss Bushnell, however, appeared to much better advantage than she did last week in "Nice People." Miss Jill Middleton, who made her debut with the Boston Stock Company last night, was well received. She played opposite Mr. Richards. They make a charming pair, and the comedy touches were safe in their hands.

## May Yohe and Her Jazz Band Feature Week's Offering

An unusually entertaining bill featuring May Yohe, formerly Lady Francis Hope, one-time owner of the famous Hope diamond, and her original "shell-o-tone" syncopators, and Rae Samuels, "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville," is the offering this week at Keith's Theatre.

May Yohe is assisted by a jazz band of no mean ability. When she is not on the stage giving the selections which made her famous in her early stage days, the band is playing tunes in a manner that sets one swaying to the syncopated rhythm. The band members are versatile, for they not only play well, but they also dance.

Rae Samuels is assisted by Lou Hendman at the piano. Both have a style of their own, and Miss Samuels in her inimitable way put over a number of new songs. She was recalled several times and could only make her escape by singing several extras.

Thomas Dugan and Babette Raymond, billed in "An Ace in the Hole," have an act that is refreshing—in that it has odd twists and turns. The two are very clever dancers and Young Dugan can arouse much merriment and applause with his violin playing.

Another act that stapped the show for several minutes was Ed. Lowery in "Keep Smiling." This young man has mobile features and he is a master of facial expression. He is a good dancer and can play the saxophone. His patter, dancing and playing kept the audience laughing all the time he was on the stage.

Inez Courtney with Sid Keyes and Starke Paterson offer a sketch, "A Personal Appearance." This act also has plenty of dancing. There is straight and eccentric dancing in the skit and the trio had to respond to several encores.

Others on the bill include Perez and Marguerite, novelty jugglers; Billy Lytell and Tom Fant, "The Chocolate Cake Eaters"; Charles Lane and Jack Freeman, in "Crullers and Doughnuts," and "Rainbow's End." In which a group of comely young models appear.

529 + 261928

"One frequently sees references to the great men of an earlier generation in very much the tone that a blackguard uses when he speaks of a woman who has lost her youth."

## DISCOVERING AND NAMING

A correspondent asks why the Arctic island on which a party of Britishers

and a brave young Eskimo girl were marooned was named after Wrangel, a Swedish explorer, and not after the English lieutenant, Kellett, who discovered it over 70 years ago. Ah, every day we learn something if we eschew ear caps and keep our eyesight unimpaired.

We did not know until now that Wrangel was a Swede, that one Kellett discovered the island. It seems there is a code of etiquette "universally observed in these matters." The chief article is to the effect "that no one who discovers a new land, island, mountain, or river, should give it his name, and that any name he thinks applicable should be submitted to the administration of the country, if there is one, or to the government survey officials, before applying it to his discovery." And so, we are told, the name Wrangel was given to the island because of his important explorations in the Arctic, and "because he first called attention to its probable existence."

## "I'LL PUT YOU UP"

"After 90 years of absolute privacy the Carlton Club has rescinded its inflexible rule against the admission of guests."—London Daily Chronicle

Club rules vary in cities. There are clubs that forbid the entrance of any dweller in the city as a guest, except at a luncheon or dinner in a private or "strangers'" room. In many clubs a guest is not permitted to use one of the bedrooms. In some he is allowed for two weeks to eat, read, write, loaf, but the time will not be extended; in other clubs he is welcome for more than a fortnight. It is generally understood that a guest should not bring in his own guest.

One inducement for joining a club is that Ferguson of Boston can give a guest card to Jones, and thus show a certain hospitality to a man who, being a bore or otherwise undesirable, would not be greeted joyously by Mrs. Ferguson at the family dinner. Robinson in New York gives Jones a letter of introduction to Ferguson—in other words, dumps him on Ferguson, who in turn, and with an air of good-fellowship, dumps Jones on the club, introducing him to a few members, and then avoiding the club until he learns that Jones has left town. Ferguson in the mean time frequents a club that is more agreeable to him.

To be sure, Ferguson runs a risk in this dumping. If Jones runs up a bill and leaves suddenly without paying it, Ferguson is responsible for the indebtedness. Robinson's letter of introduction says nothing about his willingness to indemnify Ferguson in case of financial loss.

## RULES FOR MOTORISTS

Pass the car ahead. If you can't pass it, at least try. W. E. G.

"I remember being struck by the remark of a critic who reviewed a modern book with intelligent appreciation and, indeed, with high praise; he said it had only one fault, that it was unreadable."

## IF YOU HAD BEEN GODIVA

If you had been Godiva,  
And I'd been Peeping Tom;  
Would I have viewed with sensual eyes  
Your epic act of sacrifice?  
Would I have spurned the ethics learned  
In youth from Pop and Mom—  
If you had been Godiva,  
And I'd been Peeping Tom?

If you had been Delilah  
From Sorek near the sea,  
And I'd been Samson, tall and strong,  
With wits so weak and hair so long;  
Would you have sold for pagan gold  
Your honor, soul, and me—  
If you had been Delilah  
From Sorek near the sea?

Had I had Cranmer's choice to take,  
Or Wolsey's cards to play;  
Could I have met each scorching test  
That downed the noblest and the best?  
Could you, as Queen Penelope,  
Have worn the long years through,  
While suave and sleek Hellenic kings  
Stood flirting round in amorous rings?  
What towering peaks of principle  
We might have tumbled from;  
If you had been Ulysses' queen—  
If I'd been Peeping Tom!

—B. W. W.

It was Sir Berkeley Moynihan, who said, replying to the toast of the Federation of Medical and Allied Services: "Prejudice is the emotional reaction of ignorance to truth."

Paris Green writes: "I hope the column will never publish wheezes like this: 'That's the last straw!' shrieked the hula dancer as she fled to cover."

## TO A VIOLET

Incarnate daintiness, thy name  
Is lover's theme and poet's song;  
Thy purity, men's dearest claim;  
Thy innocence doth guard from wrong.  
Thou breath of woodsy, pungent scent,  
Who liv'st a moment, fades, then dies;  
Thy fragile power too soon is spent;  
And I prefer Pall-Mall, King's size.  
OLIVE DOUGLASS.



But there's one thing grates on Mother,  
And she's always sure to balk  
When I'm listening on the radio  
And refuse to let her talk.  
—BILL MILLAR.

They also laugh at the fact that American musicians beat time in a frantic way with their feet, and sometimes their legs. British musicians regard this as very bad form. The only way British players beat time is with the big toe, and that the audience can't see.—Sunday Times (London).

Who is Henry Cowell, composer of piano music? When Frederick Bristoi, an American pianist, played one of his pieces in London, the Morning Post said: "His composition depicts the gods of motion\*keeping particles moving before the world began or was made. But he accompanies a very Irish sounding kind of melody by 'harmonies' that are produced by the use of the player's left elbow as well as fingers. This is something quite new in piano technique and represents another triumph for the land of sewing machines and typewriters. But it is a dangerous precedent, as the next step, obviously, is a part for the player's nose."

The manager of Shura Cherkasky, the 11-year-old pianist, who will play in Symphony hall next Sunday afternoon, assures us that the boy is an accomplished shooter of marbles. He never shoots "cunny thumb"; a few days after he touched the sacred soil of America he learned the meaning of "commies" and "shooters"; and before he gave his first recital in Baltimore he had won and lost agates and been "bawled out" for "hunching."

Mr. Henry Savage, in his London letter to the current number of Edwin Valentine Mitchell's Book Notes, tells this story:

"Brockfield, it seems, had just written a play and, happening to run into the late Sir Lewis Waller, arranged that Vedrenne should hear it read the next morning. After the reading Vedrenne began talking of some trouble he had had with his eye. He talked of it for half an hour or more, ending with the promise of an early decision. When this turned out to be unfavorable Brookfield wrote to Waller, 'I would like you to convey to Vedrenne that my interest in his eye was entirely assumed.'"

It must be admitted that the years since the death of Victoria had inventions of their own. They discovered jazz music, vers libres, cinema movies, the fourth dimension of the universe, cubism and the new woman.—From Frederic Harrison's "De Senectute."

The leading English literary critics are not willing to accept the author of "If Winter Comes," which in spite of them has won popularity and the film theatre's indorsement. The Manchester Guardian pounces on Mr. Hutchinson's volume of short stories, "The Eighth Wonder," and tears it in pieces, growling as it tears.

"The first is about a fellow who married a quite unremarkable girl who, in the course of time, produced an unremarkable babe. This not unnatural climax of their marriage seems to be the denouement of a narration, occupying 30 pages, that it would be ferocious flattery to call even an anecdote. Last in the collection come 'In Evening Bells,' a piece of allegorical banality that might provoke even a saint to blasphemy or madness. . . . Strangely, just as in other works by this author, one feels that he ought to be able to write a real book; he is so near—and yet still so far. Though obviously a person of keen literary taste, his own imagination seems to brood in writing-fluid; it is clogged with ink.

"The moving finger writes, and, having writ,  
Not all our tears can wash a word of it."

As another critic writes in the same issue of the Manchester Guardian: "It is no crime to write a poor book, though it may be a sin to applaud it."

O TEMPORA! O MORES!  
(Adv. in the Evening Transcript.)

GENERAL HOUSEWORK—: Excellent cook; American Protestant; can take entire charge of small family, go anywhere; room for her, Ford sedan appreciated.

And if the mistress behaves herself,  
Mary Ann will invite her to take a ride.

#### TABLE TACT

We have not yet purchased the latest and the recklessly advertised book about etiquette. We have looked at the pictures and seen the sad faces of men and women who, not having this book as a guide, are committing daily the most deplorable solecisms, unable to distinguish at a formal dinner between a fish fork and a salad fork—which should be marked respectively "fish," "salad," so legibly that not even a near-sighted person could err—not knowing whether the male should precede or follow the female of his kind down the aisle of a theatre.

What would you do if a host threw a glass of wine in your face at a dinner party? (For wine is still served at the tables of some of "our best people," including in these days profiteers.) Does this treatise on etiquette give the answer?

One will find it in the second volume of "the Farrington Diary," just published. George Hanger is the man to be initiated. His host—Farrington calls him "X"—"filled a glass with wine and wantonly threw it in Hanger's face. George, without being disconcerted, immediately filled his own glass, and, throwing the wine in the face of the

person who sat next to him, bid him to pass it round—an admirable instance of presence of mind and judgment upon an occasion of such coarse rudeness."

But what a waste of wine!

#### RISEING YOUNG CONTRACTORS

(Chicago Engineering and Contracting)  
There are few vocations which offer more opportunities for expansion than that of explosive contractor.

#### ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

The New Greenfield Hotel of Greenfield, Ia., carries in its coat-of-arms the letters, N. G.

#### THE EMANCIPATED FEMALE

(Stuart, Neb., Advocate)

BORN—Friday, Aug. 3, 1923, to Frank Stolepart of Newport, a boy.

#### TENNYSON FOR FLIVVER DRIVERS

Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

I know you proud your Royce to spin,  
Your pride is yet no mate for mine—  
Too proud to care that I drive tin  
Swampscott. RATLEY BANG.

"W. I. B." asks: "Who originated or coined the expression—"The Ghost Walks" in connection with the disbursement of salaries and pay envelopes?"

The phrase was originally English theatrical slang. "Originally applied by an impecunious stroller in a sharing company to the operation of 'holding the treasury' or paying the salaries, which has become a stock facetial (sic) among all kinds and descriptions of actors. Instead of enquiring whether the treasury is open, they generally say: 'Has the whost walked?' or 'What, has this thing appeared again?'"

The earliest quotation illustrative of the phrase that we have been able to find is in an issue of Household Words in 1853.

#### ADD "WONDERS OF NATURE"

(Rockport correspondence sent to the Knox Messenger, Rockland, Me.)

Dr. French of Rockland was called to Indian Island Light station recently to attend a cow belonging to Leroy S. Elwell, the lightkeeper who gave birth to twin calves.

#### AND HOW TO USE THEM

(Peru, Ind., Journal.)

For sale—Collie pups, lard press, sausage grinder, churn, 456 East Adams avenue.

As the World Wags:

Indulging an obsolete custom, I yielded my seat in the car to two ladies on the night of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. One remarked: "I hope he kills him." The other replied: "I wouldn't go as far as that, but I do hope Jack wins; he is such a good boy to his mother."

J. D. K.

#### WHAT HAS THE OLDEST INHABITANT TO SAY ABOUT IT?

(Birmingham, Ala., Age-Herald).  
Earliest calculated eclipse seen from the Los Angeles (Cal.) region was March 15, 1244 B. C.

#### WATSON, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

As the World Wags:

I cannot forbear the watch to you of these deep thoughts not to be plumbd by ordinary mortals, as printed in "your neighbor the Transcript" on Sept. 21.

—The smaller the boss the less use he as mild winter mornings, but because we know a l i s' i c r y c e e l f u n o h k p t . . . know that it isn't winter yea yet wo not even think of putting on heavier clothing. Albany Journal.

NESSUNO NOTO.

#### THE CITY DWELLER

(Inspired by "The Country Dweller," published in The Boston Herald, Sept. 20.)

I had a little auto, a well-known make, 't is true,

I drove it o'er the hills one day for to admire the view.

Along the road, on either side, at every farmhouse door,

Where boxes, baskets, bags and crates filled full and running o'er.

I had a little money, not too much, I confess;

I said, "I'll spend it wisely for cabbages and cress.

These farmer folk are simple and they'll give the stuff away—

It's better than the grocer's truck we're buying every day."

I bought some luscious raspberries, some peas and beans and corn,

I bought some golden cider, our table to adorn;

I bought some fancy breakfast eggs, some broilers and a duck,

Then proudly rattled home again, elated with my luck.

The peas were hard as bullets, the corn was dry and old,

The raspberries, below the top, were soft and white with mold;

The cider was as muddy as a puddle in the spring,

The broilers had pinfeathers, and every bean a string.

"I'll trade no more beside the road," I cried in accents free;

"These farmers are far wiser than they really ought to be.

I'll drive my car o'er hill and dale, nor purchase broilers bony.

But see the view, as wise men do, and buy my fruit of Tony."

West Medford. E. A. McDONALD.

Dr. Ewrit, Dentist, plugs and pulls in La Porte, Ind., and Miss Ruby Wine is sparkling in Brandy, Va.

It's a storekeeper at Evansville, Ind. who advertises a brand of soap at 14 bars for a dollar, but with a limit of "one dozen to a customer."

#### "SHAVIAN"

As the World Wags:

My horrible writing is, I am sure, responsible for the printer placing an "S" for a "T," where I said in my letter that we should be having "Thavian" when speaking of the Thaw millions. In reply to your query, what do you say to "Miltonic," "Harveyized," "Byronic," etc., I say they are all right, but they do not cover my point I think.

In all these cases and many others, such as Darwinian and so forth, the original is still there; not so with Shavian. Had Mr. George Bernard Shaw's name been Shav my letter would never have been penned.

What is the authority for converting the "W" to a "V"? . . . I put the matter to the test yesterday by asking three average persons, what they understood by "Shavian." Number one was rather inclined to believe it was the name of a trotting or race horse; number two opined it was an eastern religious cult; number three (and the wisest) did not remember to have seen the word. On my explaining, his remarks I dare not ask to be printed; I may say that the last word was "foolishness." . . . As to your query "Do you object to sauerkraut?" As a German word—"No." As a gastronomic feat, I think it is the invention of the Devil.

Did V. F. ever stop to consider that "V" and "W" in old English dictionaries and in old English literature were convertible letters; that "William" was often "Villiam" or "Villum" in popular speech? Does he not remember the famous remark of Weller in the Bardwell-Pickwick case? Would he have us try to pronounce "Shavian"? "Shavian" is of highly respectable parentage. Does not one speak of Borrowian adventures, yet George Borrow spelled his name with a "w"?—Ed.

3661 27. 723

How many actors can converse with any degree of mental development on any subject but the stage? How many of them could attain positions of any note elsewhere in the world?—Diana Bourbon.

Mr. William Scymour writes apropos of the news that Sarah Bernhardt's country house at Belle Isle has been sold and will be turned into a summer hotel with a jazz band. "The summer home of Fanny Davenport at South Duxbury was sold several years after her death and was retained as a private residence until this summer, when, 25 years after her death—the anniversary was on Sept. 26—it became a summer hotel, 'The Eagle Tree Inn.' There has been no jazz band or dancing, but it seems a strange coincidence that the homes of the two famous Sardou actresses, Bernhardt and Davenport, should meet the same ultimate fate. To what base uses we may return. Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?"

The revival of "Caste" at the Copley brought up many pleasant memories for old theatregoers. It was performed for the first time in this county on Aug. 5, 1867, in New York, with Mrs. Chanfrau, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Florence, and Messrs. Marlowe, Lamb, Florence and Davidge in the cast. The first performance in Boston was at the Howard Athenaeum Sept. 2, 1867. Cecile Rush, Little Marten, Mrs. Farren, H. G. Clarke, Harry Crisp, Mr. Keeler, Mr. Scallan. Many of us remember that sterling comedian George Honey as Eccles with his unquenchable thirst for "cool, refreshing gin."

Notes and Lines: "How is this from one of our local theatres:

"Patrons are requested not to talk through the overture as it is very annoying." The overture sounded like good music to me."

K. P. C.

Notes and Lines:

I read in the New York Times that Duse "is returning to us after 30 years," and I am again reminded of the night of time: it doesn't seem that long since I last saw her here, in 1903. And what I can't get into my head is that the last play I saw her in, D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," had not been written 30 years ago.

TANTALUS.

We read in Le Gaulois of Paris that Mr. Muratori, the tenor that sings so loud, has signed a contract which will give him more than 3,000,000 francs for a tour in the United States and Canada.

A play entitled "Chains," by Jules E. Goodman was produced in New York on the 19th. An excellent play similarly entitled by Elizabeth Baker, was performed at the Copley Theatre in May, 1919, for the first time in America. We regret to say it was not appreciated by the audience, for it ran only a week. Mr. Jewett speaks of reviving it.

Ernest Newman in the Manchester Guardian: "When a friend of mine, a well-known singer, went to old Santley or a few lessons, and full of theory, began to ask whether in order to get perfect resonance, he ought not to hang his glottis on the oesophagus, and martellate his adenoids from the ductless glands, or something of that kind, old Santley listened with a puzzled air, and then said, 'I don't know what you're talking about. What you've got to do is to sing.'"

#### DOWN ON THE FARM

Every night, right after supper,  
When the chores have all been done,  
Ia and I hook up the radio  
For our regular nightly fun.

First, we listen to quotations,  
Price of hogs and everything;  
After that we hear a lecture  
Or some prima donna sing.



The London journals of Sept. 10 announce the death of Ernest Van Dyck, one of the most famous Wagnerian tenors of his generation. Born at Antwerp in 1861, he studied at the Universities of Louvain and Brussels. He purposed to be a lawyer, but he became a journalist and wrote fluently in Brussels and Paris. When he was in Boston he told us in his humorous way—he was a delightful talker—that writing for Parisian newspapers, he changed daily the map of Europe. He happened to sing as an amateur in a concert at Brussels when he was 23 years old, and his success was so great that in spite of family opposition he became a professional. In 1887 he took the part of Lohengrin at Paris and the next year appeared at Bayreuth as Parsifal. There he was greatly valued as an exponent of the Wagnerian faith. Engaged at the Vienna Theatre, he was the pride of that opera house as singer and actor, nor was he less esteemed in Paris and London.

His voice was naturally a good one. His vocal skill was indisputable until he became a slave to false Wagnerian traditions invented by Cosima and her foolish son Siegfried. When he sang in Boston he was applauded as an actor, but his voice, though effective in declamation, was not euphonious, and he butchered melodic lines and barked his phrases. He was, however, that rara avis, a tenor with brains.

Figaro and Le Gaulois of Paris paid tribute to Mr. Monteux apropos of his being made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Le Gaulois: "For several years, sometimes with flaming contentions, he carried on the work of a great orchestral leader, a subtle diplomat, a stalwart Frenchman. Our composers have found in him a most eloquent and most heeded apostle; the American composers have found in him a most appreciative and loyal friend."

Figaro: "French composers have learned with great joy that one of their best defenders has been decorated, a defender who has all aristocratic virtues, all the qualities of a great orchestral leader, and those of an accomplished diplomat. Pierre Monteux, who had made a brilliant debut in Paris by producing at the Ballet Russes most difficult works, as 'Petrouchka' and 'Le Sacre du Printemps,' conducted later the French repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. He was acquiring himself there with signal success when the most enviable position in the United States became vacant at Boston. With the exception of the too short sojourn of Henri Rabaud, whose conducting left impressive memories, this position had always been filled by German leaders. Monteux was chosen. That was a victory at the beginning, but less important than the triumphs that followed. The struggle was bitter; Monteux sustained it with firmness, dignity, courage. The bad faith of some could not prevent the independent public, which was in the majority, from judging Monteux as he deserved, from esteeming him, admiring the talent and the man. He is in that great American city the ardent advocate of a cause henceforth won, thanks to him. Our composers find in him the most brilliant interpreter of their works, and his audience finds in him a conductor that it has been proud to adopt; also a faithful friend. If any cross was deserved it is indeed that which rewards the firmest will serving the finest talent."

Mme. Pavlova made her reappearance in London on Sept. 10. It was altogether an evening which must have resembled the triumphs of the great singers of a generation that has gone, the men and women for whom Donizetti and Bellini wrote operas. Indeed, one could not but realize last night that Mme. Pavlova is to our generation what the great virtuosi of music—the Paganinis and Thalbergs—were to the 'intelligentsia' of the last century. The age of the musician-virtuoso has departed; the age of the dancing-virtuoso has just begun. The analogy between the two classes of virtuosi is still closer. Temperament, personal magnetism, individuality are the very soul of perfect virtuosity. The modern singer, no matter how eminent, must always harmonize his own thoughts and ideas with those of the modern composer. Pavlova needs do no such thing. Her individuality is free and untrammelled, her temperament is on wings." So wrote the reviewer for the Daily Telegraph; but the Manchester Guardian, equally eulogistic over Mme. Pavlova, said that there was not a ballet designer of the first rank and that when Mme. Pavlova was off the stage one waited for her to come on again.

The New York Times some days ago published a list of the concerts in New York for October. They numbered 81. Here only a few concerts have been announced, chiefly by those who may be described as "hardy annuals."

When Sardou's play, "La Tosca," was produced in Paris, Jules Lemaitre protested against the torture scene and called Sardou "the Caligula of the drama." In "Hassan," a romantic play by James Elroy Flecker, who died at the age of 30 in Switzerland of consumption shortly after the outbreak of the war, torture is the central theme. Rafi, leader of an insurrection, under sentence of death, may depart a free man; Pervaneh, a girl in the Caliph's harem, must be the wife of the Caliph. "They must never see one another again. Or else—the choice is theirs—they can spend a day and a night together, unwatched and unguarded, and will then die together, 'in relentless torment,' watched by the whole court." The lovers choose the day and the night, and death by torture. "This situation would be unforgivable, if Flecker had not risen to the height of it."

Pervaneh: "There are a thousand eyes around us, O my beloved, but what care I? The voice of the world cries out, 'Thou art a slave in the palace and thy lover a prisoner in chains.' (Embracing him.) But we have heard the Trumpets of Reality that drown the vain din of Things that Seem. We have walked with the Friend of Friends in the Garden of the Stars, and He is pitiable to poor lovers who are pierced by the arrows of this ghostly world. Your lips are the only lips, my lover, your eyes the only eyes—and all the other eyes but phantom lights that glitter in the midst of dreams."

"Flecker has, in the great scenes in which the choice is offered and the choice is accepted, invented a prose which is the equal of any poetry, and has clothed and uplifted the terror of his theme in a bright cloud of beauty."

"In the face of this any questioning of the probability, the possibility, even the basic ethics of the drama fades away. The Ruler of the World has never been called by a more lovely name than the 'Friend of Friends.'"

# MAUGHAM'S NEW PLAY

(The Manchester Guardian. The play "Our Betters," produced at London, Sept. 12.)

The victim of the whipping-block is the American dollar princess. On behalf of the audience may one assure the victim that this hurts us more than it does her? The three women who are supposed to be typical of the genus dollar princess are an English peeress, a French duchess, and an Italian princess. They have all married to win titles, and we are shown them in the enjoyment of their victory. They have apparently reached the state that is beyond good and evil, at any rate with the exception of the princess who seems to be sufficiently tired out to be something of a penitent. They have their being in a world where the institution of matrimony has become quite as pointless as in a society of cats and dogs.

Lady George Grayston, for instance, who is the central character of the play, has an absentee husband and two lovers—or at least two only for the present. She cannot be called unfaithful because any kind of loyalty is beyond her. She cannot be called wicked because she is simply a bundle of inanimate vices with no sort of humanity about her. She cannot be called amusing for the same reason. She might be amusing if she were merely a puppet in a purely artificial comedy, but she is not left in the moral world of Millamant. She is held up to us as a thoroughly bad example. In that position she neither shocks nor amuses. She is just utterly unreal, and therefore tedious.

Mr. Maugham's researches into the private life of titled American women may have convinced him that they are dreadfully wicked creatures. But he can hardly persuade us that they are wicked in just this mechanical way. Nor can he persuade us that such Robots of unrighteousness are good subjects of comedy, for his play is ostensibly a comedy as well as a word to the wicked. One imagines that the only people who will be really amused are the people at whom he is preaching, if indeed they exist at all.

The actors are to be congratulated on having put some surface gloss of entertainment on to his odd and tasteless material. Miss Constance Collier, for instance, did put an edge of authentic character into the form of the duchess. It was a brilliant though distressing study in whimpering sensuality. Miss Margaret Bannerman made Lady Grayston seem exquisite to look upon; her wickedness was less convincing than

her fascination. What this play really proves is the extraordinary difficulty of making sin look probable on the stage. It so easily becomes a kind of routine, and ruthlessness reduced to routine makes a pitiful figure. I. B.

## CONCERT AND OPERA

Mussolini, it appears, is a patron of the arts. He has sent his photograph with a flattering dedication to Romano Eldora, the director of the Teatro del Piccoli, whose marionettes are now showing in New York. It also appears that Mussolini in his youth wrote a sonnet, and now Giuseppe Torresi has put music to it for Mussolini's daughter.

A Swedish physician, lecturing at Stockholm, prescribed the violin for melancholia; the double bass for nervous depression; the flute for those possessed with the mania of persecution; harp arpeggios, for calming nervous attacks; the cornet as a remedy against obesity; the trumpet as a sovereign remedy for spinal diseases; the oboe as a cure for brain fog.

Massenet's "Esclarmonde," which was written for Sybil Sanderson, will be revived at the Paris Opera this season.

Gustave Charpentier recently gave a picnic in the Senart forest for Parisian working girls who had not had a vacation.

Mme. Marydorska of the Opera-Comique, Paris, has killed herself. About two months ago she was the victim of an automobile accident. She had won fame as Nanon, Tosca, Gismonda, Aphrodite and Phryne.

Giordano is writing the music for an opera based on Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment."

Those who appreciate good literature do not read the third-rate aspirant to the grand manner; but often, to recreate a mind too weary to unravel the tangled sentences of Henry James or to decipher the cryptic jokes of Meredith, they turn to the excitements of Sherlock Holmes or the unexacting humours of Professor Leacock. So at a concert we need occasional relaxation from the strenuous demands of masterpieces, and should not scorn straightforward tunes, which require no effort on our part but permit us to abandon ourselves to the most harmless of sensualities—a good digestion, a cigar and music that warms one like fine

brandy. It would be wise, one thinks, to concede more to this little weakness in humanity and to take out of pawn, for exhibition on Saturday nights, some of the old Crown Diamonds. They may be only paste, but their glitter is pleasanter to contemplate than the seething cauldron of Signor Trombonesordini's glutinous tone-poems.—London Times.

The directors of the Colon Opera House in Buenos Ayres tried the experiment this year of giving a large part of the repertoire to Wagner's operas and ultra-modern works. The result was that the audiences, faithful to the old operas, "vocal works," grew smaller and smaller.

At Amsterdam Mr. Mengelberg is still faithful to his beloved Mahler, for on Sept. 4 he conducted that composer's fourth symphony. In New York Mr. Mengelberg was not encouraged in his devotion.

The monument to Charles Dibdin, poet and composer of "Tom Bowling," "Poor Jack," and other sea songs, over his grave in St. Martin's Burial Ground, Camden-street, is in need of repair. It was erected by public subscription at the instance of the Kentish Town Musical Society in 1889. Recently the society was disbanded. Dibdin lived in St. Pancras for the greater part of his life, and died there.

## IN THE THEATRE

Arthur Richman's "Ambush" was applauded by London critics the first of the month, although the production was "vibrated by the fact that some of the company spoke American, others English, and the confusion continually jarred upon the ear." The Manchester Guardian in a long review said of this "intensely dramatic" play. "It is deft and simple. It offers no easy answer to insoluble questions. It shows quite simply the meaning of poverty to those who cannot see the luxury of others without wanting it themselves. It overstates nothing and evades nothing. It preaches no moral beyond the old Shavian thesis that what is wrong with the poor is poverty. It is as clear of pseudo-philosophical pessimism as it is of facile optimism. . . . London playgoers will disgrace themselves if they allow it to fail."

Sir James Barrie, asked to write an introduction to a volume of Harold Chaplin's comedies, said: "I cautiously bought a book about how to write plays (there are many of them) in order to see whether Mr. Chaplin wrote his properly. But the book was so learned, and the author knew so much, and the subject when studied grew so difficult, that I hurriedly abandoned my inquiry. Thus one of us at least missed his last chance of discovering what that mysterious thing, 'stage technic,' really is, which, after all, does not greatly matter, as nearly every one else seems to know."

"There is no hope for the drama that hopes to meet the cinema's competition by copying the cinema technic and cramming one short and bustling scene upon another. The drama must stand or fall by its unique possession—the chance to turn the finely-written word into the finely-spoken word."

Mrs. Simone, the celebrated actress of Paris, has married for the third time. No. 1 was the actor Le Bargy; No. 2, Claude Casimir-Perier; No. 3 is a playwright, Francois Porche. No. 4, —?

The Vilna troupe of Yiddish players is again in London, but this time its repertory will not be limited to plays of Jewish life; it will include plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Shaw.

## AFTER THE MANNER OF —

(Literary Review of the N. Y. Evening Post)

I.  
As dramatized in the manner of a crook or mystery melodrama.

Scene: Wendover's library; midnight; wall safe is revealed open.

Wendover (lifting his revolver): Put up your hands!

Rhoda (whirling on him): I won't! (Putting up her hands.) You coward!

Wendover: That will do. Now, then, you're going to tell me the truth!

Rhoda (caressingly): But, Dicky, dearest, you don't understand! (Moves closer; then, with a swift leap forward, snatches the revolver from his fingers.)

Wendover: My God!

Rhoda: What are you going to do now?

Wendover: The joke's on you! That revolver isn't loaded!

Rhoda (throwing it down in disgust): My God!

Wendover (picking it up): As a matter of fact, it is loaded! I merely lied to you!

Both: My God!

(Quick Curtain)

II.

Handled with a deft, English, epigrammatic touch.

Scene: Lord Wendover's flat opposite



Lord W.: My Dear Rhoda, I assure you I don't wish to force you. Rhoda: Did it ever occur to you, Dickie, that women are always being forced—to do what they like? Lord W.: How dull! Life with you could really bring me to the point of suicide.

Rhoda: I've often thought of committing suicide, only I was afraid I might kill myself.

Lord W. (stifling a yawn): Shall I ring for tea?

Rhoda (stifling two yawns): Certainly. The fact is, Dickie, it is quite impossible for me to go away with you.

Lord W. (gloomily): Because I have a life?

Rhoda: Quite wrong. Because I have a husband. (Enter butler.)

Lord W.: Brandy and soda for two, waiter.

(Parker goes out, and Lord Wendover and Rhoda kiss each other cynically as the curtain falls.)

#### "TIM TOOLAN"

(By John W. Kelly)

Several correspondents have had the kindness to oblige "Phineas Redux" by living The Herald the full text of an immortal song. We are indebted to "M. D." Joseph A. Campbell, "F. J. K.," "Trollope" and others.

When the police force paraded for their semi-annual drill, Tim Toolan was the straightest man in line.

And the Germans were compelled to say, though much against their will, that Toolan was a hundred carat fine.

His form compact, his step exact, 'Twas plain to see he had no equal there.

His noble stride, which others tried, would stamp him as a model anywhere; at the judge's command he was brought to the stand.

The sergeant for him led the way, and the first prize was won when the Judge said, "Well done, Mister Toolan you're a hero today."

#### CHORUS

Then we cheered loud and long for Tim Toolan.

'Twas a tiger and three times three, every cheer in the crowd was for Toolan.

The stout man that came from Tipperary.

#### II.

When Tim Toolan tired of the force he started a cafe.

His op'ning was a "recherche" affair. But he waited till the men down at the gas works got their pay.

And subpoenaed ev'ryone to bring them there.

They drank all night until daylight, and then they started in to dance and sing.

Their songs were long, their voices strong.

'Twas easy work to make the welkin ring.

Well, then, Toolan said, "Boys, in the midst of your joys,

There is one thing I cannot pass by. That's a welcome," says he, "to come in and see me.

If you haven't a cent when you're dry."

#### CHORUS

The liquor business suited him, and in a year or two

He had money he would either lend or spend.

And no candidate for office could successfully pull through

Unless had had Tim Toolan for a friend.

At last he ran for alderman.

The best man in the ward he had to "hate."

Both man and child went fairly wild, and worked like beavers for their candidate.

When the votes were all cast and election had passed.

Not a vote in the ward went astray, the majority was more than it ever was before.

And our hero had carried the day.

#### CHORUS

Mr. Campbell writes: "I have warbled this paean on occasion, but in order to enjoy its rendition to the fullest one must hear it from the lips of our superintendent of police, Michael H. Crowley. His complete sympathy with the subject, vigorous gesticulation and resonant vocalization make his artistic interpretation an unforgettable memory."

"Trollope" says: "If it is not one of the perversities of memory, the third line of the first verse comes back to me as follows:

'And the Germans were compelled to say

Though much against their will'

"It is exactly the thing that in those old days 30 years ago race partisanship would put into the song."

#### THE FILM FLOYDS

To the Editor of The Herald:

"Mrs. Thomas Patton, wife of Thomas

Patton, formerly postmaster of New York and also assistant to Will Hays in Hollywood, has gone into pictures with Universal. Mrs. Patton is known professionally as Henrietta Floyd. Her father is Billy Floyd, New York stage director. Mrs. Patton has an important part in "The Near Lady," starring Gladys Walton.

I am not, as a rule, interested in the gossip at the moving pictures, but the names in the article above caught my eye and awoke many memories of my early life in New Orleans, where William R. Floyd (known to the stage as "Billy" Floyd) was my manager.

His wife, a sister of Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, (Henrietta) was Ernestine Floyd, and their children were Ernestine and Mamie, with whom I played as a boy in their girlhood days. "Billy" Floyd was for several seasons manager of the Globe Theatre, Boston, and in his final years was the stage director of Wallack's Theatre, New York city (the second Wallack's, situated on the corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway). If I remember aright, his widow was married again and possibly it was to Mr. Patton. If it is she, I am glad to know that she is alive and active. We acted together in the "Fast Family," at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, in 1867—she playing Polydor and I Fanfan Benoiton, brothers, and "very fast young men" they were. Pardon the intrusion, and forgive the retrospection.

WILLIAM SEYMOUR,

South Duxbury.

Mr. Seymour writes concerning his article about the Dan Bryant benefit, which was published in The Herald of last Sunday: "There was one funny typographical error. In the program of the San Francisco Minstrels, what was printed 'The Virgins Thackeray' should have been 'The Virginians by Thackeray.'" Mr. Seymour's youngest son, John Davenport Seymour, is playing the leading male part with Peggy Wood in "The Clinging Vine" at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago.

#### CHAUVE-SOURIS

(By Frederic and Fanny Hatton)

Moscow succumbed first; then Paris fell. London followed; finally New York yielded. And now the whole United States has capitulated. Tolstoy predicted it. Years ago he wrote that in the early 20th century the world would surrender to an invader from the north.

This conqueror is an amiable person of the theatre. His weapon is illusion and his name is Nikita Balleff. The captives of Mr. Balleff and the Chauve-Souris have all been thrown into adjectival ecstasies. What is this alien invasion that has brought stir and excitement into our American theatre? Vaudeville with Russian dressing. Cabaret, as one reviewer said, raised to the nth degree. A tabloid expression of Muscovite music or drama? Or is it that "rara avis," a new form of entertainment? What secret charm is there in the Chauve-Souris? Why its box office success on sophisticated Broadway for almost a year and a half?

Nikita Balleff's entertainment, so the legend runs, had a spontaneous origin in a Moscow sub-pavement restaurant. There, performers from the Moscow Art Theatre and other playhouses gathered nightly to amuse each other with song and sketch and impromptu caricature. From this came the Bat Theatre. Balleff and his company were able to leave Moscow in 1920. They slipped into Paris unheralded, practically unknown to the preoccupied French theatre. Presently there was another "discovery" whispered about on the boulevards, and the name Balleff was heard frequently in the Cafe de la Paix.

There can be only slight argument as to the form of the Chauve-Souris. It is simply a picturesque melange of little dramas, satires, musical items and expressional bits, all typically Russian. The success of the entertainment does not lie in any novelty of form, nor in the settings, for they are simplicity itself. There is no attempt to lure the eye through the sensuous physical appeal so aimed at by most of the producers. There is no flaunting of sheer and silken youth; no parading of immature charms—sugared sixteen and enamelled eighteen are conspicuously absent. The garments worn are, for the most part, folk-costumes of inexpensive material, cut carefully to emphasize the satire or comedy of the moment, and splashed in barbaric color to atone for the simplicity of fabric.

The fact of the matter is that Nikita Balleff and his company are entirely responsible for the astonishing impact of the Chauve-Souris on the audiences who have seen the performance.

Here is one of the most interesting groups of human beings ever brought to the American stage. These men and women are artists to the finger-tips, all masters of their technique, thoroughly equipped by training and experience to strike all the notes on the emotional keyboard. And back of it all is that force of forces—personality.

#### JAMES DALE

James Dale, who takes the part of de Levis in "Loyalties," is about 30 years old. He made his first appearance on the stage as a member of the Benson company in England when he was 16, but he began life as a painter, studied at the Royal Academy, and exhibited at Burlington House. He acquired a reputation as a portrait painter. But the stage proved more attractive. His chief parts have been Brutus, Laertes in the Shakespearian repertoire, Young Marlow, the Count de Guiche in "Cyrano," Larry Doyle in "John Bull's Other Island," Hector Hushabye in "Heartbreak House" and in support of Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome." In 1910 he appeared in New York with Fred Terry and Julia Nelson in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Later he was with Cyril Maude in "Grumpy." In the war he served gallantly as an officer of infantry. After the armistice he built and ran a military theatre at Antwerp. Two of his own plays have been produced in London.

#### MAETERLINCK

(London Daily Telegraph)

M. Maurice Maeterlinck is at present at Blankenberge. I have had an opportunity of meeting him, and in the course of conversation he said: "I am staying here for several days, and I pass the time partly in the Flemish towns which I am visiting again, and partly in strolling with my old friend, M. Gregoire Leroy. Soon I shall be in Paris, where I shall see to the production of 'The Blue Bird' at the Theatre Mogador, this winter. You know that this fairy play contains a betrothal scene which no theatre has yet thought of mounting, as the expenses are so heavy. I confess that I have no wish to make overtures to the managers, and living far from Paris my tranquillity is of more importance to me than the interpretation of my works. I believe that M. Lugue Poe will again produce this season at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, an act from 'Bernique,' which reveals the vicissitudes of misfortune, to the name of which M. Crommelynck has added the epithet of magnificent. I have several dramas which are waiting to be staged. I will only mention 'The Power of the Dead,' drawn from a scenario which was ordered from me by the Goldwin company while I was at Los Angeles, but the producers wish to make some changes in the film as I conceived it, but I have refused. I am at present engaged in an action which the company has brought against me, and of which I can scarcely foresee the result. As to the philosophic essays to which I have devoted six volumes, I have decided not to issue them at once. Four days ago I celebrated my 61st birthday, and as the years pass I have the feeling of not having really lived down to the present time. I wish only to taste of life without the thought of having a task to accomplish arising to spoil my pleasure."

#### AMATEUR PLAYERS

The London Times: "Amateurs who, while remaining amateurs, make a solemn business of acting, generally make of it a bad and tedious business as well. They acquire the jargon of the stage without its syntax, its swagger without its grace. Some, of course, become professionals, and, as professionals, give all their lives to the practice and discipline of their art; theirs is a different story and has again and again been a fine one. But, while they remain amateur company, their line is collectively distinct, and if they are to succeed must be kept distinct. It is the line of casualness and adventure which began long ago on the grassy bank, or thereabouts, and is continued today by every amateur society with a long history. It is consistent with the hardest work, the closest attention to detail, the most formal traditions. The true amateur never dreams of departing from it. It has brought him good friends and good entertainment, and good holidays. Each year he sits down to his dinner of celebration with his colors on his shirt-front and a song in his heart. Which song, after dinner, almost certainly he will sing."

#### CHOOSING A PLAY

(London Daily Telegraph.)

Mr. Arnold Bennett recently wrote that "Not one manager in 10 is fitted to choose a play. If the theatre is not perfect here is one of the chief explanations."

Another indictment of the modern manager has come from Mr. St. John Ervine, who opines that when a manager is called upon to pronounce judgment on the MS. of a play unacted he says, "Crikey!—what's this?"

As evidence that we do not possess a very astute set of managers at the present time, I suppose the above writers would point to the fact that of late the proportion of failures in the theatre has been large. But choosing a play is a difficult proposition. It needs something of the eye that can find diamonds in du-tholes. It needs, above all, "imagination." The play, as it lies before you on the typed page, is half

an entity—the faculty of imagination must vivify it with the acted picture on the stage. Considering the great stake involved, one wonders that managers can put such trust in their personal opinions, especially actor-managers, who perform see the play subjectively rather than objectively. Play choosing is a sort of work that would best be a committee—and then they would probably be wrong.

Touching on modern plays and managers, there is a story told in connection with the success of Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick."

A well known actress-managress was much taken with the part of Lady Frederick when it was produced, and, meeting the dramatist, expressed her appreciation, saying: "My dear Mr. Maugham, why ever didn't you let me have the play?"

"My dear Miss X," answered the dramatist, "you had it for a whole year."

In one of his recent Shakespeare lectures, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson related a couple of stories incidental to the reception of MSS. from the "great unacted." One of the plays was couched in very lengthy blank verse, and possibly being not without some sort of merit, Sir Johnston was good enough to write to the aspiring author and suggest it would be better for him to write in prose, instancing the fact that a considerable portion of Hamlet was so written. To this suggestion, the poetically-minded dramatist replied that he thought Shakespeare was an indifferent writer; and did not think any better of him for writing parts of his plays in prose! Also out of his good nature Sir Johnston was speaking to his friend, John Clayton, about the difficulty he often felt in having to write letters of rejection to the would-be playwrights. Clayton remarked that he himself experienced no qualms in rejecting bad plays, and told Forbes-Robertson that in these cases his letter was very short and sweet. He wrote:

My dear sir: I have read your play. Oh, my very dear sir! Yours truly,

JOHN CLAYTON.

#### WHY WRITE PLAYS?

(Manchester Guardian)

I can appreciate the argument that novels are best for the poor devils of moderate ability who can find a market for them, but not for plays. And yet plays are really very jolly. You can do wonderful things in them that you can't do in novels. Even if you can't get them acted they take their place in your mind. The play is one of the greatest and most fertile of conventions. I think it would be a thousand pities if the cinema and those admirable people who get up theatrical exhibitions should between them succeed in degrading and demoting that literary fragment. The modern play hasn't had a fair chance yet. We want, on the one hand, to induce men of talent—or, let us say, men of genius—to study its conditions and to accept them, and, on the other, to educate our audiences a little further. Presumably we shall make both ends meet.

Mr. Rubenstein says that "there is no lack of dramatic literature—in manuscript; and intelligent typists do moderately well out of it." There is something rather disconcerting in the idea of all this work, neatly typed and punctuated, waiting for the dramatic revival. A repertory theatre manager told me once that the supposed plethora of works of dramatic value was mythical, and I have thought sometimes that writing plays isn't as easy as people think. Yet I fancy that some good things are really waiting for a chance. The situation is not desperate.

#### IBSEN AND WALKLEY.

(Manchester Guardian)

I haven't read Mr. Walkley's new book, but I see that he, too, is one of the disillusioned, that books which once excited him are left in cold seclusion on his shelves. I suppose that this is the way with all of us, but I shouldn't like to think that one's literary life is a tale of inconstancy. Shall we hear some day that Mr. Archer has no further use for Ibsen? Is the heart of our revolt to be against our former selves?

Ibsen has sunk into the background, but his great plays are still great plays. He is condemned as a realist or as a mere influence whose separate existence is over. I think there is an element of propaganda in some of Ibsen's plays, but he is a great artist, and I don't see why he should be neglected. Perhaps it is partly because there was such a mighty and irrelevant fuss made about him once. People got tired of it and wanted to turn to something else. A few enthusiasts persisted in doing the plays, and of these perhaps the most remarkable were Mr. Leigh Lovell and his company, to whom we in Manchester owed much. Now, the performance of an Ibsen play is a rarity, and I suppose the young bloods of the theatre agree with Mr. Walkley in giving him the cold shoulder. They want plays to be poetical or fantastical, but where is



a finer poetical play than "Brand" or a more astonishing fantasy than "Peer Gynt"? Ibsen may be neglected for a time, but he cannot die. His plays now are of extraordinary interest to intelligent people who are not merely on the look-out for the opportune, not obsessed by the latest thing in pioneering.

Levitation has revived the old custom of the curfew. At 9 o'clock P. M. two blasts are sounded by the fire alarm whistle, and after that hour no child under the age of 16 can be in the streets or public places unless accompanied by a parent or guardian or unless in the performance of an errand or duty.

In our little village of the sixties the bell in the old church was rung daily at noon and at 9 P. M., but there was no law against youngsters being in the streets after 9 o'clock. Stern parents saw to it that their children were not spinning street yarn.

The curfew did not work beneficially in Peoria, Ill. We read in the Journal of that city: "The council voted to discontinue the plan of blowing the curfew whistle at 9 o'clock when property owners 'kicked' because it woke them up."

#### TOMATO-POTATOES

The Herald not long ago published a dispatch from Sudbury, Ont., stating that bees have outburked Luther in the development of a plant that produces potatoes at the root and tomatoes on the vine.

H. B. Hartwell of Hatfield writes that this article called to mind a nonsense verse:

"Potato was deep in the dark underground,  
Tomato above in the light,  
The little tomato was ruddy and round,  
The little potato was white.  
And redder and redder he rounded above,

While paler and paler she grew,  
But neither suspected a mutual love  
Till they met in an Irish stew."

"I do not know the author, but the lines have lain in the back of my head for many years, and I am much amused to read of a genuine combination in nature so long after learning the rhyme."

Alas, doubting Thomases have sought to explain away this apparent union of fruit and tuber.

#### A DEGRADING CURSE

Let us recall the fact that when Sir Walter Raleigh became Governor of Ireland he endeavored to make the poorer peasants use the potato for food, but they considered it "filth" and would have nothing to do with it. How William Cobbett thundered against spuds. In his "Northern tour" (Scotland and four northern counties of England in 1832), he found the people of Northumberland free from "this degrading curse; from sitting round a dirty board, with potatoes trundled out upon it as the Irish do; from going to the field with cold potatoes in their bags, as the working people of Hampshire and Wiltshire did." And he quoted Sir Charles Wolsey, who, having travelled in France, Germany and Italy, assured him, "that in whatever proportion the cultivation of potatoes prevails in those countries, in that same proportion the working people are wretched."

#### IS IT POETRY OR WHAT?

As the World Wags:

A high-brow is often helpful. For example, much poetry is written now, and some finds its way to your column. Herkimer Johnson, I believe, has not yet courted the muse, but the spirit has moved Abel Adams other Adamses, near or remote, and appears in the productions of Laura Blackburn, Helen R. Abbott, B. W. W., I. E. H., Eolus, The Pretender, The King of the Black Isles, Marion Streeter, and others, including "A Poor Thing, but Mine Own," which got itself posted in Boston's biggest club for women, although, by the irony of fate, without recognition of the author. Is this good or bad poetry? By what standard shall it be judged?

It seems pretty good, some of it. In the chaste language of the day, it must often "intrigue," even "enthuse," your readers. It at least procures a moment, if not as Sainte-Beuve remarked of a work of De Musset's, "an hour of very agreeable recreation." But, is it poetry or what? May one enjoy it without reproach?

I merely raise the question. Fortunately I need not answer it. Disregarding Carl Sandburg's remarkable 38 definitions of poetry in a recent Atlantic, here is an authoritative definition which Robert Graves, exhibitor of St. John's College, Oxford, himself a poet, and evidently a high-brow,

since he says he has "lost sympathetic contact with low-brow literature," puts into an informing article in the September North American Review:

"Poetry is for the poet a means of informing himself on many planes simultaneously . . . of the relation in his mind of certain inharmonious interests, you may call them his sub-personalities or other selves. For the reader, poetry is a means of similarly informing himself of the relations of analogous interests, hitherto inharmonious, on these same various planes."

Now, although some poetry of high merit, according to the verdict of the ages, is nevertheless simple and easily understood, isn't that definition delightfully complex and high-brow? I dare say its author saw nothing funny in it. That is the way with high-brows. They take themselves so seriously they miss half the joy of life. But, if its meaning is not exactly obvious, how helpful it is! Once you get the idea that the function of a poem is to inform you simultaneously of the relation of the analogous inharmonious interests of various distinguishable planes which constitute your sub-personalities or other selves, your enjoyment is certain, and doubtless the question of good or bad in what may not be poetry, but looks like it, from Homer to Uncle Walt Mason, will settle itself without controversy.

HORACE G. WADLIN.

Boston.

#### THE GOD IN THE CAR

Midnight! . . . Doing sixty past a graveyard  
In a car; cut-out roaring through the night.

(How typical of Youth to disregard  
The red of warning flashed from the tail-light  
Upon the marble stones!) The motor's tune

Is a song of defeat to a lone cloud  
Which threatens in its flight to dim the moon;

And Youth, the premeditating cub,  
Laughs aloud;  
His bright eyes flash a challenge to the stars—

The skies; to Heaven. . . . Why not? He is a god

For one brief hour; he is Youth! . . .

But, "Time mars"  
(Tiresome bromide!) Youth's head begins to nod.

Time, eternally the wag, as years pass,  
Whispers, with grim humor: "You're out of gas!"

BERNARD.

#### CONTINENTAL ENGLISH

We have received a copy of The Quality Market, a European continental monthly, now five years old, printed in English, French, Spanish and German. The English part is inferior in accuracy to the others. Thus one advertiser, remembering that good wine needs no bush, recommending his wares, says: "A good instrument makes its own puffing." Another's chocolate creams are "luxuriously outfitted and lose." For "experimental chemists" read "a division of explorers." There are goods "made per quite new proceedings"; stoppers are "bottle shuttings." "All styles" appear as "all executions."

Oct 1 1923

Volumes of recollections come thick and fast. Some of these Englishmen and Englishwomen remember, to no purpose, trivial happenings, foolish anecdotes, snobbish narrations. It has been said that a man should not write his memoirs unless he has lost his memory. He would then recall many things that did not happen and his book would be the more entertaining.

Walburga Lady Paget in her two volumes, "Embassies of Other Days," gossips about courts and society in many countries. The period is one of nearly 70 years. As a German countess and the wife of a British ambassador, she was often behind the scenes. It is perhaps needless to say that she is a stiff-necked conservative. She looked on Gladstone as an abominable person. As for John Bright she describes him as a man who "would spoil paradise for other people, when he is in the room I feel as if I were in a railway station."

#### THE MIGHTY AT TABLE

For centuries there has been curiosity concerning the dishes and beverages of potentates and others, world renowned; from the time of Suetonius, who tells us that the Emperor Augustus ate sparingly, "for I must not omit even this," and was particularly fond of coarse bread, small fishes, new cheese made of cow's milk—probably soft of "cottage" cheese—"and green figs of the sort that bear fruit twice a year"; and the emperor, whose stomach could not hold over a pint of wine, insisted on drink-

ing wine, used to dip bread in cold water, or take a slice of cucumber, or some leaves of lettuce, or a green, sharp, juicy apple, to quench his thirst. Old Gabriel Peignot of Dijon in one of his more popular books describes the gastronomic likes and dislikes of many mighty men. Lady Paget is similarly obliging.

Thus the English wife of Frederick, German Emperor, was found by Lady Paget breakfasting on oysters and port wine; on another occasion she ate seven hard-boiled eggs at breakfast.

In Vienna the Archduke Louis was seen by Lady Paget lunching on pickled cucumbers, ice and sour milk. He took a cold bath immediately afterwards and developed cholera. The sacrament of extreme unction was administered to him, he was so sick; but he recovered.

Then there were those intrepid drinkers, Bismarck and his family. "Count Kalnoky told me he never saw a family drink as they all did. They breakfast at 8 and then they begin with Rhine wine at 11, then champagne at luncheon. Afterwards a drive through the woods in the midst of which some bottles of beer are brought out. Then champagne and beer at dinner, then tea, and at 11 you meet over a 'bole' (cup) which flows till 2 in the morning. The old Princess, asthmatic and suffering from heart disease, drinks just as hard as the others."

#### LADY PAGET'S HUMOR

Lady Paget has a sense of humor which is not infrequently charged with malice. The Countess Dohna is described as "a good little woman, stiff with fright in society, and thoroughly wild, as she was freshly lassoed from her sand plains in East Prussia."

Lady Drogheda, Lord Warnecliffe's sister, was once so obliging as to be Lady Paget's guide at Doncaster races. This was her reward: "How it ever occurred to any man to marry her I cannot conceive, for it required great perspicacity to find out that this huge creature, with red and blue ruts in her face, was a woman. She loved racing and was bereft of manners, and she wore a sandy wig and dressed like a girl of 18."

#### AS A "PSYCHIC"

A "psychic," Lady Paget has seen or heard ghosts and had "warnings." She heard cries for help when her husband was nearly drowned though he was at a great distance from her; she was lying in her bedroom at Vienna when the Duke of Clarence died, and she heard newsboys shouting in English beneath her window, "Death of the Duke of Clarence." At Drayton, England, "One night as I was lying wide awake in bed I heard the rustic of a silk dress behind the curtains at the foot end of the bed, then a cold wind swept over me, and I distinctly heard the sound as of a body falling on the floor." She jumped out of bed and spent the night, thoroughly frightened, on a sofa in an adjoining room. She learned that others had heard similar noises in that bed chamber, which communicated with a secret room where a Duchess of Norfolk used to conceal her lovers in good old Tudor days.

#### BYRON'S GEESSE

Has this story about Byron been published? He was in the habit of buying a goose to fatten for Michaelmas. The goose was slung beneath his carriage. By the time of Michaelmas he was usually so fond of the goose that he would not allow it to be killed, and at last a half-dozen geese were slung in baskets under this traveling carriage.

#### DON'T READ THIS

There is a singularly unpleasant story about King Luiz of Portugal. It was told by Gen. Ellis, who was with the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) in Athens when the Crown Prince of Greece was married.

"They telephoned from Lisbon to the prince that after King Luiz's death (he had a very prolonged agony) the doctors proceeded to the autopsy. At the first cut the King started up with a horrible shriek screaming, 'Oh, what a terrible pain,' but the wound was too long and deep to heal, and they had to chloroform him to death."

There is a story to a similar effect about the "death" and autopsy of the Abbe Prevost, the author of "Manon Lescaut," but we have read that there was no foundation for this legend.

#### "THE MORE YOU TELL"

(Adv. in Chicago Tribune)

BIRD'S-EYE TWIN BEDS, DRESSER, Chairs, Desk, Book of Knowledge; cheap. 214 E. 46th-st. Kenwood 1886.

#### COMPENSATION

(Gold-diggers are prosperous.—O. O.)

Heaven bless them all!—the dashing, dazzling blondes

And their shrewd sisters, snappy-eyed brunettes.

Fast grow their store of diamonds, deeds and bonds;

Yea: grow their assets faster than

their debts!

Let silks and satins, limousines and ease  
Be theirs forever, dear, designing girls;

And may they wax more skillful still to please,  
And sweeter smile, and toss more cunning curls!

Heaven bless them all! . . . I mind me of a story

Or epigram on women, great and small,

The point of which is that the predatory  
Do, in their turn, to lesser bandits fall.

It is well ordered! Nature, thus, provides a

Renewal scheme, and parasites give blood

To parasites: each one of them divides a  
Part of the plunder. . . . Verily,  
'tis good!

#### THE PRETENDER

Shura Cherkassky Presents

Well Chosen Program

At Symphony hall, Sunday afternoon, recital by Shura Cherkassky. The program was as follows:

Handel, "Aria Con Variazioni, in D minor"; Beethoven-Busoni, "Eccossaises"; Weber, "Invitation to the Dance"; Chopin, "Etude in C-sharp minor"; "Fantaisie-Impromptu," "Impromptu in A-flat major," "Valse in C-sharp minor"; Mendelssohn, "Prelude in E minor"; "Scherzo in E minor"; Rachmaninoff, "Barcarolle," "Polka"; Shura Cherkassky, "Prelude Pathetique"; Liszt, "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

If curiosity mongers expected a display of musical pyrotechnics from Shura Cherkassky, the boy pianist, in his first concert in Boston yesterday at Symphony hall, they must have been disappointed. It was a performance singularly lacking in virtuosity and mannerisms. He seemed to avoid the theatrical, and played with a delicacy of touch and exquisite fancy. His music was a fragile thing, wistful, gentle, yet he played the Mendelssohn Scherzo with a finish and epigrammatic skill that is rare among concert pianists.

Shura Cherkassky is a boy, but he played not only with technical dexterity, but with intelligence. If he did not encompass the emotional values, he played with sympathy and charm. His interpretation of Rachmaninoff's Barcarolle had a richness and variety of tone. Even the Hungarian Rhapsody was executed without undue flourish. He never attempted to close with a tour de force. At times there was an unevenness in his playing, but always that softness in shading, and whimsical lightness that never verged on the frivolous.

The program was a well chosen one, noticeable for its lack of brilliant show pieces and virtuosity. His manner was that of Helfetz, disinterested, absorbed, and at the same time boyish. He had none of the ear marks of the professional prodigy. Perhaps it was unfortunate to have chosen Symphony hall, for there were many empty seats. We hope that he will be allowed to mature, unexploited, for he shows not only technical ability, but understanding.

E. G.

Oct 2 1923

Perhaps Hill's "Manual of Social and Business Forms," published in 1883, is no longer in print. F. H. D. favors The Herald with a copy of a letter from Miss Marietta Wilcox to a Mr. Bannister which appears in this value mecum of 40 years ago, as a model of "the reply to a young man that uses tobacco."

It begins: "Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your courteous letter, containing a declaration of love." Miss Wilcox admits that she loves Mr. Bannister, admires his natural ability, appreciates him for his industry, and respects him for his filial respect towards his parents. In fact he is a model, but she cannot wed him for he uses tobacco, and she is thoroughly convinced that this "most destructive" habit "saps the morality and vigor of our young men." She gives four reasons for her opinion.

1. "It would impoverish my home. Only 10 cents a day expended for a cigar, in a lifetime of 40 years, with its accumulations of interest, amounts to over \$4000! The little sum of 11 cents per day, saved from being squandered on tobacco, and properly put to interest, amounts in that time to \$5160. No wonder so many homes, the heads of which use tobacco, are without the comforts of life."



II.

"It would wreck my happiness." Miss Wilcox knew the "physiological" (sic) fact that . . . water and all common drinks become insipid and tasteless when tobacco is used, so that the person using the same involuntarily craves strong drink, in order to TASTE it. If—no in 1923 syntheolite gin, moonshine and bootleggers.

III.

"It would surround me with filth."  
"To say nothing of the great drain on the physical health by the constant expectoration of saliva, thus ruining the health of many robust constitutions, I could not endure the fetid breath of the tobacco-user . . . I am immediately faint at the thought of dragging my skirts through the spittle in a railway car, or any place where it is thrown upon the floor; I turn with disgust at the atmosphere—God's pure, fresh air—that is tainted with the stench of tobacco smoke."

We infer from this that Mr. Bannister was a free expectorator, with whom a spittoon was the necessary accompaniment to a pipe or a cigar; that he was not a self-consumer.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us that once in Syracuse, N. Y., he called on a charming woman, who moved in the "first circles" of the town. She offered him a cigar and shoved a spittoon—she called it a cuspidor—near his chair. When he smilingly said he had no use for that article of drawing-room furniture, she exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Johnson, don't you spit? All my men friends do."

It will also be observed from Miss Wilcox's letter that she wore sweeping skirts. Writing in 1923, she would not raise this point, for undoubtedly she has raised her skirt (if she is still alive).

IV.

"It would corrupt my husband's morals."

And how? Because "all the associations are bad. . . . To smoke in peace, the man must resort to the place where others smoke. In that room are profanity, obscene language and every species of vulgarity. There may be occasionally an exception. The fact is patent, however, that in the room in which vulgarity and obscenity prevail there is always tobacco smoke in the air, and the vile spittle on the floor."

And so Marietta, while she devotedly loved Mr. Bannister, insisted that there should be no further correspondence. Did Mr. Bannister chafe? Did he kneel and swear off? Did Marietta relent?

BACK TO SNUFF

Here, as in London, there are women of fashion that, tired of the cigarette, smoke pipes, and purchase elaborately ornamented ones. (Clay pipes, it is said, bring on cancer.) The next step will be to revive snuff-taking. Even now in London, snuff is taken in offices, especially where smoking is not allowed. Three varieties are in the shops. The first plain, pungent of a fine brown color; baked snuff, black and less pungent; then the scented snuff in which the perfume disguises quality, as sauce piquante conceals the staleness of a fish. At the Beau's Club described in Ned Ward's scandalous little "History of the London Clubs" (1709) the members pulled from the gilt snuff boxes "orangee, Brazil and plain Spanish, that each may fill his Elephant Trunk with Odoriferous Dust and make his Breath as sweet as an Arabian breeze to the Nostrils of a Seaman." Is "orangee" still in the market? Is Macaboy, the snuff scented with attar of roses, to be purchased? Years ago the fair Louise Dolignon sported a snuff-box with a tube and a spring by which the snuff was shot up the nostril. The box was of mother of pearl and silver. If Miss Marietta Wilcox is now living she might welcome a box of this nature for a Christmas present. She has reached the age when it is highly respectable for maiden ladies to take snuff.

THIS LITTLE WORLD

One evening in a Pullman car  
I met a man of pleasant mien:  
We talked of topics near and far—  
Of where we'd been, and what we'd seen.  
Before an hour had passed, we found  
He knew my cousin in St. Paul:  
He smiled and said, with thought profound,  
"How small the world is, after all!"

On boats and cars, where throngs are dense,  
On mountain-tops, at tralls' ends,  
With unforeseen coincidence  
I meet old friends, or friends of friends:  
I'm glad to see them; but I dread  
Those words that stay me as they fall—  
Those words which always must be said—  
"How small the world is, after all!"

I'd like to go abroad again  
And visit places seen before;  
But some day, in the Madeleine,  
Or in St. Gotthard Tunnel's bore,  
In Moscow, Rome, or Guadalupe,  
There'd come the friendly, foolish call

Of some well-meaning nincompoop—  
"How small the world is, after all!"

And, so, I dare not travel now:  
I've lost my zest for foreign shores:  
No strangers will I meet, I vow!  
I shun my fellow-men as bores.  
For everywhere, by land or sea,  
Some blithering idiot will bawl  
In quaint surprise and stupid glee:  
"How small the world is, after all!"  
WINFRED ERNEST GARRISON.

As the World Wags:

A friend has just handed me the enclosed. I cannot vouch for the miner, but I can for all of the names of the places.  
EMMA H. CUTTER.  
Skull Valley, Ariz.

Death holds no terrors for an Arizona miner. Asked to write a short history of his life, he wrote as follows:  
"I was born at Wild Horse Basin, went to school at Bloody Basin, learned mining in Hell's Canon, worked in the bowels of the earth at the Green Monster Mine, went through Devil's Gate and Skull Valley on my way to the Dead Dog Mine to work for Coffin Brothers, and worked there on the Grave Yard Shift, then left there and went to Death Valley, thence over the Funeral range to Tombstone."

Baliev Brings Wooden Soldiers, Katinka and All

By PHILIP HALE

Shubert Theatre: First appearance in Boston of Nikita Baliev's "Chauve-Souris." Presented by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. Elie Zlatin, conductor of the orchestra.

The Russian invasion of the United States began with the use of Russian leather. The suddenly rich after the civil war thus bound even encyclopaedias and scorned half-calf, which had hitherto been the favorite binding for "full sets of standard authors," books without which no gentleman's library was complete. Then came the feverish interest in Russian novels and Russian music. The Ballet Russe came later and shared a gorgeously barbaric and sensuous side of Russian art. Last season Russian plays were acted here by Russians. Now, after the prolonged triumph in New York, we are permitted to become acquainted with Russian vaudeville.

Mr. Baliev is the guide, philosopher, friend. He stands before the curtain and explains, cracks his jokes, now comments as a disinterested person on the show, and now reminds one of a polished "barker," a "barker" raised to the nth power. As a rule his remarks are amusing; at times they miss fire; but he is an essential part of the show and last night he had before him a very large and sympathetic audience.

The show may be described as "different." It is often not so much what is done as it is the way in which it is done. Certain things stand out in bold relief: the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers, the See-Saw, the burlesque Italian opera, the gypsy songs in "A Night at Yard's" and Mr. Baliev.

The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers is distinguished by the preciseness and the neatness of execution. It would have excited the admiration of that stern disciplinarian, the father of Frederick the Great. The exactitude of the evolutions, the inexorable stiffness of the soldiers, the constant illusion of puppets controlled by some drill-master in the wings, the sublime seriousness of those marching, these, with the singularly appropriate music, make the parade irresistibly comical.

The fame of this Parade and of Katinka had long ago preceded the arrival of the company. The success of Katinka may be chiefly accounted for by the persistent rhythm of the music, for the dancing of the polka itself has little grace or humor. The older theatre-goers could hardly keep from remembering Rosina Vokes in her polka song and dance. Last night both the Parade and Katinka were stormily redemanded.

Most amusing was the parody of Italian opera, with the singers arranged as if they were marionettes, with the florid singing and airs and graces of the prima donna, Mme. Birse, her attention to her costume when she was not singing, the inattention of the others when she had her grand aria.

The Gypsy songs were to some the great feature of the review. They were alternately sad with the melancholy peculiar to the Russian and joyous till they reached a frenzy that was intoxicating. And how well they were sung by the several solo singers and the chorus, sung now with deep but unaffected feeling, now with a fervor, a madness that carried all before it.

Of the more sentimental numbers, those that made an appeal by grace and delicacy, Porcelaine de Meissen (the

See-Saw) was the most pleasing. In this Mme. Dianina was indeed "a dainty rogue in porcelain." Next in interest came "Silence." The least successful vocal number from the strictly musical standpoint was the famous song of the Volga bargeman, "El Uhnem."  
The revue, or what you call it, is interesting in the less prominent scenes by reason of its egotism, also by the manner in which trifles assume importance through the care and taste bestowed upon the performance. The stage settings were unusual; there were some beautiful effects of lighting; the costumes were characteristic—and there was Mr. Baliev, at ease with himself and the audience, eloquent in pantomimic comment, delightful when he expressed his opinion on Voltaire as a philosopher.

St. James Theatre. "Six Cylinder Love," a comedy in three acts by William Anthony McGuire. The cast includes:

Geraldine Burton.....Anna Layne  
Richard Burton.....Mark Kent  
Phyllis Burton.....Jill Middleton  
Mary.....Ethel Henin  
Margaret Rogers.....Viola Roach  
Bertram Rogers.....Ralph M. Remely  
Harold Winston.....Edward Darney  
Gilbert Sterling.....Houston Richards  
Marilyn Sterling.....Adelyn Bushnell  
William Donoy.....Walter Gilbert  
George Stapleton.....Harold Chase  
Smith.....Ralph Morehouse  
Tom Johnson.....Samuel Godfrey

"Six Cylinder Love" is a bolsterous play of motoring and suburbanites and the Boston stock company played it last night with energy and a sturdy appreciation of the buffooneries. The comedy, given here last season, concerns the blubberings of a young married couple, the expertness of an automobile salesman, and the vicissitudes of owning a high-powered motor car on "time."

Houston Richards played the young married man, an ex-newsboy, risen to the dignity of a suburban home and a motor car in which to entertain a host of "devoted guests," with amusing seriousness and lack of farcical exaggeration. Walter Gilbert stamped with great gusto as the automobile salesman whose repertoire included everything from carburetor talks to river breezes, and Adelyn Bushnell had much of the bromide charm of dulcy. It was a well-rounded performance, and the settings were not only skilful, but artistic.

BILLED AT KEITH'S

Julius Tannen, prince of monologists and a favorite with Boston theatre-goers, heads an exceptionally fine vaudeville bill at Keith's this week. Billed as "the Chatterbox, Speaking the Public Mind," Tannen in his inimitable way discusses questions and topics of the day and keeps his audience laughing every minute. Only once does he strike a serious note. It comes when he recites a poem written by Edgar A. Guest.

Sharing honors closely are Mme. Julie Bekefi, heading a number of Russian artists who appear in "Bekefi's Theatre Grotesque." Songs by the troupe are in Russian, but the dancing knows no national bounds. The company is made up of an unusually clever and versatile group, and one of the outstanding features was the accordion playing of Fyodor Ramsh, who gave Chopin's waltz in a most charming manner. The dance of the wooden dolls by Mlles. Marie Cherer and Sophie Rossova was also well received, as was the Habanera by Mme. Julie Bekefi.

Will Cressy and Blanche Dayne, always welcome here, appear in a new skit billed as "The End of a Perfect Troup." Rboc Wilton, an English comedian, appearing in "Sherlock Bill," ably assisted by Miss Florence Palmer, gave a novel offering. His method of putting over the act is new and he and his partner were accorded several encores.

George F. Moore, master of patter and clever nonsense, assisted by two graceful and comely dancers, June Astor and Victoria Miles, use as a vehicle "A Little of This and That." Clever lines, songs and dances make up the offering. Heras and Wills, billed as "Backyard Entertainers," have a novel act. They burlesque the acrobatic acts one sees so often on the vaudeville stage. The act is highly amusing.

Bob Snell and Ernestine Vernon, in "An Artistic Diversion." Al Ulls and Bud Lee in "The Melodious Syncopators," Fleurette Jcoffrie, coloratura soprano, and motion pictures are also on the bill.

LOEW'S STATE—"The White Rose," a D. W. Griffith production.

Marie Carrington.....Carol Dempster  
Joseph Beaugarde.....Ivor Novello  
Bessie Williams.....Mae Marsh  
John White.....Neil Harrington  
Marie.....Lucille La Verne  
Apollo.....Porter Strong  
Here is another beautiful Griffith picture, with all of the romantic glamor

and sentiment of "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East," set in the Evangeline country of Louisiana. Against a background of Georgian colonial homes, hanging mosses and moonlight, this romance has been set and interspersed with negro comedy that never comes as mere comic relief.

It is a story of a southern boy, Joseph Beaugarde, studying for the ministry, and engaged to Marie Carrington of another aristocratic family. He decides to take a walking tour "to see the world," and the rest is of his falling off from grace through an affair with "Teasie," Bessie Williams, a waitress in a resort inn.

Reminiscent of Henry Arthur Jones' "Michael and His Lost Angel" is the dramatic public confession of the young clergyman, when he decides to make amends for his wild oats. Ivor Novello, as Joseph Beaugarde, plays with constraint and sincerity his first role in an American picture. Mae Marsh is often annoyingly twitchy in her gestures, and at times her winsome pout is a bit overdone, but she plays with her usual vivacity. Porter Strong and Lucille La Verne give some excellent comedy touches as the negro attendants.  
E. G.

PARK THEATRE—"Pioneer Trails," directed by David E. Smith.

Rose Miller.....Alice Calhoun  
Jack Dale.....Cullen Landis  
Miller.....Dwight Crittenden  
"Softy".....Otis Harlan  
Philip Blaney.....Bertram Grassby  
Laundry Lou.....Aggie Herring

"Pioneer Trails" is another western movie, with exhibitions of horsemanship and costuming of the 1840's, that begins in the manner of "The Covered Wagon" a wagon brigade storming the California valleys in search of gold. There is an Indian attack, heralded by a silhouette of an Indian chief wheeling about on horseback on a mountain top, that degenerates into a horrible melee. But there the resemblance ends.

The story develops into a long drawn romance concerning a boy picked up in the ruins of a wagon train, the murder of his adopted mother by the villain, and the hero's much interrupted trial resulting from false accusation. Incidentally, there is a very pretty heroine in crinolines, played by Alice Calhoun, and some controlled villainies from Philip Blaney (Bertram Grassby).  
E. G.

A correspondent writes from Wakefield: "Speaking of small magazines, the Chap Book published in the summer of 1895, a poem which is worth reprinting if this can be located at the present time. The first two lines are:

"When God sends out His company to travel through the stars  
There is every kind of wonder in the show."

Our correspondent refers to "The Wrestler" by Charles G. D. Roberts. It was published July 1, 1895—Vol. III, No. 4 of the Chap Book.

The first verse is as follows:  
"When God sends out His company to travel through the stars,  
There is every kind of wonder in the show;

There is every kind of animal behind its prison bars;  
With riders in a many-colored row.  
The master showman, Time, has a strange trick of rhyme,  
And the clown's most ribald jest is a tear;  
But the best drawing card is the Wrestler, huge and hard,  
Who can fill the tent at any time of year."

There are four verses; this is the fourth:

"Oh, many a mighty foeman would try  
To fall with him—  
Persepolis, and Babylon, and Rome,  
Assyria, and Sardis, they see their fame grow dim,  
As he tumbles in the dust every dome.  
At length will come an hour when the stars shall feel his power,  
And he shall have his will upon the sun,  
Ere we know what he's about the stars will be put out,  
And the wonder of the show will be undone."

And this lover of verse asks: "Where does the stranger from Kalamazoo think he is when he reads this Subway sign on Devonshire street: 'MILK STATION, TRAINS SOUTH?'"

EYES RIGHT

Kalamazoo! There is a fascination in the word, as there was in Mesopotamia to the pious old lady in the story. No wonder that a poet on the staff of the Daily Chronicle, London, reading



this item of news. "Dancing partners in Kalamazoo" must not allow their eyes to meet" invoked the Muse.

When Cyrus goes tripping with Sadie

A fox-trot in Kalamazoo,  
He dons a sombrero full shady  
Lest haply a glance from the lady  
Should scorch him and riddle him  
through.

Her eyes from their curtains of  
lashes  
Blaze out as a bolt from the blue;  
His heart, as the thunderbolt  
crashes,  
Subsides into cinders and ashes,  
So wild is the Kalamazoo.

"The Prefect of Trent has issued a decree forbidding the use of the names 'Tyrol,' 'South Tyrol,' and 'Tyrolese.' For these historic names the new fangled words 'Alto (Upper) Adige' and 'Altesimo' (inhabitant of the Upper Adige) are to be used obligatorily."

Tourists have protested against travelers saying they were going to "the Tyrol" instead of "going to Tyrol," insisting that the solecism was as flagrant as "the Hol Polloi."

But what is to become of the Tyrolese hat, the Tyrolese yodeler, and the dance and the song known as the Tyrolenne? Not even a plug hat would be popular if it were advertised as an Altesimo.

#### IN PLACE OF BITTAH BE-AH

As the World Wags:

The Herald has been telling us how the English talk of ice cream soda as an American atrocity, or words to that effect, and how long it may take them to learn to like it.

And yet if you will look up the file of the London Punch for the summer of 1881 you will find a poem on summer drinks which, besides describing shandygaff and other lawful or unlawful concoctions, has the line, "One ice cream dissolved in soda is of coolers not the worst," and ends with the highly Volsteadian line, "Ariston men udor—Pindar very possibly was right!"

Now, you know, whatever is in Punch is orthodox for England. And how much did America know of ice cream soda in 1881? I was not a city dweller then, but I am sure the name and fame of ice cream soda had not yet reached the maple-sugar town where my 12-year-old existence was being spent.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale.

#### THE DRINGER

A paragraph recently published in the Daily Chronicle of London may supplement Mr. Byington's letter:

"To a Harrow boy named Dring some 40 years ago, one of the famous seasonal dishes of the school is due. It is known as a Dringer. The base is our old friend strawberries, cream and sugar; then are added portions of cream ice and strawberry ice. The popularity of the dish can be appreciated from its reference in Bishop Weldon's Recollections. The American ice bar and the curious mixtures of ice, fruit, cream and nuts that are sold in our light refreshment houses may have some connection with the Dringer. The boy Dring was of Irish parentage."

#### AUTHORS' TITLES

As the World Wags:

A recent newspaper article, discussing the skill with which novelists invent and apply names to their characters, cited H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay" as an excellent example of an invented title which is both apt and striking. "Tono-Bungay," however, is only partly invented, as Bungay is a market town in Suffolk county, England. Phineas Pett, the royal shipbuilder under Charles II., and a contemporary of Samuel Pepys, refers to it in a diary of his journey into the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, in company with Sir Anthony Deane, in 1677, for the purpose of buying up "Timber and Plank" for the King's ships.

Wells's novel of "Tono-Bungay" dealt with the promoter of a patent medicine and the cropper that he came. Some fiction writers label their characters with titles of an extreme woodenness. Stevenson, however, had a peculiar faculty for creating titles for his characters that expressed them and made them live as nothing else could. "Long John Silver," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" are immortal. Take Hoseson of the brig Covenant of Dysart. The name seems to carry in its very syllables the bloodshed, cruelty and tragedy that marked the voyage and final wreck of that ill-fortuned vessel among the Inner Hebrides.

CAPT BRASSBROUN

Oct 4 1922

The Herald was indebted to Mr. Boris, photographer, for the picture of Miss Gwen Richardson of the Copley Theatre, published last Sunday.

John McCormack will be with us next week, and Symphony hall will again be crowded. He might shout: "Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is still 'they come!'"

F. E. H. writes: "Is not your correspondent 'Tantalus,' in error when he says that 'Francesca da Rimini' had not been written 30 years ago?" It must be all of 40 years since I saw Lawrence Barrett in that piece. Moreover, Duse's last visit here in 1903 was 20 years ago, not 30."

Mme. Duse played in Gabriele d'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini," which was brought out in 1902. You never saw Barrett in it. There are other plays based on the old story; among them are Silvia Pellico's, George H. Baker's, Marlan Crawford's (Marcel Schwob translated it into French and Sarah Bernhardt took the part of Francesca in 1902 at her theatre).

#### YOU CAN LEAVE IT BORED

(Theatre adv in Malverna (Ia) Leader)

We have installed new veneers on our seats, and you will have no more trouble by sticking to the seats.

\*Mr. Montoux tells us that he will not bring out many new French works at the Symphony concerts this season. "When you hear French music, you should hear the best." He speaks highly of Louis Aubert's "Habanera," which will be performed at the second concert. (Aubert's opera, "La foret bleue," was produced at the Boston Opera House in March, 1913, and his Fantaisie for piano and orchestra has been played at a New England Conservatory concert.) Mahler's first symphony will be played here for the first time at the third concert.

Mr. Arthur Brooke, who has filled admirably the position of second flute for many years, now leaves at his own request. He will be replaced by a French artist. There will be a double quartet of horns. The two newcomers are Germans. Mr. Montoux says that a horn quartet should be composed of Germans or Frenchmen; for when the players are of two nations, the tonal quality is not homogeneous; not at all from racial feeling, but because the instruments differ, as does the manner of tonal production. When Mr. Damrosch imported a French horn player, he found it necessary to play a German horn.

Mr. Montoux heard little or no music in Paris, for he was there out of season. He thinks that the orchestra at the Opera-Comique has shown a certain lack of discipline since M. Ruhlmann, formerly the conductor, returned to Belgium. Mr. Montoux has many works of various nationalities which he received last season, but he thinks that no audience wishes to hear more than one unfamiliar piece at a concert. Certainly the reactionaries can attend the first concert without suspicion or trepidation, for the program, while it is interesting, contains nothing that should distress the poker-backed conservatives. This program includes Beethoven's 7th symphony; Brahms's St. Anthony variations; "La Peri," a danced poem by Dukas, and Richard Strauss's Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome."

Mr. James E. Coyle writes: "When Boston lost a vaudeville star and gained a first-grade police superintendent, 'Tim Toolan' was one of Mr. Crowley's star numbers. I look back with joy to the many times I and hundreds of others joined vociferously in the chorus: 'Then we cheered loud and long for Tim Toolan, 'Twas a tiger and three times three.' . . . Mr. Crowley could give cards and spades to Maggie Cline for energy and to Billy Sunday for gymnastics. He had a 'big number' in 'Rastus Johnson's Ragtime Ball.'"

When George M. Cohan informed us that not he, but Seymour Hicks, would play the Vagabond in the impending London performances of his delectable travesty, "The Tavern," we, meaning to flaunt our cosmopolitanism, rejoined, easily, that Hicks had brains. . . . "Yes," protested Mr. Cohan; "but he's a good actor!"—Chicago Tribune.

What, if anything, has "Dad" started? He insists that his memory is retentive with regard, not to unimportant details, but to essentials. Can there be other names sweeter than Murphy or O'Houlihan? Mr. Lansing R. Robinson is glad to correct, Mr. Frank H. Orcutt is glad to correct the correction, and gratitude goes out to both.

More than one have been the nuns singing ungodly songs at home. Mine were "The Prodigal Son" and De Wolf Hopper's "The Man with an Elephant on His Hands."

Imperfect memory recalls John F. Leonard, him with the walking stick of

a "gentleman" and beautiful pronunciation of "poomp," etc, singing:

"First comes Mary Casey

With her bustle soaring high

? ? ? ? ?

Then comes Mr. Monahan

Who lives at Number Four

He tips his hat as he passes by

The Widow Mulloney's door."

DAD.

The critic of the Times wrote, when "The Green Goddess" was produced in London, that there was at the fall of the curtain "a polished speech—quite an oration—from Mr. Arliss, and at last some bowling, apparently under protest, from Mr. William Archer." It will be observed that Mr. Arliss did not deliver his "oration" with any signs of protest on his part.

Amy Leslie, in the Chicago Daily News: "Los Angeles, as usual, had not the faintest idea what it was all about, but liked it and applauded voluptuously." This led "Tantalus" to remark: "That even its applause is voluptuous may be attributed, of course, to the climate; but nothing save bulletins from the Drama League can correct the other condition."

The fact that two new musical comedies, both equipped with highly popular players, have been given mixed receptions on the first night is remarkable. The authors of these pieces will not meet the more delicate taste of the huge public that there is for comic opera, nor will they trouble to introduce the sharp dialogue and pointed social criticism of revue. They just turn out the old familiar stuff, and the result is that, until the comedians have worked up their parts into acceptable music hall turns by exploiting their own gags and tricks of the trade, musical comedies constitute about as grave a strain on human tolerance as the modern theatre presents. It is a good thing that the gallery should at times forget its manners and remember its sufferings. Perhaps even musical comedy librettists will take their very audible hint.—Manchester Guardian.

"When I can't get an opera into my head," Mary is said to have said, "it isn't good art!" . . . Passing by at least two operas that Mary got into her head, "Cleopatre" and "Gismonda," it is fitting to recall that, as Zaza, Germaine Farrar never for a moment suggested the need of a head.—Tantalus.

04 5 423  
Mrs. Pauline Frost Ives writes to us. "Who ever wrote the headlines in The Herald

#### MOTHER-IN-LAW WILL TAKE COOLIDGE HOME

provided a shock for all good citizens who picture our President as a model of sobriety. The lines have a 'Father, dear Father, come home with me now' tone. I shudder to think of the impression given to those of us who read headlines and skip the reading matter below."

Mr. M. J. Kill is an undertaker, while Dr. Genius should meet Mr. Maniak, a seller of meat. They are all prominent citizens of Chicago. And in that city "Cheery Pies" are announced for sale in a baker's window.

#### COMMERCIAL CANDOR

A cafeteria in Chicago advertises: "Where you look before you eat."

This reminds us of an old story. A stranger went into a restaurant and asked a waiter: "Can I get a good meal here?"

"Best in the city."  
"Can I speak to the proprietor?"  
"O he's gone over to the hotel for dinner."

#### CIVIC INSOMNIA

(From the Chicago Daily News.)

"Evanston awoke after a sleepless night."

#### BONES OF THE BEHEMOTH

As the World Wags:

The Boston Advertiser of Jan. 4, 1930, published this advertisement:

"For the better accommodation of the Public these extraordinary Bones (supposed to be of the Behemoth mentioned in Job, 40 C.) have been removed to the southern basement room of the Tremont House and have been arranged in such order as will exhibit them to the best advantage. The exhibition will remain open for a short season prior to their removal to Europe. The rooms will be illuminated in the evenings. Admission 25c. Children half price. Season tickets 50c."

Boston.

#### LIKE THE OLD POLLY CRONE SENIOR

(Evanston Index)

For Sale—New Polly Crone junior floorlamp. Sunnyside 5519.

#### CONSIDER THE MULE

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "H. P. C." writes entertainingly of mules; but, I am afraid, with little sympathy or real understanding. Bill Nye did it better. "H. P. C." must have been reading the comic strips. Anyone who has lived on terms of intimacy with a mule must recognize his sterling qualities. He may lack something of personal charm; but he makes up for this amply in his rugged honesty, his keen intelligence and his uncompromising self respect.

The mule gets his brilliant intellect not from the horse, who is the dumbest of dumb animals, but from the other side of the family. The only good qualities the mule gets from the horse is his size and a streak of ornariness that tempers the docility of the burro and makes for character.

The mule has a fine philosophy of life. He hates work as any normal creature ought. He has a profound and proper contempt for man. He is willing to do his bit when he has to; but he knows his limits and won't try to do more for anybody. Where a fool horse pulls himself dead for a fool master the mule decides that enuf is enuf and quits.

Men have always favoured the horse and the dog. That's because we have an inherited streak of sadism. We like the horse because he doesn't know enough to resent abuse. We love the dog because he is the original masochist and is always ready to take a beating from his master and come back for more. We sneer at the mule because he knows too much.

If the average Missouri mule were psycho-analyzed he would be found to rate higher mentally and morally than the average member of Congress. The only valid objection to him is the fact that his high character absolutely refutes the theories of Henry Fairfield Osborn, Madison Grant and the rest of 'em on the evils of miscegenation.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston.

#### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

(Seen on a Billboard)

"My Husband Uses Lifebuoy Soap to Protect Our Health."

#### SWAN-UPPING

E. G. S. writes: "I read in a London newspaper that 'swan upping' had begun. What on earth is 'swan upping'?"

We could not have told you off-hand and with an air of "Inquire within for all you want to know;" that was the title of a household book published years ago by Dick and Fitzgerald of New York. But we consulted the dictionary and other books of invaluable assistance.

It appears that every swan found on British rivers or seas may be seized by the Crown and become its property unless it bears its owner mark. Swan upping is the annual marking of Thames swans on the upper mandible. The King's are marked with his initial; the Dyers' company's with one nick on the beak; the Vintners' with two. The Vin ners' mark has been the cause, some say, of the frequent misspelling of an English tavern sign, for "The Swan with Two Necks" should be "The Swan with the Two Nicks." We like to think that there was no mistake in this instance; that "The Swan with Two Necks" is to be classed with "The Pig and Tinker-Box," "The Ship and Shovel," "The Cat and Fiddle," "The Goose and Gridiron" and other old London tavern signs. There are entertaining volumes in French and in English about signs, and one of Anatole France's most delightful books is "La Rotisserie de la reine Pedauque."

As the World Wags:

Recently in Savannah, Ga., I saw an advertisement headed "Laundry Talks." I am thinking of the public interest when I say, I trust not.

OBTUSE.

#### EVERETT AND BUCHAN

As the World Wags:

An interesting link in the literary relationship between Stevenson and John Buchan is furnished in the closing sentences of "A Possible Glimpse of Samuel Johnson," by the late William Everett, in the Atlantic Monthly for November, 1902. Dr. Everett, by means of supposed extracts from fictitious contemporary letters, draws an amusing picture of Johnson as a participant in the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. "The utmost we can venture to say," he concluded, "is that these scattered notes may give a hint to clear up the Egyptian darkness which now covers two years in the life of one who has since become one of the world's heroes. . . . They would certainly have formed quite enough basis of fact for Stevenson to work up into a novel portraying Johnson in the Jacobite army."

This clever skit by the learned and

— faster



quent Quincy schoolmaster and con-  
sman appeared some years after R.  
S's death; but Col. Buchanan, in  
Hawtiter, has done exactly what  
Everitt suggested Stevenson might  
ve done.  
J. C. L. C.  
Lancaster.

Oct 6 1923

The fact that the completion of a 60-  
ot steel tower on the unit of Mt.  
oby will be celebrated on Oct. 12 by  
historical pageant in which members  
the faculty of the Massachusetts  
gricultural College will appear as  
lonal settlers is doubtless of little in-  
rest to the great majority of our  
aders. We hear them saying, "Toby?  
Toby? Where the dickens is the  
ountain?"  
Toby is a little mountain, but there  
ere those in the Sixties that loved it.  
e used to drive to picnic there from  
r little village. The carriage, a  
carry-all," was drawn by two horses.  
our persons were comfortably seated  
nd little Edward sat on a cricket just  
ehind the dashboard; he could hardly  
ee the tails of the horses. The car-  
age rested in the rough road a little  
ay up the hill. Then there was an  
asy climb to the top. We still smell  
ne sweet-fern and other plants, for  
oby was odoriferous. There was a  
ne view of the meadows, stretched out  
ke a carpet with the Connecticut river  
unning through it. "There was Mt.  
olyoke on which Mr. French lived the  
ear round. There was Mt. Tom, the  
earer end of which was known as  
onotuck. Toward the north was  
ugarloaf. Mt. Warner was also a  
avorite picnic ground.  
Toby, to the best of our recollection,  
nlike Holyoke and Tom harbored no  
attlesnakes, and Elsie Venner, if she  
ad been invited to our picnic would  
ot have found her playmates and rela-  
tives.

And now the woodland on Toby is to  
be utilized as a laboratory for the work  
of the North Eastern Forest Experiment  
Station. We were fond of Toby and  
Warner when they were only favorable  
picnic grounds and in those happy days  
a picnic was not to us the abomination  
of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew  
prophet.

Who was Toby that gave his name to  
the mountain which is described by Mr.  
Porter E. Sargent in his valuable  
"Handbook of New England" as "a  
mass of conglomerate rock, on the slopes  
of which are several cascades and a re-  
markable cavern 150 feet long"? There  
is Sterne's Uncle Toby; there is Her-  
man Melville's Toby of Typee.

These hills were as the Himalaya to  
our boyish eyes. Did not Edmund Cla-  
rence Stedman in a poetic burst exclaim  
of Tom (1214 feet) and Holyoke (954  
feet):  
"There still the giant warders stand-  
And watch the currents downward  
flow?"

The American Medical Directory in-  
forms us that Lucinda Hatch is the at-  
tending physician of a maternity hos-  
pital in Portland, Me.

PERHAPS, PERHAPS  
Sign: "Your neighbor deserves your  
sistent consideration."

"O THERE WOULD I LIVE"  
As the World Wags:

One looks in vain, among your Brave  
Songs of an Elder Day, for the Bravest  
of them all. And the Bravest, as ever,  
was the tenderest, for this, to memory  
dear, portrayed not the valor of Gil-  
hooley or of Hogan, but sang the virtues  
of the Perfect State. The eyes fill and  
the throat becomes dry as one recalls  
the red-nosed comedian swaggering  
down to the footlights, giving a twist  
and a hitch to his trousers, pointing his  
muzzle chandler-ward and giving  
tongue in a voice hoarse with emotion  
to the following:

"Down in that City of Booze  
They neither wear stockings nor shoes,  
Sure they sleep all the day  
And they drink all the night,  
And they never are troubled with  
blues—  
All they do  
Is sit on a keg and drink booze:  
You buy water and tea  
But whiskey is free—  
WHERE?  
Down in that City—that wonderful  
City—  
That beautiful City of Booze!"

This was best sung just before Inter-  
mission: white-coated men in little  
places across the street or around the  
corner cocked ears at the crashing ques-  
tion and tucked back wristbands for  
stern work. The verses marched in a  
crescendo; one grew enviously misty-  
eyed over the Boozers on learning that

"Down in that City of Booze  
They neither pay house rent nor dues,  
Sure they all congregate  
Round the old brewery gate,  
Just to air their political views."

And as the singer, warming to his  
work, started the third stanza with—  
"Now—Boston's the City of Booze—"  
then strong men whistled through their  
fingers, stamped, yelled "O! O!" and  
beat upon seat backs in their enthusi-  
asm.

Brave singer, brave song! It lifted  
men out of themselves and gave them,  
for an instant, a glimpse of a better  
and a fairer land; it renewed and re-  
kindled in them that childish faith  
which fades and slips from us as we  
grow older and balder. One wonders  
wistfully what the red-nosed man now  
sings as he swaggers to the footlights;  
and do men grow red faced and breath-  
less in applause as they did when with  
Mr. Ben Hart of Reading, that famous  
dramatic critic, French scholar and pa-  
tron of art, we came down from the  
wilds of Hanover to refresh the soul and  
assuage the thirst for better things?  
TROISIEME VENDEMAIRE.

QUELLE SURPRISE  
(Head lines in Rutland (Vt.) Herald)  
Bolt Strikes Verandah Where Miss  
Surprise Is Seated, Stunning  
Her

Mr. F. W. Wheeler of Springfield, Vt.,  
writes: "There should be added to your  
'Immortals' the name of a very keen  
sportsman, Mr. Wiley Woodcock of  
Chester, Vt. This being apparently a  
case where the name fits."

From O. Henry: Written 15 years ago.  
A correspondent quotes:  
"At the Italian's fruit stand on the  
corner (Kid McGarry) stopped and cast  
a contemptuous eye over the display of  
papered oranges, highly-polished apples,  
and was, sure, hungry, and saw, saw,  
hungry, bananas. 'Gotta da peach?'  
asked the Kid in the tongue of Dante,  
the lover of lovers. 'Ah, no,' sighed the  
vender, 'not for one mont coma da  
peach. Too soon. Gotta da nice-a  
orange. Like a da orange?'"

B. M.  
As the World Wags:

Since August 4th we have had some  
30 letters from kind friends helping to  
solve the identity of Betty Martin, but  
not till Saturday, Sept. 22, did anything  
definite about the lady appear. I am  
greatly obliged to I. L. G. for her de-  
lightful account of the Maryland Betty,  
yet I feel that the Betty I have in vain  
sought during the past week is not  
the Maryland beauty. The one I have  
been seeking is the Betty that in some  
way was connected with apparent un-  
truth, the one of whom my parents  
spoke when I drew the long bow: "Don't  
tell me that; it is all my eye and Betty  
Martin." On one subject all the writers  
agree: She was a very charming  
dancer. I feel sure if she were living  
today we should see her in the Ziegfeld  
Follies. I am giving up the quest. I  
have derived much pleasure from read-  
ing the many letters concerning her  
and am sorry to think that, like the  
name of the man who assaulted the late  
Mr. Billy Patterson, her identity will  
never be disclosed.  
V. F.  
Waterford.

STAGE NOTES '923

"Robert E. Lee" reached its 100th  
performance at the Regent Theatre,  
London, on Sept. 15; "Lilac Time"  
("Blossom Time") its 300th at the Lyric  
on Sept. 11.

Jack Sheppard was the author of a  
new sketch at the Palladium, London,  
in which R. A. Roberts played the five  
characters that appeared during two  
scenes.

Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary are  
again to appear on the stage, this  
time in Clara Reed's "The Two  
Crowns," which will be played on Dec.  
7 in London. The play is in verse.  
Daring Miss Reed!

Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuse-  
lah" will be produced for the first time

in England at the Birmingham Rep-  
ertory Theatre from Oct. 9 to Oct. 27.  
During this period the complete cycle  
will be given four times.

A new musical comedy, "The Beauty  
Prize," book by George Grossmith and  
P. G. Wodehouse, produced in London  
at the Winter Garden Theatre last  
month, was unfavorably reviewed by  
the Times: "On the whole, the narra-  
tive is an arid desert, in which the  
music of Jerome Kern makes only an  
occasional oasis. His music is quite  
pretty, but there are few tunes that  
linger in the memory."

A light opera based by Alfred Ka-  
lische on "She Stoops to Conquer,"  
music by Percy Bodson, was produced  
last month at Calden-Baden. The play  
has been greatly condensed and the

libretto is written mostly in rhymed  
verse, but in the prose portions Gold-  
smith's text has been retained.

A correspondent inquires, apropos of the Chauve Souris at the Shubert  
Theatre, whether the polka tune to which Katinka dances is not that of  
the old song which ran, "Ha! Ha! Ha! You and me, little brown jug  
how I love thee."

"Is not the 'Minuet,' which they gave, from the very delightful story  
of Maupassant, 'done into English' by H. C. Bunner? If so, the thing of  
the opening night was a dreadful piece of butchery."

Mr. Baliev stated before the curtain that the scene was derived from  
Mauspassant's story.

After all the chief features of the bill were the Parade of the Wooder  
Soldiers, the See-Saw, the burlesqued Italian opera, the glorious singing  
of the mournful and mad Gypsy songs, and Mr. Baliev himself—in mod-  
eration, and at times.

Mr. Leon Gordon, formerly of the Copley Theatre, is writing a play  
in which the theme is miscegenation. Leonard Merrick wrote a novel,  
"The Quaint Companions," in which a young English woman marries a  
negro tenor, and he wrote a curiously unpleasing tale about a woman,  
beautiful in the face, who, below the neck was coal black, the result of  
her mother's fright in Africa. She showed herself thus at dinner to a  
young artist who was madly in love with her, and he was horror stricken.  
She accompanied an army officer later without waiting for him to secure  
his divorce from his wife. There was a tragic ending.

The power of Mr. Galsworthy's "Loyalties" is shown by the dis-  
cussions excited by the play. Some think his purpose was to extol the  
Jew in opposition to the Gentile. To this opinion we cannot say "Amen."  
A more plausible opinion is that he wished to show how mistaken loyalty  
in the army can work grievous injustice, as it did in the Dreyfus case.  
But there is also the loyalty of the old lawyer to his profession triumphing  
over friendship and pity. Is it not highly probable that Mr. Galsworthy's  
chief aim was to write a good play? In this he succeeded gloriously.

There was a time in Boston when even the name Casanova was  
whispered with a blush. Now women of high degree purchase jauntily  
in bookshops the complete, unexpurgated edition of his astonishing  
memoirs, and a play founded on his amorous adventures with Henriette is  
now discussed as freely in New York as if the hero were one that might  
have preached his way through a novel by the late E. P. Roe. But Casa-  
nova had already been the leading character in several operas.

The London critics deal severely with Mr. Maugham's new play, "Our  
Betters." (We quoted the Manchester Guardian's unfavorable opinion  
last Sunday.)

The Daily Telegraph said that Mr. Maugham seems to be suffering  
from a "complex" in this matter of the titled American woman, for he  
leaves her without a shred of reputation. "According to him, she marries  
a title without any particular thought of the man who may be attached  
thereto, and proceeds to amuse herself in a world which recalls nothing  
so much as that of the Restoration comedies—a world in which every-  
body has at least two concurrent love affairs all the time, and the only  
rule observed by anybody is, 'If you must be unfaithful to me, for heaven's  
sake don't let me find out.' The bitterness which Mr. Maugham  
has put into the writing of this play destroys any conviction that it might  
have carried. . . . It was probably owing to this intense bitterness  
that rumors cropped up, on the production of the play in America, that  
this or that character was intended as a personal portrait. (On the  
program at the Globe a note is inserted wherein the author disclaims any  
such intention.)"

The Times: "Mr. Maugham's new comedy is like its heroine, clever,  
synical, and shameless. . . . The idle rich, in an alien society, Mr.  
Maugham thinks, are bound to go to the devil. The women take lovers,  
with almost monotonous regularity, live for extravagant self-indulgence,  
and are thorough snobs. . . . As for the amorous adventures, they  
seem, as a rule, to have a financial basis. The ladies either are 'kept'  
or 'keep.'"

Thomas Hardy has written a play, "The Famous Tragedy of the  
Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse." It is in one act and is de-  
scribed as "a new version of an old story, arranged as a play for mum-  
mers." It requires no theatre, no scenery. It will be acted by the Dor-  
chester Dramatic Society next month and then published by Macmillan  
& Co., with two drawings of Tintagel Castle by the author.

Mr. Frederick A. Stock, the excellent conductor of the Chicago Sym-  
phony orchestra, and a genial soul in daily walk and conversation, has  
returned from Europe apparently in doleful dumps. Europe is on the  
verge of another general war because the character of the new European  
music is "swift, hysterical and indefinable." The frenzy of the new  
dances and the vivid and daring costumes worn by women are also symp-  
toms of the approaching storm. Cheer up, Mr. Stock. Put lively music  
on your programs and rejoice in the prosperity of Chicago.

"Take a Chance" will be tinkered by Otto Harback and named "Money  
and the Girl." The former title was an ominous one. There was a play  
called "Success" which met with a fate not expected by the author.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, not content with his fame as poet, novelist,  
patriot and flying-man, is at work on an opera. An Italian journal states  
without jocular comment that he has been for several years "dedicating"  
himself to the study of harmony and counterpoint. Does he hope that  
Ida Rubinstein will turn singer and be his prima donna—also on the  
operatic stage?

Mme. Pavlova's matinee, with Covent  
Garden crowded to its doors, recalled  
those other summer afternoons, again  
Wednesday matinees, before the war,  
when Pavlova was enjoying her enor-  
mous vogue at the Palace. (She used  
to appear there as one turn in a music  
hall bill in the evenings, but Wednes-  
day afternoons were always all her  
own.) There was the same crowd who  
came definitely to see one person and  
one only, the same hush of intense ex-  
pectancy before her entrance, the same  
impulse to hurry round to the stage  
door immediately after to wait half an  
hour in the sunshine for the briefest  
of glimpses of her, the flash of a smile  
of her passing from the theatre to her  
motor-car, a scattering among the  
crowd of the carnations she used to be

carrying. The carnations may have  
been there today. The impulse was the  
same.—Manchester Guardian.

The red press of Petrograd has de-  
creed that the minds of children would  
be perverted by seeing Cinderella on  
the stage, so the censor has forbidden  
any performance of the play.

"Cymbeline" has been revived by Sybil  
Thorndike at the New Theatre, Lon-  
don. The play was performed with  
only one interval. The action of the  
first part took place in Cymbeline's pal-  
ace and Phillario's house in Rome; that  
of the second mainly in the Welsh  
mountains and in Cymbeline's palace.



Mr. James Dale, playing in "Loyalties" at the Tremont, is writing a comedy in which he will play. His "A Conversation at the Styx" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, in 1913.

#### GUYING GALSWORTHY

A parody is, as a rule, a high compliment. The Pall Mall Gazette has been publishing a series of travesties, "Potted Plays." This is the one on "Loyalties," now at the Tremont Theatre.

#### ACT I.

##### Scene I.—Bad Form

De Levis—Winsor, I have been robbed of a thousand pounds.  
Winsor (calmly)—Nonsense, my dear fellow.

De Levis—I tell you I have.  
Winsor—A robbery couldn't happen in my house. It isn't done.  
De Levis—But it has happened!  
(Enter Gen. Cunyng, Capt. Dancy, Mrs. Dancy, Margaret Orme, Lady Adela and the Butler.)

Winsor—I say, De Levis declares he's been robbed of a thousand pounds.  
The General—Very tactless of him to say anything about it.

De Levis—I want my money back.  
Winsor—He wants his money back.  
(They all stare at him in amazement.)  
Lady Adela—Shocking bad form.  
(Exit.)

Margaret—How mercenary! (Exit.)  
Dancy—How like a Jew! (Exit with his wife.)

Butler—Insolent, I call it. (Exit.)  
Winsor (reproachfully)—Now you've gone and upset my butler.  
The General—You'd better not say any more about it.

De Levis—But I want my money back. Send for the police!  
Winsor (sadly)—To think that I have been nursing this viper in my exclusive bosom!

##### Scene II.—Rotten Bad Form

De Levis—Capt. Dancy is the thief. Look at these marks on the balcony. He jumped from his window to mine, took the money and jumped back.

The General—Say no more about it. (Enter Winsor.)  
De Levis—Dancy is the thief.  
Winsor—Impossible. He's got the D. S. O.

The General—A D. S. O. is above suspicion.  
De Levis—I'll prove it. Confront me with Dancy.

Winsor—I couldn't do that. He might feel hurt.

De Levis—Then search him and his room.  
Winsor—Oh, no; that wouldn't be quite the thing.

De Levis—Is stealing quite the thing?  
Winsor—You don't understand our code.

The General—Say no more about it. You might be blackballed for the Jockey Club.

De Levis—Social blackmail! Well, I'll keep quiet and let my thousand go.  
Winsor—Still harping on the money. It's most indelicate.

#### ACT II.

##### Unspeakably Rotten Bad Form

Lord St. Erth—I've blackballed De Levis for the Jockey Club.  
The General—That's a pity. I rather wanted him to get in.

Lord St. Erth—You should have told me so.

##### (Enter Maj. Colford)

Colford—That swine De Levis is going about calling Dancy a thief!

Winsor—He's a hopeless outsider.  
The General—Tell him to say no more about it.

Colford—(Loyally) Dancy can't be a thief. I was at school with him.

##### (Enter De Levis)

De Levis—So this is how you have kept faith, General!

The General—Say no more about it. (Enter Dancy)

De Levis—Thief!

Dancy—You damn Jew!

Winsor—(Pained) This sort of thing really isn't done.

Dancy—Name your weapons.

Lord St. Erth—Fighting is of no use, Dancy. For the honor of the club you must bring an action.

Dancy—I'll think it over. (Exit)

Colford—He'll win it. He was at school with me.

#### ACT III.

##### Conduct of a Gentleman

##### Scene 1

Twisden—Two of the missing notes have been traced to Dancy. It's all up with our case.

Graviter—Never mind. Say nothing about them.

Twisden—I must. It's unusual, I know, for a solicitor to be honest.

Graviter—It's mad.

Twisden—But I am. The case collapses.

##### Scene 2

Twisden—Dancy stole the money and gave it to a woman.

The General—I thought he was the thief all the time. Let's say no more about it.

Winsor—Very honorable of him to pay the woman off.

Colford—I don't believe he is a thief. I was at school with him.

Twisden—The police are after him.

Winsor—Let's ship him off to Morocco. It's the honorable thing to do.

The General—Then nobody will say any more about it.

(Enter Dancy.)

Twisden—Capt. Dancy, you had better escape to Morocco before you are arrested.

Dancy—I'm going to see my wife to tell her it's all her fault for not agreeing to run away when I first suggested it.

Colford (loyally)—Ronny, old man, I don't believe—

Dancy—Go to the devil!

##### Scene 3

(Dancy shoots himself off. Enter Colford.)

Colford (loyally)—A neat wound, clean through the heart. He was a fine shot.

I was at school with him.

##### (Curtain)

#### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

To the Editor of The Herald:

We old boys have little left to us but memories, and "Notes and Lines" today awakened in me pleasant thoughts of the good old days. Well do I remember Cinquevall's inimitable rendition of "E Don't Know Where 'e Are." I heard him at the old Howard on Brighton avenue. On the same program, Mary Anderson, then a striking brunette, but past her prime, did a clog dance lasting 35 minutes without

changing her face. Fanny, Louis, Buckingham sang some pathetic ballads and Harry and John Kernell did some remarkable trapeze stunts.

Those were the great days of the stage. Don't you remember the sidewalk conversation act of Edwin Booth and A. Salvini? It was a "scream." And who can forget Booth's performance of Lorenzo in "La Mascotte." The present generation does not know what fun is. And Mme. Januschek in "Ollivette"! She was a bird, and could sing like one.

I well remember the first performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's opera, "The Bohemian Girl." It was produced at Harry Miner's Theatre, then on the corner of avenue A and Ninety-third street, New York. It was in the late seventies or early eighties. The performance was so good that I preserved the cast, which I give below. It may interest some of the old boys.

Maj.-Gen. Stanley.....Lawrence Barrett  
Dick Deadeye.....Henry Irving  
Amonasro.....Pete Dailey  
Il Conte de Luna.....Raymond Jose  
Lohengrin.....Kyrle Bellew  
Einstein and.....Edw. Harrigan  
Mandelbaum.....A. Hart

Leonora.....Maggie Cline  
Kathisa.....May Irwin  
Duchess of Gerolstein.....

The French Twin Sisters  
Adelina Patti  
Ladies in Waiting.....Etelka Gerster

The "Follies" of today is supposed to be the supreme example of the drama as is. I invite comparison with the olden days.  
G. S.  
Newton.

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Malcolm Sargent's orchestral poem, "An Impression of a Windy Day." It is a skilful piece of atmospheric music which does not disdain to be tuneful. Its manner of working up to frequent gusty climaxes, which blow out to nothing, may in the circumstances be accepted as appropriate.—London Times.

Criticism is of many kinds. But among the many kinds that may be met with in our country you would look in vain for anything approaching such a note of rapture as one finds occasionally. In the outpourings of "temperamental" foreign critics. Where, for instance, in our cold northern clime would you hope to meet with a music critic capable of "letting himself go" with the freedom and fervor of the critical fraternity of sunny Spain? The comparison is prompted by a few notices that have reached us concerning some recitals lately given in that country by Miss Megan Foster. Thus, in one of them, the young singer is described as "the most delightful, beautiful English girl that one can think of amongst women." The writer went on to rhapsodize about her vocal, apart from her physical attributes, while another Granada critic waxed equally enthusiastic over "the most beautiful young English lady's angelical voice," adding that her pure school of singing, unequalled flexibility and exquisite shading "shone in all their glory." In another paper Miss Foster found herself described as "the prettiest English girl that was ever born," who, on hearing that a charity concert was being organized, "but her art, her talent and her marvellous beauty at the service of this worthy cause." How cold and formal must seem ordinary English criticism after such glowing southern raptures!—London Daily Telegraph.

It may be remembered that at the Chickering festival concert in Boston last season Dohnanyi's Variations on a

Nursery Song were performed for the first time in this country with the composer playing the piano obbligato. The Variations were performed in London at a promenade concert last month and were pronounced "the most delightful set of variations one knows in modern music." But there as in Boston "one could not perceive the intention of the rather sinister introduction, if it was meant merely as a heavy foil to the simple statement of the tune, if was many bars too long."

An orchestral poem, "A Vision of Night," by Armstrong Gibbs, was played in the same concert. "It proved

to be one of those invertebrate works which are full of orchestral skill and occasional harmonic beauty, but lacking in the more vital qualities of music." The reviewer thought that the effect of neutral gray was obtained by the mixture of all the colors in the paint box.

Really and truly astounding is the kind of thing that gets into print nowadays concerning musicians in one domain or another of the art. Here, for instance, is a writer of weekly chit-chat seriously informing his readers that Mr. Harold Fraser-Simson, who has composed the music for the play to be produced at the Adelphi tonight, "has the distinction that it was principally written in the train while the composer was travelling to his native country of Scotland." Imagine the composer of "The Maid of the Mountains," having started to work on the first of some 20 or so "numbers" as soon as he settled down in his compartment at King's cross, putting "finish" to the last page of his finale as the train ran into Waverley station!—London Daily Telegraph.

As time goes on, more and more musicians, probably, will become converts to broadcasting as a means of widening their sphere of popular recognition. The latest "convert," if one may call him that, is Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who, we are informed, is broadcasting an entire program tomorrow evening at Cardiff. Under his direction an orchestra will play several of his works, and the composer himself, besides giving a preliminary chat, will play some of his own piano pieces.—London Daily Telegraph.

Lionel Tertis, the English viola player, who has already made his appearance at Mrs. Coolidge's music festival at Pittsfield, will give from 25 to 30 concerts in this country. The last will be given in association with Mr. Kreisler.

If a man tells us that he would rather read the score of a Brahms symphony at home than go to Queen's Hall to hear it because Sir Henry Wood's reading may not satisfy his ideal, we suspect him of being a hypocrite in the first place and accuse him of being an ass in the second. We all know that music is an art of sound, and that at best the eye is a mere accessory to the ear. Moreover, most of us know, though education is striving to shake our confidence in the knowledge, that it is better to make music badly than to listen to it well, and that the best that good listening can do for us is to send us back to enlarge our own achievement.—London Times.

One feels that the late W. H. Hudson would have been depressed to hear that the Gramophone Company some time ago succeeded in making records of the songs of the nightingale, the blackbird and the thrush. No doubt it was very clever to do it, and one hears without surprise that much time and great patience were needed to overcome in the bird mind the natural terror of the noise of the mechanism. They were captive birds, of course, and in the end they did sing into the heartless trumpet. The results are said to be good, and the records may be enjoyed by people who prefer to sit in a room and listen to a machine rather than to go out into the woods. The records are used, I believe, in teaching children what is known as nature study in schools.—Manchester Guardian.

The music written by Frederick Delius for the late James Elroy Flecker's play "Hassan" includes a prelude, four entr'actes and a ballet. Chorus and soloists are employed. Music furnishes a running commentary on certain lines of the spoken dialogue. As audiences chatter when the curtain is down, it was suggested that the lights should be lowered, "but, after all," he remarked, "what the audience chooses to do does not concern me." This music is regarded as an important example of the wedding of music to drama.

Among Delius's latest works are "A Song Before Sunrise" and the second dance rhapsody. The two are for the promenade concerts.

Apropos of Mark Hambourg's recital in London last month. Those things that we all try and just can't—at least we can't do it like that—are much the most exciting. To watch for that awkward bit of fingering that we know is coming, and then not even know that it

has gone, is one of the main joys of concert-going. We can't play it like Mr. Hambourg; true, but then comes the difficult question. Would we if we could? For he exercises the right of private judgment to a great, some might say an inordinate, degree.—The Times.

A Londoner, Henry E. Geehl, winning a scholarship at the age of 16, wrote an overture "Oliver Cromwell." It was the test piece last month for 155 bands in competition at the Crystal Palace.

Vaughan Williams's "London" symphony grows in beauty and depth of emotional effect, the London Times asserts. "It is not a facile beauty; for the composer is a grim realist and is not blind to the squalor that sets off the brilliant side of the Metropolis. There is a terrible wailing cry in the last movement, which seems to protest against the pomp and the glitter, like the despairing utterance of some wretch crushed by a relentless fate."

Arnold Schoenberg, who has not published anything since 1917, has now a serenade for seven-stringed instruments (one of them a guitar), a quintet for wind instruments, 11 piano pieces, and he is working on a violin concerto.

Today it is the turn of Spanish music. Unfortunately the exploitation of those lively and stimulating Spanish rhythms is not confined to one composer or even to the composers of one country. And, truth to tell, we are beginning to look with a justifiable amount of anxiety to any novelty which purposes to reveal yet another aspect of the Spanish folksong. After all, these rhythmical designs are somewhat limited, and can only become great music when they are handled by a master like Bizet. The composer of the Spanish Fantasia for piano and orchestra performed last night for the first time, Senor Joaquin Cassado, is an authoritative and learned guide through what the program called an "imaginary tour through Spain." His work is ably put together, yet the Spain he shows is not quite new to us. It is more like an exceedingly familiar and somewhat undistinguished landscape seen in an unfamiliar light. The performance given by Senor Jose Iturbi at the piano and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry J. Wood, was all that could be desired.—Daily Telegraph.

"The popularity of Scriabin seems to be on the wane, if one may judge from the comparatively small attendance at the Queen's Hall when the 'Poem de l'Extase' was the chief item in the program. The performance was suave and less hysterical than some we have heard under other conductors; but this merely served to disclose more clearly the real poverty of the music once the first glamour of its strange harmony has passed away. But Scriabin is a composer about whom it is futile to argue. To some he is the evangelist of a new gospel; on others his music produces the unpleasant effect which one experiences on witnessing the hysterical outburst of a neurotic person. We prefer to regard this music as the work of an extremely clever man, who might have been a genius had he not been turned aside from the true aim of music by his megalomaniac egocentricity."—London Times.

#### ULTRA MODERN

(From "The Blind Now-Boy," by Carl Van Vechten.)

In the little balcony reserved for it, the orchestra was tuning up, discordantly. Presently, the leader lifted his baton, and the men began to perform Bunny's overture. It was a new kind of music, she told herself, contrapuntal jazz, in which saxophones whistled and shrieked and groaned like hysterical schoolgirls telling lewd experiences, while the violins and double-bases vamped rhythmically. Flutes cried out in the tones of insane criminals. There was an indescribable clatter of tambourines, bones, triangles, castanets, gongs, drums, tom-toms, cow-bells, cymbals, wood-blocks and rooster-crows. Listening behind the folds of the silver curtain, Campaspe realized that at last she was hearing the music of the future. Ornstein, Prokofiev, Scriabin would sound, in comparison, like a minuet by Luigi Boccherini.

#### OUR MARY

(The Chicago Tribune)

Seagull wonders how many more autumns will come and go ere reporters at tidewater and in the Look realize that Mary Garden always returns slim because she is never otherwise—or, at least, hasn't been otherwise in years.

Miss Garden's incoming figure is what is known in scientific journalism as a seasonal story, like oysters, flowers for Yuletide, the first rehearsal of the opera's choristers, the refund on excess car fare, the city's drive against crime and the betterment of the movies. Last week's was her 12th arrival with the Chicago opera as an incident of her



pending activities in the state, the 11th variant of the statutory buff about her having taken off weight. For a change, she were to tell the reporters that she had put on 200 or 300 pounds, they would believe her, ask for an added pose and write about the adipose.

Experience, reasoning, sophistication are needless attributes to a reporter when he encounters the somebodies and the nobodies of music and the theatre. The chap who turns in a first-class interview with Minstrel or Dempsey, Ethel Root or Pussyfoot Johnson goes boob when his prospect is a performer. . . . Not much use putting the specialists on the job; the drama critic is, generally, a man of prejudice; and the music critic, when able to write at all, lets fall an interview on the whole-tone scale. From which you may deduce that the thing to do is not to give space to the Mary Gardens; and, perhaps, that is just what we don't mean. It happens that one of the most stimulating topical interviews we've ever had with a celebrity in any field was with Mary Garden, newly in from Paris late in '16.

### GALSWORTHY'S "FIRST AND THE LAST"

(Manchester Guardian.)  
The Galsworthy one, while rich in tragic beauty, struck us as, in one sense, a falling away. It has not the magnificent dramatic neutrality of "Justice" or "Strife." Like Dr. John-

son, when, as a reporter of parliamentary debates, he took care that "the Whig dogs" should not get the best of it, Mr. Galsworthy this time has "queered the pitch" for the conventional social virtues as wholeheartedly as Dostoevsky himself. In Mr. Galsworthy's early plays one effect of witnessing the titanic tussles which they presented was to make you feel what a terrible lot there was to be said for both sides. The effect, or part of the effect, of "The First and the Last" is to make you feel how terribly little there is to be said for a rising K. C. who is deeply annoyed because his younger brother falls in life to the extent of turning boozier and waster and co-operating with a prostitute in murdering her previous paramour. . . . What gentle and joyous dramatic sport we might have seen in the lists of "The First and the Last" if Mr. Galsworthy had not only put all his great strength into the presentation of the case that there may be for Cain and Mary Magdalen, but had put it also into the counter-case for a world which is constantly being worried half out of its wits because people with some salubrious attribute cannot stand a little temptation. As it is, the play is a mere massacre of the stodgy respectabilities which have the invidious job of keeping an ordered world going round for Cairns and Magdalens of great moral beauty to live in without having their houses burgled—you see the kind of reaction that is engendered in a playgoer when he sees the odds rigged even against a combatant so well able to take care of himself as a prosperous K. C. on the verge of a judgeship.

### EDUCATIONAL FILMS

Indirect instruction can be imparted by the cinema in one of the pleasantest ways possible, and it should remain in the mind for a very long while. Children who saw Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood" must have a better idea of Merrie England and castle life than those who did not, and even if they are convinced that outlaws advanced only by leaps and bounds no harm is done. . . . We have Mr. Griffith making vast pictures out of his own head, with energy and resource; why should not our authors prepare a two hours' session? No one understands the potentialities of the film better than Sir J. M. Barrie, as people will discover when his version of "Peter Pan" is ready; how delightful would be an entertainment arranged by him, with nothing in it that was not wholly to his mind, even if it were not wholly his invention! Here the cinema would be at its most versatile. . . . A minor reform—or rather a side-issue reform—whereby every one demands, but, for some reason never explained to me, the majority of cinema managers withhold, is a time-table. I personally should visit the pictures much oftener than I do if I could arrange to see something intact, instead of entering into darkness to find that the principal film is half-way through and "Felix the Cat" will not be on again till 5:55.—E. V. Lucas.

### DRAMATIST AND ACTOR

(By A. B. Walkley)  
The dramatist imagines a character, but he has to entrust its representation on the stage to a real person, with a mind and temperament and individuality of his own. Can the two, the imagined character and the real actor, ever be made absolutely to coincide? No, because in this world of phenomena there are no duplicates. There can only be approximation—and the closest approximation occurs, no doubt, in the exceptional case when the dramatist

has conceived his character with a particular actor in his mind's eye. Strict identity there cannot be. Did Dick Burbage show Shakespeare's Hamlet? No, he showed Shakespeare's Hamlet within the limits of his own personality, and modified, colored by it. No one has ever seen Shakespeare's Hamlet on the stage, and no one ever will see. Acting, then, is only roughly an art of interpretation. We speak of the "executive" arts, but there is always an  $x$  in there, the  $x$  of the executant's personality. Paderewski's "version" of the Sonata Pathétique is not Busoni's. Tree's Shylock was not Irving's, and neither was, neither could ever be Shakespeare's. They were "versions," varying as the  $x$  varies. You may, with luck, reduce  $x$  to a minimum; but never does  $x$  equal 0.

## ST. JOHN ERVINE WRITES OF DUSE

The greatest feat which an actor can perform is to take an audience beyond the barriers of speech. It is this feat which Signora Duse performs. Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea" ("La Donna del Mare") is not an exhilarating play in English; it seemed lifeless in Italian. The people stand about in groups telling each other how awful everything is. The method of production, the now too common one of absolute realism, was responsible for an air of listlessness in the players at the beginning of the play. Even if we had been able to understand what they were saying we should not have been able to hear it, because of the subdued way in which it was said. We can appreciate acting in a language we do not understand, but we cannot appreciate acting in a language we do not hear. At one point of the first act Dr. Wangel and Arnholm went and sat in creeper-covered balcony at the side of the stage, where they carried on a long conversation in undertones. A large part of the audience could not possibly have seen either of them; a still larger part could not possibly have heard them. This is naturalistic acting with a vengeance, and we saw ourselves let in for five acts of hush-hush. It seems that inaudibility has become a characteristic of all acting in our time, except that of France, for American, English and Italian actors in London all adopt this modern method of delivering their lines in the conversational tones we would employ in our own homes.

But the fatness went out of the play when Duse entered. She seemed, on first entering, to be a tall woman, taller, perhaps, than she really is. Her hair is almost white, and her intense and pale face is deeply lined and full of suffering. Her eyes are like big, black fires. Her lovely hands are never still, yet are not restless. She has the power which no other actress, known to me, possesses, of transmitting physical qualities to her very clothes, when she drops her shawl from her shoulders at the end of the second act after a period of trouble, it seems to be as weary as she is, to have gathered weariness into its folds, so that it drops almost to the ground in sheer fatigue. In some strange and inexplicable way she is able to communicate sentence to inessential things. Her acting is entirely quiet acting. She does not roar and shout, nor does she throw herself up and down the stage like a demented steam roller. She speaks the most poignant things in a tone that seems no louder than that in which we would make a request for the sugar, and yet she leaves us clearly conscious of the sorrow of those who are lonely in mind. One could make a case against her for playing the part of Ellida as if she were an old woman, but her power of compulsion is so great that we do not wish to make a case against her. Over and over again she drew the play out of its ridiculous production and made the audience reject from its mind the small inessential facts and remember only that it was witnessing something unique, something intensely significant. We accepted the man from the sea, though he looked like a coal heaver. We made no comment on the fact that the scenery would have caused the owner of a penny gaff to blush with shame. We put up with the inaudibility and flatness of the others in the cast. It was enough that we had been admitted into the presence of a supremely great actress, and we were content with that honor.—London Observer.

### SOUL AND BODY

(By the Duchess of Newcastle)  
Great Nature she doth clothe the soul within  
A fleshly garment which the Fates do spin;  
And when these Garments are grown old and bare,  
With sickness torn, Death takes them off with care,  
And folds them up in Peace and quiet Rest;  
So lays them safe within an Earthly Chest,  
Then scours them and makes them sweet and clean,  
Fit for the soul to wear those cloaths again.

### NOT A SMALL BORE

As the World Wags:  
I read in the Sunday Herald (Sept. 23) an interesting account of a speech in favor of the World League. The reporter added:  
"Applause followed this perforation."  
Is it possible that the reporter was bored?  
Dedham. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

### SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

(Adv. in the Westfield, N. J., Leader)  
LOOK under the bed. Look under the table. Look under the chairs. Maxwell sells front sides, backsides, bottoms and middles as well as outsides of furniture that he recommends and is pleased to have you examine. 430 North avenue. Open evenings.

### TOO LATE FOR DICKENS

Clerical officials named on the bulletin board of a church in Middlesex, England, are:  
Vicar: Rev. A. J. T. Easter.  
Curate: Rev. G. W. Gotts.  
Church Warden: Mr. Soul.  
For inquiries regarding banns of marriage: Mr. Scuffle.

### WHY WHIGMALEERY?

(London Daily Chronicle)  
In advancing the Oxford English Dictionary another step, Mr. C. T. Onions observes that the digraph "wh" constitutes virtually a separate letter of the alphabet, and suggests rapid motion. Of the following words in "wh" the origin remains untraced: Whedde, wherry, whid, whigmaleery, whinger, whinyard and whippet. Several brisk words, such as whiff, whip and whisk appear to have borrowed the "h" to stress their movement, not being etymologically entitled to it.

We are glad to hear that Messrs. Hawk & Sons have the garage at Bird Centre, Kansas.

Also that the author of "Wild-Flower Families" is Mr. Clarence Weed.

### AN OVERSIGHT

Keen disappointment was mine that The Herald did not run all its features on the first page during the Whiting vacation. Chiefly this: Why didn't the Fire Record make the outer left-hand edge of the first page? That Fire Record with all its romance and poetry, its thrills for Box Fifty-Twoers, its symmetry, its perfect co-ordination, its little dots between the owner and damage, like the little stars in a chapter of Elinor Glynn, or is it Glin? which might mean anything. Oh the hours that have been spent with fond companions, playing "Come Tapper,"—a game which requires four at a table with a fire tapper overhead. The score keeper notes down each box as it rings in, and when the mystic number arrives one figures it in advance by adding together the previous boxes, and striking an average. The average denotes the next box, at which there will probably be an extra alarm. In the mean time the other players murmur "Come Tapper, Come Tapper," until the mediumistic atmosphere causes the tapper to record of its own volition. All this the Fire Tapper chronicled. Sudbury and Hawkins streets was the favorite location, for there assembled on a first alarm enough apparatus to make for three alarms in Hyde Park. If The Herald wants thrills out of its oldtimers, let it run the Fire Record or the Ship News column on the first page some day.

### ONCE A SPARK ALWAYS A SPARK.

Hanover, N. H.  
THE JESTER'S PROTEST  
[It is a fact that many respectable and wholly credible persons have beheld the sea serpent. . . . And in any case the joke about the sea serpent is no longer to be allowed. It is not done.]  
—The Morning Post.]  
Year after year this ancient jape  
Has counted with our best;  
Year after year in some old shape  
We got it off our chest;  
Oft has it served when news was thin  
And politics were dead;  
And now the Morning Post weighs in  
And knocks it on the head!

Oh, is it right, oh, is it fair  
To do so rash an act?  
To slay a jest when jests are rare  
Seems positively cracked.  
Only the toiling jester knows  
How scarce his subjects are;  
And shall we let some foe impose  
This new, unheard of bar?

Come, lay your pens and paper down,  
My comrades in this woe,  
And let us march on London Town,  
A-roaring as we go,  
"And shall the Serpent leave our lists?  
And shall our stand-by die?  
Then twenty thousand humorists  
Will know the reason why!"  
—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

### ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

Adv.—"It's mighty good judgment to rely upon a Fur Store whose resources enable it to maintain unscrupulously its high standard."

### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

(Seen in West Frankfurt, Ill.)  
Straungers—Be Careful Crossing Streets! This Town Is Full of Fords

### AN OLD GAME

As the World Wags:  
It is good to revive the old songs. How about the old games? There are some that I have longed to trace. One of them has a sweet, haunting air that sings itself often in my head. It recalls the picture of a village school yard shaded by tall elms; a ring of little children with hands joined and arms held high. The one that was "It" wound in and out, first outside then within the ring, while all sang:  
"Go in and out the windows,  
Go in and out the windows,  
Go in and out the windows."

For the highland gates are closed,  
I have felt that the song may be very old, dating back to some ancient castle with a tale of siege and sorrow and unhappy love.  
When the child finally stands in the centre the tune is repeated, with the words, "Now turn and face your love." The child selects her favorite. I cannot remember what happens next. I think the song must always have seemed incomplete; but the last verse was repeated three times. "She's dead because she loves him," and the highland gates were always closed.  
EDITH PAINE BENEDICT.  
Elmwood.

We remember reading a story by a traveler who was in Messina during the time of the last great earthquake there. Two children were found after they had been buried for a month in a sweetshop. They could obtain water in it, and they reveled on cakes and candy.

Nature hath made men so equal  
in the faculties of body and mind;  
as that though there be found one  
man sometimes manifestly stronger  
in body, or of quicker mind than another; yet when all is reckoned together, the difference between man and man is not so considerable a that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefits to which another may not pretend as well as he.  
—Thomas Hobbes.

### OUR HALL OF FAME

We are informed that Mr. Moses Bacon owns and operates a Kosher Delicatessen store in Chicago.  
Mr. Guessford, an auctioneer in Des Moines, offers for sale a barn 60x60x80x36, and thus masters the Fourth Dimension.  
Messrs. French, White and Lacey specialize in ladies' underwear.  
Messrs. Charles E. Dull and Walter J. Dumm are the authors of a textbook on chemistry.  
Dr. Eurif, a dentist at Gary, Ill., rejoices in his assistants, Drs. Hurt and Howell.

"Married: Mr. Hugh Greenwood and Miss Hope Burns. Best wishes."

### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

Seen near a railway station:  
QUICK LUNCH  
TOBACCO AND HOME-MADE PIES

Sign on a C., B. & Q. railway station:  
EXCURSION TICKETS: NO LOWER FARES: NO BETTER TICKETS.

### AN ACCOMPLISHED COLORIST

"Mrs. Coolidge received the Red Cross delegates in the Blue Room of the White House."

### DE MORTUIS

As the World Wags:  
Some years ago I had occasion to ask a western lawyer to dine with me, and I could not help noticing that he drank fully twice as much wine as most of my guests were accustomed to take. The man died recently, and I have received a copy of an extended obituary notice lauding his life and services. It is a trifle startling to read, "He was an extremely conscientious man, of high character and very religious temperament. . . . He was also actively interested in the temperance and prohibition movements."



## HE EVIDENTLY PREFERS MEAT

(Wapello, Ia., Republican)

FOR SALE—A dog, will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply to Everett Stone.

## FAIR WARNING

(Granite State News, Wolfeboro, N. H.)

Mr. and Mrs. William York wish their kind neighbors and friends to attend to their own affairs unless they care for trouble.

## THE ITERATOR

As the World Wags:

When you turn your condenser to RJOO and tune in on Keokuk to hear the choir of the Baptist Church recite "Excelsior" you may be complacent enough to imagine you have arrived. Like the heathen, who sit with the lights out, you imagine a vain thing. Your radio is but the primer; the iterator is the Fifth Reader.

Force is indestructible, eternal. If then, it is an achievement to catch from the circumambient ether the sound waves that have hitherto proved elusive, how much more satisfactory to tune our instruments to pick up those submerged and still active vibrations, the voices of the past!

We have been able by use of the obverted intestino calculus to figure out that if a man standing 5 feet 9½ inches spoke in the key of A major we need but find out how long ago he spoke, and we can by use of the iterator bring back his voice, keying down the iterator often four or five octaves and shifting into a minor key until, suddenly like a ship out of the fog, it appears.

The iterator, as its name implies, repeats what had been considered the vanished sounds. Thus by keying into double A minor we have reproduced the actual vibrations of Wendell Phillips, and within a month we expect to bring out Paul's oration in Jerusalem (The Acts, Chapter XXII) by co-operating with Palestine WAS broadcasted by the Foreign Missions Society through the courtesy of the Ladies' Home Journal in three flats and four antennae.

From here it is but a step to Cicero and Demosthenes; we have but to find their keys, the iterator does the rest, not by the power of the coil; rather by the recoil, what modern science knows as the relapse. It is on the way back that this marvellous invention picks them up, like the return from a party. One can judge of the instrument's delicacy when one learns that in groping for the song of Deborah and Barak exulting over Sisera it chanced to pick up Rabelais. The third sentence caused a violent trembling followed by a hissing sound which wrecked the machine; one that had been made especially for the clergy and was almost priceless.

The stock, it is needless to add, is entirely held by the So of S B and the instruments are almost ready to exhibit.

What of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb when the iterator gets to work? We may yet hear Homer reciting his Iliad, or exactly what the Serpent said to Eve in the Garden of Eden.

ITERATOR PREFERRED.

## SIDE, NOT STERN

As the World Wags:

On page 10 of The Herald of July 16, in the column headed As the World Wags, a correspondent, Mr. Abel Adams, uses the expression: "a stern-wheeler, like the Robert E. Lee on the Mississippi."

For the benefit of any who might be interested in the subject of Mississippi steamboats, permit me to state that the famous steamboat Robert E. Lee was a side-wheeler, not a stern-wheeler. Also, that nearly all, if not quite all, of the famous floating palaces both of ante-bellum times and up to about 1885-90 were side-wheelers.

The stern-wheel steamboats that have been built since then for traffic on western waters carry few passengers; are of slower speed; and scarcely to be compared with the magnificent packets of former days.

CHARLES C. TITCOMB.  
Farmington, Me.

## AN INFALLIBLE SIGN

"Police surgeons reported that, aside from the blue marks of fingers at the throat, the body was unmarried."

## COMMERCIAL CANDOR

"COTTON WASH MATERIAL 1-3 OFF ON EVERY YARD"

## THE REWARD OF ASKING

(South Shore News)

His newly acquired wife, it was learned after much questioning, was a sister of Mrs. Burns, wife of the American Bronze and Foundry Company.

## JOHN M'CORMACK

SYMPHONY HALL—Concert by John McCormack. The program was as follows:

Sonata (Allegro Grave, Vivaldi).....Sammartini  
Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Schneider.  
Afr.: "Let us but wait awhile".....Bach  
Air: (Chorale) "Jesus Christ the Son of God".....Bach  
Mr. McCormack.  
Sarahe and Bourree.....Bach  
Mr. Kennedy.  
"Die Liebe hat Gelogen".....Schubert  
"Der Jüngling an der Quelle".....Schubert  
"Das sie hier gewesen".....Schubert  
"Die entzückung an Laura".....Schubert  
Mr. McCormack.

Irish Folk Songs:  
The Meeting of the Waters. Arr. by Robinson  
Reynardine.....Arr. by Hughes  
The Song of the Fairy King. Arr. by Stanford  
Kitty My Love.....Arr. by Hughes  
Mr. McCormack.

Romance.....Palmgren  
Dragon Flies.....Nandor Szolt  
Mr. Kennedy.  
Pleading (first time).....A. Walter Kramer  
From Afar.....Edwin Schneider  
The Cave.....Edward Elgar  
Is She Not Passing Fair.....Mr. McCormack.

John McCormack, in his first concert of the season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, was his accustomed genial self, with the exception of a slight huskiness that was most noticeable in the earlier part of the program, and responsive to the overwhelming applause of his large audience. It was unfortunate that the piano accompaniment so completely engulfed his voice in the Bach Aires, for they are not his particular forte.

The program was a pleasant one, and interspersed with Mr. McCormack's songs, were well tabulated violoncello solos played easily by Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Schneider, the accompanist, varied in disposition and execution from the mechanical trumpeting of the Bach Aires to the delicate trilling of the Irish folk songs.

With the songs of Schubert, Mr.

McCormack entered into his own province, singing the lyrics and folk tunes with a superb tenderness and sincerity, never deeply tragic, never overly sentimental. He is not a singer of Bach Chorales, and under his touch they became monotonous and labored, but his Irish folk songs were executed with a dramatic fervor and lightness that is the result of strength in control, rather than mere surface brushing. His Mother Machree, which he gave as one of his encores, is a thing of warmth and affecting sentiment. His appeal is simple and unaffected, and he sings of homely things with spontaneity and art.

E. G.

## 'MR. PIM PASSES BY'

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE: "Mr. Pim Passes By," a comedy in three acts, by A. A. Milne, played by Henry Jewett's Repertory Company.

May Ediss  
Anne.....E. E. Clive  
Mr. Carraway Pim.....Katherine Standing  
Brian Strange.....Philip Tonge  
Olivia Marden.....Alice Bromley Wilson  
George Marden.....Charles Hampden  
Lady Marden.....Gwen Richardson

Although Mr. Carraway Pim was as he said in his hesitating, apologetic manner only a passer by, as played by Mr. Clive last night, he was the commanding figure in the performance, and not merely because, by his visit, his talk about the Australian whom he saw on the steamer and his blunder in naming him, he gave Mr. Milne the idea for the play. This Mr. Pim, as we saw him was a gentle soul, easily confused, whose voice revealed his self-effacing character. We envied Dinah, to whom he had told all about his past. What had it been? Was he the victim of unrequited love? Was he a modest man of scientific attainments? Or had he been only a humble clerk, who sought a letter of introduction to carry out the wishes of an employer? He reminded one in a way of Bartleby, the scrivener in Herman Melville's "Piazza Tales," who had long been in the Dead Letter Office.

For Mr. Clive's Mr. Pim was not a creature of the stage; he was so palpably of spare flesh and thin blood that he excited curiosity. Did he talk freely and wisely; or at random and malapropos at the luncheon to which he was invited, so that he innocently caused family dissension? What became of him after his third short call? Lovable, blundering Mr. Pim! Mr. Clive understood him thoroughly and appreciated him. He looked like him, he spoke like him; he smiled his smile; and as we saw and heard him we forgot that there was an actor named Clive.

Mr. Milne's amusing comedy is of so light a nature that it must be played lightly. There should be no heavy emphasis; no direct appeal to the audience. Mr. Milne's dialogue needs no touching up, no interpolation. Why did Mr. Hampden think it necessary to

prance about the stage in the last act singing "Pop Goes the Weasel"? Olivia is a delightful woman, who circumvents her conventional, dull-witted husband and gains her ends by her seeming heartlessness and disregard for church, law and country. It was impossible last night to think of her except as Laura Hope Crews. And there were moments of imitation, when one rubbed eyes to see if by accident she was on the stage.

Dinah was as explosive as a bottle of ginger-pop. Uncle George's objection to her betrothal to Brian was not wholly unreasonable. Miss Rich-

ardson caricatured Lady Marden. Mr. Milne's men and women are real persons of everyday life—yes, we have known old gentlemen that were not unlike Mr. Pim—and they should be so treated.

A large audience was greatly pleased.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—The Boston Stock Company in "The Light that Failed," a dramatization in four acts and five scenes by Constance Fletcher of Kipling's famous novel of that name. The cast:

Dick Heider.....Walter Gilbert  
Torpenhow.....Houston Richards  
The Creature.....Ralph M. Remley  
Henry Canby.....Ralph Morehouse  
Blinker Beeton.....Joseph Lee  
Mrs. Beeton.....Anna Layne  
Bessie Broke.....Jill Middleton  
Masie.....Adelyn Bushnell  
The Red-Haired Girl.....Viola Roach  
Cassavetti.....Mark Kent  
Felix.....Edward Darney  
Dr. Sedgewick.....Harold Chae

"The Light That Failed" is a play that requires careful handling. The original production was hailed with great applause, and indeed the playing of the chief roles by Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott was of itself enough to assure the success of almost any piece, even the most ordinary. Whence the play has a fame which filled the St. James theatre to capacity. Fortunately, too, "The Light That Failed" is rather more than ordinary. It has a strong, fine story; for that Kipling is responsible. It has also an occasional flash of wit. That, if we are to believe our ears, is the contribution of the adapter, although we are informed that "the dialogue is Kipling's." But the parts that are attributable to Kipling are easily picked out, and for the most part they concern themselves with the more serious parts of the piece. As may be supposed, resultant dialogue inclined to be "spotty."

Also—and Mr. Kipling may or may not be responsible—it is sad but true that nothing at all happens in the first two acts. With the exception of the necessary information given and a neat little sketch of "Bessie" (well played by Miss Middleton), these opening scenes are devoid of dramatic interest or purpose. They are but preparation for the third and last acts, where something really takes place—enough, almost, to make up for previous scantiness. Here the actors settle down, having something really to work on, and provide an hour and a quarter of excellent drama.

"The Light That Failed" is not a "hard" piece to act. Rather there is an abundance of acting parts. Dick Heider is a powerful role; after early uncertainty, Mr. Gilbert gave a rendering that was pleasingly sincere, if a trifle heroic. Miss Bushnell, too, contributed several pleasing bits in an otherwise poverty-stricken second act. Likewise Mr. Remley had a "fat" part, where his avoirdupois was put to its customary comedy uses.

But it is Miss Middleton who has the one unusual role; hers alone is a part off the beaten track. And off the beaten track she played it—with excellent results. The stage force impaired the performance by its pace between acts. And if one were to comment on the settings, it would be to question the indulgence of a taste for green skies on the part of the lighting force.

However, there is 75 minutes of good drama to be found this week at the St. James. Let us not be unmindful of our blessings.

## KEITH'S THEATRE

Jay Brennan, for many years partner of the late Bert Savoy, assisted by Stanley Rogers, a clever female impersonator, heads a bill this week at Keith's that is made up almost entirely of feature acts. Rogers, in mannerism, make-up, voice and action suggests Savoy, and as the act is one in which Brennan and Savoy were featured, Keith patrons are getting the latest bits of gossip regarding Marjorie of "You must come over" fame.

The two were recalled again and again. Brennan in a curtain speech expressed his gratitude for the reception.

Yvette Rugel, possessor of a remarkable soprano voice, is a close second as a favorite. She is assisted at the piano by Leo Feiner, and has happy selection of songs. Her singing of "Kiss Me Again" and "The Little Grey Cottage in the West" received a number of encores.

Henry Santrey, always a favorite in Boston, and his symphonic orchestra,

gave lovers of jazz 10 minutes of entertainment. The orchestra carries with it a remarkable harpist, and his selection of "The Glow-worm" was well received.

Harry Seymour and his sister Anna, in "Breezy Bits of Mirth and Melody" offer 15 minutes or more of clever patter, songs and dancing.

"The World of Make Believe," offered by Hocky and Green, in which Nola St. Clair is featured, includes bits of drama, musical comedy, burlesque, opera, circus, all in one act. It has something new in the way of setting.

Emmet Gilfoyle and Elsie Lange appear in a potpourri of unique specialties. Others on the bill are Lew and Pul Murdoch with Mildred Mayor in the "Village Beau Brummels," George Strobel and Man Merten in an acrobatic act and the moving pictures.

## THE THREE AGES

Loew's State Theatre. "The Three Ages," a Metro picture with Buster Keaton.

Buster Keaton's first full length picture is delightfully pert farce, played with the utmost seriousness and absence of overstatement. "The Three Ages" represents on a sliding screen the caperings of the eternal triangle, from the prehistoric days of the stone age when Buster first arrives on the scene perched on a great lantern-necked dodo, to his flivvering escapades in the modern era.

Here is satirical farce played with no attempt at slap-stick, with the comedy ingeniously timed and nimbly dispatched. Too rapid interchange of periods would have been confusing, and too many swinging ladders would have blunted the edge of the satire. Buster Keaton, with his matter of fact execution, is a relief from the clown of old movie comedies.

Wallace Beery as the "other man," the bludgeoning bully of the stone age, the fatted charloter of Rome and the modern "sport," makes a good side partner in the comedy. Margaret Leahy, the much touted protege of the Tal-madges, is disappointing.

E. G.

We are indebted to Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed for a copy of the Athenian Mercury of July 2, 1692, printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry. The sheet of two pages in No. 28 of vol. 7.

This Dunton, author, bookseller, publisher, printed the Athenian Mercury in about 20 volumes of questions and answers. There was a reprint, entitled the Athenian Oracle in 1728, and there was an abridged edition in 1820. Dunton was in Boston in 1685 for about eight months. In his curious "Life and Errors" (1705), he gave sketches of ministers, booksellers and other citizens of Boston and Salem.

If the questions in this No. 28 are singular in some cases, the answers are more so.

Here is question 1: "One who hath been married to a Gentlewoman one and twenty years, and hath had eight Children by her, she got leave of him to live from him a twelve month, which hath bin eleven years; he being something in years, and lame, would fain persuade her to live with him again, but cannot. Your Opinion is desired how he should govern himself in this condition."

Answer. "He ought to apply himself to some lawyer, who will direct him how to make a legal perswasion, since no other will do, and his being in years, and lame, are Arguments that he has need of his wife at home, this is supposing the Case to be just as its stated in the Question."

## A DEATHED PROMISE

Question 7—"Gentlemen. A young Man, a friend of mine, desires your Opinion in this Case: He formerly Courts a young woman, when he has got her Consent, and was really ensur'd to her, upon some words fell out with her, goes into the Country and marries with another, after he was married kept company with his old Sweet-heart inasmuch that his Wife was jealous of her: When his Wife came to ly in, she died; When she was on her Death-bed, she sent for her Husband, and told him, 'If he married his Old Sweet-heart she would come and pull him out of his Bed from her; he promised her that he would not marry her, nor be concerned with her, as he hop'd to have mercy of Almighty God: But he has gone contrary to his promise, courted her, and has gain'd her good will, and the Wedding Day was appointed, which was on Sunday the 15th of June. When the Day came he was taken lame of all his



Limbs. So it was put by: He got well of this, and appointed another day which was on the 19th of June last, when he was going to Crocyden, in order to perform his Ceremony. When he had got on his Horse, he was taken with the Gripping of the Guts, so that he could not sit on his Horses, but was forced to be brought home by 2 men, and no body though he would have lived: So Worthy Gentlemen, I would desire you to tell in your Saturdays Mercury, V Whether it may be lawful for him to marry her by the Law of God, or Man, since he has vowed so sincerely to the contrary, he having got well again."

Answer: "He may Marry, having repeated his Promise unto her, there being no Law that takes Cognizance of his promise unto his dying Wife, which might proceed from the surprising apprehensions of her appearing again, altho in all Equity and Gratitude he ought to endeavor to atone for his former disservice by now marrying his Quondam Sweetheart, if he could make her amends." The "worthy gentlemen" then mentioned a possible circumstance that might forbid the marriage, but add that it could not be supposable by reason of his promise that God had warned him by two judgments not to marry."

#### CONCERNING SPOOKS

Question 10. "My Son, about fifteen Years of Age, on Wednesday the 1st of last June, about Nine a Clock at Night, went to his Bed, no sooner laid down, but he heard as it were a Hand sweeping on the Wall, then it came with a rasping Noise on his Beds-head, when it stroked him over the Face twice very gently, and as soon as the Hand was off he felt a cold wind blow on his Face, which made it very cold, but his Body was warm; he opening his eyes, saw an Apparition of a Woman clothed in Black Apparel, which went over the Bolster with a rushing Noise, he saw the Curtain to gather up together as it went out, and the Curtain to have a shaking for some time after; then being affrighted, he rose out of the Bed and came downstairs. Another Son and Daughter of mine, a few years since, have seen the like Apparition of a woman in the same room with a lighted Candle, but when spoke to, it vanished. Several sorts of unusual Noises are often heard in the House by my self, and most of the Family: I favourably desire to know of you (having a Civilized Family) what should be the Occasion of this disturbance, or whether it be advisable to ask the Question of the Apparition?"

Answer. "What manner of metaphysical Matters our Souls are, we cannot tell, yet we know they really exist, and act our Bodies, although they are not subject to sense, yet this doth not hinder, but that a spiritual Substance may be separated from our Body, and may be again clothed with a Body or Vehicle that may be airy, fiery, or cloudy, and be visible to our senses, although the existence or essence of the Spirit we cannot see, but its outward clothing; And that such Appearances have been in all Ages the learned as well as the unlearned affirm from real Matters of Fact." Instances are cited. "No doubt the Apparition in the Question, if true . . . has some Cause and significance, though beyond our Sphere to assign it; however we cannot be against the speaking to it, or endeavoring to find out its place, time and places of Vanishing, and perhaps if it were not a Civilized Family it might be more disturbant."

"Bottle Nose Whale goes to Gloucester. Rare species is of keen interest to scientists. Data on the species is extremely limited, according to Dr. Barbour."

Yes, this species is not in Herman Melville's Bibliography of whales included in his "Moby Dick": Folios, Octaves, Duodecimos.

"Beyond the duodecimo," says Melville, "this system does not proceed, inasmuch as the porpoise is the smallest of the whales. Above, you have all the leviathans of note. But there are a rabble of uncertain, fugitive, half-fabulous whales, which, as an American whaleman, I know by reputation, but not personally. I shall enumerate them by their forecastle appellations; for possibly such a list may be valuable to future investigator who may complete what I have here begun. If any of the following whales shall hereafter be caught and marked, then he can readily be incorporated into this system, according to his folio, octavo or duodecimo magnitude." And of the 12 named, the bottle-nose leads.

Leaving his catalogical system unfinished, Melville wrote: "For small creations may be finished by their first architects; grand ones, true ones, ever leave the capstone to posterity. God keep me from ever completing anything. This whale hook is but draught—nay, but the draught of a draught. Oh, Time, Strength, Cash and Patience!"

OCT 10

## JOHN M'CORMACK

By PHILIP HALE

John McCormack gave his second recital of the season last night in Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Lauri Kennedy, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist.

It is a privilege to hear Mr. McCormack sing. Last night this privilege was granted to an audience that completely filled the hall. Many stood and many sat upon the stage.

His program showed the richness of his art. There are very few who can sing the old Italian airs in a manner to remind one of the legends associated with the vocal heroes of the 17th and 18th centuries; singers of the school so eloquently described by Vernon Lee, who surely was versed in the treatise of Giambattista Mancini. There are some who sing the notes and by technical proficiency escape the censure of the pedagogue, but the spirit, the flavor, and the nobility of the music are foreign to them.

Thus sung, the old airs seem archaic, interesting only to musical antiquarians and students of the changes in writing for the voice.

To Mr. McCormack this music of years far back is fraught with significance and beauty. The air "Canto Sangue" from Scarlatti's oratorio "Re di Gerusalem" is a noble example of deep feeling and dignity of expression. Mr. McCormack sang it in the grand manner, with the simplicity that gives emphasis.

On the other hand, the tripping measures of Verdi's "Sentirsi il petto Accendere" were sung with the graceful lightness demanded by text and music. So vital was the interpretation of the two songs, that the audience was as enthusiastic as if the music had been by Tosti or by some English composer of the sheet-music dear to the British bulbous matron of the Seventies.

The second group included "Was it a Dream" by Sibelius—it had decided character; "Daisies" and "How Fair This Spot" by Rachmaninov—not even the singer's art could make them interesting, for they are labored and inherently ineffective—and in air from Moussorgsky's opera "The Fair at Sorotchinsk" eloquent in a rambling way, but no doubt more appealing in the opera than in the concert hall.

Then there were a group of Irish folk songs—the pathos unexaggerated by the singer, the humor sly and not aggressive—and a group in which Graham

Peel, Frank Bridge, Haydon Wood and Walter Rummel were represented.

Again the singer's remarkable control of breath, nicety of phrasing, management of the melodic line, warmth and sincerity of expression, and distinct enunciation excited admiration.

Mr. Kennedy playing with Mr. Schneider a movement from Beethoven's sonata in G Minor, and as soloist pieces by Porpora, Hughes and Popper displayed facility, tonal beauty and musical understanding. It is not necessary at this late date to praise Mr. Schneider's accompaniments.

Gertrude Atherton's novel, "Black Oxen," which might bear for its motto the wheeze of Mr. Frank P. Adams—"Isn't it a gland and glorious feeling?" has been removed from the shelves of all the public libraries in Rochester, N. Y.

"An official of the W. C. T. U., delegated to read the book, declared it was unfit for the minds of young people."

He, however, had the pleasure of reading it. If the public libraries of Rochester are only for the young, we hope that the Rollo and Prudy books, and the novels of T. S. Arthur and E. P. Roe are to be found in more than one complete set.

#### ALL IN ONE SHOP

(Dixon, Ill., Telegraph)

Notice—I wish the public to know that Nora Shoemaker, whose name appeared signed Mrs. Norman Brogan, in the card of thanks for the late George Shoemaker, is not my wife.—N. Berogan; Sept. 20.

Notice—I wish to contract the statement that I was not N. Berogan's wife. Also the party is known and resides in Dixon that signed his name.—Mrs. N. Berogan; Sept. 21.

#### ADD COMMERCIAL CANDOR

(Adv. of the Guarantee Bird Co.)

Imported German Canaries; Guaranteed Singers; For Six Days Only.

#### FOR THE DOWN AND OUT

(Salt Lake City Tribune)

4 ROOM HOUSE, STRICTLY MODERN, with disappearing bed and basement. 223 Stanley place.

#### THE ZIG-ZAG LADY

When a perfect lady drives a motor-car And stupid limbs of justice interfere, Then roughly drag her, shrieking to the Bar,

Where horrid persons stare and wink and leer—

Stern majesty of law must not be fooled: We judges must pretend to be hard-boiled.

Tho' a reputation's solid and mused and stained, The wrinkled front of War cannot compare

With this fair lady's countenance so pained, And delicate refinement! Oh, so rare!

The holier-than-thou sheets will be rolled:

We judges must pretend to be hard-boiled!

A zig-zag course of justice might be right,

But not upon the straight and narrow path!

A corrugated boulevard's quite a fright— And, yet, it might appease the lady's wrath.

A petted, pampered child, and somewhat spoiled:

We judges must pretend to be hard-boiled.

GILBERT SULLIVAN.

#### THE COMPLETE ADVERTISER

As the World Wags:

There is an article in the Atlantic by Edward W. Bok, in which it seems to me he gives a lame explanation for the prizes he has offered for the best advertisements. These are called, I believe, the "Harvard Awards." He says that apparently too many advertisements are not effective, and take too much space, which is a very serious state of things. He ends up with a statement of what he calls "the general hope contained in the awards." In the first reason he states that he desires "to foster the usage of correctly expressed English." If a man who writes prize advertisements can't do better than that it seems to me that it would be a pity. One writes correct English or expresses one's thought correctly in the English language. It seems to me that the whole thing is an advertisement, and that people who want to write English might do better to study the great English authors than the practice of writing advertisements. Advertisements are designed to persuade people to buy things that they don't want. The best ones are written by the people who are most anxious to sell their goods. The whole thing is a piece of modern commercialism, and it seems to me a pity that the name of Harvard should be connected with it. If any of the men who write advertisements can surpass Mr. Bok as an advertiser they will do extremely well.

P. S.—Another thing in that line—if he were going to talk about correctly expressed English at all, it seems to me he would speak of the use of it rather than the usage of it. However, I don't see how so many errors can be concentrated in such a small number of words, and this in the Atlantic Monthly, too.

#### "THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK"

As the World Wags:

Have you read it? Very Clever—no more so, however, than Dr. Crothers's bon mot; that the book should be entitled "The Bokization of America." Readers of the volume will realize how pat is this remark.

AN ADMIRER OF BOTH.

#### "GONNA"

As the World Wags:

Where on earth did the constructors of the "comic strips" and other supposedly funny things in the newspapers get the word "gonna," which they are so fond of using for "going to"? I have often heard persons say "gointer," but I never heard any one say "gonna."

E. E. S.

#### IN SOLEMN SESSION

Foreign academies have their uses, after all. Thus, The French Academy of Sciences in Paris has discussed the important question: In the absence of sunshine, what is it that makes cherries red? Is it light or is it heat? As Mr. Travis said on a memorable occasion, we'll give you two guesses.

#### BOY, PAGE KAISER WM. TELL!

"Gessler German Dictator."

#### WHICH ONE IS THE ORNAMENTAL?

O'SHEA & SHEA

PLASTERS

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL

ADMITTED UNANIMOUSLY

Doctor Jirka, whose "specialty is extraction by general anaesthesia," is on the faculty of the Chicago Dental College.

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#### LET'S GO A-NUTTING

(Louisville Courier-Journal)

Bowling Green, Ky.—Claude Miller was mistaken for a squirrel by his companion, John Glass, and shot by him.

#### MODERN AND BEACON THEATRES

—"The Gold Diggers," a film version of Avery Hopwood's play. The cast includes:

Jerry La Mar.....Hope Hampton  
Stephen Lee.....Windham Standish  
Mable Monroe.....Louise Fazenda  
Sissy St. John.....Gertrude Shero  
James Blake.....Alec Francis  
Barney Barnett.....Ted Troun  
Kleanor Montgomery.....Arita Gilman  
Trixie Andrews.....Peggy Brown  
Mrs. La Mar.....Margaret Seddon  
Wally Saunders.....Johnny Harron  
Violet Byrne.....Ann Cornwall  
Dolly Baxter.....Edna Tichenor  
Gypsy Montrose.....Frances Ross  
Cissie Grat.....Marie Trade  
Cissie Grat.....Louise Beaudet

"The Gold Diggers," based on the play of the talented chorus girl who makes cat's paws of all of the men of her acquaintance, is a rollicking picture energetically acted, with Louise Fazenda and Alec Francis as the manipulators of the comedy. Louise Fazenda has all of the mannerisms of "the comedy queen," yet she is genuinely funny, when she is not in a state of perpetual motion. It is good to see that some film actresses are not afraid to sacrifice plastic beauty for comic distortion. Hope Hampton, in the Ina Claire role of Jerry Lamar, who tried to prove to Stephen Lee that she was really wicked, and never convinced him, is winsome and coquettish.

The picture is really more of a romp than a comedy, and helped by the subtitles taken from the play, the "digging ladies of the chorus" prance and primp with spirit. Yet, despite the realistic scenes on the stage, and the midnight fests, "The Gold Diggers" is a purged picture. The girls are really quite harmless; with the exception of an occasional plea for money, and eventually each little "gold digger" is provided with a husband, and the curtain drops on their happy simperings. E. G.

How carelessly newspapers are read! We said not long ago that Lawrence Barrett never played in D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini." Several correspondents, seeing the title of the play and ignoring the name of the dramatist, have written saying they had seen Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini" 40 years ago; that is, at the Park Theatre in 1884.

They saw Barrett in George H. Boker's play of that name. Mr. Edward Fuller, formerly dramatic editor of the Boston Post and now on the staff of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writes to us:

"It was Boker's 'Francesca da Rimini' in which Lawrence Barrett appeared. I cannot recall the exact date, but it must have been in the later eighties, when I was doing the theatres for the Post—before the season of 1891-92, at any rate. The cast was notable. Barrett was the Lanciotto, Otis Skinner the Paolo, Louis James the Jester and Marie Wainwright the Francesca. I am not at all sure about the theatre where it was given."

D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" was not brought out until 1902-03, and then Madame Duse was the heroine.

Notes and Lines: "Dad," who has written concerning Mary Casey and others, is not correct in giving the verses. My own remembrance of this classic is as follows:

First came Mary Casey,  
With her bustle up on high,  
Along with Patsy Murphy,  
With his hat cocked o'er his eye.  
Then came Mr. Houlihan,  
Who lives at Number Four;  
He tips his hat as he passes by  
The Widow Nolen's door.

I feel pretty sure the old song had it "Mr. Houlihan" and not Monahan; also the "Widow Nolen," instead of Widow Mulloney, which is out of step with the metre.

#### FORTY YEARS AGO.

But "M. G. B." writes that the third and fourth lines are:  
"Next comes Patsy Kelly  
With his whiskers nice and dry."

Letters of Saint-Saens to Camille Bellaigue have been published in the Revue des Deux Mondes. Extolling the charm and the perfection of Mme. Carvalho's art, Saint-Saens wrote that when she was young she had a tiny voice. Duprez made her the great singer she was, the incomparable Marguerite of Gounod. "When I began to work," she once told Saint-Saens, "my



mother fled, not to hear me. One would have said that they were killing a calf in the house."

The Herald has received a circular recommending to our prayerful attention Mr. Roy Spaulding Stoughton's compositions for the organ. Underneath a portrait of the gentleman is this line: "Whose delving into the wierd (sic) in harmonic colorings has made him the most original organ composer of all history." Buxtehude, Frescobaldi, Bach, and all the noble lines of French, German and English writers for the organ hang diminished heads.

See what Mr. George W. Grant says about Mr. Stoughton's music:

"His greatest works are his suites in which he permits us to step upon his 'magic rug' and accompany him on his fascinating flights to worlds and lands unknown; to see strange sights, to inhale strange perfumes, to hear strange tongues, to feel strange thrills. . . . The strange, the unusual, the remote attracts him; and hence we cannot attempt to apply all the harmony rules so dearly beloved by the theorist. His music lives, and breathes, and throbs; he paints gorgeous music-pictures and asks us to forget our troubles and enjoy the products of his creative art. Let us not approach them with narrowed vision and hardened heart, but have, both mind and soul in impressionable mood as we glance at Mr. Stoughton's organ works to admire the beauty thereof."

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening is not of a nature to disturb the equanimity of those who are sure that no good music has been written since the death of Johannes Brahms. Beethoven's 7th symphony is surely orthodox, "of good and regular standing" in the temple of music; St. Johannes is represented by his St. Anthony Variations; "The Peri," whose adventure is narrated in music by Dukas, was a highly moral person.

It is true that the Dance of the Seven Veils from Richard Strauss's "Salome" will be played, but Salome does not appear in person on the platform, and the stripping must be imagined, so that there will be no advantage in sitting on the front seats on the floor, nor will there be a protest from the city's indefatigable censor.

Next week Mme. Elisabeth Rethberg will sing at the Symphony concerts, and then be heard here for the first time. This young soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, born in the Schwarzenberg region, studied at Dresden and made her debut there about six years ago at the Royal Opera as Agathe in "Der Frelschütz." She made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House as Aida Nov. 22 of last year. In this and in other roles, also in concert work, she was warmly praised. Next week she will ride on those old hattle horses, Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido!" and Elisabeth's Greeting ("Tannhauser"). Louis Aubert's "Habanera" will be played here for the first time—his "Blue Forest" was produced at the Boston Opera House—Rachmaninov's Second Symphony and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Brido" will complete the program.

The Triangle chorus of 100 male singers, with May Peterson, soprano, will give a concert in Symphony Hall tomorrow night.

Davino's band, with Mr. Tommasini, tenor, and with a motion picture showing Rudolph Valentino, will give a concert in Boston Arena next Sunday night.

Next Sunday afternoon the interesting Mr. Chaliapin, bass, will act in song.

We read with pleasure that Miss Elsassee, "personal maid to Serpentina, the snake girl," has wedded Mr. Buck Bailey, the tattooed man.

F. H. C. of Worcester has this to say: "About 1897 Frank Daniels used to sing:

He had designs upon himself,  
She had designs on him.  
She loved to look at the picture gallery

Painted on every limb.  
Till one fine day,  
With her season's pay  
And the fat lady, off he ran,  
And it's perfectly true, you can beat a tattoo.

But you can't beat a tattooed man.  
Can any one give us the rest of the old song?"

Does P. H. C. know Frank Daniels's "Song of the Human Snake" in eight verses?

Mr. Ballev was not jesting when he expressed surprise at the sound of guns on the opening night at the Shubert Theatre. Mr. Gest writes to us:

"It seems that when the shooting began on the Boston Common, all the members of the Chauve-Souris company were sure that a revolution had broken out. Mr. Ballev was convinced of it, and asked the stage hands what the trouble was about, but nobody could tell him anything. That is the reason he questioned the audience about the shooting and he was quite serious when he did so."

Reading that Bonbita, a star among Spanish bullfighters, was in an automobile smashup and "suffered a fractured brain," F. W. H. red-pencils a mutter of "Impossible!" . . . Maybe. Esoamillio is the sole survivor of the great bullfighters; and he belongs to the author of the "Carmen" libretto; even Prosper Merimee didn't know him. There's a faint whisper of a bullfighter in Merimee's wonderful story, but nothing so nifty and costly looking as even the shabbiest Escamillio we've seen on the opera-stage: If memory be right, the name is Lucien in the book. The plug-ugly in the Ibanez story of "Blood and Sand" is far more nearly the real thing than the fellow in the Auditorium.—Chicago Tribune.

Oct 12 1923

There are certain queer times and occasions in this strange mixed affair we call life when a man takes this whole universe for a vast practical joke, though the wit thereof he but dimly discerns, and more than suspects that the joke is at nobody's expense but his own. However, nothing dispirits, and nothing seems worth while disputing. He bolts down all events, all creeds, and beliefs, and persuasions, all hard things visible and invisible, never mind how knobby; as an astrich of potent digestion gobbles down bullets and gun flints. And as for small difficulties and worryings, prospects of sudden disaster, peril of life and limb; all these, and death itself, seem to him only sly, goodnatured hits, and jolly punches in the side bestowed by the unseen an unaccountable old joker.—Herman Melville.

#### EXEUNT OMNES

(The Hyannis Patriot)  
CENTERVILLE

Sunday exit Daylight Saving until next summer. Monday exit Mr. Manuel Perry to Providence, R. I.

#### ON THE WAITING LIST

Mr. Paul Dye is an undertaker in Traverse City, Mich., and Messrs. Hole and Mende repair upholstery in the same city, while in Richmond, Va., the Sauer Company compounds Lemony Lotion.

Miss Foote is a teacher of dancing, and Mr. Halr conducts the Southwestern Wave of Los Angeles.

Mr. Shurts keeps a haberdashery in Oskaloosa, Ia.

Mr. Tipp is the proprietor of a barber shop in Springfield, Ill.

The Chicago Trust has put Mr. Lovebreed in charge of its "Own-Your-Own-Home" department.

D. Joseph Dressman makes clothes for men in St. Joseph, Mo.

Miss Imah Bird is enrolled in the American Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Rudlong is a Chicago florist.

#### THE PICNIC

Little wobs of seaweed,  
Little drifts of sand,  
Falling in your coffee—  
Isn't nature grand!

J. L.

#### GEMS OF TRUTH

(Benton, Mich., Evening News)  
Every day that passes now is one day closer to winter, which is drawing nearer.

As the World Wags:

Those who love the historic nooks and corners of old-time Boston will regret that in the recent painting of the Gov. Dudley house in Roxbury, the coat of arms, which was quite a feature on the front of the house, has been painted gray, the same as the house. Previously it stood out in bright colors. Let us hope it may be restored as it was originally.

A. L. PEIRCE.

Hyde Park.

#### SOCIAL MULES

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent, Mr. Witherspoon, is not wholly in sympathy with my definition of an honest-to-goodness mule. I am not convinced that this changes the mule's inherent disposition. Too, I had written about a social, not a sociable mule; I submit there is a distinction. I can agree that, unlike a horse, a bona fide mule knows when he has had "enuff" but unfortunately the mule will not speak nor give advance notice of the "limit." If the mule would only blow a horn or ring a bell or something when the period of docility is about to end we might be able to save the furnishings and dodge calamity. Social mules sometimes have "enuff" before anything has started at all, kicking the slats out of very preparations for a dignified start. Somewhere I have a receipted bill for repairs made necessary by one of these occasions of "nuff" when in a "contempt for man" one of the mules had exercised his "fine philosophy of life" in an orgy of reprehensible calisthenics. Memory doesn't serve, but we may have been cogitating in the sweet summer air on something like William James' chapter on Habit, awakening to find that the mule of philosophy had bent our vehicle, strong on habit himself.

At Camp Devens, where mules were listed as "subconscious objectors," your correspondent might have agreed that Gen. Sherman's definition of war need not apply wholly to the front line trenches. It isn't as Mr. Witherspoon says, that "we sneer at the mule" quite as much as it is that the mule deliberately sneers at us! I admit I have not "lived on terms of intimacy" with a mule. I should decline so to do; he might forget the terms. A mule is temperamental, and I had rather read your column, or weep sympathetically on Mr. Witherspoon's collar, than attempt correction of an animal of such peculiar peculiarities.—H. C. P.

Fitchburg.

This reminds us of a poem that appeared in the Burlington Hawkeye many years ago:

#### IN THE CIRCUS

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,

The brave young man that rode the brindle mule.

He learned when meek asinas burst the girth,

Too late, the lesson of life's harshest school.

Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of brain,

Thought that has drank at the Plerian spring;

Grand depth and height of culture he must gain

Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring.

Adv. of the Eher W. Hall-Ricketts Co. of Salt Lake City: "The Homelike Undertaking Parlor."

The members of this company probably call themselves "morticians."

The authorities of Wayne Co., Mich., advertise

HOME FOR FEEBLE-MINDED BONDS

#### THIN VEILED

(Headlines in the Rocky Mountain News)  
Bride's Originality Showed Through Her Wedding Costume.

#### STRETCH OF IMAGINATION

(In "The Superior Mother"—Saturday Evening Post)  
"She giggled and spread her long legs even longer."

"Akton" wishes to know if he may speak of the sausages made by R. Gumz & Co. of Milwaukee as "a toothsome delicacy."

Mr. Ernest Palmer was announced as a speaker at a dinner of the Chicago Law Club.

Subject: "Legal Redress for the Appalling Shortage of Bananas."

#### FROM A NEWSPAPER SERIAL

"He stared hard at her over his bushy eyebrows when she appeared."

## SARG MARIONETTES

STEINERT HALL—Tony Sarg's Marionettes in "Don Quixote."

"Don Quixote" as performed by Tony Sarg's Marionettes at Steinert Hall last night was a delightful travesty on knight errantry, and the quips and pranks of the puppets, accompanied by grotesque shrieks and bodily laughter, now from above and now from the wings, stirred the audience to enthusiastic applause. Not only did these animated mimics convey the spirit of Cervantes's fable of the would-be knight who dreamed of fair ladies and fought windmills, but they had a flavor of their own that showed in the whimsical

caperings of Rostante and the frisking of a whole flock of woolly lambs pursued by a barking sheep dog. Sancho Panza's intricate dance was a feat of puppet skill.

But best of all was the show within the show, in which miniature puppets from the Palazzo Carminati in Venice disported themselves in juggling stunts and danced the fandango. All of the settings are beautiful and suggestive of the mood of each act, from the weird dim lights of Don Quixote's dream of the fire-eating dragon to the exultant hues of the street scenes. It is only occasionally that one sees stage back-grounds of the artistic unity of Tony Sarg's.

At the other performances of the marionettes on Friday and Saturday, "Don Quixote" will be given on Friday,

and on Saturday morning "Red Riding Hood" and "Hansel and Gretel."

E. G.

## SYMPHONY'S 43D SEASON

By PHILIP HALE

The 43d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The audience completely filled the hall and many were turned away. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony, A major, No. 7; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Dukas, "The Peri," a danced poem; Strauss, Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome."

Mr. Monteux was greeted with heartiest applause that was unusually long-continued. This welcome must have shown him, if proof was needed, how warmly he is regarded, how highly he is respected by the Symphony audience.

It will not soon be forgotten that the superb orchestra of today is his creation. He formed and moulded it in the face of obstacles that would have daunted a man of less patience, courage, and artistic enthusiasm. To this well-equipped body he gave life and beauty by his skill and taste as an interpreter of ancient, modern and ultra-modern music.

For some years it was customary to write perfunctorily about the first concert of a season; sometimes it was thought necessary to write in a semi-apologetic vein—"the players were scattered during the summer; they have not yet, of course, wholly found themselves—" and so forth and so on.

But the concert yesterday was one of the most brilliant in the history of the orchestra since Arthur Nikisch first stepped on the platform of the old Music Hall. No wonder that the performance throughout provoked enthusiastic plaudits.

A finer interpretation of Beethoven's symphony has not been heard here in many years. Too often Beethoven's symphonies are treated in a perfunctory manner. "The music speaks for itself," a conductor will say, and then spend his time and strength on a more modern work that appeals to his nature because it gives him, as he fondly thinks, a greater opportunity for self-glorification. Or, again, wishing to shine as Arcturus in the sky, he will put new wine in the old bottle; introduce strange effects, give prominence to that which is comparatively unimportant, astonish by unexpected tempi and distorted phrases. Unfortunately there are hearers that encourage these lamentable exhibitions.

Mr. Monteux has too artistic a nature to sin in this manner. Conducting the symphony he was neither obsequious in self-effacement before the master, nor was he bumptious with the air of saying: "Now I'll show you how this should go. Just watch me." His breadth of treatment was never forced; his care for detail was never finical. Beethoven was revealed in his grandeur, his sadness, his light-heartedness, and at last his riotous joy, as one exulting, shouting deliciously from the intoxication of life in its fulness, without the thought of the inevitable end to every man's desire.

And Brahms was treated as a human being, not as a dry and solemn professor of musical architecture. The variations were fittingly differentiated, not merely played one after the other with regard only for literal accuracy, as if the fact that Joannes wrote them would be sufficient excuse for a pedestrian performance.

Perhaps the dance music of Dukas and of Strauss suffered somewhat by the juxtaposition. If injury were inflicted on either composer, Strauss was the victim, for in the concert hall, as in the opera house, the exoticism of Salome's dance seems labored, and



there is little (that is, sensual or voluptuous). In the opera house one is more absorbed in the stripping of Salome than in the music that accompanies. In the concert hall the effect might be greater if Salome stripped on the screen, or if Miss Mary Garden could be persuaded to do the dance between the conductor's stand and the expectant, palpitating audience.

"The Peri" bears better the severance from the ballet stage, and it has passages of genuine beauty. There are stretches which without the action in the theatre seem inconsequential: There is a vitality to the music as a whole, a warmth, in spite of the occasionally over-refined instrumentation, that is missing in the artificially rhetorical measures of Richard the Extravagant.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Rachmaninov, Symphony, E minor, No. 2; Aubert, Habanera (first time here); Smetana, Overture to "The Sold Bride"; Elisabeth Rethberg of the Metropolitan Opera House will sing Beethoven's "Ah! Perfido!" and Elisabeth's "Greeting," from "Tannhaeuser."

## TRIANGLE CHORUS GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT

Interesting Performance in Symphony Hall—Large Audience

The Triangle Chorus, composed of Verdandi Singing Society, Providence, R. I., Worcester Male Chorus of Worcester and Harmony Male Chorus of Boston, gave its second annual concert, under the auspices of the last named, in Symphony hall. The chorus was assisted by May Peterson, soprano; John Hermann Loud, organist, and May Forslund, pianist. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

The conductors, Messrs. Francke and Ekeburg, had full control of the singers, whose performance was characterized by good tonal quality and a more than ordinary regard for expressive phrasing and effective nuances. Singing without notes, the chorus was all the more obedient to the conductors' every wish.

The program included choruses by Korling, Berg, Lind, Maunders, Lindblad, Burleigh, Protheroe, Engelbreit's March and Grieg's "Landsighting." The singing of Miss Peterson was warmly appreciated. Here numbers were by Bach, Hopkinson, Mozart, Reger, Mahler, Ganz, MacFayden and Swedish songs by Alfven, Dannstrom, Hejkor and Thrane. The baritone solo in "Landsighting" was sung by Sigurd Benson. Mr. Loud was applauded for his playing of music by G. Whiting, Shelley and Gigout.

A man should write only about what he likes. Forgetfulness and silence are the punishments that he inflicts on what he has found ugly or vulgar in his walk through life.—Ernest Ronan.

### WHO COULD RESIST

"To those impelled by a discriminating desire to meet under a soft and pleasant glow of inspiring light, amid surroundings of enchanting gayety, to partake of choice cuisine and gratifying delectables, where the melodious strains of music lend an atmosphere to retire and abandon one's care, we bid you welcome to attend our eventual opening."

This being interpreted means that an inn not far from Boston was opened on Oct. 3. We understand that guests were waited on by the Muses and the Graces classically dressed, while the landlord was mistaken by one guest somewhat "lit up," for Apollo in person.

This reminds us of an advertisement in the Charles City (Ia.) Daily Press:

WANTED—An experienced waitress, woman preferred. Harper's Cafe.

### WHY "TUNK" POND?

As the World Wags:

The story current among the older people in Plantation No. 7, not the town of Franklin, where Tunk pond is situated, is that in earlier days, before the pond had a name, a party went there to fish, hunt and camp. The task of cooking fell to one of them who was not an adept. His biscuits resembled the traditional ones of the new bride. In pretended anger one of the party threw one of them against the wall of the shack, where it landed with a sound of "ker-tunk." The others could not eat their portions, so they bombarded the walls, and every impact of a biscuit produced the "ker-tunk." So, as the pond had no name, they always referred to it as Ker-tunk, which later came to be shortened to Tunk.

I wish some one would explain the names of Lemon Fair (this has been

attempted but the explanation is unsatisfactory) and Ticklenaked ponds in Vermont.

DIRIGO.

### ADMIRABLE BROCKTONIANS As the World Wags:

Did you notice the following item in the Evening Transcript regarding the Brockton fair?

"There is also a three suite in which girls who are taking the course—do cooking, canning, make jellies, demonstrate the setting of tables, and the serving of meals—do sewing and other 2 er-edom ETAOLN SHRDLU 25665544 things along the line of household economies."

Think of the twenty five million, six hundred and fifty five thousand, five hundred and forty four other things they do in that three room suite. SOME (suite) GIRLS.

"Girls, girls, you dear Brockton girls, With cute little aprons and yellow corn curls,

Cooking and Canning and Jelly Jim-Jamming

And millions of other things daily your planning—

Explain the words—the tongue twisting words,

Are they adjectives, nouns, or Lloyd George verbs?"

GORDON EDADY.

As the World Wags:

Humor crops out in unexpected places. See page 9 of the recent Boston & Maine timetable, where we are informed as follows: "d. Passengers provide their own forage (sic) between Bath and Woolwich." The railroad doubtless furnishes grain, possibly feed bags.

E. C. STORER.

Madison, N. H.

### CONSULT GOOD OLD DOC EVANS

(From a Herald Editorial)

"Bread, besides containing the traditional yeast, salt, water and flour, calls for milk, sugar, lard, malt extract and other ingredients."

Yeast, salt, water and flour constitute all the requirements for French, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian bread, all of which are delicious and health-provoking.

The ingredients, milk, sugar, lard, malt extract, etc., are sometimes responsible for murder. How can a man avoid dyspepsia if he eats such bread?

Boston. L. R. R.

### ALL UP FOR BURBANK

(Galesburg, Ill., Mail)

The bride was very lovely in a white crepe black satin gown.

### SWAN UPPING

As the World Wags:

The enquiry of E. G. S. and your reply concerning the above, almost brought on an attack of mild nostalgia, carrying me back to a time when I myself in a small way assisted at this function. At the present time this is done only on the River Thames, as far as I know, in regard to ownership. We kept swans in my boyhood home. The mark we placed on their upper mandible was a small triangle. This was done to prevent inbreeding. No purchaser would mate two swans with the same mark; the crown had nothing to do with it. Swan upping as seen on the Thames is quite interesting. The swanherds are armed with long padded crooks which they throw round the necks of the swans and pull them towards their boat. Our method was worked out with a sharp razor on the kitchen table. We usually had about five young. Each year by September the cygnets (young swans) are almost as large as their parents. If any reader of your column should find himself in England and near Thomas Hardy's Tess Country let him journey to Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire and there on the estate of the Earl of Ilchester he will see perhaps the largest swannery in the world. Swans in their hundreds—famous since the time (as the name implies) when the Lord Abbott ruled the roost, and when on Michaelmas day Sept. 29, the peacock and swan, skinned and roasted, were placed back in their glorious feathers, then brought to table on big trenchers as if alive. The Copley Plaza could not show any dinner table as stunning as that, I think. I have been told that young roast swan is quite palatable but "I hae me doots."

V. F.

Robert Burton classed the swan among fowl, which while they are "fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat; 'Gravant et putrefaict stomachum, saith Isaac, part 5, de voi.' But it would seem that the ancient Romans in their luxurious days enjoyed eating them.—Ed.

Now that Jessie Millward is in her 63d year she writes her memoirs: "Myself and Others." J. B. Booth is named as the collaborator.

Our older theatregoers remember with pleasure this well-graced actress who first visited the United States with Irving's Lyceum Company in 1883. She came with William Terris in 1889, was here again with Irving in 1893, played under Charles Frohman's management in 1898, came again in 1906 for a long sojourn.

She begins her story by saying: "Of all the vowels 'I' is the most stark and unashamed," but she talks more about the famous actors and actresses she has known than about herself. And whom has she not known, since she made her first appearance as a professional actress at the Folly Theatre (afterward Toole's) in London in 1881 as Constance in "The Love Chase"?

When she announced her intention at the age of 18 to become an actress, her mother made the condition that her debut should be under the protection of Mrs. Kendal. Calling on Mrs. Kendal, Miss Millward found her chilly, offering only a "walk on."

"But I want to act."

To which the answer was: "Can you afford to give a matinee and invite the critics?"

Toole, an old friend of her father, though he was amazed at her request for his theatre on a Saturday—Saturdays were set apart for matinees of his own—was kind-hearted. Supported by a dramatic club, she did so well that she had offers at once from the Bancrofts, John Hare, Toole and — Mrs. Kendal. Her head was not turned; she was sensible and went to Genevieve Ward, "a severe but helpful critic."

Naturally, Miss Millward has much to say about Henry Irving, who invited to her to play Hero in his production of "Much Ado About Nothing" in 1882. She asked if she should receive the weekly salary of £5 which Miss Ward gave her. The answer was she would receive 12 for the first year and 15 for the second. Sighing, she whispered: "Shillings?" "Pounds" was the answer.

Once she made a scene because they would not give her new dresses for a play. Irving sent for her. Alarmed, she sat down on the nearest chair. He did not scold her; he agreed to give her the dresses and there was a long talk with the mistress of the wardrobe.

"Suddenly Irving turned to me.

"And now, my child, are you quite comfortable?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Irving, thank you very much."

"Quite sure you're comfortable?"

"Oh, quite sure."

"Then, that's all right," he smiled, "because you are sitting on my spurs."

He could not endure carelessness in work. At a rehearsal he saw her in a very pretty dress.

"Presently he beckoned me over to him.

"Very pretty frock—very pretty indeed," he said. "What is it for?"

"I'm going to join a luncheon party as soon as the rehearsal is over," I babbled proudly.

"Go at once, my dear; go at once," was his disconcerting reply. "Don't let the rehearsal detain you. But—tomorrow—come in your working clothes tomorrow—with your mind full of work."

This reminded her of a scene at a rehearsal of "Ulysses" conducted by Sir Herbert Tree, a scene described to her.

"A 'vision' in the Hades scene was of Prometheus chained to his rock, with the vulture pecking at his vitals through all eternity. (The vulture was, of course, stuffed. The actor who played the deep-thinking part of Prometheus was a conscientious youth with a slightly Hebraic accent.

"Mister Dree! Mister Dree!" he called. "Am I to take any notice of the bird?"

"Yes, my lad," said Tree blandly; "hiss back."

When William Terriss was murdered by the madman Prince, Miss Millward caught him as he fell. Charles Frohman at last persuaded her to return to the stage after her nervous shock. She tells many anecdotes about him. On one occasion he explained to her what he meant by "snap" in a play:

"Suppose you start with a scene in a flat. Husband and wife. Husband embraces wife, goes on journey. Lights down. Enter lover. Embrace. Enter husband. Husband missed train. Short brisk talk, no long speeches. Husband shoots both. Husband turns up light, and adjusts spectacles. 'My God! I'm in the wrong flat!' Curtain. Snap!"

There are amusing stories about Augustin Daly: how William Archer suggested, in relation to Daly's cutting Shakespeare to suit his own ideas, that his name should be spelled "Dele." For Ada Rehan she had unbounded admiration.

It was a pretty compliment paid her by a young girl in 1914. Miss Millward was playing at Woolwich. A young girl asked to speak to her:

"I did want to see you so much, Miss Millward," she stammered nervously; "I've admired your performance more than I can say, and my mother always admired your mother so much. Your mother was her favourite actress when she was young, and she always talks about her performance in 'The Harbour Lights.'"

Now Miss Millward had taken the part of Dora Vane in "The Harbour Lights" at the Adelphi in 1885.

There are actresses who would have resented this compliment.

### PROBABLY THE SAME

As the World Wags:

I note in the recent news columns in connection with the latest sensation, the Webb case, allusion to Col. Howard Thayer Kingsbury. I wonder if he is the translator of the version of "Cyran" that Richard Mansfield produced at the Garden Theatre in the late 90s.

F. E. H.

The biographies of Mansfield give this name of the translator and speak of him as "a rising young lawyer."—Ed.

Bernard Shaw's new play will be performed in London this season. It is understood that the subject is Joan of Aro. Mr. Shaw suggests that she was really the first Protestant.

"Good Luck," to be produced at Drury Lane, will show racing stables, a bathing pool, a racing motorcar smash at night, a mutiny in a prison, a wreck of a yacht, the grandstand at Ascot and the race for the Royal Hunt Club. "My darling, what would'st thou have more?"



## IN THE PLAYHOUSE

In Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound" (London, Sept. 17), a ferryboat carries departed shades across the River Styx. The Manchester Guardian says that the voyage is long and the first day affords good comedy. "The passengers do not know that they are dead, and as they begin to realize that something is wrong, their surprise and agitation are delightfully worked out. They are a nice assortment of incompatible temperaments. But later on, when they know that they are dead and are brought up for judgment before an elephantine and rather tedious clergyman, the fun gives way to some long-drawn moralizing of a copybook nature. The author is naturally more at home in this world than the next, and his comedy about departed shades would be better for more men and fewer ghosts." The length of the play has since been cut by half an hour.

This Vane Sutton—Vane is the son of the man who wrote the famous melodrama, "The Span of Life." He died in 1913.

It is said that Channing Pollock's "Fool" will not be produced in London before the end of next January.

"Little Nellie Kelly" will go from London to Paris, where it will be played in English at a Boulevard theatre, but probably not till next year.

## A FEW MUSIC NOTES

Darius Milhaud has abandoned his idea of visiting us this season. He is busy in Paris with rehearsals of his ballets, "The Creation" and "Man and His Desire," and his opera, "The Lost Sheep." The opera will be produced at the Opera Comique in December. After that, Milhaud will make an extensive tour of France, Belgium and England. In February at Aix, in Provence, he will orchestrate his new cantatas, "The Eumenides," "Esther" and "Orpheus."

"A Song Before Sunrise," from the music to "Hassan," was performed at a promenade concert in London on Sept. 19. "How spontaneous and exquisite an expression is this fragment. So freely does it flow from its generous source to the receiving audience that there is never a thought of labor and pain. . . . It is especially the felicity of the scoring which sets the hall-mark on its creator."

Sept. 20—A suite "Barbaresques," originally in nine movements for the piano, by Timothy Mather Spelman. "Five of these have been orchestrated, and these constituted the work which we heard. They represent in musical terms the ideas which came to a young American's mind (Mr. Spelman is 32) on visiting French Northern Africa. Frankly speaking, those ideas can never be said to be of the lightest importance outside the composer's own mind. Nor do the labels which he has attached to them—"Arab Cafe," "Sirocco," "Mouth of the Desert," &c.—help them to impress. For the most part they do but go to make theatre music, and that of a third-rate order. The orchestra gave them a good first performance, but exactly how good it would be hard to say, so shamelessly brutal was the orchestration."—Daily Telegraph.

E. N. Von Reznicek's new opera, to be produced at Berlin early this winter, is based on Hebbel's poem "Judith," but the title is "Holofernes."

## "WHAT MONEY CAN BUY"

(Lyceum Theatre, London, Sept. 26)  
The Manchester Guardian was amused. "The new drama at the Lyceum is as good as its title. Its authors have prepared a student's guide to the highways and byways of modern Babylon. They know what goes on in Be'gravia. International gangs have 'mystery flats' here, and sit at their desks pressing levers to open the doors just like the liftmen on the Tubes. The guides then take you up the river, where millionaires kiss their parlor maids and the ladies drink wine upon the lawn. And so to 'the wood at midnight,' where guns go off and bolshevik jewels glitter like stars, and people blow police whistles with a touching faith in the ubiquity of the force. Thence to the very heart of Babylon, the Venus Club, that den of infamy where the dancers cry out for 'bubbly,' and wear paper hats upon their heads. More guns go off there, and the millionaire receives a bullet in his pearl-gray waistcoat.

"Melodrama has the film to fight now, and here it is in its strongholds—the wood, the bedroom, the dance-hall—defying the superior speed and lavishness of the cinema with the surge and thunder of its eloquence. The millionaire booms out his creed of mammon,

and the parson shrills out his splendid faith in virtue of the girl who climbs in at the window. And the heroine sobs through the streets of Babylon with all her voice in the business and no mere reliance on captions and closeups of a dewy cheek. It is easy to like one's drama thus richly audible, especially when Miss Jessie Belmore is panting on her arduous course as the hard-driven heroine, Mr. Dennis Neilson Terry is the parson who threatens fistcuffs to villainy, and Miss Joan Castle is there to remind us that in melodrama there should be farce as well as force without stint."

## A DUBLIN FOLK SONG

To the Editor of The Herald:  
Have you heard this little folk-song?  
In Dublin's fair city  
Where the girls they are prittie,  
Twas there that I met sweet Molly Malone.

Thro streets broad and narrow  
She rolled a wheelbarrow,  
Crying "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive O!"  
Crying "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive O!"

She took ill then of fayver  
An' no wan c'ud save her;  
And that was the ind of sweet Molly Malone.

Now her ghost rolls a barrow  
Thro streets broad and narrow,  
Crying "Cockles and mussels,  
Alive, alive, O!"

(Refrain again.)  
I have heard it sung everywhere in Ireland—by the ballad-singer, on the streets of Dublin itself, and by gentry and clergy, in hall and rectory.

The unknowing might take the song for a "comic"; but sung, as it is, plaintively, to a sad, sweet, simple, almost monotonous, air, in a land where even the alien comes to believe in ghosts, and leprachauns, and "little men" scampering alongside, and scaring, the midnight wayfarer as he joggled to or from market or fair, this little ditty has a very real (yes, and haunting) affecting quality.

As you will observe, there's "a hole in the ballad." I am sure that it can be amended by many hereabouts.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG.

Boston.

## DANDY, NOT DUDE

To the Editor of The Herald:

Those of your readers who remember Billy Barry and Hugh Fay in "Muldoon's Picnic," will no doubt recall also the "Dude" in that piece. At that time (the early eighties) the word "dude" was used to describe any one of the male sex who was affected or foppish in dress. The song "I'm a Dandy, But I'm No Dude" was sung by this character, as well as by numerous others of that period. I remember one verse, and the chorus, which was:

I'm a dandy, that's what the people say,  
At the races I'm always seen;  
I drive in the latest style cart,  
By my side sits a charming queen,  
With wondering eyes, the swells all look  
At my carriage, the cut of my hair;  
I laugh and grin as I take the whole thing in.  
For their opinions I don't care.

## CHORUS

I'm a dandy, but you bet that I'm no dude,  
With the ladies I am never rude;  
I've a style that's all my own,  
With it I carry tone,  
I'm a dandy, but I'm no dude.

F. E. H.

## THAT KISSING SONG

To the Editor of The Herald:

In the As the World Wags column, "C." asked for the "Old Kissing Song." My memory tells me that it went something like this:

When a man falls in love  
With a little turtle dove  
He will linger all around her under jaw,  
He will kiss her for her mother  
Her sister and her brother  
Till her daddy comes and kicks him  
from the door;  
He draws a pistol from his pocket  
Pulls the hammer for to cock it  
And vows he'll blow away his giddy  
brain  
But his Cuckoo says he musent  
'Tisn't loaded so he doesn't  
Then they're kissing one another once  
again.

If you want to kiss a girl  
Kiss her neatly and completely (etc.)

## CHORUS

For the old maids love it  
The widows are not above it  
Everybody's got a finger in the pie.  
Some folks who are haughty  
Say it's very naughty,  
But you bet you're like they do it on the  
sly.

When a gal is seventeen  
She thinks it mighty mean  
If she can't have some fellow for to  
mash  
She will pucker up her mouth

With a pretty little put  
And fumble all around his big mustache  
She'll make a fellow shiver  
Make him jump the river  
And stick to him like granulated glue  
It's no use to tell her  
You're some other girl's feller  
For she'll bang you in the smeller if  
you do.

O. Letimer may remember another old classic that was sung by a comedienne of the Maggie Cline type in the old days:

I was sittin' beyant in the corner  
Wild Sullivan's wife on me knee.  
Sure I know'd her before she was married.

Together we'd many a sprec.  
I tickled her pure out of friendship  
She winked at me back on the sly  
Then I found myself under the table  
Wild Sullivan's big fist in me eye.

C. W. R.

## AMERICAN MUSIC

The Society for the Publication of American Music will receive original compositions by American citizens for submission to its advisory board for recommendation for publication in its fifth season of 1923-1924 not later than 1923, on which date they should be in the custody of the society's secretary. They must be submitted under assumed names with the actual name enclosed in a sealed envelope and accompanied by adequate return postage.

The society will give consideration only to chamber music and cannot consider orchestral works—short solo pieces of any kind or songs, unless the latter are written for a group of instruments accompanying the voice. The society lays stress in its selection on the musical merit of the words submitted and places no restriction on the number or combination of instruments used.

WILLIAM BURNET TUTHILL.

185 Madison avenue, New York, room 1608.

The publications for the fourth season, 1922-1923, to be delivered about Oct. 15, are:

Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, William C. Hellman; quartet for strings, Charles M. Loeffler; three pieces for quartet, flute and harp, Daniel G. Mason.

## OPERA FOR THE PEOPLE

Charles D. Isaacson of the San Carlo Opera Company thinks that opera has been too much of "a social game." He says:

"It belong to the people; opera was written for the whole people, and the tendency has been to make it a parade of gay gowns and hilarious hairdressing.

"I am going into the boiler factories, shoe factories, clothing manufactories and workshops of New England to lecture on grand opera to those who don't go, but who should go. That is the purpose of my mission—not to drum up the sale of tickets for the San Carlo season here, but to keep the audiences from being too much of the socially elect of Boston. In past years the tendency has been for the well-to-do and the members of our best families to gobble up the seats far in advance. Mr. Gallo, our director, believes in opera of the highest grade, with the best artists, for all the people. My work is to lecture to the whole people, free of charge, on music and kindred subjects.

"Here I am; I am ready to lecture, without charge, at any club, store, factory, organization or group headquarters. Mr. Gallo wishes to give Boston something more than a season of opera; he wishes to do pioneer work among people who haven't been in the habit of attending good opera."

## "MUSICAL" BOSTON

To the Editor of The Herald:

If Boston intends to hold her place as the Hub of the Universe, especially in the musical line, the time has arrived for her to wake up and start something. The saying or proper phrasing might be, the psychological moment has arrived. Our musical element in this community has been neglected. Boston from being the leader in musical culture has become second rate and is slowly yet surely falling lower. True, the symphony is exceedingly popular among a certain class and the grand opera has been liberally and patriotically supported, but I hold a brief for the great middle class, that class which music is their solace, that class, that heart of throbbing humanity the like of whom can be seen in the large German cities, knitting as they drink in the great musical masterpieces. As Carlyle so appropriately says:

"The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has upon us. A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that."

War has now passed, the shouting and the tumult have died. Peace is here. Our civilization needs stabilizing. We must get back to the normal. Jazz has . . . out they had a . . . hat showed in th.

dethroned all reason, all standards, all ethics. We must have wholesome music for the masses. All races with their various languages can understand the common tongue of music. Let us have a common forum where the people, the masses, can enjoy a momentary surcease from the hardships of our civilization by listening to good, wholesome music. Let us start a fund to be used both for the musical education of the children of the city and for the entertainment of the people.

Let a home for music be founded wherein, as part of the curriculum of study, the children of the primary grades might assemble in the morning and participate in the nursery shows. In the afternoon the higher grade children and the high school pupils might pursue their musical studies and in the evenings the people might witness a musical production at a nominal price.

We have had drives for funds for many laudable purposes and we could for this purpose very properly go before the public and solicit the raising of a fund sufficient in amount to endow an institution of this nature. We might very properly, too, tie into the project some of the endowments left for the benefit of the people, for the people will indeed benefit by the opportunity offered for a musical education, and our city, the cradle of the home of music, will benefit by being restored to the position of musical pre-eminence which it once enjoyed.

Boston.

WILLIAM J. DAY.

## THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL

(Notes from the London Times on the Festival at Worcester, Eng., Last Month.)

Dvorak's is probably the most unconventional setting of the "Te Deum" ever written. It represents "joy" in believing. In the most unsophisticated manner possible, and it is a little difficult to catch its mood in the stately surroundings of an English cathedral.

Arnold Bax's new work, "To the Name Above Every Name." An elaborate setting for choir and orchestra, with soprano solo of a poem by Richard Crashaw. The words, with their redundancy and suggestion of a forced ecstasy, justify the modern composer in the use of his over-full musical vocabulary. The poet has supplied a phrase—which, by the way, the musician forebore to set—which seems to belong to the type of musical technique of which Bax is certainly a master. It is, in Crashaw's words, one of "the noble architects of intellectual noise," and in saying this we do not lose sight of the fact that there is a genuine nobility in much of this music.

Scene (Love Duet) from Julius Harrison's opera, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," first time. The music is sufficiently described by the stage direction, "Moonlight, romantic atmosphere," but not quite by the date A. D. 1485. Indeed, A. D. 1900 or thereabouts—somewhere, at any rate, in the post-Wagnerian era—is where the composer takes his stand. A luscious orchestra, with voices fighting to bring their hectic emotions across the footlights, is evidently his ideal of opera, and the whole is conscientiously worked up in a way which shows the practised hand of one who knows well the ways of the opera house.

It probably takes the singers as long to learn a 10-minutes' work of Bax, Goossens or Malcolm Davidson as it took their predecessors to learn the whole of Costa's "El," Benedict's "St. Peter," or Bennett's "Woman of Samaria."

When it comes to a work which is both long and difficult like the Bach mass, the wonder is that they have learnt as much of it as they have.

There is another point of view which ought to be faced. It was not unreasonable to expect a cathedral organist to conduct a series of oratorios of well-established type in the old days. It is another matter to require him to take command of every type of music which research into the ancients may revive or, the ingenuity of the modern composer may devise. The command of the orchestra is an entirely different thing from what it was even when Sir Ivor Atkins or Dr. Brewer first took up the baton at a three choirs festival in the nineties. Normally, the organ loft is their province. Once in three years they are expected to conduct a miscellany of music an important part of which lies quite outside their everyday experience. Their readiness is splendid, but the result is sometimes odd. A humorist remarked of the performance of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" on Wednesday that it sounded strangely like an Anglican chant.

## THEATRE ORCHESTRAS

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:  
Sir—There is no doubt that Mr. Kuhe is quite right when he says that the orchestras of our local theatres are pretty bad. The only wonder is that they are not even worse, considering the impediments which exist and combine to make it practically impossible for an orchestral player to do anything like his



best when playing at a local theatre. There is, first, the fact that for musical plays some proportion of the orchestra are "extras," and they are therefore not regular players in that particular orchestra. Then there are the actual conditions of playing. The builders of local theatres seem to have had no idea at all for the amount of space which is necessary for a violinist if he is to play without the continual fear of smashing his bow. The music, too, is almost invariably either badly written manuscript or very dirty and dilapidated printed stuff. (Someday a publisher will make a huge fortune by having his orchestral parts printed on strong linen paper.)

The pay of the local orchestral player is beggarly, and much too small to allow him to depend on it for a living. Consequently his interests are divided, and in actual fact the local player plays simply and solely because he must, and only as long as he must. Immediately he gets an opportunity he goes out of the profession, and so it happens that the majority of local players are "Weary Willies."

The worst impediment to good orchestral playing is the conductor. It is a curious and pitiable phase of musical life that it so often happens that immediately a man gets into "the chair" he becomes a real tyrant. It is seldom that you find a theatre conductor who understands how to get the best out of his players. The usual and almost the only method adopted is to threaten and bully. One of the leading conductors in London makes it his boast that once a week he "puts the fear of God into his orchestra." Now, this is about the worst way to get results from people whose whole training makes them inclined to nervousness, and whose playing depends greatly upon their ability to control their nerves. It is an accepted fact that a man works best when he works under comfortable and agreeable conditions, and an improvement in orchestral playing is not likely to come until conductors make the discovery that they can get much better results if they use a little common sense instead of relying upon sheer tyranny.

VIOLUS.

#### MR. NEWMAN LOQ.

(Manchester Guardian, Sept. 28.)  
The only new work I have heard during the week was the "Barbariques" of Mr. Timothy Mather Spelman—really an arrangement for orchestra of five out of the nine movements of a piano suite that was published last year. Mr. Spelman is a young American composer who studied at Harvard and Munich. The suite, we are told, is the result of a three months' visit to Algeria and Tunisia. It certainly sounds like it: Baedeker is written all over it. It is no use Mr. Spelman pasting Biskra and Sidi Obka hotel labels on his bag; it remains visibly the honest American "grip" it was before. One of the movements (not included in the orchestral suite) is entitled "Carthage," a sub-title informing us that this is "a trolley-ride from Tunis." Mr. Spelman should not have gone to Carthage by "trolley." When we think of, say, Gustav Holst's "Beni Mora," we see that Mr. Spelman's kind of Algerianism is only the analogue of the "Japanese" rugs that Dundee turns out with such dogged industry.

The lesson of these programs is that the public is mostly tired of having experiments tried upon it—or, at any rate, tired of experiments that come to nothing. Very few people will be satisfied with a season mostly devoted to classics. But concert-givers have practically no other choice. Of the many new foreign orchestral works that have been produced in London during the last five years, not more than three or four have created in the plain man the least desire to hear them again. De Falla is always interesting; but neither France nor Italy seems able to send us a single work worth bothering about twice. Russia is as surely a dried-up well as Germany is, though Stravinsky's latest ballet seems to have won back for him, in Paris, something of the respect he had lost by "Mavra" and "Renard." The situation in London is not an agreeable one. We ought to hear the representative new works of all the nations, even if, on hearing, they do not amount to much; but the public, tired and disappointed by its recent experiences, has no use for music that does not amount to much, and the concert societies cannot afford to play to half-empty houses. The setback is most serious in orchestral music; the givers of chamber concerts can take more risks, though even here it is to the music clubs rather than to the concert halls that we have to go to hear the newer things. The public is not to blame. It ardently desires something new in opera and orchestral music. But it also desires the something new to be first-rate, and there seems little hope of anything of that kind coming our way just yet from abroad.

#### "GOOD" MUSIC

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph:  
Sir—I was very interested in Mr. Arnold Foster's letter in today's Daily Telegraph (as I am in any sincere expression of opinion on this subject),

but I would like to ask Mr. Foster and other complainers to state definitely and in what particular the music they complain of offends them so much. If they would put their fingers on the offending quality one would know more clearly what they are driving at. As it is they gnash their teeth but do not suggest, as far as I can discover, any alternative except "Give them good music." "Good" music in whose opinion? It takes all kinds to make a world, and opinions differ, so who is to decide?

Mr. Foster (together with some others) gives the poor old "sentimental ballad" a vicious kick, as usual. Why? What is there, pray, about the sentimental ballad that rouses certain people to such fury? In the words of the advertisement, "What is it master (dis-) likes so much?" If it is the mere idea of sentimental words that rouses them, what about the usual "tenor" song or the usual "love-duet" in any opera, or, in fact, any expression of sentiment at all? Is any music that is associated with sentimental words to be taboo? If so, then "Home, sweet Home," "Star of Eve," &c., must be barred. I don't suppose this is really what Mr. Foster means; therefore, I ask, what is it he means?

Speaking of "Intermezzi, &c." (No. 3 of the tabulated series), I once had the qualified pleasure of conducting an orchestra for a season at a well-known resort, and, having to make out programmes for three performances a day, I found it was utterly impossible to get sufficient variety without a good proportion of this kind of music. Will Mr. Foster write out what he considers an ideal series of programmes (without repeating any item more than twice) for a whole week's performance by a small orchestra of 13 to 20 performers, three performances a day, eight pieces to each programme, and let us see what he arrives at, bearing in mind that there are to be practically no rehearsals worth mentioning? It is useless for would-be reformers to cry out unless they can suggest the remedy, and those who point the finger of scorn at any particular piece of music should be able to indicate definitely and clearly where in lies the "evil" complained of.—Yours truly, ALBERT W. KETELBY.

#### "OPERA" ON THE PICTURES

(By Ernest Newman)

It is not often a wily old bird like a musical critic succumbs to the lure of the fowler, but I must admit to having been fairly caught a few days ago. I received an invitation to the New Oxford Theatre to witness an "Essay to Modernize Grand Opera by the Film." "With a view, therefore," said the letter, "to testing the question 'Can the Silent Screen Modernize Grand Opera?' our producers have rewritten the libretto of that best known and most delightful opera by Ambrose Thomas, 'Mignon.'" The flattering opinion was expressed that my presence and the subsequent expression of my views would help to discover "the best way in which this popular screen art may help to popularize those gems of opera which have hitherto been hampered by the antiquated conventions and unsatisfactory staging, characterization and sumptuousness."

That was sufficient to draw me, for I have long dreamed of a new art that shall come out of the co-operation of music and the cinema. How exquisite the garden scene from "Tristan," for example, might be made! The voices are hardly necessary here; as everyone knows, several of Wagner's vocal scenes such as the Liebestod and the Good Friday music, make completely satisfactory orchestral poems. The film could give us an ideal garden in place of the tawdry canvas of the theatre, and ideally beautiful young lovers in place of the usual disillusionizing hero and heroine, who are chosen for their voices rather than their appearance. All that would be required in the way of acting would be a few simple movements and gestures to the accompaniment of that glorious music. I have always regretted, too, that M. Diaghileff did not have some of his ballets filmed in an ideal, spacious setting—"Cleopatra" or "Scherazade" would have done admirably—and then toured the country with a good orchestra trained to synchronize with the pictures. Experiments like this would point the way to the ultimate real thing—a wordless opera written wholly for the film, and conceived wholly in terms of the film medium. May come to it some day.

So my heart leaped at what I thought was going to be an artistic adaptation of "Mignon" to the medium of the film. I found, however, that all that had been done was to butcher "Mignon" to make a cinema holiday. The story had been rewritten in a way that patrons of the film will be able to imagine for themselves; apparently whoever was responsible for the production thought the opportunity for pictures of brigands, gipsies, travelling booths, floggings, fire, murder, sudden death, love scenes, costumes, and all the conventional apparatus of the film too good to be missed. Grand opera may have its defects, but

at any rate it explains itself; we do not need to have a new "caption" displayed before us every time a character comes on or goes off. Nearly a third of our time at the Oxford was spent, not in watching "Mignon," but in reading explanations of the story in that extraordinary English that is met with nowhere but in the picture-houses. I jotted down on my program some of the more priceless gems—and then left the program in a taxi. But I think I can remember the final one of all, after a very unromantic Wilhelm Meister has at last won for himself a dull and most undesirable Mignon: "And so the Fairy Prince awakens by his kiss the Sleeping Beauty to the Magic of Love."

Goethe would have chuckled over that; and Byron would have been pleased to hear that Wilhelm Meister was "a veritable Childe Harold for his facile successes among women." Little things of this kind are enough to show how wrong Bishop Welldon is in supposing that no good has come of elementary education.

I had thought, in my innocence, that we would have at least the music of "Mignon." But the bulk of the music was culled from Beethoven, Puccini, and a dozen composers whose names I never heard before. The one "Mignon" excerpt we could be sure of never being separated from for long was "Know'st thou the land?" which a young lady in the orchestra got up and sang, as it seemed, on the slightest provocation, the words and melody being simultaneously flashed on the screen each time. Without desiring to reflect in the least upon the young lady's singing, I assure the reader that if I had heard the song only once more I should have got up and screamed. Nor did my troubles with it end there. I went straight from the theatre to the seaside, hoping to have a restful week-end after this strain on my nerves. But I was rash enough to look in at a concert there. The first thing I heard was a selection from "Mignon"; and I got "Know'st thou the land?" yet again, this time as a cornet solo. I do not want to hear the song again for twenty years; and if the producers of the "modernized" film version of "Mignon" want to know what I think of their "opera" I can only say that I am trying not to think of it; I am trying to forget it.

We publish today with great pleasure the following florid tribute to a young lady described in newspapers of Sandwich, Falmouth and Oster-ville as "Our Favorite Hairdresser."

"We all wish her bon voyage and that our heads may not need attention while she is absent. This water journey is to the fine chain of coral strands called Bermuda."

"In mid-ocean, with the flowers everywhere in bloom, this manipulator of heads will bask in the sunshine and rest those weary bones which have worn out with giving untold pleasure to the many summer guests, not saying anything about the village nabobs. We trust the trade winds of old Bermuda will bring back the rosy flush to her cheeks and brightness to those liquid eyes. While bathing on the coral strands we sincerely trust she may not forget those less fortunate ones who are slaving away at home trying to save enough to be made beautiful next season and thus enabling her to take a more extended trip the coming year."

#### ANTICIPATED

A few days ago we read of an ingenious man who had almost perfected a plan for bottling heat for future use—even for years.

Alas, he is not the first. Capt. Lemuel Gulliver was permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado, in the course of his travels.

"The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them."

#### DAIRY LUNCH

(Roann, Ind., Clarion)

FOR SALE—5-yr.-old Jersey cow giving good flow of milk and bred. E. E. Mull.

CORNELLA, having heard that reading the Literary Digest is a sign of intelligence, reads it, and finds this:

"The heroine, when she smiles, discloses perfect teeth and perfect feet."

#### WILL SOME ONE OBLIGE?

As the World Wags:

Will you ask in your column for information as to "Chellier," who was literary critic for Godey's Magazine, 30 or 40 years ago, for the Criticon, and possibly other periodicals. What was his real name? Did he write anything other than critical articles for magazines? L. D. E.

#### ANECDOTICAL RIDGE

The Manchester Guardian, reviewing "A Story-Teller Forty Years in London," by W. Pett Ridge, says: "At the worst one thinks: What a lot of second-raters we are in this world! At the best: What a pleasant, jovial world it is! There are many middling stories and jokes and some good ones. There is, for instance, Sir James Barrie's remark about a grandiose personage who had asked him to call: 'I'd like to look in on the chap one afternoon,' he said, 'and have tea and a crack with him. Only I'm awfully afraid I'd find the band of the Grenadier Guards playing in the hall.' One likes, too, the hall porter at a club who had his hat stolen and became convinced that society was breaking up. 'By this time next week,' he said moodily, 'we shall have the streets of London runnin' with blood!' Perhaps there are parallels to the prayer given in North London which began 'O Lord, as thou hast doubtless seen in yesterday's Daily News—'; with more confidence one quotes Wilson Barrett's reply when he handed back the manuscript of a farcical comedy: 'It has no message.'"

#### NOT "ABJECT" BUT "BRAVE"

As the World Wags:

Slander loves a shining mark, but I never dared breathe criticism against the impeccable Atlantic Monthly until I became emboldened by the example of F. B. L. yesterday. While my boldness lasts let me ask: "How would you feel if you had hooted at someone for saying while on a steamer excursion, 'Oh, look! a little island just went by' and then that person bring to you in triumph the 'October number of our old standby and read, of a conversation between passengers on a train: 'My station is approaching?' " ABJECT.

#### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

As the World Wags:

Please note the "East Watertown Pop-corn Fountain" on Bigelow avenue. Frankforts are now flowing from the same source. JEROBOAM.

#### AD. LIB.

As the World Wags:

It is difficult, within the compass of a few words, to sketch an adequate biography of this talented artist. Furthermore, frequently as he is mentioned on programs nothing very definite is known about him except his remarkable versatility.

It is now an accepted fact that he is a member of that family which includes such celebrities as Anon., Ibid., etc. These last named, however, limit their field to literature, which in itself is somewhat circumscribed as compared to music, and appear to have mostly concerned themselves with scientific subjects and translations of the Greek and Latin classics.

Ad. Lib. on the other hand has, as stated above, a very broad grasp of the field of music. There seems to be no musical instrument that he has not mastered. Neither is there any range of vocal selection omitted from his repertoire. Always gracious and good natured, he harbors no jealousies and willingly steps into the breach when an evening's program is desired at short notice.

Of his personal life and habits we know nothing—Alas! we do not even know when or where he was born, and in spite of the fact that entertainments have been given in his name for generations, there is little doubt of his being actively engaged in his art long after all of us have ceased to take any interest therein.

H. V. MURPHY.  
West Somerville.

As the World Wags:

Mr. J. Throckmorton Cush has just returned from a vacation in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Cush is well known as a seasoned traveler. He was heard referring to this country as "the States" as soon as the train crossed the New Brunswick frontier. He never fails to keep his friends informed as to his itinerary by sending postal cards with the words: "Having a fine time. Wish you were here." Sometimes he adds: "X is my room. Fine view." This gives the personal touch he cultivates in all his correspondence. Mr. Cush knows a thing or two about hotel dining rooms. He roars: "A little service here, George." He insists on mixing his own salad to the edification of the other guests. On his return from Canada he smuggled in a small bottle. "Not that he drinks the stuff," as Mrs. Cush gaily remarks, but "just for a lark."

Boston, A. TRIPHAMMER.



Oct 15, 1923

Mr. William Beebe in the November number of *Asia* describes his adventures on the Galapagos, the Islands of the tortoise, the Enchanted Isles. He alludes to Admiral Porter's account, he speaks of Charles Darwin spending over a month on the islands, and he adds: "Of the Galapagos Islands and their inhabitants Conan Doyle or Wells could write many chapters of straight description that would fit in perfectly with a tale of ancient days or indeed of another planet."

But not a word about Herman Melville's remarkable series of 10 sketches—"The Enchantadas; or Enchanted Isles," beginning: "Take five and twenty heaps of cinders dumped here and there in an outside city lot; imagine some of them magnified into mountains, and the vacant lot the sea; and you will have a fit idea of the general aspect of the Enchantadas, or Enchanted Isles. A group rather of extinct volcanoes than of isles, looking much as the world at large might after a penal conflagration."

These sketches, which with "Benito Cereno" are ranked by certain English critics as superior even to "Moby Dick," were first published in Putnam's Magazine. They fill almost a third of the space in "Plaza Tales." It was Mr. A. N. Tomlinson who said of the Melville of these sketches: "In simple, firm, and nervous English, which in these days it is salutary to read, he creates the Galapagos in a reader's vision till they loom with all the dark, sinister, and significant character of a nightmare in which reason plays only like fitful lightning."

Is it possible that Mr. Beebe has never read these sketches? What a pleasure he has awaiting him!

On the agenda of the morning service of a church in Evanston, Ill., Hymn 526, "Come, Ye Disconsolate," was followed directly by Presentation of the Current Expense Budget.

Mr. Anon suggests that the following For-Sale advertisement should bear the caption, "All the Comforts of Hell." A LOT IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, eight graves; one kitchen steel range and large Grand Universal range with hot-water front. Fone Columbus 7255.

#### SERMONETTE

He kissed her once,  
He kissed her twice;  
She did not say him nay;  
To show his love,  
He kissed her thrice;  
Three times in one brief day!

He thought him once,  
He thought him twice;  
"With men she's somewhat free."  
Despite his love,  
He thought him thrice;  
"She'll make no wife for me."  
—Agathallo.

#### TRANSPLANTING

So the body of Gen. Oglethorpe has been dug up and will be moved to Atlanta, Ga. There are special, favoring months for the transplanting of certain trees. Man, a noble animal, may be transplanted at any time.

The general was a fine fellow even if he did treat Charles Wesley, a missionary in Georgia, rather brutally. (John Wesley's Journal gives a curious description of Georgia in the early days.) Oglethorpe directed attention to abuses in London jails. He and his fellow-trustees in the settlement of Georgia laid down a law that no slave should be employed. If Benjamin Franklin is to be believed, Georgia was settled with little forethought: "Instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen, it was with families of broken shopkeepers, and other insolvent debtors; many of idle habits, taken out of the jails, who being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for."

Dr. Samuel Johnson admired Oglethorpe and wished to write his life, but it was Pope who wrote:

"One driven by strong benevolence of soul,  
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole."

Yet the benevolent Oglethorpe stoutly defied duelling. When he was a young man, serving under Prince Eugene, he was sitting at table with a prince of Wurtemberg, who, taking up a glass of wine, caused some drops to fly in Oglethorpe's face. If he had challenged the prince he might have been thought quarrelsome; but he could not endure the suspicion of cowardice,

so, smiling as if the prince had been in jest, he said: "That's a good joke; but we do it much better in England," and he threw a full glass of wine in the face of the prince.

Our Oglethorpe must have been something of a fire-eater, benevolent as he was: for Horace Walpole wrote of him when he was 87 years old: "His teeth are gone; he is a shadow, and a wrinkled one; but his spirits and his spirit are in full bloom: two years and a half ago he challenged a neighboring gentleman for trespassing on his manor."

Oglethorpe was dug up at Cranham. We know not the place, but it is probably a restful one. Will the old general lie as quietly at Atlanta, which is said to be a stirring, hustling town, where once a year the visiting Metropolitan opera company swells the din.

John Paul Jones was brought over from Paris not long ago. We doubt if he is the happier. Then there is Byron's epigram:

"In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,  
Will Cobbett has done well:  
You visit him on earth again,  
He'll visit you in hell."

Peter Paul Ruben's Satyr is shown in a Chicago picture shop window as "Ruben's famous Satire."

For several seasons in London music critics spoke of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" as the "Afternoon of a Faun."

#### THE VISITING FOREIGNER

W. A. F. has received a letter from a French composer inclosing a letter from a French friend of his visiting a family in New Hampshire. The friend wrote in part:

"Yes, I am learning rapidly English. But, mon Dieu, there are so many what you call 'idiosyncracies.' For example, when my hostess and her daughter took me to ride recently to the White mountains it was cool weather. Before we departed my hostess said to her daughter: 'Do you need your capon?' She replied: 'No, thank you.' I look around for the bird, but did not see it. My hostess was much amused, and I explained that I could not comprehend why her daughter needed a capon. Then they both laughed with enthusiasm. Then suddenly there was much wind, and my hostess urged her daughter again: 'Do you need your capon?' She said: 'Yes, I do, mother.' 'Voilà! madame,' I exclaimed at the instant. 'But where is the capon?' 'I have it on,' cried the daughter, and she and her mother shrieked with laughter. And it was not a bird at all, but a cape on."

#### CINDERELLA, STENOGRAPHER WANTED

Private Secretary  
Experienced stenographer for shoe factory office. Shoe factory experience preferred. Sample foot size 4B desired for model work.  
ADDRESS BOX 77.  
Care of News Office.

#### CHALIAPIN CHARMS

At his recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall Feodor Chaliapin, bass, sang several familiar pieces—the great air from Verdi's "Don Carlos;" two songs by Feodor Koenemann, the excellent accompanist of the afternoon, "The Three Roads" and "When the King Went Forth to War;" two songs by Dargomizhsky, "The Government Clerk" and "The Old Corporal;" a Russian "Convict Song;" one of Rubinstein's Persian songs, best known by the German text "Gelb Roelt Mir Zu Fuessen;" the "Volga Boat Song;" and Moccassorgasky's "Song of the Flea." Although it was 25 minutes of six when Mr. Chaliapin finished his last song, it is safe to guess that he sang a song or two more; the large audience would not take no for an answer.

And Mr. Koenemann, as well as the accompanists, played a showy arrangement of the "Blue Danube" waltz, to the pleasure of the audience, who asked for two extra pieces, and Rudolph Polk, a violinist of fine skill, played with authority and with charm the first movement of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony," an introduction and Tarentella and a Caprice Basque by Sarasate, Schubert's "Ave Marie," and an arrangement by Kreisler for a Spanish serenade by Chaminade—and for good measure an encore piece which the audience hotly demanded.

Mr. Chaliapin's recitals, as everybody knows, are not like those of other singers. There is always music in plenty by artists who assist. There is no program printed, since Mr. Chaliapin likes to feel free to sing whatever the spirit may move him to sing. He chooses his songs from a very short list. Less and less he makes his way by the display of his beautiful voice and by the fine skill in song of which he is a master. More and more heavily he leans on his power of dramatic characterization. He

gains his ends; a drunken clerk, the weary, unhappy Philip of Spain, the corporal about to die—Mr. Chaliapin can make them live.

This amazing skill at characterization stirs vast audiences to wild enthusiasm. But even so it seems improvident in Mr. Chaliapin to make such slight use of the purely beautiful in song as lies at his command.

R. R. G.

Oct 16, 1923

#### "KIKI," MADE OVER.

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Kiki," a comedy in three acts adapted from the French of Andre Picard. Produced by David Belasco.

Victor Renal.....	Sam B. Hardy
Baron Rapp.....	Max Fisman
Brule.....	Thomas Findlay
Joly.....	Carlton Brickert
Snette.....	Sidney Elliott
Adolphe.....	Thomas Mitchell
The Doctor.....	Harry Burkhardt
Paulette.....	Ruth Gates
Suzanne.....	Florence Lee
Claire.....	Belva McKay
Marcel.....	Mignon Ransor
Florine.....	Anne Brewer
The Cook.....	Jane Ferrell
Kiki.....	Lenore Ulric

In the forties or fifties of the last century a delegate from Chelsea, Vt., attended a political convention where a platform was to be adopted. On his return he was asked at the store what he thought of the convention. "Well, it was spirited, quite spirited, but they pruned the platform of its most inherent qualities."

What would the ingenious M. Picard have said to his comedy as it was put on the stage last night? He would surely have praised the acting of Miss Ulric, but would he have fully recognized his comedy, would he have known his dialogue?

It is to be expected that when a French comedy is turned into English for American use, that a man's mistress becomes his wife, loyal or divorced, so great is the care of our managers for the preservation of our morals. Therefore, it was not surprising to find M. Renal at odds with his "wife," to find Mme. Renal as a spouse, wishing a restoration of domestic bliss, jealous of the interloping Kiki.

Nor was it surprising to find Kiki at the end solemnly assuring M. Renal that she had always been a "good girl," saving herself for him in spite of all temptations, and presenting to him a clean bill of moral health. (We thought we heard M. Picard snickering as the curtain fell.)

And the dialogue! Is it possible that M. Picard put into the mouth of Kiki the equivalent of our gutter slang and frequent "damns"? Even when French writers concoct the wildest farces, they are often witty, masters of insinuation, delicately indelicate, and M. Picard is a man of parts, as he has shown in other plays.

But we must take Parisian plays in the "adaptations to suit American taste," as they are, and be reasonably thankful when they give the opportunity of seeing Miss Ulric in a most congenial role. This particular comedy in its adaptation is of interest only because of her. She bears the burden; she bears off the honors. The other characters are as feeders to her, nor were they last night so sharply defined that they stood out in bold relief.

Miss Ulric plays the part of a Parisian gamine, cheeky, the most cheerful and versatile of liars, a spitfire, ambitious but apparently without talent even for a café concert, wise in the ways and wiles of men, having little respect if any for women, who as a chorus girl falls in love with a theatre manager and is bound to have him. He, having had a row with his mistress—we mean to say his divorced wife, who is the star at his "shebang"—is lonely and, as Kiki having forced her way into his room, sticks there like a limpet to a rock, he, feeling lonely, invites her to supper and then takes her to his apartment.

Let not Mrs. Grundy or the censor be shocked. In the adaptation, nothing happens; but Kiki, to the annoyance of master and servants, persists in staying, refuses to accept Baron Rapp's senile offer, and finally plays the cataleptic. The returning "wife" rages in vain. Kiki comes out of her false fit and there is the expected and desired happy ending. The audience leaves, delighted with Miss Ulric's acting and rejoicing in her intrinsic goodness.

The character of Kiki in its many phases is revealed by Miss Ulric with consummate skill. She makes that

which might otherwise seem preposterous reasonable. Whether she storms, lies, threatens, shyly or boldly asserts her passion for the manager, she is true to the nature of the gamine. However startling her speech, she is not aggressively coarse, and in her most daring pranks she does not lose the admiration of the spectator. For Miss Ulric's Kiki even when she makes herself out the worst is lovable.

As we have said, the chief duty of the other comedians is to "feed" her. Perhaps the impersonation of the doctor in the cataleptic scene by Mr. Burkhardt was the one most in the spirit of Parisian farce.

A very large audience gave content and hearty manifestations of approval.

ST. JAMES—"Rose Briar," a comedy in three acts. First played in New York Dec. 25, 1922, with Billie Burke. First time in Boston.

Creechous.....	Ralph M. Remley
Sullivan.....	Harold Chase
Miss Nicely.....	Jill Middleton
Rose Briar.....	Adelyn Bushnell
Mr. Valentine.....	Mark Kent
Mr. Little.....	Edward Darbey
Mr. Paradee.....	Walter Gilbert
Mrs. Valentine.....	Viola Roach
Monsieur Prologue.....	Heston Richards
Miss Shepherd.....	Anna Layng

"Rose Briar" is the fable of Lola Pratt, the original "baby-talk" woman of Tarkington's "Seventeen," now grown older, but still sweetly insistent on her monopoly of attention. But there is not the spontaneity nor sparkle of "Seventeen," and "Rose Briar" is cluttered with much unnecessary repetition and strained comedy. The plot centres about Rose Briar, an ingenuous performer in what is supposed to be a notorious café, who has been unwittingly engaged as an accessory in a proposed divorce suit. But she proves to be as nimble-witted as she is pleasing to look upon, and turns the tables on the bromidic Mrs. Valentine by burlesquing her with ill-concealed mimicry.

The performance at the St. James was a good one. Mark Kent, as the dyspeptic and erotichy Valentine, who has not laughed for years, gives a whimsical, sensitive characterization that has much of the charm of Lob in "Dear Brutus," and of Mr. Carraway Plm. Viola Roach, as a variation of the perennial Nurey, is cast for a role that suits her nervous and varied emotional powers, and Adelyn Bushnell played the gulleful Rose Briar with a good light comedy touch.

As for the production, the scenic force outdid itself to recreate the sumptuous backgrounds of the café Pompadour and the Valentines' country house. The incidental ballet was effectively staged and the dancing of Jill Middleton a pleasant variation.

E. G.

#### "GREEN GODDESS"

Modern and Beacon Theatres—"The Green Goddess," film version of William Archer's play.

The Rajah of Rukh.....	George Arliss
Lucilla Crespin.....	Alice Joyce
Dr. Basil Treherne.....	David Powell
Maj. Crespin.....	Harry T. Morey
The Ayat.....	Jetta Goudal
Watkins.....	Ivan Simpson
High priest.....	William Worthington

George Bernard Shaw was right. He predicted that "The Green Goddess" would make excellent film substance, and now under the direction of Sidney Olcott, William Archer's melodramatic "pot-boller" of Asiatic coloring has been converted into a picture conspicuous for its direct action and distinct characterizations. Some of the orgiastic frenzy of the stage version that was augmented by dazzling lights and insistent tom-toms, has been lost in the transference to the screen, but there is an added effect of remoteness and isolation in the sweeping pictures of the Himalayas.

"The Green Goddess" is a play of many "bon-mots," and these have become the titles of the film. Only one has been omitted, that of the Rajah's final summing up of the situation, as, "well, she'd probably have been a damned nuisance anyway!" The story has to do with two Englishmen and a woman who have been precipitated from an aeroplane into Rukh where religious fanatics insist on sacrificing them to the green goddess as blood tribute for the English capture of three Rukhians, George Arliss, as the suave Himalayan potentate of London Unliversity training and Parisian hobbies, is as finished an actor on the screen as he is on the stage. Every gesture of his has significance, and his facial innuendos for the camera have the subtlety of the inflections of his voice on the stage.

Ivan Simpson, the original Watkins, plays with a nice feeling for atmosphere and character, and Jetta Goudal as the Ayah makes a very minor role one of importance and charm. Alice Joyce in her first appearance on the screen for several years, plays Mrs. Crespin with dignity and her old grace, never seizing pretenses for emotional contortion. Harry Morey as Maj. Crespin and David Powell as Dr. Traharne gave good impersonations.

E. G.



# JULIA SANDERSON

Julia Sanderson of musical comedy fame, vaudeville's latest recruit, is featured in an excellent bill at Keith's theatre this week. The charming star is assisted by Herman Hupfeld, composer, who accompanies the songs she sings on the piano and violin.

Two of Miss Sanderson's selections are worthy of special mention. They are "The Little Tin Soldier and the Little Rag Doll" and "You're the One I've Been Waiting For." The tunes are catchy and offer a splendid opportunity for the former musical comedy star to show some fine dancing. The act is well staged and the costumes are the kind that made Miss Sanderson an outstanding figure in "Tangerine" and the other shows in which she appeared.

Lou Clayton and Cliff Edwards in "Please Stop" offer a pleasing singing and dancing blackface skit. Clayton is a remarkable ukelele player and his partner a clever soft shoe dancer. Clever patter helps the pair in presenting 15 minutes of real entertainment.

The Griffin Twins, billed as "Two Prince Charmings of Vaudeville," are a pair of nimble-footed youngsters. They offer a variety of dances and their presentation of an Egyptian costume dance is one of the best of its kind ever offered here.

Howard Kyle offers a dramatic playlet, "The House at the Crossroads." He is ably supported.

Other acts on the bill are La Dora and Beckman in "A Little Bit of Everything," Tex McLeod, "The Texas Cowboy," who spins ropes and yarns; Ray and Maree Fern, in "A Vaudeville Diversion, the Shlek," and the motion pictures.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**COLONIAL:** Ziegfeld Follies; a sumptuous glorification of American beauty, with dancing, singing, comic scenes and dialogue. Next to last week.

**COPLEY:** Milne's delightful comedy "Mr. Pim Passes By" with Mr. Clive admirable as Mr. Pim. Second and last week.

**HOLLIS STREET:** "Thank-U" a pleasing comedy of a small town minister's tribulations and recompense. Sentiment and satire. Harry Davenport and Martha Hedman. Fourth week.

**MAJESTIC:** 22d and last week of the remarkable film "The Covered Wagon," picturing Emerson Hough's romance of the great trek to Oregon.

**PLYMOUTH:** "The Cat and the Canary," a drama of mystery and comedy, thrills and laughs. Seventh week.

**SELWYN:** "Runnin' Wild," a joyous negro comedy, dancing and song. Miller and Lyles, comedians. Last week. Mid-night performance on Thursday.

**SHUBERT:** Ballev and his Chauve Souris Russian Vaudeville company. An unusual and artistically entertaining show. Last week.

**TREMONT TEMPLE:** The engrossing film version of Hugo's "Notre Dame," spectacular and highly dramatic, prepared with great care and acted with spirit by a capable company. Lon Chaney as Quasimodo. Fifth week.

**WILBUR:** "Sally, Irene and Mary," an amusing musical comedy of varied New York life, Eddie Dowling, leading comedian. Eleventh week.

And, eastward where I turn my eyes,  
I see the steeples near and far—  
Like silhouettes they tapering rise,  
And touch a slowly climbing star.

While in the streets that quieter grow,  
As darker gets the twilight, soon  
A thousand lamps will shine and glow—  
Each like a Lilliputian moon!

But when I see none look above  
These little lights they hurry by,  
I wonder how I came to love  
The changes of the twilight sky.

9, 12, 21.

"Still, the practice of menus in French has its enticements, best of which is to have the waiter, when asked just what a dish may be, reply: 'Pardon, Monsieur, while I go to the kitchen and ask the chef; he, probably, will know.'"  
—Tantalus.

### BILL OF FARE VS. MENU

It is pleasant to see those protesting against French names for dishes on a bill of fare calling that bill of fare a "menu."

"Bill of fare" has a sturdy sound—it speaks of thick soup, beef, and pie.

"Menu" did not come into the English language before the late thirties of the last century. In the French of the 17th century it meant "the pretty dishes, or fine meat at table." So old Cotgrave defines it. Mr. Herklmer Johnson would not expect to find corned beef and cabbage on a "menu." The word also meant the head, feet and paunch of a sheep.

"Waiter, give me the bill of fare!" A virile order, while "menu" is for persons with mincing gait, thin, high-pitched voices and faint appetites.

And yet "menu" is preferable to "program." In the old days at Saratoga hotels where men and women ate recklessly, having in mind the adjacent sanitary springs, a woman whose pudgy hands were heavy with diamonds of the headlight order would call loudly, seating herself at table, for a "program," and then enjoy nearly each and every "number" on it, from soup to nuts and raisins.

### PICTORIAL LICENSE

As the World Wags:

Wonderful seamen, these cartoonists! Briggs in today's Herald gives us a resume of the famous first voyage of Christopher Columbus. An agony in six spasms, as it were. In the first picture we see the Santa Maria settling out. She is depicted much as the replica of the Santa Maria looks in profile, but is totally innocent of sails. In the second, third and fourth pictures we see the Santa Maria heading westward, still under bare poles, on the 70-day cruise that ended at the island of San Salvador. To his other discouragements Columbus had head winds all the way across, as the flags at the mastsheads of his caravel are shown blowing dead astern. Some little "kicker" Chris must have had in his packet to have done the 2000 odd miles of blue water, sans sails and favoring winds! In the fifth spasm we see the caravel safely arrived at San Salvador, where the crew, to make assurance doubly sure, are throwing over the mud-hooks, not only from the bow, but from the lofty poop as well. Apparently those Castilians of 1492 were simply tickled silly to get shoal water under their keel once more, and didn't propose to let go in a hurry. Sixth spasm, of course, shows the old scout, Columbus himself, giving visible evidence of that "grand and glorious feeling."

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

Boston, Oct. 12.

Mr. Eugene Golightly told Mr. Auger at the Porphyry that he was for beer and light wines but against the return of the soft drink parlor.

### "USE" AND "TRANSPIRE"

As the World Wags:

It is too bad to clutter up your columns with questions of "good usage," but there's "F. B. L." in today's column on "the complete advertiser" with his reference to Mr. Bok's use of "usage" when he evidently means "use" and should use (?) "use." What? "Continued use by the best writers and speakers makes good usage."

The Century Dictionary under the word "transpires" gives as definition 5, "to happen or come to pass; occur (an erroneous use)" and, quoting F. Hall on "Adjectives in -able," charges it to "the penny-a-liners." The use of the word in this sense is increasing rapidly. There's no question but that to certain persons it sounds better than the simple word "occur." I note two recent cases. Hon. John W. Davis, president of the American Bar Association, 1922-23, in his presidential address at the annual meeting in August said: "There is scant time to recount the events that have transpired, either within or without the legal world, since we last assembled."

James Truslow Adams in his "Revolutionary New England" (page 338) says: "While the events described in the last chapter had been transpiring in America, the conflicting political forces

and factions in England had caused," etc.

Will the next edition of the Century strike out the words ("an erroneous use")?

Oct. 10.

Over 30 years ago Richard Grant White protested vigorously—ho raged—against the misuse of "transpire," which was then "So flagrant and so common, so ridiculous and so monstrous." We find the Fowlers in "The King's English" (1906) saying that a very firm stand should be made against it, though it has English patrons. "As a synonym for 'become known,' 'transpire' is journalistic and ugly, but may pass; as a synonym for 'happen,' it is a bad blunder, but not uncommon." The Oxford English Dictionary says of the misuse of "transpire" for "occur, happen": "Evidently arising from misunderstanding such a sentence as 'What had transpired during his absence he did not know.' Apparently began in U.S. about 1800; registered in Webster's Diet. 1828 (not in Webster 1806)." In the illustrations of the misuse are the names of W. L. Garrison, Dickens, Hawthorne and Laurence Oliphant. But still more objectionable to our mind is the use of "proven" for "proved."

### ONLY TWO CLASSES

"The average honest Frenchwoman uses two pounds of powder a year; while demimondains and society women employ about five pounds yearly."

In Ottawa, Ill.—C. O. W. informs us, Miss Gospel lives in Chapel street in a house owned by Mr. Godfrey, and Mrs. Pray is her neighbor.

Mr. March G. Bennett writes: "It may interest the Academy to know that G. L. Canine of Des Moines, Ia., is building a house there for Ray Fox."

Mr. W. C. Joslin recently saw in a Pennsylvania town this sign in front of a shop: "Cleaning and Pressing of Suits. Repairing in the Rear."

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But if the greater part consist of such who can better endure the noise of any bird, fiddle-string, or piece of wood than the voice of a philosopher, Plutarchus hath shown us what to do for being at difference with his sons, when he heard his enemies rejoiced at it, in a full assembly he declared that he had endeavored to persuade his sons to submit to him, but since he found them obstinate, he was resolved to yield and submit to their humors. So a philosopher, midst those companions that slight his excellent discourse, will lay aside his gravity, follow them, and comply with their humor as far as decency will permit.—Plutarch's Symposiasts.

Cold bones, iron men, pieces of long green. Mr. Herklmer Johnson was greatly pleased when he found an instance of modern slang in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy, "Bonduca": "For my part, friends, Which is but twenty beans a day (a hard world for officers and men of action.)"

It was Mr. Johnson who told Mr. Auger that he would find the word "simoleon" in the Greek dictionary, and that the word frequently occurred in Xenophon, Herodotus and Thucydides.

### IN ANSWER TO "DIRIGO"

As the World Wags:

The small stream in the western part of Vermont is called "The Lemon Fair," according to the stories of a half century ago, because one of the early settlers went fishing there (I think it was Friday, the 13th) and instead of catching any fish he fell in. In telling his troubles to the neighbors, he said that it was a "lamentable affair." Those Yankees thought that that was funny, and so the name in its abbreviated form has stuck to the stream all of these years. I hope that this explanation will be satisfactory.

Malden. C. E. Kidder.  
"Dirigo," asking the origin of the names Lemon Fair and Tieklenaked, said that they were given to ponds, not rivers, but Mr. Kidder is right. Lemon-fair river is a branch of Otter creek. It is, or was, a sluggish, muddy stream. It was said that when early settlers came to it and saw the difficulty of crossing, an old woman exclaimed: "It is a lam-en-ta-ble affair."—Ed.

### WHO WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED IT!

(Chicago Herald-Examiner.)

Customs officials now fear that thousands of cases of liquor have been smuggled into the country.

### MAKE OUT YOUR OWN LIST

Messrs. Black and Kuhl of Peoria advertise "Solid Fiction."

### IN SPITE OF ALL TEMPTATIONS

(Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas.)

Robert Weir of Burlington was a decent visitor in town.

"The grave's a fine and private place,  
But none, I think, do there embrace."

### "MENU" AGAIN

We had sent our little piece about "bill of fare" and "menu" to the composing room when we received this letter:

As the World Wags:

Representative Fred A. Britten should have gone a step farther in his criticism of the use of French on the bills of fare on American vessels; his criticism should have embraced criticism of the use of the word "menu" in place of "bill of fare," as well as criticism of the use of French for the names of the eatables listed on bills of fare. Not only on American vessels, but in all English-speaking communities, the word "menu" should be tabooed and the good old English term, "bill of fare," used in its stead. I always avoid the use of the word "menu" when I can conveniently do so, for there are so many allowable ways of pronouncing the word that, however one pronounces it, somebody is sure to think that it is pronounced incorrectly. Some persons attempt to give the word its proper French pronunciation, but, as that pronunciation involves the proper French pronunciation of the letter u, such attempts are in many cases failures. Even if the word is given its correct French pronunciation, the one so pronouncing it runs the risk of being thought to be making an ostentatious display of his learning.

SUBURBANITE.

There is a curious remark in William Harrison's Description of England: "Which bill (of dishes) some do call a memorial" (1577-87). "Bill of fare" occurs in Massinger's "Bashful Lover" (1636)—but there is Mrs. S. Harrison writing in her "Housekeeper's Pocket Book," in 1748: "The Bill of Fare is a new and admirable contrivance." In Lavarenne's "Cuisinier Francois" (2nd ed., 1653) "menus droits de cerf" are classed among the course dishes to come between the roast and the dessert. In the vocabulary of hunting, the tongue, the muzzle and the ears of a stag were called "menus." The first chapter of the second part of Grimod de la Reyniere's "Manuel des Amphitryons" (1808) is devoted to "the definitions and general principles of menus." The celebrated gourmet says that the French word probably has no equivalent in other languages, and even in French it is not easy to find a synonym, or to define it without circumlocutions. The definition of the French Academy does not satisfy him. His opinion is that the menu includes, and exclusively, everything that leaves the kitchen to appear on the table. Would that there were space today for the profound consideration of the manner in which a menu should be composed.—Ed.

### THOUGHTLESS HOSTESSES

Mr. Herklmer Johnson some seasons ago urged a brilliant and hospitable dame of his acquaintance, who prided herself on her dinners, to provide for her guests a bill of fare. "I want to know what's coming," said the Sage of Clamport. "As long as you follow the barbarous custom of serving game after roast, I want to know what the game is, so that I can skip the roast or give it doubled attention. And I would like to have printed on the bill of fare directions for the proper use of the many forks by the side of a plate. I don't like to see my fair neighbors at table smile when I take up the wrong one." "Would you believe it," said Mr. Johnson to us in confidence, "she has paid no attention to my wish. When I expressed it, she laughed, and said 'What a funny man you are.' This vexed me, for like the man in Tennyson's Queen Mary—was it Sir Ralph?—I am a sad man and a serious."

Loew's State—"Ruggles of Red Gap," a James Cruze production, with a cast that includes Ernest Torrence, Edward Horton, Lols Wilson, Fritz Ridgway, Charles Ogle and Louise Dresser.

"Ruggles of Red Gap" might have been good Main street before the day of Sinclair Lewis, but the film version of Harry Leon Wilson's play proves that the burlesqued idea of the small town and its social climaxes and anti-climaxes, is merely to be laughed at and dismissed. "Ruggles of Red Gap" makes a good picture, but the interest has shifted from the brilliant and satirical dialogue of Ruggles, once valet to an English earl, and by the luck of a poker game added to the entourage of

Highbrow is a dangerous word. It is used as an excuse for indolence, insincerity, and degradation. It goes with the word prig. We lose our souls cheerfully to avoid being called prigs. Because thou art virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale? Because there is a high and holy shall we, who are not climbers or flyers, have no fun on the lower slopes?—A. N. M. in the Manchester Guardian.

### CITY TWILIGHT

I hear a wind rush down the street,  
And drive the dead leaves to and fro;  
I hear a noise of many feet,  
As workers homeward come and go.



a family of Red Gappers invading London and Paris in search of polish.

Ernest Torrence, as Cousin Egbert, bewilderingly maintaining his right to "go so far and no further," in his wife's social schemings, has become the mainstay of the film play. His homely winks and nudges, his promptings of Ruggles to "ask him if it's Wednesday, and if he says yes, poke him in the eye," are delightful, and make one forget the so-called "representative of Back Bay society," whose goose-necked palaverings are absurd burlesque.

A word as to the exactitude of the mid-Victorian splendors, the ornate pillastered houses with their innumerable curliques; they could not have been better, and together with Ernest Torrence, make "Ruggles of Red Gap" worth seeing. E. G.

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Our old friend Vladimir de Pachmann will talk in Symphony hall next Sunday and incidentally play the piano. In New York the young lions of the press found his flow of speech overwhelming. Mr. Lawrence Gilman of the Tribune needed over a column of space to talk back. Mr. de Pachmann has always been a pianist of conversational gifts on the platform. He knows he is a poetic interpreter of Chopin and is not ashamed to praise his own performance. "A good old man, sir; he will be talking." Symphony hall is "sold out" for next Sunday.

The Concert Guide of Paris announces a concert by "Miles. Guy Maler and Pattison."

"Monna Vanna" was described in the Harris Theatre's program as "Maeterlinck's Immoral Drama."

The program of the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday night comprises Rachmaninov's Symphony No. 2, Louis Aubert's Habanera (first time here) and Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride." Elisabeth Rethberg of the Metropolitan opera company will sing Leonora's scene and aria from the first act of "Fidelio" and Elisabeth's "Greeting" from "Tannhaeuser." The former aria was last sung at these concerts by handsome Berta Morena in 1911.

The program of the concerts next week will comprise the first symphony of Sibelius, three of the old Italian airs and dance tunes for the lute arranged for orchestra by Respighi—Mr. Toscanini introduced them here, and an unfamiliar work, "The Sea," a suite by Frank Bridge of London, who will conduct it.

"I'm from a theatrical family, you know; my grandmother was the original Floradora."—The girl-man to the Chicago Journal.

Recollection is that the delectable diversion of "Floradora" took its name from an island, and not from one of the characters. . . . What the distinguished descendant said was, maybe, that his grandmother was the original "Floradora" double-sextet.

This guess takes its chances on a basis of data and text. Thus, "Floradora" dates from merely 1899; while the first line of the well-remembered two-by-six was:

"Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"—Chicago Tribune.

Edith Mason, soprano of the Chicago Opera, and Albert Spalding, violinist, will give a concert tomorrow night in Symphony hall for the benefit of the Radcliffe endowment.

Rudolph Ganz, interesting pianist, often applauded here, and conductor of the Isaac Stern symphony orchestra, will play music by Haydn, Brahms, Schumann, Ganz, Blanchet, Cosella and Debussy in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Pieces by Ganz, Blanchet and Casella are new.

The theatres offer attractive first performances next Monday night. "The Old Soak," by Don Marquis, at Selwyn's, should strike a sympathetic chord in the breasts of all lovers of personal liberty. At the Copley, "The Limpet," a comedy that met with great success in London a year ago, will be performed for the first time in America. G. P. Huntley will take the leading part. Two musical comedies of the better class will be produced: "The Dancin' Girl" at the Shubert; "Caroline" at the Majestic.

L. F. Motte-Lacroix, a French pianist, who now teaches at the New England Conservatory, will give a recital in Jordan hall tomorrow night, when he will play for teachers, students and invited friends music by Bach-Busoni, Chopin, Debussy and Liszt's sonata. A pupil of Matthias de Beriot, Philipp and others, he has played in England, Spain, Denmark and Switzerland. For the last three years he taught the advanced class at the Strasbourg Conservatory. During the war he was for four years an interpreter in the British army. In 1894, as a pupil of de Beriot, he took a second prize for piano playing at the Paris Conservatory.

The program of the Russian Players at the Scala, London, "Included an American popular song." How and why?

The Rev. J. Emery Coulter of Everett writes: "When I tell you that I attended nearly all of the Boston theatres from the time that I was 5 years old you can understand how much I enjoy that part of your interesting column in which is given quotations of many of the old songs sung between 30 and 40 years ago, and I was particularly interested in your reference in Thursday's issue regarding the production of 'Francesca da Rimini' at the Park Theatre in '84, for I have always set as my standard of real acting that given by Louis James as the Jester in that production. I have never seen anything to equal it on any stage. Speaking of Sol Smith Russell, how many remember the song he sang at the same theatre about the same time, entitled 'Penelope's Elopement,' some parts of the words being: 'At dead of night, when all was dark, going, going, GONE?'"

The Herald will publish next Sunday an interesting article by Mr. William Seymour about "Francesca da Rimini."

Seen in a second-hand bookshop of the Strand, London: "Cheap edition of 'Decameron Nights,' by Boccaccio, author of the play now running at Drury Lane."

Miss Suzanne Keener will be the first to sing at the Sunday concerts of the Boston Athletic Association this season. Miss Keener. Let no one infer that this concert will be a wake.

"The Bird and the Fish," a play about the Marriage problem, will be performed for the first time tonight under the auspices of the local chapters of the

Union of East and West, in Huntington Chambers hall at 8:15 o'clock. It will be preceded by a Hindu sketch, "Kunala," by Dhan Gopal Mukherji. Berthe Braggiotti will present her dance drama, "Realization," with herself as chief dancer. It deals with the development of flower into fruit and matter into spirit.

Has Perosi really abandoned composition? He is reported as saying that it is too easy an exercise. "When I set about composition, my pen simply runs along," Mr. Legge of the Daily Telegraph answered that it is highly probable if he had known this some years ago, his music might have had longer life. It is also said that he purposes to give himself to the study of religious reformation. Perhaps it is too late for him to work out his musical reformation.

Geoffrey Whitworth, the author of a new play to be produced in London, says his object in writing it was: "To show the claim of human love to a place beside the desire for knowledge and the lust for power as a mainspring of world evolution." We have heard these words somewhere, and the theme is hardly new.

Mr. Otis Skinner told us some years ago that the ablest actors as a rule made a poor showing on the screen. That was before he made the venture. Mr. Arliss, if this opinion was founded on fact, is a noteworthy exception. In "The Green Goddess" he shines brilliantly on the stage and on the screen. And on the screen he cannot be heard making a speech before the curtain.

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And life (you know) is sweet: and living, they come to be old. Hence it is, that your children desire to be men; and your men to be old men; and your old men, to be more and more old; and though they live in never so much pain, yet do they still desire to live. For (as it is in the Proverb) Faine would the Henne live, for all her pip; she would not be put out of her life, to be put out of her pain.—Celestina in Fer-

nado de Rojas' tragic-comedy.

#### "PUDDEN"

The Comte de Saint-Aulaire, French ambassador in England, was the "guest of honor"—a hideous phrase—when the famous "pudding," the dish of rump steak, kidney, lark and oysters with a suet crust, was served at the Old Cheshire Cheese. (Mr. Francis Bourn sat at the table, having eaten the pudding since 1851, and yet he is now 92 years of age, and no doubt asked for a second helping.) After the pudding, ale, pancakes and toasted cheese were served. The English are a hardy race. The pudding has been served at the Cheshire Cheese for 148 years.

The Count made a speech, saying the landlord had assured him that the great Dr. Johnson was no forbear of Pussfoot Johnson. The Count could not agree with the opinion of an English writer at a meeting in the cause of disarmaments and universal peace that the first step for the protection of mankind was to get rid of the two worst assassins in the world—French taxi drivers and English cooks. "It is far more important," said the Count, "to agree about gastronomy than about politics. Everybody, more or less, understands gastronomy, but very few people, including the politicians, understand politics. Politics change every day, whereas good cooking is eternal. Gastronomy is the best school of diplomacy, since it takes from every nation that which is best in it; while diplomacy sometimes has a tendency to over-emphasize what is worst in each nation."

Noble sentiments. But the Count spoke at the dinner. What did he say the next morning after pudding, pancakes, toasted cheese and ale?

#### THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

The Daily Chronicle of London publishes the standing letter of a Chicago firm to standing debtors. We have not seen it in print before.

"Dear Sir,—You seem to be the very Prince of Cunctators, the Quintus Fabius of Procrastinators. You owe us for a post-due account, as per statement enclosed, and we are spending four dollars in postage and more in psychic beeswax trying to make you koff."

"Loosen, brother, hit the offertory, and see how much better you feel when you think of our glad surprise on getting the Dalodocci Dough.—Yours truly, —"

#### FASHION NOTE

We read that a few of the fashionable colors this season are:

Antelope and willow-green, puce-car-nation, fondant-rose, wine-red, fuchsia, hyacinth-blue, cold shades of brown, verdantique, tawny fawn, pineapple red and beryl.

Nevertheless we believe the fireman was right when he said with perhaps unpardonable emphasis, he didn't care what color the engine-house was painted, so long as it was painted red.

#### THE SWANNERY AT ABBOTSBURY

As the World Wags:

The recent paragraphs regarding swans and swan upping in England have given great pleasure to many people who have been interested in the stately birds on the Thames and ornamental waters in England. "V. F." in Saturday's issue, speaks of the great royal swannery in Dorsetshire, of which very few Americans have ever heard or visited. I had this great privilege last August through the introduction of the Dorchester rector whose knowledge of Dorsetshire is only surpassed by Thomas Hardy himself, who lives in Dorchester. The village of Abbotsbury is one of the most picturesque in England, and the great swannery, owned by the Earl of Ilchester, where the birds are bred and reared, has been carried on for hundreds of years. It is the largest in the world. The water is a sheltered arm of the sea, half fresh, and protected by that remarkable beach formation called the Chesil Bank. The place is almost tropical for warmth. The nests are of bamboo, which grows in feathery forests, with giant masses of fuchsia, heliotrope and roses. The water was alive with swans in all stages, about 800 to 1000—a wonderful sight. They are raised largely "for the King's pleasure," and those for royal water are especially fine. The "upping" is not done here. Abbotsbury swans may be seen in many parks in England, from the waters of the Ouse in Yorkshire to the inlets of the Isle of Wight. When asked about eating the birds, the swanherd looked grave and said, "Occasionally."

MARY FIELD KING.

Milton, Oct. 15.

"Swannery" is a noble word, and so is "drunkenry," although the latter may soon need the commentator. Why not speak of the "swannery" in the Public Garden, and of the keeper of the boats as the "swanherd"? For in old times the word of multitude for swans was "herd." "Swan-hopping," used by old Howell and Horace Walpole, is a corruption of "swan-upping"; but whereas "swanny" pertains to swans, our slang, "I swanny," probably comes from the English dialect, "Is wan ye?"—"I shall warrant you." Great is the English language.—Ed.

#### WHAT IS IT TO THE INFINITE?

As the World Wags:

"Evening service 7:30 at which Rev. Mr. Landers will interpret William Carter's million dollar prize story."—Quincy Patriot-Ledger.

From reading this announcement would it surprise you to know that Willa Cather's "One of Ours" was the book interpreted? So much for the literary sense of our suburban reporter. Cambridge. UNQUINTY.

#### SEE AMERICA FIRST

(Sallybury, N. C., Evening Post)

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Ellis have returned to the city after having spent several days in many northern cities, including Niagara Falls and Canada.

Oct 20 1923

## 'HABANERA' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, M. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninov, Symphony No. 2, E minor; Beethoven, Scene and Aria from "Fidelio"; Aubert, Habanera; Wagner, Elisabeth's Greeting from "Tannhaeuser"; Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride."

Although Mr. Rachmaninov had cut down his Symphony from a length of 65 to 50 or 52 minutes; although the Habanera was played here for the first time and Miss Rethberg made her first appearance here, the feature of the concert was Smetana's overture, which was brilliantly performed. For this overture has life; it sparkles; it promises enjoyment to come for those in the opera house and as it passes, gives pleasure. No doubt it is eminently suited to Smetana's opera, but it might be a prelude to any joyous work.

How will Rachmaninov stand as a composer 25 years from now, or even in 1933? It would not be fair, perhaps, to say that the best passages in his symphony are those that are in the Tchaikovsky vein, yet when he is most emotional the hearer is compelled to remember Peter the Cosmopolitan, and throughout the work there are Peter's mannerisms—the vain repetitions; the tossing of themes from one group of instruments to another; above all the sentimentalism. There are effective passages, even when they are inclined to be flamboyant; thus the chief section of the Scherzo is captivating; but there is in every movement the feeling: "If he would only say less, for much of what he says he has already said." M. Monteux and the orchestra did all that was possible for the glorification of the composer.

After the reports from Paris about Louis Aubert's "Habanera," great was the disappointment here. The Habanera bears a motto from one of Baudelaire's prose poems in which the poet expresses a distinct wish to breathe the perfume of a woman's hair, to bury his face in her locks, "If you could know all that I see! All that I feel! All that I hear in your tresses! My soul journeys on perfumes, as the souls of other men on music."

Pray, what has this to do, however laudable the desire of the poet, with this music of the composer? But French critics, hearing the "Habanera," wrote about the "perfume of passion." The "nostralgia" of the dance and M. Vuillermoz burst into an astonishing rhapsody, which was reprinted in an abridged form in the Program Book, for the edification of those who "wish to know what the music is about."

We were prepared to palpitate, to be intoxicated. Alas, this "Habanera" is as pale a thing as the composer's "Blue Forest" produced at the Boston Opera House; less tiresome because it is shorter. As for perfume and passion, where are they? In the articles of the French critics. It has been said that the more inferior a novel, play, or opera, the more brilliant should be the article; that a work, in fact, is only an excuse for the reviewer. Hearing yes-



# MASON-SPALDING

Edith Mason, soprano, and Albert Spalding, violinist, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. Miss Mason sang Bach's "Bist du bei mir," "Batti, Batti," from "Don Giovanni," Duparc's "Chanson Triste," the setting by Liszt of Victor Hugo's "Comment disaient-ils?" "Chere Nuit," by Bachelet, and a group of songs in English including "The Lass With the Delicate Air," "Watts's 'Little Shepherd's Song,'" and Rachmaninoff's "Floods of Spring."

Mr. Spalding played the prelude and aria from Bach's E minor suite, the Grave and the Fugue from a sonata, in G major, by Porpora, "Captain Fracassa," by Castlenovo-Tedesco, a "Cortège" by Lily Boulanger, a Burleska by Suk, two pieces of his own composition, "Castles in Spain," and "Lettre de Chopin," an arrangement of his own of a Chopin waltz, in G flat major, and Sarasate's Jota Navarra. Both artists gave encores.

This recital, quite apart from the recognized abilities of Miss Mason and Mr. Spalding, gave the audience such unusual pleasure that concert gives to some might wisely ponder the whys and wherefores. The sound of a solo violin, for one thing, which some people in the course of an entire evening find cloying, was agreeably relieved by the brighter tones of a light soprano voice; or with other people it may have worked the other way about. Both performers, too, were artists of equal rank: there was no tedious listening to padding while the star sought the green room for rest. And the program, for a not too serious occasion, was happily chosen.

Miss Mason, after her Bach and Mozart and her French songs, which are not too often heard, refrained from singing trash in English. For his classics, Mr. Spalding chose music pleasant to hear today, and for the trifling pieces which violinists like, or are expected, to play, he was fortunate in finding very attractive trifles, his own little pieces included, which other violinists overlook. The occasion was skillfully managed.

But, of course, there was the admirable art of the performers to reckon with. Miss Mason showed her lovely voice and her powers of song to their very best advantage, displaying an excellent understanding of the classic style in the Bach and Mozart airs, and real warmth of feeling in the French songs. Mr. Spalding played the Bach and Porpora excerpts with beautiful tone, purity of style, and yet with emotional warmth. All the evening he rejoiced in a splendid rhythm that brought him hearty applause. Mr. Andre Benoit played Mr. Spalding's accompaniments more successfully than Miss Mason's.

R. R. G.

The New York Times informs us that Dr. Gerald Leighton, a visiting Scotsman, won't drink here.

It was a Scot returning home who told his neighbor that London was a dreadful place: "I hadn't been there an hour when bang! went a saxepee."

## ADD "MARVELS OF THE SEA"

(From the Chicago Tribune)

The motorship Kennebec is high and dry on the rocks, and is being pounded by heavy seas.

## T WAS IN THE SCHOOL "READER"

T. H. S. of Gorham, Me., writes: "Perhaps some of one of the numerous readers of your column would, if asked, give me the lines of an old song (popular here 70 years ago). The first lines run:

When the humid shadows hover o'er  
all the starry spheres  
gently weep in rainy tears,  
What a joy to press the pillow of the  
cottage chamber bed  
And to listen to the patter of the soft  
rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingle wakes an  
echo in the heart, etc.

We used to read these verses in our  
village school, with a sweet little poem  
—not Walt Whitman's—"Leaves of  
Grass," in which he likens grass to  
"the beautiful uncut hair of graves,"  
also to "the handkerchief of the Lord,"  
"A scented gift and remembrance, de-  
signedly dropped."

Bearing the owner's name somewhere  
in the corners, that

We may see and remark and say  
Whose?"

No, the school verses about grass be-  
gan something like this:

"Here I come, creeping everywhere."  
It was in the year when we spoke  
with shaking knees:

"Blaze with your serried columns,  
Lie,

I will not bend the knee."

Also—  
"Chained in the market place he stood.  
A man with giant frame."

## ON THE DOORSTEP

As the World Wags:

The author of the headlines to the report of Gov. Pinchot's address before the citizenship conference in The Herald was peculiarly happy in the dramatic suggestion of their appeal.

"Pinchot Puts Dry Law's Fate at Coolidge's Door," he writes, adopting the well known episode of the baby in the basket on the doorstep, the hastily rung bell, the speedy departure of the stork. Offspring thus disposed of by one or the other of the authors of their being are always unwanted and generally illegitimate, conditions to which the 18th amendment conforms so accurately and completely that the aptness of the picture is even greater than it appears at first impression. Even as the cold-hearted parent passes the baby to the unsuspecting tenant of the chosen residence, so does the cool, calculated Pinchot pass the buck to the unsuspecting "Cal" Coolidge in the White House.

Here the exactness of the parallel must cease, for where the horrified householder may pass the little stranger on to the summoned police officer or charitable agent, the disturbed occupant of the White House must decide for himself whether he shall cherish little Wayne Haynes Volstead in his bosom or cut him out as the little bastard of fanatic reversion to autocracy which by the fundamental principles of the constitution he is. There are times when the lot of a President, like that of a policeman, is not a happy one.

## HOW TO STOP BOOTLEGGING

Of more immediate interest than the decision upon which hangs the fate of the terrible infant of politics is the question of making the enforcement of prohibition more full of frightfulness than the hearts of the bootleggers and their coadjutors may be turned to water. Many suggestions have been made by fervent persons for the accomplishment of this purpose. The declaration of martial law; the employment of our battleships against the schooners, steins, seidels and other alcoholic craft which make the freedom of the seas a joyous reality; the removal of judges and law officers who knew something about the law under which they acted; the abrogation of all of the Constitution except the 18th amendment; innumerable others.

## AN OLD PRECEDENT

The story of the aged gold-digger who would have found fortune with one more shovelful is familiar. The article in The Herald entitled, "Praying Off the Pirates," held in it the solution of the problem with but one more push of the author's pen. In his article he relates that when the pirates who carried on their business off the New England coast in Colonial days, just as they do now in these days of prohibition, were captured, tried and stood beneath the gallows, they were "required to listen to the preachers of the day and to hear themselves held up to the spectators as a fearful example of the consequences of sin." Moreover, they were "catechised, and they had many occasional exhortations, and nothing was left that could be done for their good."

## CLERGYMEN TO THE RESCUE

Unless the adoption of this precedent would conflict with the constitutional provision against cruel and unusual punishments the means for the desired end lies here. The prohibition commissioner says the ministers have been lax in their duty of assisting in enforcing prohibition. Here lies their opportunity. With it embraced it would probably be unnecessary to obtain an amendment to the Volstead act providing for hanging as a penalty for its breach. What served to take the sting from death itself for the pirates of the olden time would seem a fate worse than death to their successors of today not to be experienced a second time. So would piracy and its auxiliary bootlegging again cease as a New England industry.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.  
The Automobileist of October asking, "What made Coolidge Great, answers: 'He ran true to Northampton.'" And extolling the "intellectual history" of Northampton, the writer says that the town sent out "2 Presidents." Yes? Coolidge is one—please name the other.

## A CASE OF "YOU'RE ANOTHER?"

As the World Wags:

Appropos of the complaint which is being made regarding the tax which Pennsylvania exacts on coal sent out of the state, I beg to inquire whether Massachusetts is not acting upon the principle of that taxation when it taxes, as it does, the mortgages which residents of Massachusetts take as security for loans made on real estate situate outside of Massachusetts? If a resident of Massa-

chusetts makes a loan on real estate situate in Massachusetts, the mortgage which he takes as security for the loan is exempt from taxation, but, if he makes a loan on real estate situate in another state, the mortgage which he takes as security for the loan is taxed. Can Massachusetts justly complain of Pennsylvania's tax on coal sent out of the state when it thus taxes the mortgages which its residents take as security for loans made on real estate situate in another state? Are not the two taxations based upon substantially the same principle? INQUIRER.  
Brookline.

Oct-21 1923

There is in London, we read, a man who goes about the streets in search of what he regards as "incongruous ensembles and sartorial atrocities." He describes them scornfully in the columns of tailors' magazines. Nor is his activity confined to London. He found three specimens in a seaside town. Here is his exhibit A. The man was wearing:

Lovat lounge packet, white sweater, gray flannels, purple socks, black boots, bowler hat, madder knot Foulard tie.

We are not fussy in matters of dress, but black trousers and russet boots are disturbing. So is a white cravat with a frock coat.

The Burlington Hawkeye humorist said years ago: "It's the sight of a fat man wearing a helmet hat that makes murderers."

## WE DON'T KNOW

As the World Wags:

Perhaps you can explain why the Boston school committee is advised publicly not to park in front of its own building on Beacon street. The street window bears the following injunction:

BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE  
DO NOT PARK HERE  
FLORENCE R. GEROULD,  
Cambridge.

REMEMBERED IN PORTLAND  
(Portland Press-Herald.)

Miss Genevieve Hamper, who I private life is Mr. Robert B. Mantell.

## SHAKESPEARE'S SLANG

As the World Wags:

Would it be too much trouble, should you ever find Mr. Herkimer Johnson's leisure, to call his attention to the occurrence of two instances of modern slang in one of Shakespeare's plays? I have hopes, if only slight ones, that he has not happened to note them. he has not, what a pleasure would mine to add one little drop to his of knowledge!

In I, Henry IV, act 1, sc. 3, where Worcester speaks of the peril of walking over a current "on the unsteadfast footing of a spear," Hotspur answers, "If he fall in, good night!" Can't you hear the very intonation of the modern slang, "Good night?"

Again in the same play, act V, sc. 2, Vernon pauses in a long speech and then says, "But let me tell the world," and he says it, mind you, with just the air of superiority which we see on the street today. W. M. T.  
Lexington.

## A TRANSLATED "MENU"

As the World Wags:

Appropos of French menus, it seems bills of fare should be either in English or French. The following is an example of what befell Mr. Quidsy (according to London Answers), who asked for a translated menu:

Soups at the Tail of the Calf.  
Salmon in Curl Papers.  
Chest of Mutton to the Little Peas.  
Potatoes Jumped.  
Duck Savage at Sharp Sauce.  
Charlotte at the Apples.  
Turkey at the Devil.  
Fruits Variegated.

I don't know exactly why, but the following inscription on an old grave strikes me as a fitting doorteplate for some of our modern novels:

"My father and mother were both insane.  
I inherited the terrible stain.  
My grandfather, grandmother, aunts  
and uncles

Were lunatics all, and yet died of carbuncles."

And this surely expresses the modern view of connubial bliss:

"Within this grave do lie  
Back to back my wife and I.  
When the last trump the air shall fill—  
If she gets up, I'll just lie still."

Cambridge. PATIENCE PEACOCK.

As the World Wags:

To the by-way wanderer who loves this time of the year, when nature incarnadines the countryside, the paths along the Charles at Weston should be a lodestone. From low-lying, nil-green bushes to tall copper and gold oaks the range of color blends in its ascent.

## "THE TATTOOED MAN"

Mr. F. S. Wright of Newton Centre writes: "The enclosed copy of the words of the song 'The Tattooed Man,' as sung by Frank Daniels, is for 'P. H. C. of

Worcester,' in case he has not, as yet been furnished with them."

Do you remember Angelina,

The heartless human snake

Who won my heart in another part

And gave that heart a break?

I'll sing you now of my sweet revenge

'Twas retribution stern.

She fell in love with a tattooed man

Who broke her heart in turn.

Chorus.

Ah! He was a human picture gallery

Such a spectacular gent.

He won her heart and drew her salary

He never left her a cent.

And one fine day, with her season's pay

And the fat lady off he ran.

Oh, 'tis perfectly true, you can beat a tattoo

But you can't beat a tattooed man!

He had designs upon himself

She had designs on him.

She loved to look at the picture book

He had on every limb.

"Oh, why should I go abroad," she said,

"To Germany, France or Rome,

With a lovely collection, awaiting inspection

In my happy, little home."

Chorus:

He'd Raphael's cherubs on his brow,

The Angelus on his chest,

While on his back was a liberal stack

Of "Old Masters" of the best.

"Oh, picture to yourself," said she,

"A love-lorn maiden's doom."

"I cannot picture to myself," he said

"For there's no 19th room."

## JOHANNES'S BROT

As the World Wags:

Wo schoolboys in Milwaukee were fond of Johannes's Brot (St. John's bread). Every little German "Apotheker" kept it in glass jars. It was the enormous pod of some sort of locust tree, dried, and had a sweetish flavor. Our German professor told us it was exactly the same commodity which St. John

consumed in the wilderness, although the saint apparently spread his pods with wild honey. We seem to remember a bewhiskered Sunday school teacher who maintained St. John made a loaf of living locusts and baked it for food.

We scoffed at his story then, but who knows, anyway?

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

After reading the tablet placed on Norumbega tower, the wanderer may puzzle to know at just what time in the 15th century the Breton French settled in Norumbega's vicinity. Since the last Norse ship of Ancient History left the Charles for Iceland in 1347, one is anxious to know more about these 15th century Bretons mentioned by the tablet.

Perhaps the editor of this column or Mr. Herkimer Johnson can give a source of information on this subject.

Boston. PICARDY.

## HEAVY TONNAGE MOVING TO CHICAGO

"Miss Agatha Ton of Chicago is suing Earl De Young for breach of promise. . . . The Ton family each year holds a reunion, at which an average of about 600 tons attend."

## THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Question 6—"Sirs, Please to resolve me, what Knowledge and Concern the Dead have for their surviving Friends and Relations, whom they loved passionately when alive, and if it be their power to appear them again?"

The answer is that they are under laws and restraints as is evident by the history of Dives, and "unless in extraordinary case, they make no appearance in these lower Regions."

## WHERE WILL THE REST GO?

"Four trans-Atlantic liners called here yesterday to land aliens under the October quota and on board were 6000 persons, most of whom are destined to New York and other places."

## THE HEELING ART

(London Daily Chronicle)

Can the heel of a number 4 shoe seven inches high? Letters are put in on this question, which must be put on a mathematical footing.

The first problem is, What is a seven inch heel? Is it measured at the ball? Seven-and-a-half inch heels, a W. end trader tells us, have been worn for a hundred years. Such footwear would only be used by girls on the toe of expectation.

## NOT FORGETTING "TRA LA"

As the World Wags:

Later, concerning the maid who "Age was bright red, and her hair nineteen."

I have recently learned that the narrative of the tragical happen-



of this mad, the words "Tra-  
ould follow each stanza. As I  
doubt that many of your  
are preserving this "poem"  
is really a song) for use as an  
inner story or to read to a party  
ds. I send this information. If  
ords are introduced, your read-  
and they give a happy touch  
tness to the gruesome, harrow-  
e. For instance, quoting the last  
he blew out the gun with the  
brains of his head,  
la."

FREDERIC M. HAYNES  
skport.

GILBERT AND NEWMAN  
Newman in the Manchester Guar-  
dian of Oct. 5.)

had a new American work at the  
menade concert on Tuesday—Henry  
stillbert's "The Dance in the Place  
ngo." Mr. Gilbert is one of the most  
able of the living American com-  
posers. Like some of his compatriots,  
is very keen on creating a national  
music. It is for Americans to say  
whether he has succeeded in "The  
Dance in the Place Congo"; all that  
igners can attempt to decide is  
whether the music is good. For good  
and national music are, unfortu-  
ately, not always the same thing.  
Various recipes have been given for the  
production of national music, but the  
best recipe of all is, perhaps, not to go  
looking for a recipe. For nationalism  
in music is something like virtue in a  
man: the people who possess it in the  
best forms and the most abundance are  
unconsciously of possessing it.  
Thus, anxious to rescue French mu-  
sic from the malign influence of Wag-  
ner, went back to Rameau; but I doubt  
whether it ever occurred to Rameau  
that he was a nationalist. Couperin,  
again, managed to be quite French  
without making any conscious effort;  
and almost sure he did not, before be-  
ginning a composition, take out a map,  
study the boundaries between France  
and Germany or France and Italy, and  
write that on no account would he be  
writing like a German or an

from the program note that  
the work is the result of a strong  
wish on the composer's part to write  
music which should be a truly national  
American artistic expression." A loud-  
de ambition, truly. But the question  
once arises: "What is America?"  
What is American? As a foreigner I  
speak with diffidence on what is really  
domestic subject; but I should have  
thought that America was George  
Washington, and Benjamin Franklin,  
and Abraham Lincoln, and Emerson,  
and Walt Whitman, and Edgar Allan  
Poe, and Henry Ford, and Wamaker,  
George F. Babbitt, and Jeff Peters,  
Huckleberry Finn, and Fifth Ave-  
nue, and Main Street, and the Bowery,  
Los Angeles, and Ellis Island, and  
all things of that sort. To my  
ment I learn that America is in  
the blacks, and the only true Ameri-  
cans are the blacks. That, at any rate,  
is the impression Mr. Gilbert gives me.  
As gone for his inspiration to the  
Orleans of the days before the war.  
The work "deals with the  
reverses of the slaves on late Sun-  
afternoons—their only free time  
ing the week—in the Place Congo,

an open space in New Orleans;" the  
themes are mostly drawn from "Creole  
songs and dances and southern melo-  
dies;" there is "a wild and most ex-  
pressive melodic fragment much in use  
among the blacks of Louisiana;" "the  
theme of the Bamboula is ripped out in  
all its triumphant vulgarity;" and so  
on. It is all very interesting, but I  
wish some kind American friend would  
tell me in what respect the hullabaloo  
"jolly-golly-black-man-boo of negro  
is the expression of the national  
America. I doubt whether the  
blacks would have sung the songs of  
Hielots and then plumed them-  
selves on having at last created a truly  
Acedemonian school of national music.  
Still, I suppose the Americans know  
their business better than we can hope  
to do. As for Mr. Gilbert's music, it  
struck me as mostly a jolly piece of  
jazz, with some clever painting of  
more serious moods now and then. But  
the work is far too long for its subject  
its material.

etting a quarter-hour apart to read  
t the Gotham drama critics have  
ay about the Marlowe-Sothern re-  
l of "Cymbaline," we encounter in  
Herald something about the stars'  
ving excellent fluidly in the  
of the play"; and we stop read-  
a laugh, which uses up the  
-hour. . . . We don't know  
ey think of it; and it doesn't  
-Chicago Tribune.

Some one has called Mr. Burmester, who will play here next Tues-  
day night, the "Raphael of Violinists." Why "Raphael"? Why not the  
Leonardo da Vinci, the Michael Angelo, the Titian of fiddlers? Or he  
might be called the Ingres, for that painter played the fiddle.

Mr. Swassei Beloussov, a violoncellist, is coming. We read that he  
is a many-sided player, so we may call him the polygon of violoncellists.  
He is also "sprinkled with drops of eastern mystic (sic)." It appears  
that he can create on his instrument "ghost music with a single sweep  
of his bow." This startles his hearers with "inexplicable thrills." He is  
suspected of thus using "Yogi wisdom."

We should like to hear again the ghost melody in "The Corsican  
Brothers." We should like to see the play again. "Pray for me, mother,  
Louis is dead, but I, ha, ha, go to avenge him." (Tumultuous applause.)

To go back to Mr. Burmester, who played here with the Boston  
Symphony orchestra in December, 1898. He was not 30 years old, but  
nothing escaped his eagle eye. "At that time," he remarked recently to  
a reporter, "I saw, as I see today, the musical future of this country."  
But listen to this: "It may not have reached that degree of appreciation  
that is manifest among the foreign-born of your population, or the fore-  
ign capitals, but I still can see a tremendous growth since my last visit."  
It is needless to say that Mr. Burmester is a North German by birth.  
Some one should give him Lowell's essay on a certain condescension on  
the part of foreigners.

How faithful Londoners are to the good old melodrama of Drury  
Lane! "Good Luck," by Ian Hay and Seymour Hicks, is eminently suc-  
cessful. The critics poke fun at it, but in a tolerant, not a bitter way.  
The Manchester Guardian says the drama is up to the standard of heroics  
and horseplay. "Sticklers for tradition will complain that the heroine  
is dark and that there is no black villainess who drinks liqueurs and stuffs  
the stolen pearls into her bosom." Mr. Gween is a racing tout, "with  
lungs of brass, heart of gold, and head of oak. . . . The hero went  
into all the bunkers, and ended up smiling on the last green after a  
round of about four hours. His recovery from the water-hazard at the  
eighth was the work of a champion."

It seems as if the New York critics, the sturdy, case-hardened vet-  
erans and the young roaring lions, were somewhat disappointed the first  
night of the Grand Guignol. They expected little plays of

"Much of madness, and more of sin,  
And horror the soul of the plot."  
Their reviews might have been headed: "Is that all?" We suspect that  
even Mr. Towse of the Evening Post wished something stronger, not to  
say ranker. The visiting Parisians should have been told that New York's  
"gentlemen of the press" are not easily shocked.

Mme. Galli-Curci will sing here on Nov. 4. She, through her eloquent  
manager, has been talking. "I learned to sing with the aid of the piano  
and the birds." One should not rely too much on the birds. Was it not  
Jean Cocteau who said: "The nightingale sings—badly."

When the players of the Moscow Art Theatre come this season they  
will have in their repertoire a fairly familiar comedy by Goldoni and  
Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." This will give some of us a better  
opportunity of dilating with the proper emotion. For all Bostonians do  
not speak or understand Russian, and some of them are not willing to  
say with certain enthusiastic souls: "Oh, it is not necessary to know  
Russian. They are such wonderful actors that you understand every  
word." As "Billy" Aphorip used to say at the end of a brilliant article:  
"Ah, these dear Bostonians!" Only he wrote the sentence in French, for,  
like Mr. Warkley of the New York Times, he has a way of dropping into  
that language.

One sometimes reads that the future success of a play is "on the  
knees of the gods." The classical allusion impresses readers. It might  
be said of certain shows that the success is "on the knees of the god-  
desses and the demi-goddesses."

We read in Variety that Mrs. Fiske in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"  
is a "turbulent, fluffy, and shapely person" of "russet coloring" and "in-  
imitable savoir faire."

This reminds one of the eulogy pronounced on an accomplished Irish  
lady: "She was blonde, passionate and deeply religious. She painted in  
water colors, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The Frankfurter Zeitung reports that Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch was  
invited to a performance of the French Society, La Bienvenue Francaise,  
which exists for "the advancement of intellectual and spiritual exchange  
between the nations." He wrote thanking the society, but he also wrote:  
"It appears to me that this object is not reconcilable with the policy  
which France for seven months has been following in the Ruhr district.  
The responsibility for this policy rests very nearly upon those whose  
names I see at the head of your committee, namely, Poincare, Mil-  
lerand, etc."

We are afraid that Mr. Gabrilowitsch made this answer. Why does  
he not stick to piano playing and conducting, and let politics alone? He  
is more fortunate in expression as a pianist than as an inveigher against  
legitimate and admirable French policy.

Miss Ethel Leginska, as her press agent thoughtfully informs us,  
"had to Russianize her name to get a proper hearing from English  
critics." It is true her name was Leggins, but English critics did not  
force Miss Gertrude Peppercorn, pianist, or the Misses Thudicum, singers,  
to Russianize their surnames. The press agent also tells us that Miss  
Leginska has never worn "the 'pretty clothes' usually associated with  
the feminine sex at afternoon and evening concerts," but she plays in "a  
plain black velvet skirt with a boyish coat or waist of the same material."

Her audiences are acquainted with this costume. There is no need  
of the inspired press agent's reminder. Let us hope that Miss Leginska  
will "doll up" a little for her recital here next month.

NATIVE COMPOSERS  
(Louis M. Ellshemus, in the New York  
Herald.)

Yes, we do not encourage the native  
musician sufficiently. Let our citizens  
forego attending concerts of the for-  
eigners. Give our composers a hearing  
Also, do not shun to attend a recital by  
born Americans.

Yes, I had lost interest in composing  
12 years ago. Why not? You see, no  
one ever asked me to play my output.  
If any musician heard my music, per-  
haps only in my studio, he commented  
that it was too good for the general  
public.

Then wherefore compose more?  
I am sure there are thousands who  
are in my predicament.

Now, had I received deserved interest  
20 years ago, I feel certain that I could  
have proved myself to be one of Ameri-  
ca's most original composers.

Anyhow, my "Zapparella" for the  
piano could be arranged into an enter-  
taining half-hour act. It requires four  
actors; a dancer, a singer and two  
horses. The scenic effect would be  
grand and gorgeous.

But who will stage it for me? There's  
the rub.

Allow our own musicians to have a  
voice; then our composers will again be  
inspired to create music! Not the mod-  
ern waste.

IN THE THEATRE

Bricux's new play, "L'Enfant," pro-  
duced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris,  
is a study of a woman emancipated by  
the war and "feminisme." For five

years she held positions as an engineer,  
skilled in the uses of hydro-electricity.  
Yet she thinks of love and would give  
herself to her cousin Henri, but he  
"would prefer a more domestic, caress-  
ing woman." He announces his in-  
tention of going to Brazil to see his  
betrothed. Not willing to be one of  
the "isolated" she goes under some pre-  
text to his room at night and takes him  
rather than gives herself, but she in-  
sists that he should go to Brazil, for  
she does not wish to have it appear  
that she thus would make him wed her.  
A child is the result. Her family call  
her dishonored; she glories in it. She  
is a "volunteer of maternity," and the  
regular army refuses to do its duty.  
She will be father as well as mother.  
The child will be hers and hers alone.  
Henri returns, having broken off his  
engagement. She refuses to marry him,  
but finally yields, reminded of what an  
unhappy future the child would neces-  
sarily have. "I spoke of sacrifices to  
be made for my child," she says, "here  
is the first, the sacrifice of my pride."

It seems to have escaped the notice  
of dramatic critics that in the chief  
episode in "Hassan," Flecker was an-  
ticipated three centuries ago by John  
Fletcher. In "A Wife for a Month,"  
written after Beaumont's death, the  
usurping King Alfonso, disdaining his  
queen, casts eyes of desire on her fair  
maid of honor Evanthe, but she rejects  
his advances and remains faithful to  
her lover, Valerio. The baffled and en-  
raged tyrant thereupon offers to the  
two that they shall be married for a  
month, but that at the end of that  
time Valerio shall be put to death and  
Evanthe shall share his fate unless she  
can at once get another husband on  
the same terms. The two eagerly ac-  
cept his conditions, but there all simi-  
larity between the two plays ceases.  
For in Fletcher's melodrama Alfonso,  
by a cruel and cunning device, prevents  
the consummation of the marriage, but  
before the month ends his usurpation  
is over and the conventional happy  
ending made certain.—London Daily  
Chronicle.

J. Bannister Howard of London is de-  
veloping a scheme of which a feature  
will be the offering of £5000 worth of  
seats to the public in the form of 5000  
£1 shares, "the money to be kept intact  
and only used as the seats are used,"  
and "at the end of the London run  
one quarter of the profits to be divided  
among the shareholders."

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The article in The Herald of Oct. 11  
about "Francesca da Rimini" has  
stirred up the embers of memory and  
brought forth a few ashes which I here-  
with scatter before you. While in San  
Francisco, Cal., in 1878, acting at Bald-  
win's Theatre, under the management  
of Thomas Maguire, in the same com-  
pany with James O'Neill, Lewis Morris-  
son, James A. Herne, Charles B. Bishop,  
Henry Edwards, Forrest Robinson, Fred  
Emerson Brooks, Rose Wood, Katherine  
Corcoran, Louise Sylvester, Mrs. Far-  
ren, Kate Denin-Wilson, Mollie Revel  
and others, I was asked by Lawrence  
Barrett to arrange for stage production,  
two plays—"Don Carlos" (by Schil-  
ler) and "Nathan the Wise" (by



Leasing)—both of which were accepted by Mr. Barrett, who praised my work very highly, and were intended for his coming season's repertoire. When I came to the Boston Museum, in the fall of 1879, Mr. Barrett had come across George H. Baker's play—almost a poem—"Francesca da Rimini." This he asked me to arrange for him, and during the leisure moments of that, my first season at the Boston Museum, I did so. This, too, met with his approbation—but, as he said to me, "Willie, Mr. Baker, the author, is quite an old man, and would be very sensitive to having your name attached to his work—you are so much younger than he." (I was 25.) So my name never appeared in connection with the revised play—but Mr. Barrett showed his appreciation in many ways. He was my dramatic godfather, and until his death was like an elder brother to me. Requiescat in pace. Here is the cast of "Francesca" as given by Mr. Barrett when he first produced it, at the Star Theatre, New York city, on Aug. 27, 1883:

Lanciotto .....	Lawrence Barrett
Count Paolo .....	Otis Skinner
Reppo Pepe .....	Louis James
Maiatesta .....	B. G. Rogers
Renzo .....	Henry Winter
Lucentio .....	Wilton Luckaye
Cardinal Malaspina .....	Errol Dunbar
Lodovico .....	Master Eugene Sanger
Torelli .....	Albert T. Riddle
Captain .....	S. DuBois
Francesca Da Rimini .....	Marie Walworth
Ritta .....	Addie Plunkett

As I remember, Mr. Barrett played it first in Boston at the Park Theatre, then under the management of Abbey & Schoeffel. Mr. Barrett's last appearance in the character of Lanciotto was at the Broadway Theatre, New York city, on the evening of March 7, 1891. He, with Edwin Booth, was then playing his last earthly engagement. He was taken ill during the performance of "Richelleu" on March 13 and died Friday evening, March 20. Lawrence Barrett (not Branigan) was born at Paterson, N. J., April 14, 1833.

Edwin Booth's last appearance on the stage was on the afternoon of Saturday, April 4, 1891, at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, as Hamlet. He died June 7, 1893. Mr. Booth was born on his father's farm near Baltimore, Md., Nov. 13, 1833.

"Francesca Da Rimini" (Baker's play) was first produced at the old Broadway Theatre (326-328 Broadway, on the east side of the street, between Pearl and Anthony, now Worth, streets) by Edward L. Davenport, on Sept. 27, 1856, with the following cast:

Lanciotto .....	E. L. Davenport
Count Paolo .....	J. W. Langston
Reppo Pepe .....	Charles Fisher
Maiatesta .....	David Whiting
Renzo .....	Leon J. Vincent
Francesca .....	Mme. Ponisi
Ritta .....	Julia Manners

It ran until Oct. 5, but was not, thereafter included in Mr. Davenport's repertoire.

In October, 1867, Adelaide Ristori appeared, for one performance only, as Francesca Da Rimini, its first production in America, at the Theatre Francais (now known as the Fourteenth Street Theatre—west of Sixth avenue).

On Oct. 7, 1873, Tomasso Salvini acted Paolo, in "Francesca Da Rimini," at the Academy of Music, New York city—and later, one performance, at Wal-lack's Theatre (afterwards the Star). These performances were of the Italian play.

In the 90s Otis Skinner starred as Lanciotto, in Mr. Barrett's version of "Francesca Da Rimini," with Aubrey Boucault as Paolo. I cannot recall who was the Francesca—but Mr. Skinner gave a virile, and successful, performance of Lanciotto. And so ends it.

WM. SEYMOUR.

South Duxbury.  
Was not the "Francesca Da Rimini" in which Mme. Ristori and Salvini played the tragedy by Silvio Pellico greatly admired by Byron?—Ed.

#### "WHAT MONEY CAN BUY"

This extraordinary play by Arthur Shirley and Ben Landeck was produced at the Lyceum, London, late last month. This review, published in the Daily

Telegraph, is worth reading:

Rhoda Pearson was certainly a most unfortunate girl. Brought up among crooks, and married to a super-crook, she took to the family trade, was caught, and served a sentence in prison. While there she was moved by the words of the fair young chaplain, and so unsettled that her old profession was no longer any use to her. She became par-lormaid to a millionaire, who promptly offered her gilded and giddy splendor; but the ubiquitous parson cropped up just in time here, too. He got her a place as book-keeper in a hotel; but, of course, it turned out to be the exact hotel wherein her husband had decided to bring off a diamond robbery. In the end he committed a murder, and tried, out of spite, to throw the blame on Rhoda; whereat the parson, to whose pure bedroom she had fled for refuge, invented a gallant alibi for her at the cost of his own reputation. Then Sal Rickets, the versatile lady who had

started as a flower girl, then become a "lady bookie," and finally found magnificence as a modiste, took Rhoda on a tour in northern Africa—"We have as a model. The millionaire, still patiently pursuing her with his loathed attentions, penetrated here with the offer of a trip to the Mediterranean in his yacht—Sal to act as chaperone and see fair play. Rhoda spurned him, for she loved her parson; but when this latter endangered his immortal soul by urging her to fly with him, she decided (after the manner of heroines of this kind of play) that she must sacrifice herself to save her lover. She accordingly joined the millionaire at that notorious haunt of vice, where the lowest of London meet to wear paper caps and eat ices—the Venus Club. Here the parson (entering to engage in the hopeless task of persuading the millionaire to visit the death-bed of his old mother, a few-opener with a past), found the girl he loved, apparently the gayest of the mad throng. The subsequent explanations were cut short by the arrival of Rhoda's husband, the international crook, who murdered the millionaire and dragged Rhoda off to an unpleasant dwelling riddled with infernal machines, where he proceeded to keep the police at bay with a revolver—until the sporting parson, arriving through the window, worsted him in single combat. The crook having been removed by one of his own infernal machines, which blew away just so much of the house as would kill himself without interfering with the final love scene, the curtain fell amid enthusiasm on the close of as stirring and eventful a drama as anybody could wish to see.

#### THE CONCERT HALL

A symphony of Mozart's youthful years has been found in the Benedictine Monastery at Lambach. It is scored for two oboes, two horns and strings.

Willem Mengelberg has been taking a cure in Switzerland. The physician forbade his conducting two concerts in Vienna.

Mme. Welte-Herzog, operatic singer, is dead at the age of 63. American students at Munich in the eighties and those in Berlin later and in the nineties remember her gratefully for her youthful grace and freshness of voice. Since 1919 she taught singing at the Zurich Conservatory.

"There was a time when the terms 'classic' and 'romantic' were supposed

to explain it to some extent. Yet while most of us find a certain formality in classicism, there is no formality like that of this romantic; there is no more frigid, formal process than that employed by Tchaikovsky to lash himself into a fury with a mechanical precision and regularity that almost challenges ridicule." This is concerning Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio.

The curious thing about progressives is that they are always going back. Their motto is that of Birmingham and of the crab—"Forward." Just now we in England are being exhorted to go back to the Elizabethans in order to recapture the true English spirit. One wonders how the Elizabethans managed to be national without going back, for there was nowhere then to go back to. They somehow or other wrote English music without thinking about it; moreover, they succeeded in writing thoroughly English music in a Netherlands and Italian technique. Perhaps just as the most really good man is the man who, in his clear simplicity, does not even know that he is good, so the best national art has been written by composers who did not know they were national. Perhaps the modern process is too self-conscious. Perhaps the earth would not keep such excellent time in its journey round the sun if it were always anxiously consulting a timetable, for it would be bound to lose a few minutes each time it did that. The best way to keep healthy is not by looking at your tongue every half-hour and asking yourself nervously whether you are as well as you ought to be; nor is the best way to get a good show of tulips to keep pulling the bulbs up to see how they are growing.—Ernest Newman.

Harold Samuel and Bach: "He does not come between his subject and his audience, as so many self-styled Bach players do. He does not use his text for an elaborate discourse of irrelevances, nor does he strain at those strange and elusive gnats which the program notes call 'emotional contents.' The music of Bach—perhaps more than any other—has been used for the self-expression of neurotics. They use it—as they and their precious circle of admirers say—to mortify themselves. Of course, Bach lends himself rather easily to this treatment, but—as Mr. Samuel can show—only his spiritual self. His essence eludes those who would deal with him fantastically. Give his clear words clear statement, and the profundity of his truth appears."

The London Times said of Timothy Mather Spelman's Suite—Impressions of a tour in northern Africa—"We have never felt the Sirocco at M-outala, or seen the gyrations of a camel at Biskra, but we have heard before these strings of parallel harmonies which, like a growing snowball of dissonance, roll on unresolved till they shatter by a volley of percussion."

Andre Caplet—he once sojourned in Boston—has composed a work for harp and string quartet on Poe's "Masque of the Red Death," also "Epithalme" for cello and orchestra.

Louis Durey is writing an opera in one act based on Merimee's "L'Occasion."

#### CARPENTIER-BECKETT FILM (Manchester Guardian)

A private view was given in London on Tuesday of the film of the Carpentier-Beckett fight. It is said that a fee of £3000 was paid by Pathe Freres for the exclusive rights. The interesting speculation is whether the film company can possibly make a profit out of such an outlay on such a fiasco.

The miserable 15 seconds of the actual fight are bravely made the most of by preceding pictures of Carpentier in training, although we are not shown Beckett in training. Perhaps the most illuminating commentary on the difficulty presented to the film-makers is that in order to make a show at all they have had to include in the picture a reproduction of the corresponding fiasco of December, 1919. On the lame excuse that the fight was like that of four years ago, only more so, the film precludes the actual fight by a repetition of the former. The filmers have one consolation, however. Their slow-motion representation of the fight takes out of it all the misery of Beckett's defeat and makes of it an agreeably comic show.

#### LONDON THEATRE PRICES

(London Times)

Mr. C. B. Cochran has already made a start in the direction of lower charges for seats for musical entertainments under his control. He announces that from today the prices for seats at the New Oxford Theatre, for "Little Nellie Kelly," will be: Stalls, 10s. 6d.; dress circle, 7s. 6d.; parterre stalls, 5s. The existing upper circle will be converted into a gallery at 1s., and there will be pit seats at 2s. 6d. These prices do not include the entertainment tax. On Saturdays and bank holidays an extra shilling will be charged for early doors to the pit and gallery, and stalls and dress circle seats will cost a shilling more.

Mr. B. A. Meyer points out, in a letter, that the reductions foreshadowed by Mr. Cochran on Thursday were already an accomplished fact in the case of Mr. Meyer's forthcoming presentation of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" at the Prince's Theatre, for the bills and tickets for this production were already printed, showing a maximum price of 7s. 6d. for the stalls and dress circle, and correspondingly reduced prices ranging down to 1s. The playgoer, Mr. Meyer considers, "has had his pocket picked" rather more thoroughly than its length permits, and it is now time that the London managers united to re-establish the confidence of the public by making the maximum price everywhere 10s. 6d., plus tax, and 7s. 6d. in cases like, for example, that of the Prince's, where circumstances and the size of the theatre permit.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Vladimir de Pachmann, pianist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8.15 P. M. Willy Burmester, violinist; Franz Kupp, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata, E flat major, for violin and piano; Paganini, Concerto, D major. Piano pieces: Beethoven, For Elise; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes; Chopin, Etudes Nos. 5 and 9. Burmester's transcriptions for violin: Bach, Air; Field, Waltz; Beethoven, Minuet; Hummel, Waltz; Weber, Rural Dance. Paganini-Burmester, "Witches' Dance."

Steinert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Marguerite Morgan, pianist. Music by Bach, Rameau, Ravel, Grieg, Chopin, Liszt.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Nicolai Kassman, violinist (Boston Symphony Orchestra); Samuel Goldberg, accompanist. Tartini, Devil's Trill; Bach, Sonata, G minor (for violin alone); Chopin-Auer, Nocturne, E minor; Mousorgsky-Kassman, Hopak from "Scheherazade"; Debussy, La plus que lente; Schubert-Ernest, Erlking (for violin alone); Hubay, Hulla-mo Balaton; Palmgren-Press, Valse Mignonne; Francoeur-Kreisler, Sicilienne and Rigaudon; Bizet-Sarasate, "Carmen" Fantasia.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Third Boston Symphony Orchestra concert. Mr. Monteux conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Marion Kingsbury, soprano, assisted by Albert Sand, first clarinetist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Dudley Pitts, accompanist. Caldara, Sebben Crudele; Bononcini, Deh piu a me; Catalani, Amor Celeste Ebbrezza, from "Loreley"; Castelnovo-Tedesco, Under

the Greenwood Tree and It Was a Lovely Day; Lass: Cyril Scott, The Begonia; Gerald Williams, Midwinter Madness; Sibelius, Black Roses; Sjogren, The Mist

on Spangbro, Pachelbel's Love a Flower, Dutch Painting and I Love a Flower, Lange Muller, The Three Holy Kings, F. Ayer, Lullaby, Arr. by Schindler, La Pastoretta; Gossens, Epigramme, La Gruenberg, Never Love Unless, Sio grea, The moon has lifted her silver crest (with clarinet).

Symphony Hall, 8.15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux conductor.

## GANZ PROGRAM

Yesterday afternoon Rudolph Ganz, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan hall, playing this program:

Sonata in D major, Haydn; waltz op. 39, Two Capriccios, No. 2 and 8, op. 76, two Intermezzi, No. 2 and 6, op. 118, Rhapsody, op. 19, Brahms; Sonata F sharp minor, op. 11, Schuman; the Pensive Spinner, op. 10, Scherzino, op. 29, Ganz; Morning on Bosphorus, Calques, in the Garden of the Old Serail, from "Turquie, Blanchet; In Modo Esotico, Casella; Masques, Fireworks, Debussy.

Though Mr. Ganz could safely rely on his power to attract a musically intelligent audience, perhaps he overestimated the endurance of even a picked body of musical men and women, for, before the end of his first group, which, including two sonatas, 16 Brahms waltzes and five more pieces by Brahms, took one hour and five minutes in the playing, the attention of his hearers began visibly to flag.

Something less of music might have served better to prepare people to listen receptively to the new offerings of the afternoon, movements from Blanchet's "Turquie," and Casella's "In Modo Esotico." The pieces by Blanchet have need of all possible favoring conditions. In truth they seemed yesterday but formless things, so feebly imagined that anyone of the three would have answered as well as another to suggest "morning on the Bosphorus" or rowboats ("Calques" means rowboats, the program stated).

The Casella piece lived up to the promise of its title more successfully; it sounded "exotic" enough for any taste—Chinese, if one may venture a guess. It was all very queer, but if one did not object to its dullness, there seemed nothing else to take exception to. And it is easy to believe that the composer had a definite aim in mind. The audience, by the way, appeared to like these new pieces well.

The Brahms music seemed almost as new, pianists play it so seldom now. Can anybody explain why? The audience applauded it heartily yesterday, also the tinkling Haydn sonata, with its impressive slow movement which ends with a recitation of true dramatic force.

Mr. Ganz played this beautiful movement with fine eloquence. To his own graceful pieces he brought a brilliant technique, and of the unfamiliar music of the day he seemed to be making all that mortal man could make. The Brahms he played curiously. Perhaps recognizing the absurdity of those pianists who 30 years ago set themselves up as specialists in Brahms, and by their very gravity made people laugh, Mr. Ganz played yesterday at times with something approaching an unconcern that damaged the rhythm of many a vigorous passage and which made figures, that Brahms himself must surely have believed significant tell not at all. The quieter episodes Mr. Ganz played beautifully. Thanks are due him, in any case, for playing this music by Brahms. R. R. G.

Oct 22 '23

#### Recital by de Pachmann Is Full of Beauty

Vladimir de Pachmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon before an audience that packed Symphony Hall to the very doors. He played Beethoven's "Pathetic" sonata; four Chopin pieces, the B major nocturne, op. 32, the F-sharp major Impromptu, the E minor prelude, op. 28, and the Allegro de Concert, op. 46; two Mendelssohn songs without words, op. 58, No. 2, and op. 62, No. 2; the Schumann D minor romance and M major novellette; and Liszt's Rhapsody No. 3.

Since Mr. de Pachmann's behavior in the concert hall has always roused quite as keen interest as his playing could do, at once let it be reported, for the benefit of people not in attendance yesterday, that his eccentricities of demeanor have gained upon him. Whatever his motives may be, he does not observe the usual etiquette of the concert hall. His breaches of decorum appeared to please some people; others they displeased—a matter of taste.

Taste, too, must have determined the degree of a listener's enjoyment yesterday. Persons who demand above all that a performer shall show forth the inner meaning of a work, can have found little in Mr. de Pachmann's playing to admire. The "pathetic" sonata,



TREMONT—"Kiki," a French farce giving full opportunity for the gaminerie and alluring charm of Lenore Ulric. Second week.

TREMONT TEMPLE—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," elaborate screen version of Hugo's great romance with an unusually good cast headed by Lon Chaney. Sixth week.

WILBUR—Twelfth week of that lively comedy with music and dancing of New York life, "Sally, Irene and Mary"; Eddie Dowling chief comedian.

Oct 24 1923

## Willy Burmester

By PHILIP HALE

Willy Burmester, violinist, assisted by Franz Rupp, pianist, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. Beethoven, Sonata, E flat major for violin and piano; Paganini, Concerto, D major. Piano pieces—Beethoven, for Elise; Liszt, Dance of the Gnomes; Chopin, Etudes, Nos. 3 and 9. Burmester's transcriptions for violin—Bach, Air; Field, Waltz; Beethoven, Minuet; Hummel, Waltz; Weber, Rural Dance. Paganini—Burmester, Witches' Dance.

A young man, Mr. Burmester visited the United States in the season of 1898-99 and played here with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 9-10 of the former year. He played Beethoven's concerto in a serious, but dry manner. At that time his technical proficiency was marked. The years have passed; Mr. Burmester, leading the life of a virtuoso, has gained in tonal quality, also in mechanism. We believe that he can play better than he did last night, admirable as was his performance in many respects. He made the mistake of playing in a huge hall, which on account of the stormy weather, and, possibly, the high price asked for admission, was not even a quarter filled. This was enough to dampen the most enthusiastic and self-satisfied virtuoso. (We doubt if Mr. De Pachmann himself would have been in joyously garrulous mood or inclined to extol his performance.)

It is not to be denied that in Paganini's concerto Mr. Burmester scratched at times, nor was his intonation always pure, but his technical facility was often displayed in an uncommonly brilliant manner. One could not help contrasting the player with the composer; Mr. Burmester, with his face of an ascetic, his dignified, almost austere bearing; Paganini, with a face that to many of his hearers was that of a lost soul, a man possessed by the demon that, according to legend, had given him supernatural mastery of his instrument.

Technical proficiency, however, is by no means everything. There are many who can fiddle in a surprising manner and leave the hearer indifferent or cold. But in Beethoven's sonata, especially in the first and second movements, Mr. Burmester produced a lovely tone and showed musical understanding and genuine feeling. In the performance of this sonata he was ably assisted by Mr. Rupp.

Many violinists think it beneath their dignity to play in a hall of moderate size. As long as they can fill a great hall and thus their pocket, they are perhaps not to be blamed. The children of light may be also children of their generation and worldly wise. But a concerto with a piano instead of an orchestra is a dreary thing, and in a huge hall only creative virtuosos can establish an intimate relation between themselves and their hearers.

The concert was for the benefit of the Boston Music School Settlement.

## Program by Miss Morgan Shows Her Facility

Miss Marguerite Morgan, pianist, gave a recital in Stelbert hall last night. Her program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue; Rachmaninov, Prelude in E flat, Etude Tableau, F minor; Ravel, Sonatine; Grieg, Nocturne, Norwegian dance; Chopin, Ballade in F minor, Two Mazurkas, Scherzo in C sharp minor; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10.

Miss Morgan has facility. In her present stage of technical development she should pay more attention to interpretation. Last evening her expression of the spirit characterizing certain compositions were mannered, no doubt, from her desire to play with what is

known as "great expression." Her pauses were often portentous and not rhetorically significant. The performance of Chopin's Mazurka reminded one of the old game of hop, skip and a jump. Granted that they should be played with rhythmic freedom, yet there should always be the sense of rhythm. The massive chords in the Ballade and the Scherzo lacked true sonority; they were harsh and metallic. On the other hand, she often displayed a true singing tone in melodic figures; she certainly has fleetness of execution, but beauty of tone and agility in runs should be only aids to a vital expression of the composers' dreams and moods.

Sir Thomas Bourne in one of his many whimsical moments—say rather, days—drew up a list of pictures, "scarce or never seen by any man now living," for his Museum Clausum. One of them might serve as a frontispiece to Mr. Merrick's story of the woman, a radiant blonde, judging by her face, but jet black beneath the neck.

"A fair English lady drawn a negro, or in the Ethiopian has excelling the original white and red beauty, with this inscription:

"Sed quondam volo nocte nigror-em."

This paragraph is as an introduction, to a contribution from Mr. Vee Dee of Cambridge:

## SUGGESTED FRONTISPICES FOR POPULAR MAGAZINES

The Saturday Evening Post—dishevelled man leaning against lamppost, saying, "Hic!"  
Life—Cecil de Mille directing barelegged, scantily-clothed chorus, bestrewn with confetti and streamers. Background—fashionable and exclusive New York club.  
Woman's Home Companion—Meek looking man, apron amidships and dish towel in hand, remarking, "Yes, dear."

The Bookman—Man in air in process of ejection from office. Immediately behind him samples of "One Hundred New Jokes" and Wells's "Outline of History" hurtling in his general direction.  
Detective Stories—Individual in brown derby with ill-concealed badge, manœuvring fingers with a knife, and chewing short black cigar.

Ladies Home Journal—Woman with lantern jaw, orating to sewing circle.  
Shadowland—Reproduction of the painting, "The Anatomy Class."  
Adventure—Man clad in armor with lariat, bow and arrow, sling-shot, pirate's saber, and machine gun, dashing down Main street.

Century—Species of cactus plant in full bloom.  
Sea Stories—Rear view of man leaning over rail of ship.  
Vanity Fair—Young damsel powdering nose at county fair.

Hearst's International—Bearded men wearing red ties and long locks, waving red flags and giving three cheers for the Boston American, Chicago Herexaminer, etc.  
Literary Digest—Man in restaurant eating Lamb and Bacon.  
Dial—Man yawningly looking at face of watch.

Police Gazette—Uniformed officer asleep, with paper over his face to keep sun out of his eyes.  
Congressional Record—Perfect blank.

## NEW CANDIDATES

Mr. N. P. Johnson of Daytona writes to us: "While looking through the Daytona, Florida, directory, I came across the following names, and thought as neighbors they must be inseparable.

11 West street, A. Pickles  
13 West street, James Dill.  
"I also noted as a dealer in vegetables, I. Reddish, 225 North Beach street. Can you beat it?"

But the committee on elections must first consider the case of a gentleman mentioned in the Illinois State Register:

"Ernest A. Dye, connected with the Mutual Life, has entered the race for the Republican nomination for Governor."

## A GOOD WORD

A correspondent who signs himself "Purist" objects to Mr. "C. P. C. Jr.'s" use of the word "commentated" in Johnson, and "transpire," published in this column last Monday, and thinks "there ain't no such word."

O yes there is the verb, transitive and intransitive, and it is of respectable age, being about 130 years old. It is to be found within recent years in those highly respectable English periodicals, the Spectator, the Saturday Review and the Athenaeum, nor was it despised by the scholarly J. M. Robertson in his essay on the critical method. It is a nobler

word, implying deeper and wider research on the part of the user, than the snippy "comment."

## POOR O'HOO LAHAN

Let us add to our anthology—ballads of the heart and home, not forgetting honest labor—a grr-and old song by Charles McLellan, to which the late, Gustave Kerker set music. It was sung in "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in 1898.

They are blashtin' rock in Harlem for to build a new hotel.  
An' O'Hoolahan he holds the fuse!  
Oh O'Hoolahan's a hero, an' he knows his business well,  
So the boss, says he, "You'll hold the fuse!"  
An' a crowd is standin' round ter watch O'Hoolahan;  
They want to see how long the Mick will last!  
He had his feet an' hands an' nose when he began,  
But they all are disappearing in the blast!

## CHORUS:

O'Hoolahan lost his nose!  
Poor O'Hoolahan!

## CHORUS:

O'Hoolahan lost his toes!  
Poor O'Hoolahan!  
Ev'ry time there booms a blast,  
Be hevuns, perhaps, it is the last,  
Ye'll ever see of Mister Patrick J. O'Hoolahan!

## II

There's a hundred dirty dagoes that are blashtin' up the rock,  
But O'Hoolahan he holds the fuse!  
And the whole av thim are wavin' flags an' runnin' round the block,  
While O'Hoolahan he holds the fuse!  
An' Mistress Pat O'Hoolahan she does a dance  
Around the tub she brought from County Clare!  
"Hello!" says she, "I think I hear the ambulance,  
An' I'll bet me Patsy's been up in the air.  
I'll bet yer he's lost his nose!"

## CHORUS:

Poor O'Hoolahan!  
"I'll bet yer he's lost his toes!"

## CHORUS:

Poor O'Hoolahan!  
Ev'ry time she hears a blast,  
"Begorra," she says, "that is the last  
I'll ever see of Mister Patrick J. O'Hoolahan!"

## SIGNS FROM THE SHOP WINDOWS

Good student's suits.  
High Grade student's note books.  
Cowhide student's bags.  
Dorchester. A. K. H.

LOEW'S STATE—"Zaza," a film version of the play by Pierre Berton and Charles Simon, with the following cast:

Zaza.....Gloria Swanson  
Bernard Dufresne.....H. B. Warner  
Duke de Brissac.....Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Aunt Rosa.....Lucille La Verne  
Florianbo.....Mary Thurman  
Nathalie, Zaza's maid.....Yvonne Hughes  
Rigault.....Riley Hatch  
Stage Manager.....Roger Lytton

"Zaza" has had many actresses to its credit since the first performance in the late nineties by Mme. Rejane, for whom it was written. On the stage there have been the Zazas of Duse, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mimi Aguilas, and in the opera of Leoncavallo there have been Geraldine Farrar and Ganna Walska.

New, Gloria Swanson has added her freakish Zaza in a film version, interesting on the whole, but extremely amusing in her Kikiesque stampings and insurrections. Zaza, intercepted in her whimsies when she learns that Bernard Dufresne, whom she has loved none too wisely, is married, is the best of Gloria Swanson's acting. For a few moments she forgets to overact, and Zaza is real.

Beginning with a scene in the dressing room of the popular star of a music hall in the provinces, with Zaza kicking and shouting with gusto, the film ends happily with the convenient death of Dufresne's wife and his marriage to Zaza, now dignified—she has let her hair grow—and possessed of all the drawing room virtues.

H. B. Warner as Dufresne, plays excellently the dignified diplomat ready to toss aside career and family for Zaza, and his tolerance of her temperamental caperings is amazing. Not least in the cast are Ferdinand Gottschalk as the elderly Duke, who would place his duchy at Zaza's disposal, and Lucille La Verne as the imbibing Aunt Rosa, who fulfills the double duty of disregarded mentor and target for Zaza's excess temper. It is a good picture, and some of the acting is excellent.

E. G.

So Victor Maurel is dead. His last years were years of comparative obscurity and suffering. In his prime he was one of the greatest of dramatic singers, one to whom the much-abused word "artist" was justly applied. His voice in itself was not remarkable for sensuous quality; many baritones have out-roared him; but the man knew how to use the voice in dramatic expression so that whatever character was impersonated, it stood out in bold relief. His Lescaut in Massenet's opera was as subtly conceived and portrayed as his incomparable Don Juan, Iago, Falstaff, Amonasro, or Rigoletto. There were times when he erred, perhaps, in emphasizing that which should have been secondary, as was seen in Mechanics building, when he took the part of Gounod's Valentin. Strange to say, this remarkable operatic actor failed completely when he played in a comedy in Paris. He recognized this and wrote a letter in which he told the Parisians that he purposed to write a pamphlet explaining the difference between the operatic and the theatrical art. He was a commanding figure of distinguished bearing off as on the stage, a man of the world who respected himself as highly as his art; a man of entertaining and instructive conversation, even when he rode his favorite hobby—"the psychology of the operatic dramatic singer." Many of his opinions and ideas are to be found in his "L'Art du Chant," "Un Probleme d'Art," "Dix ans de Carriere" (translated into German by his warm admirer, Lilli Lehmann), and his curious book concerning the proper stage management of "Don Giovanni." According to the biographical dictionaries, he was born at Marseilles in 1848. Some, who delight in adding years to a singer's age, say he was born before that time. It is agreed that he made his debut as De Nevers in "The Huguenots" at the Paris Opera in 1868. As a manager of the Italian Theatre in Paris (1883-85) he was peculiarly unsuccessful, and a bitter pamphlet appeared, entitled "Isidor Baurel."

The program of the Symphony concerts this week is an interesting one. The symphony is the first one of Sibelius. Then come three Airs and Dances written originally for the lute by Italian composers of the 16th century, freely arranged for orchestra by Respighi. They were first played here by Mr. Toscanini's orchestra. Frank Bridge of London will conduct his suite, "The Sea." He is known here by a suite for strings brought out by Mr. Longy; the Londonderry Air, performed by the London string quartet, and his setting of a sonnet by Rupert Brooke, sung at a symphony concert by John McCormack.

The singer at the next Symphony Hall Sunday concert will be Mme. Schumann-Heink. That evening, in the same hall, the Fisk University Jubilee Singers of Nashville, Tenn., will hold forth and Mr. Meyers will read poems by Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Mme. Duse said in Paris, on her way to New York: "Life is hard for artists in our generation." Yet in London men and women stood at a guinea a head to see her play, and in this country she will not be seen for a shilling.

The film version of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" was announced by a local theatre as "a very fine drama of love, passion and superb gowns worn by Miss Swanson."

Conway Wingfield, late of the Copley Theatre, will have a leading part in "White Cargo," which Leon Gordon, formerly the impersonator of "the silly ass" in English comedies at the Copley, will produce.

The withdrawal of Miss Catherine Willard from the Copley Theatre is felt keenly by her many friends in this city. Trained for her profession in England and in Paris, she had a liberal experience in London and the English provinces before she joined the Jewett Players, having taken the leading roles in comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare, having shone in character parts, and in dramas that are loosely known as "problem plays." As a member of Mr. Jewett's company, she had an opportunity of revealing her versatility. This was shown not merely by the assignment to her of widely differing roles; it was shown by her ability to portray each character, seductive French maid, romantic heroine, woman with a tortured soul, so that it stood out in bold relief. She had the art of sinking the actress in the character, and thus she amused, or fascinated, or moved the spectator.



at the least important element of her theatrical equipment is her control of a voice that charms or thrills as the occasion demands.

Eddie Foy and seven of his children appeared in "That Casey Girl" at Patheogue, N. Y., last Monday night. He should have stood them in a row on the stage as a prelude and asked the eldest to recite Wordsworth's "We are Seven."

Mr. Warfield is a noteworthy exception. All actors, not excepting low comedians, look forward to playing Hamlet; but his life dream has been to play Shylock. The report that he portrays Shylock as a benevolent old gentleman is wholly unfounded, as will be seen next Monday night.

By the way, Rudolph Schildkraut will play Shylock next month, but in English, not in Yiddish.

What did a saxophone advertisement in the Milwaukee Journal mean by this?

"The popularity of the man or woman who plays is always at its greatest ebb."

Young Mr. Nikisch will play Liszt's concerto No. 2 at the Symphony concerts on Nov. 2 and 3. The orchestral pieces will be Mozart's Salzburg symphony in C major (K 338), Zeckwer's "Jade Butterflies," a suite suggested by poems of Louis Untermeyer's and Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture. Camille Zeckwer is a Philadelphia composer and teacher.

Nicolai Kassman, violinist, at his recital tonight in Jordan Hall, when he will be assisted by Samuel Goldberg, accompanist, will play Tartini's "Devil's Trill," Bach's sonata in G minor for violin alone and two groups of smaller pieces, including Sarasate's "Carmen" fantasia.

Marion Kingsbury, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall Saturday afternoon, with Mrs. Dudley Flitts accompanying her. The program includes an aria from Catalani's "Loreley," two old Italian airs, songs by Castienuovo-Tedesco (Shakespeare songs), Scott, Williams, Ayers, Goossens, Gruenberg, and six songs by Scandinavian composers.

Mr. Domenico Forte will sing in Jordan Hall, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25. It is fair to infer from his name that he is a tenore robusto.

Apropos of tenors. "But they're the darlings of the gods when things go well—or, rather, when they think that things go well. . . . There, now, is Mr. Schipa, easily the best of all the lyric-romantics in all the world today, and not too modest to take on an occasional role in the difficult milieu of the French operas. Having for 10 weeks and some added nights out-tenored all other tenors in the Ravinia roster, he signals the end of the season there by distributing largesse; medals of silver and medals of gold, all carrying in high-relief the bust of—Mr. Schipa."—Chicago Tribune.

Among the new ballets to be performed by Mme. Pavlova and her company next week at the Boston Opera House are "Oriental Impressions," an Egyptian ballet; "Ajanta" on a Hindu subject. "The Fairy Doll" will have new costumes and a new stage setting.

Reading the newspapers diligently, we come to the conclusion that young women from Seattle to Eastport, from Galveston to St. Albans are rushing to New York that they may aid good Mr. Ziegfeld in his laudable desire to "glorify American pulchritude." We would not throw cold water on their blazing ambition, but it is only fair to remind them that even the largest stage is small compared with the extent of this great, glorious and plutocratic country.

We beg the young women of New England at least to consider the fate of a girl who left her presumably happy home in Troy, as related by the late Charles McLellan (Hugh Morton) in that old N. Y. Casino piece, "The Telephone Girl."

#### MARY ELLEN BROWN

It's sad to think of Mary Ellen Brown, who joined the Happy Comic Opera chorus;

She strove for international renown, in a costume that could be described as porous!

Oh, Mary Ellen came to town from Troy.

Where all the girls are built a trifle bandy;

In a church affair she'd acted as a boy, And the local papers said she was a "dandy."

Oh, Mary Ellen Brown.

Set out to catch the town.

Most everything she ought to wear she hauled off;

But her legs they were so thin,

Mister Comstock took her in,

And now she's washing dishes at the Waldorf.

#### II

The dress that Mary wore began so late That before it reached a finish it grew tired;

It may have been completely up-to-date, But it wasn't up to what the law required.

Oh, Mary had the necessary nerve

To win dramatic triumphs that were splendid,

But she didn't have the necessary curve,

So no one cared when her career was ended.

Oh, Mary Ellen Brown.

Set out to catch the town, etc.

#### THE THOUGHTFUL SELWYNS

We read—what would we do without the press—the lever that moves the world—that us men and women are in the habit of fainting in the Grand Guignol, Paris. The Selwyns "have taken every precaution in this regard" at the Frolic Theatre in New York, where the imported Grand Guignol players are now attempting to shock the spectator by the horror of some of their little plays. The Selwyns have engaged a "registered" physician, Dr. Ponzeranz, and a special nurse, Mlle. Gaby Jacqueline, to be present at every performance, a polyglot addition to the theatre's force. And as the undoubtedly charming Mlle. Jacqueline was once a member of the Grand Guignol Players in Paris, she will know when the fainting should begin. We understand that no warning is announced on the stage, not even a polite invitation to faint.

#### ALTRUISM AND SCOTCH

As the World Wags:

In considering the subject of Over Legislation, Herbert Spencer makes observation how statesmen, "in common with the uneducated masses, habitually regard each phenomenon as involving but one antecedent and one consequent. They do not bear in mind that each phenomenon is a link in an infinite series—is the result of myriads of preceding phenomena and will have a share in producing myriads of succeeding ones. Hence they overlook the fact that in disturbing any natural chain of sequences they are not only modifying the result next in succession, but all future results into which this will enter as a part cause. The serial genesis of phenomena . . . produces a complexity utterly beyond human grasp."

As example of this, Gibbon tells how the Tartar invasion of eastern Europe caused a scarcity and consequent high price of herrings in England some hundreds of years ago. A moment spent in rereading the quoted words of the philosopher will serve to show how clearly he foresaw the general effect of the establishment of the autocratic principles of prohibition in the structure of a representative form of government. In the complexity thus produced we find as an item that the adoption of national prohibition in the United States has increased the export of Scotch whiskey 75 per cent. above the state of normalcy, thereby cutting down the ration of the inhabitants of Scotland to one drink of their national beverage where they used to have four. This the distillers say must be endured while the increased and increasing American demand persists at the high prices fixed by American legislation. It is obvious that this is merely a warning to their customers that the worst is yet to come; that with continuance of prohibition in the United States, bonnie Scotland will become bone dry, and that which was thought the impossible achieved.

#### HOW TO PROHIBIT

There is matter of congratulation for the prohibitionists in the discovery of this new law of relativity at a time when darkness and delirium so obscure their forward vision. They now see that the way to make any given country dry is to establish prohibition, not in it, but in some other one. In the altruism of international brotherhood the citizens of the first country, the true object of regeneration, will export to it all the alcoholic beverages they manufacture, leaving themselves in the sought-for state of desiccation. Clearly the way of the straight-thinking prohibitionist philosopher to establish prohibition in the United States is to repeal the 18th amendment and the Volstead act, establish an adequate number of distilleries and breweries under the management of the Anti-Saloon League and create an exhaustless demand for

their products in the Mohammodan countries of the world. It is quite probable, in view of Spencer's teachings generally, that it is the only way it can ever be accomplished.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

William Allen White remarked: "America will be shoe-deep in booze unless the President . . ."

To which "Tantalus" answered: "While the President as good as says that America is at least bootleg-deep in it."

As the World Wags:

Recently I ran across a quotation from "The Government of a Wife," by Don Francisco Manoel (1697), translated by Capt. John Stevens. I thought perhaps the readers of the World Wags column would enjoy it.

"Singing is a Heavenly Perfection, if a Woman has discretion to know when to use and when to forbear it; it is always commendable for her to divert herself, to please her Husband, to be sociable among other Women; but to be heard, to sing in the company of other Men, without the express Command of her Husband, is not only vain, foolish and indecent, but savors much of Impudence" (p. 61).

Boston. F. MORSE WEMPLE.

"J. A. T." of South Chatham asks: "What are the distinguishing marks of Sandwich glass? How may I know it from other kinds?"

## KASSMANN PLAYS

Nicolai Kassmann, violinist, gave a recital yesterday evening in Jordan hall, with the help of Samuel Goldberg, accompanist. This was the program:

Devil's Trill, . . . . . Tartini  
Sonata, G minor, . . . . . Bach  
(For violin alone)

Nocturne, F minor, . . . . . Chopin-Auer  
Hopak, . . . . . Musorgsky-Kassmann  
(From Opera "Scotchinskie Fair")

La plus que lente, . . . . . Debussy  
Erkling, . . . . . Schubert-Ernest  
(For violin alone)

Hulianzo Balaton, Scene de la Czarada, Hubay  
Valse Mignone, . . . . . Palmgren-Frees  
Sicilienne and Rigaudon, . . . . . Francaeur-Kreiser  
Carmen Fantasia, . . . . . Bizet-Sarasate

There are musical performers who come before the public with dignified programs of music worth while, some of it, perhaps, brand new, or at the least unfamiliar; some of it, again, by a composer whom the performer wishes to make known. Musicians of this turn of mind are much to be respected.

Those performers in the virtuoso walk of life view program-making differently. They seldom bring anything forward but music tried and true, the effect of which has been in no doubt for 50 or 60 years. Perhaps they have the right of it, those virtuosos, for after all, it is always interesting to hear what an artist of great fame will do with a work well known. There they stand, two clearly defined ways of arranging a program; each artist must make his choice.

Definitely, Mr. Kassmann made his last night. He elected to join the virtuoso class, and he made his decision known in forthright terms. Not only did he present no music of consequence that was new, but throughout his entire program he played little music of true significance. The well-worn "Devil's Trill," many more pages of technical display than it has of real musical beauty, and the Bach sonata except for violinists, perhaps, and Bach devotees, has fewer fine moments than Duff ones.

Of the program's eight other pieces, only two, the Hubay Zardas and the Sarasate Fantasy, were written as concert pieces for solo violin—and the Sarasate is frankly an opportunity for display. The remaining six pieces were arrangements. And are they the worse for that? one might ask. They are music conceived for the voice or for one instrument, and unless it is of quite unusual worth, nearly always loses its charm and what distinction it may have when it is handed over to something for which it was not intended. The "Devil's Trill," a Bach sonata for violin alone, six arrangements and two show pieces—truly a virtuoso's program!

Mr. Kassmann played it in virtuoso style, with a generous display of amazingly brilliant technique and of sound musicianly qualities. Some persons found most pleasure in his admirable playing of the last movement of the Bach sonata. The whole program, however, was received with hearty acclaim by an audience of good size, and of a quality which any artist might envy. Mr. Kassmann's arrangement of the Musorgsky Hopak pleased so mightily that it had to be repeated.

R. R. G.

## Fr. Bracken Often Encored at Symphony Hall

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The Rev. Fr. Lawrence H. Bracken, chaplain of the New York city police department and rector of St. Vincent's Home for Boys in Brooklyn, was the soloist at the annual charity concert of the Catholic Daughters of America, given in Symphony hall last evening.

It is no small achievement for a single artist to gain and hold the interest of a large and critical audience, yet Fr. Bracken, assisted only by his accompanist, Solon Alberti of New York, not only sustained the interest of his audience, but was recalled many times for choruses.

While there was little to choose between the various numbers of his repertoire, he was at his best in "Creation's Hymn" by Beethoven, Gounod's aria "Dio Possente" and Homer's "Requiem." Other pleasing numbers were "The Two Grenadiers" by Schumann, "Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves," by Handel, and the lighter selections "The Leprechaun" and "The Minstrel Boy." His voice was of rich tonal quality and good volume, while his enunciation was far above the average. The program in full was as follows:

Creation's Hymn, Beethoven; Where'er You Walk, Handel; Hear Me! Ye Winds and Waves, Handel; Pauls Angelicus, Franck; Volga Boatmen's Song, Russian Folk Song; The Two Grenadiers, Schumann; Aria: Dio Possente, Gounod; (a) She is Far from the Land; (b) The Leprechaun; (c) The Pretty Maid Milkenher Cow; (d) The Minstrel Boy; Roadways, Densmore; Requiem, Homer; The Lord is my Light, Alhtsen.

The purpose of the concert was to raise money for the fund recently established by the Catholic Daughters of America for the education of young men for the priesthood at the American College in Rome.

## BOSTON SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Sibelius, Symphony E minor, No. 1; Respighi, Old Dances and Airs for the Lute, freely arranged for orchestra first time at these concerts; Frank Bridge, Suite in four movements "The Sea" (first time here; conducted by the composer).

Some, judging the music of Sibelius or rhapsodizing over it, have laid great stress on the fact that Finland is a wild and desolate country. They therefore argue that the music of Sibelius must be bleak and grim. They are also convinced that Sibelius himself must be a stern-visaged man, something of a Berserk, savage and unapproachable, to write as he does. But travelers assure us that in Finland there are smiling landscapes, and we know from personal acquaintance that Mr. Sibelius, like Baptista Minola in the comedy, is "an affable and courteous gentleman." We doubt if climatic conditions, the constitutional qualities or the passing mood of a man necessarily affect his music. Beethoven was in doleful dumps when he wrote one of his most cheerful symphonies. We have heard music by contemporaneous Italian composers that is more barbaric, gloomier than the great majority of that by Scandinavian or Russian musicians.

In this first symphony of Sibelius there are passages that show his anxiety to prove that he had made his academic studies; as in the working-out section of the first movement where there is inconsequential chatter, measures wholly at variance with the prevailing spirit of the movement, and not affording any contrast; as in the measures in imitation that follow the gleaming out of the Tchaikovskian theme of the second movement. Fortunately these passages are very few. As for the first movement is of splendid savagery, of an elemental sweep in its wildness, nor are the succeeding movements devoid of beauty and strength. Certain passages, as in the opening of the finale, that to the lovers of the *saave* are brutal and ugly, have a ruggedness, a granitic quality that excites in the breasts of others enthusiastic admiration. Thomas Hardy long ago pointed out that ideas of beauty change; that at no distant day Ultima Thule may be visited as the Vale of Tempe has drawn ecstatic pilgrims. The symphony was superbly played.

The Old Dances and Airs orchestrated by Respighi were introduced here by Mr. Toscanini. We believe they have been played at a concert of the New England Conservatory. It would



be interesting to know how much of these delightful pieces is the work of Respighi; whether he changed materially melodic lines; whether the harmonization is wholly his. Whatever his work may have been, he has preserved the archaic flavor and at the same time satisfied ears accustomed to 19th century music. There is no affectation of antiquity; there is no inconsistent, disturbing modernization; simplicity reigns in the arrangement, as it undoubtedly did in the original. Refreshing music in its frank gaiety and graceful tenderness.

Mr. Bridge conducted his suite in Cleveland on the 18th of this month, the suite was composed 12 years ago and first performed in London in 1912. The movements bear these titles: Seascape, Sea-Foam, Moonlight, Storm. A long list of orchestral sea-music might be drawn up, from Mendelssohn's overture that might portray an agreeable excursion on a Nantasket boat to Debussy's impressionistic sketches; from Paul Elision's realism to Rimsky-Korsakov's shipwreck. Mr. Bridge, who is a worthy member of the British modern school, has endeavored to be frankly pictorial. As in all program music, given the titles, the hearer easily understands and appreciates the intention. Of the four movements the first two seem to us the most poetic, but the whole work is interesting, for it is not influenced by others working in the same field—say rather, sea—and it is not strainingly pretentious. Mr. Bridge showed himself to be an experienced, authoritative conductor.

The concert will be repeated tonight, the program of the concerts next week is as follows: Mozart, Symphony C major without a minuet; Liszt, piano concerto, No. 2, A major; Zeekwer, "Jade Butterflies" (first time here); Goldmark, overture to "Sakuntala." Mr. Nikisch will be the pianist.

In the account of boxing as practised by the ancient Greeks and Romans, is there any instance of a knockout blow on the solar plexus? Homer tells us how Epeus, "a tall, huge man, that to the nail knew that rude sport of hand," disposed of Euryalus, "a man god-like," who had been taught tricks by Tydides. Let us quote from George Chapman's translation:

"Fists against fists rose, and they join'd, rattling of jaws was there, Gnashing of teeth, and heavy blows dash'd blood out ev'rywhere. At length Epeus spy'd clear way, rush'd in, and such a blow Drave underneath the other's ear, that his neat limbs did strow

The knock'd earth, no more legs had he: . . . he spitting up thick clouds of blood, his head totter'd at one side, his sense gone."

And the prizes were only "a laborious mule of six years old, untam'd, and fierce in handling" for the victor; for the conquered, a round cup; nor was the film man there grinding excitedly the crank.

In the great fight between Bill Neat and Hickman, the "Gas-man," graphically described by Hazlitt, Neat "planted a tremendous blow on his (Hickman's) cheekbone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face." The blow that practically finished Hickman later was one delivered full in the face. "It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. . . . He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's 'Inferno.'"

Take William Maginn's "Idyl on the Battle" between Tom Spring, whose real name was Thomas Winter, "in aspect pleasing, in manners mild," and Bill Neat, the butcher of Bristol. This is how Mr. Spring did it:

"Whereon he sparred for a hit, which he planted with ease and affection, Right on the brain-box of Neat, who though not given to praying, Sunk on his marrow-bones straight, in a fashion godly and pious. Neat came up once more, but the fight was over; again he Hit with the dexter arm, and felt that he now was defeated. Spring in a moment put in a ramstam belly-go fister—Down to the ground went Neat, and with him down went the battle."

Now "ramstam" being translated from dialect into orthodox English means "headlong," "impetuous"; but was this "belly-go fister" landed on the solar plexus?

The angel Michael showed Milton's Adam the sight of Cain smiting Abel "into the midriff," but the weapon that heat out life was a stone, not a fist. Nor is it certain that Cain threw a stone; learned commentators differ; some name the jawbone of an ass; some a pitchfork; Saint Chrysostom is for a sword; Saint Ireneus prefers a scythe; Prudentius thinks it was a sort of bill-hook; while Pereira de Figueiredo says that Cain undoubtedly slew Abel by biting him with his strong and handsome teeth. It is a pity that this point is not definitely settled.

#### NOT AT ALL; NOT AT ALL

The National Restaurant Association meeting at Chicago, maintains that the great majority of men going into an eating house order ham and eggs "from lack of imagination." Piffle! They order the dish because they like it.

In our little village of the sixties there was a song, considered by stern parents as rather vulgar. It was called "The Ham-Fat Man." All we remember of it is:

"Ham fat, ham fat  
Brimming in the pan."

Can any one recite or sing the other lines?

#### FAIR WARNING

(Kilbourn, Wis., Weekly Events)  
Look out for a chicken supper by the ladies of the M. E. Aid Society.

#### THE WILDCAT PROBLEM

As the World Wags:

The hope expressed by the personal conductor of the class in zoology, open to the readers of this column, to the end that open inquiry into the matter of what makes the wildcat wild should not be made, seems to have already failed of fulfillment, as a correspondent this day makes it. Arguing that it is a vital topic, and that it should therefore not be passed by lightly, but opened up in all its aspects, the seeker after truth demands determination for once and all the cause of this wildcat catastrophe, if it be one.

This argument is like some apples, sound in spots. After a few preliminary considerations it also will receive consideration. The suggestion that the inquiry under discussion is the riddle of the sphinx is to be passed by on the other side. The causation of wildness in wildcats is no piece of intellectual gymnastics, but a stern fact, as well known experts in wildcatry as to the wildcats themselves, though without identic psychological reaction. If such were the case, a little knowledge would be indeed a dangerous thing. Thus by easy stages do we arrive at the true inquiry. Shall the knowledge of what makes the wildcat wild be imparted to the casual inquirer, or, as a matter of public policy for the higher end of preserving such few mysteries as remain still veiled from the X-rays of the time, shall it remain a part of the occult wisdom of the adepts? To them it seems certain that if this truly vital topic were opened up in all its aspects a deadly blow would be struck at once at one of the most picturesque features of wild life now remaining to us. The fact that with this opening up the wildness of wildcats would unquestionably degenerate into nothing more than the waving of their wild, wild tails, those species of them which have them, should be final and conclusive argument for preserving the golden silence and the wildcats as Nature created them.

ABEL ADAMS.

Amherst, N. H., Oct. 23.

#### THE WILDCAT ENIGMA

As the World Wags:  
If it will afford any help to your recent correspondent, may I say that while a student at Goettingen I was given a thesis on this very subject? I studied the psychology and physical characteristics of the wildcat as will and vorstellung, I remember, and reached the conclusion that the wildcat is wild because he is not like the tame cat.

#### LITTLE WILLIE WALKER.

The learned Edward Topsel in his "History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents" (1638) remarks: "Once cats were all wild, but afterward they retired to houses. Wherefore there are plenty of them in all countries." He gives an interesting account of the flying wildcats of Malabar.

#### THE FEW WILL BECOME MANY

(Lyme note in the Hanover, N. H., Gazette)  
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bailey of Manchester were in town at the Alden Tavern for a couple of nights the first of this week. Mrs. Bailey was Lucretia Corbise, sister of Marquis and expected to meet him here but missed her by a few hours. Their millionaire son Harry has a \$700 radio set, which fact will interest a few friends of the family.

Oct 20 1923

Mr. David Warfield will play Shylock tomorrow night at the Colonial. In order to prepare us for the event Mr. Belasco's handsomely printed version of "The Merchant of Venice" with preface and stage directions is before us.

Mr. Belasco is not the man to write in an apologetic manner for his version; his arrangement of scenes, his eliminations, his setting of the stage. Some of his pages have an agreeably defiant ring.

Asserting that his desire all his life has been to produce plays by Shakespeare. Should the stage be practically bare? Or should it be set to represent as closely as possible the scenes specified." Mr. Belasco believes that the most truly appreciative and reverent producers of Shakespeare have attempted to give a wholly adequate due investiture, and nothing more. "No revival of any of his plays that has depended for support merely upon 'display' has ever had, at best, more than a fleeting prosperity; many of such productions have been disastrous failures."

If there were an honest attempt to produce plays as in Shakespeare's times the heroines, Mr. Belasco reminds us, would be played by "squeaking boys"; there would be no exquisite effects gained by electrical lighting; the use of proper make-up would be foregone; nor would there be adequate scenery, furniture, costumes. And so "The Merchant of Venice" would be put on the stage "not in the garb and the environment of the Venice of the 16th century, but in the cast-off garments of the nobility of Elizabeth's court, and in a rough, semi-barren environment, scarce dignified enough for a bear-baiting."

To produce this comedy in a satisfactory manner and within the limit of time available—about three hours—Mr. Belasco has omitted "expatiative passages," scenes shown to be supererogatory—as the Arragon casket scene—and speeches that in 1923 are regarded as gross and vulgar.

His views concerning Shylock's character are interesting, although he dwells only on the "seriousness, I might perhaps say the sincerity, of the character of Shylock." He attacks the "singular doctrines" still held by many. Mr. Belasco does not believe that Shylock in Shakespeare's day was acted as a red-haired, comic character. He holds that Shylock's "an embodiment (and a supreme one) of vindictive hatred over-reaching and destroying itself in a hideous purpose of revenge. And he is not the less so because, in his final discomfiture and utter ruin—he is, in some sort, pathetic. There is nothing comic in such a character and experience. There is much that is afflictively tragic." Mr. Belasco maintains that the tradition of the red wig rests on a probable, not to say a manifest forgery of J. Payne Collier's. It was Collier who assumed that Burbage as Shylock wore a long false nose—what if he did?

"A red wig is no bar to a tragic impersonation—nor is a long nose. Was Richard Mansfield's personation of Cyrano De Bergerac any the less tragic because he wore an elongated snout when playing that part? Who that ever saw the younger James W. Wallack's red-haired Fagin would ever have called it a comic character?" Mr. Belasco might have added that Judas Iscariot was represented as red-haired.

Mr. Belasco combats the traditions in a learned and analytical manner. When Hazlitt wrote: "In proportion as Shylock has ceased to be a popular bugbear, 'baited with the rabble's curse,' he becomes a half-favorite with the philosophical part of the audience, who are disposed to think that Jewish revenge is at least as good as Christian injuries." There is no suggestion that this "bugbear" was a comic character; elsewhere—and Mr. Belasco might have quoted the characterization—Hazlitt speaks of the "morose, sullen, inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of Shylock . . . a man brooding over one idea, that of its wrongs, and bent on one unalterable purpose, that of revenge." And some will agree with Hazlitt in thinking that Portia has a certain degree of affectation and pedantry about her, in objecting to the Black Prince; and in liking Jessica better if she had not deceived and robbed her father.

(As for Mansfield's "elongated snout," he was obliged to appear with it. The play demanded it. Menage long ago told us that Cyrano could not suffer any one to look at his nose, and he slew more than 10 men on account of it. Theophile Gautier in his essay on Cyrano discourses amusingly on noses in general.)

In his preface Mr. Belasco says that he hopes to bring out "King Lear" with Mr. Warfield as the monarch; "King Henry V," "Julius Caesar," "Twelfth Night" and two or three other plays of Shakespeare. Will he have the courage to produce them in New York? Not long ago the young lions of the New York press condemned "As You Like It" as a foolish, stupid play, nor did they roar in approval of "Cymbeline," which is not so much to be wondered at. When Tennyson was found dead "Cymbeline" was by his bedside. No one then had the heart to say the play killed him. Revival recently in London, it was regarded as impossible, except for the character of Imogen. Yet it served some time ago the curious experiment of a production with the men and women in modern costume.

It is at the Old Vic in London that Shakespeare reigns supreme. Even "Titus Andronicus," which many think is not by Shakespeare, was revived there early this month. It brought forth this comment in the Times: "It is scarcely surprising that this play has not been given in London for 66 years, for its horror, which is the physical horror of mutilation and blood, is unrelieved by any nobleness or sanity of motive."

#### RANDOM NOTES

"Say what one will, the violin is essentially a melodic instrument, whose attempts at harmony are never really happy, while at the same time our modern ears are insistent on a harmonic basis for their music."

"We confess to a sneaking love of a definite beginning and end to a song, and to feel that the song is neatly packed between them; some of these parcels seemed to have come undone, however, on the way."—The London Times with reference to songs by Rutland Boughton.

Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltz" is introduced in Drinkwater's play, "Robert E. Lee." Now this waltz, written for orchestra and chorus, was first performed on Feb. 13, 1867, in Vienna.

Sir Landon Ronald (Henry Russell's brother) will give Saturday night promenade concerts in the Albert hall, when the hearers can smoke and walk. The seats will be from 1s. to 5s., without tax. Every number on the program will be timed so that a man will know the exact hour at which it will be played. Thus he will not be bored, when wishing to hear a particular piece, he is obliged to hear a preceding one which he dislikes.

In Montreal the Sintine Chapel Choir will sing in Notre Dame. The Star well says that the arrangement is fortunate, for the church is more appropriate for ecclesiastical music than any concert hall or theatre.



Fred Stone's daughter, Dorothy, danced with him when "Stepping Stones" was produced at New Haven.

Fritz Scheff will devote herself to singing in recital. Her first will be in Akron, O., next month. Possibly the laurels of Elsie Janis will not let her sleep. By the way Miss Janis will perform here—singing will be part of the entertainment—in Symphony hall on Saturday, Nov. 10.

And now comes forward Mr. Philip Heseltine to say that Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony is nothing but "the maudlin slobber of a perverted sentimentalist." My, my: Captain, by my troth, these are bitter words. Mr. Heseltine prefers the symphonic music of Edgar.

Richard Strauss will be 60 years old next June. A special festival in his honor will be held at Amsterdam, for his friendship with Mengelberg, the conductor, is of long standing and he appreciates the enthusiasm of the Amsterdam orchestra for his works.

Mr. William Van Dresser of New York writes to The Herald: "Will you please inform Mr. William Seymour that my sister Marcia Van Dresser played the part of Francesca in Mr. Otis Skinner's production of the play. I happened in your city recently and in a conversation with Mr. Jewett at the Copley Theatre, we discussed my sister's performance in the title role of that famous play. Probably a good many Bostonians recall her early appearance with the Old Bostonians and her more recent appearance in Grand

opera and concert. At present Marcia Van Dresser is in London."

Sacha Guitry will receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honor because he wrote the play "Pasteur."

Indigestion of another kind seems to have been the generating cause of Max Regner's concerto—a late work of the composer, which had on this occasion its first English performance, with an able Danish pianist; Mr. Victor Schlerer, as soloist. In some Regner works we have either one thing or another—either good material handled academically, or poor material handled expertly; in here we have, except for a moment—two, only poor material handled expertly. Seldom have the rusty wheels of the obsolete German school technique creaked so painfully as here. The concerto is simply a dull old professor's interminable prying on a dead theme. —Ernest Newman.

Franz Lehar, the operetta composer, will make a tour in South America.

When Leoncavallo's "Zaza" was recently revived in Italy, it was remarked that Verdi, to whom it was dedicated, would never look at the score.

The Vienna Opera will celebrate in March, 1924, the centenary of the Czech composer, Smetana.

#### G. B. S. AT 190

Apropos of the performance of Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" at Birmingham, the first in England, the Daily Chronicle of London remarks:

"Perhaps as we progress backward to Methuselah we shall find Mr. Shaw involved in the following drama:

Henry Straker (formerly Enery Straker) comes in and puts out dress clothes, socks, &c., on the settee. He is now aged 160, and the aggressiveness of his early youth has noticeably mellowed. He is followed by Shaw (about 190 or so and clean shaven).

Straker: You will have the tails tonight, sir?

Shaw (decisively): No, dinner jacket.

Straker: Let me persuade you, sir. Your form is so admirably suited to tails and full dress shirt. Remember what tuskin said a century or two back.

Shaw: You quote Ruskin to me, Henry?

Straker (Imperturbably): Ruskin said, "Rightness of mind is in nothing more shown than in the mode of wearing evening dress."

Shaw: I don't believe he did; still, perhaps you're right.

Straker: Just so, sir. As Pascal said of Montagne, he was wrong in declaring that custom ought to be followed simply because it is custom and not because it is reasonable. The black silk socks, of course, sir?

Shaw: You remind me very much at times of the waiter fellow in "You Never Can Tell," but it was one of my fanciful works and I forgot his name. Have your own way.

Straker: Precisely, sir; there is no good arguing with the inevitable, as James Russell Lowell said. Black suspenders I think, sir?

#### BOSTONIANS IN LONDON

(Daily Telegraph, Oct. 10)  
Before Mr. Guy Maier and Mr. Lee Pattison proved to us the error of our

says. It was customary to attend a recital in which two pianos were involved in a spirit of grim determination to accept the will for the deed. At the best, the occasion might enable us to hear music which seldom finds its way to a public performance played with reasonable accuracy, but without the least suggestion of what is commonly understood by the term interpretation. Not even in the most favorable circumstances was one ever led to believe that two pianos could be made to sound twice as effective as one. At the worst, one could but admire the courage which prompted an attempt upon what seemed to be an impregnable citadel. Yet the two accomplished American artists who appeared again at Wigmore hall last night have demonstrated that all preconceived ideas on the subject were based on a misconception of what can be done in this genre, and by their extraordinarily adept and musicianly performances they have given us a new standard to work to. How exalted that standard is they showed conclusively in the course of a remarkably varied program last night. When they came to the Mozart Sonata in D major it must have been apparent to everyone that a performance so perfect in its complete realization of the true Mozartian spirit could only be achieved by the exercise of a quality which might be described without the least exaggeration as genius. In its enchanting delicacy and grace and especially in the way in which phrases enunciated by one player were repeated in identical terms of shape and tone by the other, this was perhaps the most notable event of an evening in which every moment held a separate and distinct joy.

#### CONCERNING MISS LAZELLE

The editor of The Herald has received the following letter from San Francisco: Dear Sir:

There are a number of persons in and around Boston who would be very interested to hear that I have made a success with San Francisco Grand Opera Company, as I was born and lived a considerable part of my life in Boston, and have many relatives and friends in that part of the country. I am enclosing a circular which will give you some information.

My father was H. C. Lazelle of the Boston office of Armour & Co., a resident of Winthrop and member of the Winthrop Yacht Club, and well known in yachting circles in Boston. He was also a member of the Aleppo Temple Boston Shrine. I am related to Mr. F. W. Withcreek of the New England Fish Company, and to Mr. L. R. Churchill of Brockton. While singing in New York, I spent all my summers in Winthrop and have also appeared as soloist with many of the choral organizations in and around Boston.

Sept. 27, I made my debut with the San Francisco grand opera company in Andrea Chenier, and had a great success. I am singing several important roles with them this season. I am sending a photo under separate cover, and would be glad of any publicity you can give me.

Very truly yours,  
RENA M. LAZELLE.

Her circular states that she was "born in Boston with many lines of Mayflower ancestry," also that she has a "charming personality."

#### DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

(A. B. Walkley of the Times)

Maeterlinck and Octave Mirbeau have expressed eloquently their delight in the speed of motor cars. Mr. Walkley, who, strange to say, does not drop into French this time, though he writes his column, finds his chief pleasure in motion pictures at seeing human beings, also things, moving much more rapidly than they do in private life, as when escaping prisoners ascend flights of steps or leap from point to point of the battlements in a flash.

"It explains the world-wide glory of Douglas Fairbanks. His first quality is agility. He can run and prance and frisk and swarm trees and scale walls and vault into the saddle and leap chasms quicker and more easily than anybody else. Even without the films he would be an admirable acrobat,

with their multiplication of speed, his feats become miraculous. See his fight in "The Three Musketeers." Old Dumas himself never imagined so lightning-like a D'Artagnan. See him unhorsing the villainous Gisbourne in "Robin Hood," or playing "chase me" with the ladies of Richard Lion-Heart's court, or periling his neck in his adventures in the castle where the fair Lady Marian is held a prisoner. Not Sir Walter Scott nor Peacock ever conceived so rapid a Robin—to say nothing of the Monk of Croydon and Geoffrey de Vinsauf and the singular Anglo-Norman MS. which Sir Arthur Wardour preserves with such jealous care in the third drawer of his oaken cabinet, scarcely allowing anyone to touch it. He has a winning smile, too, and a wonderful set of teeth for the posters. I suppose Douglas Fairbanks is much better known to millions of human beings than William Shakespeare or Napoleon Bonaparte, or even George

Robey. We may make, if we choose, all sorts of reflections upon that, but at least it proves that the supreme pleasure in the motion pictures is the pleasure of motion."

But Mr. Walkley cannot endure film captions.

"The art of literature has been defined as the art of leaving out; in this sense the film is the negation of art. As to its verbal explanations or "captions," they are the negation of its own art, which should aim at telling a story which speaks for itself. To say nothing of the sickening illiteracy of these captions, their horrible clichés of phrase, their emphasis of the obvious, their flatulence of style. Taste, tact, reticence,

irony, subtlety—these are the unknown in the film world. Why? Because they would not be recognized or, if recognized, not liked by the film public. You conclude that the majority of the human race are grossly ignorant and illiterate. But remember that you cannot, in Burke's phrase, "indict a nation." Life comes before art, and if the majority are inartistic it is because they are preoccupied with the onerous business of living."

#### NORA BAYES ABROAD

(London Daily Telegraph)

It may seem a fanciful notion to bring a comedienne within the sphere of musical criticism, but all exceptions appear fanciful at first sight, and exceptional indeed is the art of Miss Nora Bayes, who has proved so great a success at the Palladium her American contracts have been cancelled in favor of an extended engagement here in London. A comedienne she may be, but she is first of all a singer with the histrionic side of her art strongly developed. Her voice is contralto, rich in tone, sure in intonation and generous in compass. It is a voice which would be most effective in operatic music, but she has chosen otherwise, and instead she presents songs of many types and moods—character songs, syncopated songs (no ordinary ragtime these, but original conceptions, full of musical "point"), and coon songs, some of which reveal their kinship with the "spirituals" which we now hear on every hand. Her musical effects—like her histrionic effects—are obtained by broad methods—such as clear con-

trasts, long phrases powerfully driven, and variations of the original melody; but of all her gifts, vocal, dramatic and personal, there is not one which is greater than her gift for phrasing; that is perhaps the real secret of her appeal, however little her audience may realize it, for that power is the very life-breath of all singing, even of the singing of a comedienne.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Mmc. Schumann-Heink, contralto. See special notice.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M., Fisk University Jubilee Singers. See special notice.

Monday: Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Sistine Chapel Choir, Monsignor Antonio Rolla, conductor. An entirely different program from the first is promised.

Tuesday: Symphony hall, 4 P. M., Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert for young people, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Durrell String Quartet (Josephine Durrell, Mildred Ridley, Anna Golden, Louise Sweet), Mozart Quartet, F major; Gliere Quartet, A major, op. 2; Gabriel Faure, piano quartet, G minor. Harrison Potter, pianist.

Wednesday: Symphony hall, 4 P. M., Repetition of Young People's Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Myra Hess, pianist, Bach.

Three Preludes and Fugue, D minor. B flat minor, C sharp minor (Book 1st of Well Tempered clavier); Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor, Schumann, Papillons, Debussy, La Cathédrale engloutie, Vailles, La Fille aux cheveux de lin, Poissons d'or, Jardins sous la pluie.

Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Felix Fox, pianist, Bach, Prelude and Fugue, B flat major, B flat minor, Debussy, Prelude, F major; Chopin, Prelude, B flat major and E flat major; Rachmaninov, B flat major; Cras, Paysage maritime; Gluck-Friedman, Ballet des Ombres Heureuses; Debussy, Ce qu'a vu le vieux d'ouest, and Des pas sur la neige; Liszt, Feux Follets; Chopin, Ballade, A flat major; Wagner-Liszt, Isolde's Love-Death; Brahms, Capriccio, B minor; Albeniz, Cordoba; Dohnanyi, Concert Study, A minor.

Friday, Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor; Mr. Nikisch, pianist.

Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Edith Leginska, pianist, Beethoven, Sonata op. 26 and Rondo (Wrath over a lost Parthian); Leginska, Gargoyles of Notre Dame and Dance of a Puppet (first time here); Liszt, Ballade, B minor, No. 2;

Chopin, Valse E minor (passionné), Prelude, A flat, op. 28; Etude, A minor op. 25, Ballade, G minor, Etude in E major, op. 10; Polonaise, A major, op. 40, Schütz-Evler, Arabesques on the "Blue Danube" Waltz.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Repetition of Friday's Symphony Concert, Mr. Monteux conductor; Mr. Nikisch, pianist.

#### EUROPEAN PLAYS

The Man in the Iron Mask appears again on the stage in the new play by Maurice Rostand brought out in Paris at the Theatre Com. de la Republique. Rostand does not hesitate to turn history topsy-turvy. His man, the brother of Louis XIV, is seen in his prison on the island of Sainte-Marguerite. The governor's daughter, Psyche, is smitten with him, and she has seen his face. Louis XIV, accompanied by his mother and Cardinal Mazarin, returning from Italy, stops on the island. Psyche begs him to release the prisoner. Louis, not knowing that he is his brother, is willing, but Mazarin objects. Louis is enraged. Mazarin seizes him and substitutes him for the prisoner, who is taken to the Louvre to be made king. If he will be obedient to the cardinal. When the Man in the Iron Mask learns that his brother is a prisoner and sees the corpse of Psyche, murdered because she has discovered the secret, he insists on going back to the prison.

Mazarin sends him to the Bastille and recalls Louis, whose brother dies in that prison, having been visited by his mother, Anne of Austria, who does not know, or pretends not to know that he is her son. The masked man has not the courage to reveal himself and dies in the presence of the Governor and Louis XIV. Mme. Laparcerie played the Mask and Louis. The critics say that the play is symbolical and poetical and at the same time anecdotal.

Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," played in French in Paris, seemed incomprehensible to some, while others, admitting the difficulty of translating it, enjoyed the cynicism and the paradoxes. According to one account, the scene between Higgins and the girl in the fourth act was turned into a love scene, whereas the sequel shows that Eliza purposed to marry Freddie.

The Daily Telegraph of London found that the quality which fascinated a great audience when "The Return of Sherlock Holmes" was produced at the Princess Theatre, London, this month, lies in the fact that from end to end "there is no character in it who is not a fully qualified candidate for a lunatic asylum."

Franz Molnar's new play, "The Red Mill," produced at Budapest, is symbolical and in 31 scenes. It shows "various phases of hell." Molnar seems obsessed by what might happen in the next world. In "Liliom" we are taken up to heaven. In "The Red Mill" we are told that the devil conceives the idea that a naturally good man may be so worked upon that he is put in hell that he may work injury on his fellow man.

There is an amusing idea in Louis Vernet's "Le Fauteuil 47," produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris. Severac falls wildly in love with an actress, Milla Gilberte, and sits every night in the same seat so that he can see her. Touched by this devotion she sends a messenger to invite No. 47 to her box. Severac had gone out into the lobby, and during his absence a stranger took the seat. He received the message and was not slow in accepting the invitation. He, a baron, was so attractive that Severac was at once forgotten, but he in turn married Mlle. Gilberte's daughter.

Sheridan's "Duenna," in French, with music by Voldemar Bernardi, has been performed in Paris. The composer accompanied on a clavichord and smoked a pipe between his songs.

The hero of "Trust Emily," a new comedy by May Edginton (the Criterion, London), fell in love with a perfume at a masked ball and swore he would wed the woman who used it if he could find her. In an arbor on a dark night he smelt it again and embraced the woman—but she escaped him. Who was the woman? There were several eager for a proposal. "To get rid of them he locked them up in separate attics, the coal cellar and a cupboard." The lady with the right scent was the parlor maid, that is, a lady thus disguised. Our old friend Connie Edlis took the part of a cook.



If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half-senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when even David grew politically cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men.—Sir Thomas Browne.

## FASHION NOTE

As the World Wags:

Apropos of "Fashion Notes of the Day," Anthony Hamilton, in his memoirs of Count de Grammont, has the following note, under date of Nov. 27, 1662:

"Green silk stockings are modish. The garter, of which glimpses are often afforded, is below the knee, and in black velvet with diamond buckles. Those who have no silk stockings to wear show a white skin as smooth as satin. Englishwomen prefer being stockingless to wearing clumsy and disfiguring nylons."

In the same memoirs the following epigram occurs: "Nothing is so common among the fair sex as a woman who does not like another to enjoy what she herself refuses."

New Haven, Ct. KILLARNEY.

## TO A YOUNG GIRL

(Whom the poet had not seen since she was a child.)  
Ha, little maiden, stay thy feet,  
Dance not away beyond my sight!  
Canst thou not wait, a friend to greet?  
Pause in thy flight.

Let me have in remembrance sweet  
This and that other distant hour  
(How Time runs with his footsteps fleet!)—  
Pluck me a flower.

"Shall it be pansies purple and gold,  
Or a slender poppy with bell that glows  
Like a flame of fire? Or a lily cold,  
Or a gay red rose?"

Nay, dear, these for thy lover bold  
When at last he comes, but give to me  
A shy white rose I can watch unfold,  
As I have watcht thee.

LAUREATUS.

## TIED TIGHT

(Quincy, Ill., Whig-Journal)

Miss Pauline Loos and Carl H. Slack were quietly married Tuesday evening.

Message blank used by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation:

"DO NOT SEND VERBAL MESSAGES. WRITE THEM."

THE ENGLISH ARE A HARDY RACE  
(The London Correspondent of the Bill-board)

Circus Tent Collapses: "The guards, under direction of an officer, slit the canvas with knives, let in the air and released the scared and fainting audience. The seats and fittings were a tangled debris when the tilt was lifted, but unfortunately no one was seriously hurt."

## ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

(Adv. from Boston Telegram)

As the World Wags:

I have 500 last season's OVERCOATS all ready to wear out at a price as low as \$3.00.

## FOR ACADEMIC DISCUSSION

(Christopher Morley in the N. Y. Evening Post)

In a conversation among several book collectors, it seemed to be fairly well agreed, so far as that group was concerned, that the two greatest books ever written in America are "Leaves of Grass" and "Moby Dick." But when it came to a question of suggesting the three greatest, no one would hazard a tertium quid. The names of Hawthorne, Poe and Thoreau were tentatively mentioned, but the problem is rather fascinating.

## IN GREATER BOSTON

Chaffing Stranger addressing a "Red": "A real iconoclast, aren't you?"

Active Agitator: "Not much, I ain't; I'm a Lithuanian from South Boston."

W. B. W.

## FROM THE OLD ONES

(London Daily Chronicle)

Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Jacob, Jacob begat Joseph. These are called the Begattitudes.

## THE FAMED KENTUCKY DERBY

(Veederburg (Ind.) News)

Joe Lockwood returned home from

Louisville wearing a new hat. He says Kentucky is surely some place.

"MRS. O'FLAHERTY" AND OTHERS  
As the World Wags:

As another one of those peculiar individuals interested in the old songs that have been mentioned, I write to state my appreciation of such notices and quotations and the pleasure I get to know that there are many others such as I who really enjoy this, and that they are also possessed of the same kind of a memory as mine.

How those old fool things will stick!

Especially did I enjoy the comment on the Rabelaisian limericks and what a flood of them this contributor brought back. I'd like to see him and exchange a few, provided we could meet as we used to in the old days at one of those convenient and cheerful spots in Boston which are now, alas! but a memory. (Of course we all still have hopes of their return.)

I have in mind at present a song, but cannot remember who sang it, which was prevalent about 30 to 40 years ago and can only remember the words of the chorus, about the fate of a tall hat which had been "pressed" by a party by the name of Mrs. O'Flaherty. It ran like this:

"Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty! What d'ye mean by that?"

Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty! Ye've sat down on me hat!

'Twas me father's hat before me, what are you goin' to do?

'Tis lucky for you that you're not a man, or I'd wipe the floor with you."

Perhaps some kind soul may remember the author and song and who introduced it.

Some of those interested may be glad to know that I have traced several of the unwritten songs which we used to hear (of a nature of the above mentioned limericks), way back to old English times when the Saxon predominated in literature. Let him look over a copy of Percy's Reliques and see if some of the gems are not familiar.

Peabody. F. T.

## ALSO A "SWEET" GARAGE

(Brocton Enterprise)

A DELICIOUS

private residence, in excellent location; three-car garage. Price and terms right for quick action.

## NAPOLEON'S BREECHES

(Revue des Deux Mondes)

"Our hero," said he, "never put on the same breeches two days together." One morning when M. Beyle happened to be with Napoleon while he was dressing he handed the Emperor the breeches of the previous day. Napoleon took the breeches, opened the window, and, calling a sentinel, threw them out to him, saying: "Here, these are for you."

## MRS. KINGSBURY

Marion Kingsbury, soprano, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall, with the assistance of Mrs. Dudley Flitts, accompanist, and Albert Sand, clarinet. This was the program:

Sebben Crudele, Caldara; Deh Piu a Me, Bononcini; Amor Celeste Ebbrezza (from Loreley), Catalani; Under the Greenwood Tree, Castelnovo-Tedesco; It Was a Lover and His Lass, Castelnovo-Tedesco; Tranquillity, Scott; Midwinter Madness, Gerald Williams; Black Roses, Sibelius; The Mist on Spangebro, Storren; An Old Dutch Fainting, Stenhammer; I Love a Flower, Stenhammer; The Three Holy Kings, Lange Muller; Lullaby, Frederick Ayers; La Pastorella, Arr. by Schindler; Epigramme, Goossens; "Never Love Unless," Gramme, Goossens; The Moon has Lifted Her Silver Crest (with obligato), Sjefren.

Mrs. Kingsbury arranged a program free from songs that have been sung to shreds, wherefore she merits thanks.

In her desire, however, to avoid the corn out, she went so far as to cast aside all masterpieces, in the confidence, apparently, that the unfamiliarity of her pieces would serve her in good stead. Surely enough, it did. And yet, after an hour and more of music fragile or experimental, a song or two of stout musical texture would not have come amiss.

Most interesting of the unfamiliar offerings were the two Shakespeare songs by Castelnovo-Tedesco. Sophisticated they seem, too up to date, if one chooses to regard Shakespeare as a poet of the sixteenth century. As a man of all times, though, an immortal, there seems no reason why his songs should not be set to music in the idiom of today. Castelnovo-Tedesco has made use of a sufficiently modern idiom to suit all but the extremists. He brings into play mighty old harmonies, and in his voice part he uses intervals which would have seemed unnatural to Dr. Arne.

But the man has a way of making one feel that these queer harmonies and turns of the melodic line are natural to

him, in which respect he is more successful than some of his contemporaries. Unlike some of them, too, he recognizes that rhythm is still an important element of musical composition, and in these songs he discloses no disposition to toss out of the window as so much trash the blessed gift of melody. He shows a long head, for it must have diverted him to write the songs in the way he did, and yet there is no reason why they should not be widely sung. There are four more than those Mrs. Kingsbury sang, and she hardly chose the most individual, though perhaps she hit on the safest.

Mrs. Kingsbury sang these songs excellently. It may be questioned, however, if she would not have gained a greater effect if she had taken "Under the Greenwood Tree" faster and "It Was a Lover" slower. By the same argument, the tempo of the Williams song might stand open to discussion. Mrs. Kingsbury, though she has much to learn in the way of a sound vocal technique, has already accomplished much. She sings with both musical and rhetorical intelligence, with warmth as well; she can give a song its atmosphere. At present she is most successful in the lighter kind of songs, such as those of Scandinavia she sang yesterday; Goossens' "Epigramme," granting it is worth anything at all, is for a singer like Eva Gauthier or Poula Frisch. Given a naturally excellent voice, an in-born aptitude for song, intelligence and real warmth of style, Mrs. Kingsbury, if she will only acquire a technical foundation, ought to develop into a singer of fine ability.

Mrs. Flitts played admirable accompaniments, and Mr. Sand with his clarinet furnished a suave obligato to the closing song. The audience, of good size, showed itself friendly. R. R. G.

Oct 29 1923

So Mr. Cederstrom, the third husband of Adelina Patti, is betrothed to an English noble dame. Some one should compile a biographical dictionary of the husbands and wives of famous singers. There are books devoted to love affairs of musicians. Years ago Elise Polko described a few of them in a sloppy, gushing manner; but an encyclopedia with dates and facts, not legends, is greatly to be desired; to be put on the table with that Social Register as yet unpublished: "Who's Who in the Divorce Court."

Take the case of Adelina Patti. There is a story that when she was young she was really in love with a Milanese gentleman; later with a Belgian nobleman, but family pride forbade his marriage. Her first husband was the Marquis de Caux, who led cotillions in a singularly graceful manner, was a man about town, warmly appreciated by the ladies of the Second Empire, and head over heels in debt. M. Frederic Lollée writes that after they were divorced the marquis was again poor, but "he had recovered perfect dignity." Others say that his share of his wife's earnings after the preliminary separation amounted to 1,500,000 francs. Ernest Nicolini, the tenor, was Adelina's No. 2. He had his faults; his guests enjoyed inferior cigars and wine while he helped himself to the best, but he looked after Adelina's health, and the marriage was a happy one, for she was never reproached for reckless generosity. Nicolini died. Adelina, when she was nearly 66 years old, married Cederstrom. He, much younger, was thought to be the one qualified "to take good care of her in her declining years." Mr. Herman Klein is sure that Mr. or the baron, Cederstrom "remoulded her mode of thought," her views concerning life, people and manners. He should have been able to mould her, for he was not wholly disassociated with a massage and Swedish movement parlor. In 1903 he accompanied her to the United States. He probably enjoyed his sojourn here, for the tour netted his wife \$250,000.

M. Lollée, in his entertaining book of gossip, "La Fete Imperiale," draws an unflattering sketch of Adelina: A delightful singer, without curiosity concerning anything outside of her art—except an extreme facility in knowing languages—indifferent toward letters, and scarcely writing any, if we may be pardoned this play on words; boasting of never reading the newspapers, keeping her admirers in anxiety as to whether she was only a virtuoso, whether she had a soul—shall I say a heart? The details of her generosity fed scantily the journals." He makes the amusing blunder of calling her "the chatelaine of Charing-y-Cross," when she was mistress of Craig-y-Nos—a blunder comparable to some made about English geography by Victor Hugo in "The Man Who Laughs." He is mean enough to quote the beginning of a feuilleton written by Catulle Mendes apropos of one of Patti's last concerts in Paris: "Formerly I heard the night-tingale; yesterday I heard a rattle."

## ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA

Toast. Slices of bread placed in the oven until black and then scraped off and eaten. JEAN.

## WHO WOULD STAY ON THE FARM?

(Champaign, Ill., News-Gazette.)

WANTED—3 bright young men to travel with high-grade selling proposition. \$1.25 per month to start. See Mr. Feltenstein, Beardsley Hotel.

## NO DOUBT OF IT

(Galveston Tribune)

Galveston can easily obtain 100,000 population by the concerted effort of its men and women leaders.

## ADMITTED TO THE HALL OF FAME WITH UPORARIOUS APPLAUSE

"7 P. M., Dr. Hells-Cole, D. D., will speak on 'Voices from the Dead.'"

## ADD, "WONDERS OF NATURE"

(West Liberty, Ia., Index)

FOR SALE—Pure-bred milking short-horn bull, nine months old. Price \$50. W. E. Holloway, Downey, Ia.

## "THEN UPROSE"

As the World Wags: Reading that Woodrow Wilson recited three Slam limericks for a group of Princeton boys, may I ask where he gets that stuff? I spent four years in Princeton, and know but one Slam limerick! Are there others? UNYUN.

## IN THE WORLD OF ART

As the World Wags:

Association of ideas hardly explains why the foregoing brings back to mind one of the two best stories about artists I've ever heard—that of the picture dealer who, being greeted by a canvass-carrying caller with "Here is a little thing I've painted to keep the wolf from the door," replied: "Ah, yes! Just put it, please, outside the door, where the wolf can see it."

## TENSE MOMENTS

"Thoughts in a Bank" is a volume yet to be written. As a foreword, the following might serve as a rough model:

"Any fool can pay in. It takes courage to walk into a bank, present a self cheque that goes \$1 over the pass-book balance, and tell the cashier that you think it looks like rain."

Yet why should we be afraid of bank cashiers? Are they not human beings like us? Are they not, often, fathers? Is not their income less than ours?

Yes, yes. But when they take that cheque, look over it, turn it round and upside down and tap their fingers as they gaze into the drawer wondering if they ought . . . life can be very thrilling.

## EFFICIENCY IN NEWTON

(From the Newton Progress.)

"Harper Orophone for deafness for sale. Used short period by elderly lady who died shortly after purchase. Very effective. Cost \$135, price \$50."

## HIGH AS NEEDS BE

(A note on a changed fashion.)

My lady went in high heels, oh, so very high.

Set herself most gaily all critics to defy.

Proved (or she thought so) they helped her to walk—

"High heels are my heels and let the sillies talk."

The ladies now in Paris have heels that are low.

Some as low as men's heels, flat as heels will go;

Walking or dancing the rule holds still—

And will my lady copy them? I think she will.

Thus will her creed be altered and revised;

And shall I tease my lady? I shouldn't be surprised.

But very, very gently I'll play my wiser part.

For, high heels or low heels, she's high as my heart.

—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

## THE CHOIR WILL NOW SING

As the World Wags:

I have been interested in the old song of Frank Daniels, "The Human Snake." Does any one of your readers remember the words of a song of about that time, "The Tattooed Girl"? I believe it was sung by that very amusing and really great artist, May Irwin. The only lines I can recall are:

"She was yellow, green and crimson,

Red, white and blue was she,

A regular picture gallery

Was my true love Rosalie."

IPSONIAN.

## FISK UNIVERSITY SINGERS PLEASE

At a concert last night in Symphony Hall, the quintet of Fisk University jubilee singers gave a generous program of negro folk songs and spirituals, and Mr. James Myers, their leader and tenor



oldest, recited with marked dramatic ability several poems of Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

The folk tunes included "Steal Away," "There is a Light Shining in de Heaven," "I Want to be Ready," "Kentucky Home," "Go Down Moses," "Hear de Jubbs A-crying," "Roll, Jordan, Roll," "Keep Inching Along," "I Couldn't hear Nobody Pray," "Lord, I Want to be a Christian," "Swing Low," and several encores, among them "Carry Me Back," "The Singers were James A. Myers, Carl J. Barbour, Mrs. James Myers, Horatio O'Bannon and Ludi D. Collins.

## CHUMANN-HEINK

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, contralto, gave a recital yesterday afternoon before a rapt audience that packed Symphony hall. She sang Handel's "Lascia ch' lo Planga," "Brangaene's Call from Tristan and Isolde," Erda's Invocation from "Das Rheingold," Schubert's "Die Allmacht," "Fruehlingsfahrt" and "Widmums" by Schumann, Franz's "Gute Nacht," from Brahms, the Sapphic Ode and six Gypsy songs, "Have You Seen Him in France" and "Someone Worth While," by Ward-Stephens; O'Hara's "There is No Death," "Sweetheart," by Humphrey Stewart; Hueter's "Dream-land Gates," and a Bolero by Ardit.

Of course, there were many extra songs, and Florence Hardeman, violinist, also played four pieces, as well as an encore; a Kreisler arrangement of a prelude and allegro by Pugnani, Kleisler's own "Tamburin Chinois," the Wilhelm arrangement of Schubert's "Ave Maria," and "La Ronde des Lutins," by Bazzini.

Mme. Schumann-Heink comes back the same old sixpence—and the same old sixpence she will be so long as she continues to grace our concert stage. She sings a melody with a sensitive feeling for its shape not vouchsafed to every woman who sings—till she takes the notion to shatter its line with a gruff chest tone all out of place; so she dealt with the closing notes of the Handel air and the Sapphic Ode. And still today, as was ever the case, it does not put her about to follow some of the greatest songs ever penned with sentimental utter trash. Well, such has always been her way, a way which, till she becomes "convicted by her own conscience," she is quite unlikely to change.

In more commendable respects than these, however, Mme. Schumann-Heink luckily stays unwithered and unstated. Her compelling personality wins sympathy before she has sung one note. Her stirring temperament has lost none of its force; the first tones of Brangaene's call must have sent a thrill yesterday to many a soul. Her diction remains a model of clearness and expressiveness. And from whatever she sings, be it music good or be it bad, she draws every jot of meaning that it in lies. Superbly yesterday she attained the heights of Schubert's "Die Allmacht," and with a solemnity not within the power of many she delivered Erda's ominous warning to Wotan. Beautifully, too, she sang "Widmung," and the gypsy songs of Brahms. The power that comes from knowing how!

Mme. Schumann-Heink, wise woman, has good people about her. Miss Hardeman played her violin pieces with such unusually pure tone, incisive rhythm and real feeling for song that she richly deserved the audience's lusty applause. Miss Katherine Hoffmann, who played throughout the concert accompaniments of distinctly notable excellence, accomplished furthermore the fine feat of making Wagner's music for full orchestra sound well from a piano. It can be done, if a pianist has sufficient skill and willingness to take pains. R. R. G.

## WARFIELD PLAYS A REAL SHYLOCK

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," in David Belasco's arrangement of the play:

Duke of Venice.....	Fuller Mellich
Antonio.....	Edwin Brandt
Bassanio.....	Jerome Lawler
Gratiano.....	Herbert Hanson
Lorenzo.....	Marc Loebell
Solanio.....	Harry Joyner
Shylock.....	George Kendall
Nyhal.....	David Warfield
.....	Ashton Tonge
.....	Kraft Walton
.....	Perceval Vician
.....	Fuller Mellich
.....	William Boag
.....	Stephano.....
.....	Irring J. White
.....	St. Julian Fowles
.....	Perceval Vician
.....	Howard Moore
.....	John Jackson

Portia..... Mary Servoss  
Nerissa..... Betty Murray  
Jessica..... Helen Stryker

Mr. Belasco has lavished the resources of his art on this production. The stage settings, the costumes and above all the effects of lighting enrich the play itself without over-ornamentation. It would not now be profitable to discuss the question, whether a play of Shakespeare should be produced as far as possible in the manner of his period, or whether the producer should do his best to provide a historically and chronologically correct setting in the most artistic spirit. Mr. Belasco has discussed this question in a sane and scholarly manner in the preface to his acting version of the play.

Nor need one, even the Shakesperian purist, or pedant if you will, be seriously offended by Mr. Belasco's arrangement of scenes, eliminations, and addition of stage business never dreamed of by the dramatist. Cuts are necessary to bring the performance within reasonable hours. No one should regret that the casket scene is abbreviated, and we could easily spare many lines of the younger Gobbo, before he meets his father. The return of the Jew to his house after the flight of Jessica has been portrayed before, though it is not in Shakespeare's text, but never so dramatically as in the present version. And the change from the street scene to the interior of Shylock's house was marvelously well done, a triumph of lighting and impressive darkness.

But after all, the play's the thing, and Shylock is the leading character, one that has for many years sharpened the wits of commentators and critics. We are not now concerned with the question whether he and Marlowe's Jew of Malta were originally played in comic vein. There are some who look upon Shylock as the quintessence of malignant hatred. Others find in him a heroic figure, noble in his revenge, representing his oppressed race; at the end, defeated by a quibble, a pathetic figure. Surely Antonio was not the perfect flower of Christendom. In the fulness of his merchant's pride he had treated Shylock abominably.

That Mr. Warfield had long wished to portray the Jew is not surprising. That he has regarded it as a consecrated task is to be applauded. But has he carried out in an authoritative manner his laudable intention?

His Shylock seems to us a human being, a man of his race, whose hate and defeat are easily accepted by the spectator, who is neither incensed and shocked by the malignant spirit nor moved at the end to either rejoicing or pity. In the grimly comic scenes, Mr. Warfield played intelligently and forcibly; in them he was never so effective as when he was quietly sarcastic and bitingly ironical; in them, voice and gesture made the desired impression. Bidding Jessica to keep indoors, when he felt that evil was brewing, he expressed bodement and parental love with a naturalness that touched the heart. In the discovery of her flight, he threw reserve to the winds and was no longer a pathetic figure. In the court scene he misconceived wholly the attitude that Shylock would have taken before the Duke. We doubt if he would have shouted, bullied the Duke. In the violence of his hatred, about to carve the flesh, he was not terrible; he was rather a grotesque old man in facial expression and bearing. Nor at the end, overwhelmed by the decision against him, did he incite keen interest, let alone pity. In other words, excellent in the opening and the lighter scenes, the more tragic were not within his power.

Of the company supporting him, the salient figure was that of the Duke, played by Mr. Mellich, who delivered his lines with marked dignity and true significance, and bore himself in ducal manner. He also took the part of Old Gobbo, and played it with the fine emphasis of under-statement. The other men were too often given to elocutionary practice; they "spoke pieces," even when the lines were purely conversational. Miss Servoss as Portia was more pleasing in the casket scene than in the earlier one with Nerissa or in the trying court scene.

The play moved quickly and smoothly without distressing waits. An audience of good size brought the leading comedians before the curtain several times.

I believe that people are like portmanteaux—packed with certain things, started going, thrown about, tossed away, dumped down, lost and found, half-emptied suddenly, or squeezed fatter than ever, until finally the Ultimate Porter swings them on to the Ultimate Train, and away they rattle.

—Katherine Mansfield.

## "TWO PRESIDENTS"

Some days ago we quoted a paragraph from the Automobillist of October, in which the writer answered his own question: "What made Coolidge great?" by saying he ran true to Northampton. He then, dilating on the "Intellectual history" of that town, said it had sent out two Presidents. The inference was that it had sent out another President of the United States.

"A. M." now writes: "Did not the writer have in mind Jonathan Edwards? It is true that he was not born in Northampton, but neither was President Coolidge. Is my memory at fault in thinking that Edwards was (or had been) a pastor in Northampton before he became President of the College of New Jersey?"

Jonathan Edwards was pastor of a church in Northampton from 1727 to 1750 or '51. A Congregational church in that town has long been known as the Edwards Church.

While zealously employed in his efforts for the spiritual improvement of his charge, Mr. Edwards was pained to find that some young men of the congregation had imported a number of improper books, and were engaged in circulating them, to the great injury of good morals. Determined to arrest the evil, he spared not in his reproofs a number of the members of the most influential families, who were known to be offenders. This praiseworthy zeal elicited much dislike, which was increased by his insisting on holiness of life in all who approached the table of our Lord. So he was ejected from the pastorate by a majority of 180. Going to Stockbridge, where he preached to Indians and a few whites, he was in 1757 chosen president of the College of New Jersey at Princeton, as successor of his son-in-law, who was the father of Aaron Burr.

We should very much like to know the titles of the books disapproved by Jonathan. Perhaps, in their day they were reckoned among "the best sellers." If the writer had in mind two college presidents, why didn't he say so?

## POETRY OR WHAT?

As the World Wags:

In referring to the contributions of verse which make The "World Wag" rhythmic on occasions, a correspondent made inquiry some little time ago, Is it poetry or what? With true artistic appreciation he disregarded the 38 definitions of poetry of Carl Sandburg, poet laureate of Chicago, and pointed farther west knowing well that the verses in question came under the other 57 varieties with which Mr. Sandburg is not familiar, if by his works one may know him. Quotation from one Robert Graves of Oxford, translated from the original ectoplasm of his utterance, was to the effect that poetry is for the poet a low form of auto-intoxication, and for the reader a fate worse than death. Neither of these assertions gives answer to the inquiry of your correspondent, nor, so far as I have observed, has any answer been made him, not even by any member of that devoted band whose output was the subject of it.

In the time since it was made folks have been so busy up here in Hillsboro, what with the elderberries and blackberries, and then the peaches, and one thing and another, and seeing that their natural fruit juices were making all the alcoholic contents for the writer that farmers have their accustomed right to make under the Volstead act, I have been unable to get around to it until now, myself, but now let's go.

## POETROLE OR VERSOLINE

The product of the pen to which your correspondent refers is scientifically known as poetrole or versoline, and is chiefly valuable in the arts as a mental lubricant. Where a "Psalm of Life" may turn to melancholy, a "Battle Hymn of the Republic" lead to warlike demonstration against an unloved neighbor, an "Ode to a Grecian Urn" suggest the destruction of distasteful bric-a-brac, the "Eve of St. Agnes" suggest—well, let us say nothing to carry to the office, the gentle flow of poetrole of versoline soothes the morning frown and cheers the yet unawakened spirit, but without the perilous and habit-forming stimulus of inebriation.

Somewhere among the records of a group of scientific men which once gave such to the proud fame of Boston, there is a set of specifications for the construction of an apparatus for the manufacture of poetrole or versoline according to a pre-Volstead formula.

It was originally intended to apply for patent of the apparatus, but it was pointed out that the parts as claimed constituted a whole so similar to the human corpus that it would not get by the examiner. The certain competition in product also influenced the negative decision.

## PRACTICAL WORKINGS

The specifications claimed first, a vat, raised upon two standards or legs. From the vat ran upwards through concealing insulation two pipes, one to the orifice, or mouth, the other to the higher point of the chamber or dome. Then when everything was connected up and tight, alcohol was poured into the orifice or mouth down into the vat, where it stood at a temperature of 98 degrees, slowly evaporating, the fumes rising through the second line of piping to the chamber or dome. There by secret processes, not to be disclosed, the fumes were distilled into the sought-for product, poetrole or versoline. The apparatus worked perfectly. Every member of the group could make it go, so easy was its running according to the formula. With the loss of the chief ingredient, that special brand of poetrole or versoline went with it and some of it was of high quality.

With the substitution of less volatile essences for the chief ingredient, still the flow persists. I doubt if even another constitutional amendment could put an end to it any more than the 18th has to that other natural fermentation to which I have referred.

ABEL ADAMS.

## ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

(From the Hampton, N. H., Union)

## FOR SALE

Second hand Ford Touring car engine in good running condition. HAMPTON CENTER GARAGE

## THE LATEST CANDIDATES

In East Moline, Ill., Nels Munson sells coal and Muls Nelson owns much real estate.

## FOR RUBE PARISHIONERS

## HEAR A SERMON

BY

REV. E. C. HECK

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Lawful Larceny," a play in a prologue and three acts by Samuel Shipman.

Andrew Dorsey.....	Walter Gilbert
Marion.....	Adelyn Buchnell
Mrs. Fanchine Davis.....	Anna Layng
Mrs. Anne French.....	Jill Middleton
Ex-Judge Daniel Perry.....	Mark Kent
Guy Tarlow.....	Edward Darney
Bolton.....	Ralph Morehouse
Vivian Hepburn.....	Viola Roach
Richard French.....	Houston Richards
Mr. Davis.....	Ralph M. Remley
Farrell.....	Harold Chase

Samuel Shipman is the bad boy of the American stage. For years he has written plays with only a popular appeal that defy the academic idea of dramatic technique. The difficulty is that his comedy dramas are generally successful in spite of critical scorn. "Lawful Larceny," his latest play but one, is an excellent example of his better work.

It tells the story of an erring husband whose resourceful wife tries to revenge herself and her repentant spouse by adopting the siren's own methods. That the wife is at a disadvantage before the law is Mr. Shipman's thesis, rarely obtusive. The bare outline does not sound plausible. It isn't. But the author has constructed his situations so cleverly that the interest is led from climax to climax. Probability is forgotten in the suspense of the moment. The tale is adorned with an abundance of amusing lines and a minimum of bad ones. Only in the last act does the playwright's skill at following the sober line with the comic desert him. His attempts at preachment to point his moral are not happy.

The company was eager and able to use the gratifying material. If they could not present consistent characterizations—such virtues are not in Mr. Shipman's bag of tricks—they did extract every bit of value in every situation. Particularly fine was Miss Bushnell's interpretation of Marion Dorsey, the wife. She played simply and with dignity; her sincerity in a distressing speech in the third act rescued the situation.

Mr. Darney, as the helpful Guy Tarlow, does not at all suffer in comparison with Lowell Sherman, who played the same role here briefly last winter. Mr. Darney's portrayal is notably suave. Second to these two were Mr. Gilbert as the weakling husband, Miss Roach as the vampyre, and Mr. Kent as a benign judge. The ensemble work of these five was unusual for a stock company. Artistic and ingenious settings by Clarence Ranson added much to the worth of the production.



## 'GOING UP,' FILMED,

GORDON'S OLYMPIA—"Going Up," film version of the musical comedy by Otto Harbach, based on "The Aviator," a play by James A. Montgomery. The cast includes Douglas MacLean, Hallam Cooley, Arthur Stuart Hull, Francis McDonald, Hughie Mack, Wade Boteler, John Steppling, Mervyn Leroy, Marjorie Daw, Edna Murphy, Lillian Langdon and others.

"Going Up" is one of the funniest films that we have seen, and Douglas MacLean as the author of a best seller on aviation, founded on flights of the imagination only, is a delight, whether he is dodging hordes of admiring women in pursuit of an autograph, or learning how to fly on a tea table supported by a cane and a straw hat singed with toothbrushes.

Robert Street, hedged in by a sympathetic friend, a press agent with a flair for aviation stunts for publicity, and a sweet young thing who believes him a "fearless" performer in the air, after his boasts of falling 25,000 feet, "a little at a time," makes excellent fare for screen comedy. On the stage, "Going Up" was of course a good comedy, but on the screen it is as ridiculously funny as an animated cartoon, and the fantastic nose and end dives of the plane past spires, through tunnels, over and under the judges' blimp, and the final whirlwind descent through a tree could never have been staged except in the films.

Through it all, Douglas MacLean and his fellows assert themselves with spirit and play with a pseudo-seriousness, that is in the best farcical vein. Hughie Mack as the Falstaffian instructor in aviation, engaged the night before the competition with the French ace of aces, to tell Street what not to do, and incidentally consoling him by telling him that the last of his 30 pupils fell the day before, is a delight, both in his serious posturings and pantomime, and the sub-titles have all of the original tartness of retort. E. G.

## McIntyre and Heath, Georgia Minstrels, Headliners

James McIntyre and T. K. Heath, better known to the theatre-going public of America as McIntyre and Heath of "The Georgia Minstrels" fame and in which their side-splitting duologue on the "Ham Tree on the Peninsula and the Egg Tree on the Isthmus with the Archipelago in Between" is given, are the headliners at Keith's Theatre this week. This week's bill offers a little of everything from the ridiculous to the sublime, interspersed with an excellent song recital number by Vivian Holt and Myrtle Leonard, contralto and soprano vocalists.

The bill opens with a song and dance offering by Emile Nathann and Julia Sully, followed by Arthur Lloyd in a trick card act. He has many cards to play and defies the audience to name one kind of card, business, union, ice, or any other card that he cannot produce from the recesses of his clothing.

Ed Conrad brings laughter when he appears on a dark stage and in broken French-English accent announces something new in his presentation of "L'Episode Peculier." He is a good pianist, and with the aid of B. Conrad and "Charlotte," he gives several musical numbers.

The story of a proposed "shakedown" of a woman-loving millionaire by an easy-going actress, who caters to his whims for the financial blessings he bestows on her, is told in the playlet, "The Broad Minded Woman," in which Mmo. Besson plays the part of the wife, who, understanding the weakness of her husband, Lowden Adams, thwarts the attempt of "the other woman," Constance A. Robinson.

James Burke and Eleanor Durkin offer a "tete-a-tete in song." Bert Yorke and Ed Lord offer a side-splitting conglomeration of song, dance, music and nonsense. The bill concludes with an acrobatic number known as the Five Balas! "On the Society Football Grounds."

## SISTINE SINGERS

Last night the choir from the Sistine chapel, Monsignor Rella, conductor, gave a second concert in Symphony hall. This was the program:

Greetings to the American People, Refice; Exultate Justi. Viadana; Qui Operatus Est, Perosi; Confitebor, Palestrina; Oremus, Perosi; Credo (from the Mass for Pope Marcellus), Palestrina.

### PART TWO

Libera Me Domine, Perosi; Super Flumina, Palestrina; Dies Irae, Perosi; Cantate Domino, Perosi; Exultate Deo, Palestrina.

Twenty-five years ago Palestrina's music enjoyed in Vienna a vogue. It was sung frequently at the Votive Church, often still at St. Michael's, while at the church where the Dominicans ruled it was to be heard perhaps three Sundays out of five. These churches stood far away from where most music students lived, but rarely a winter Sunday passed when a small group of singing and piano pupils did not listen to ancient church music in one of these three churches.

The three choirmasters, all men of parts and highly skilled, held widely divergent views as to how Palestrina should be sung. The director at the Votive Church was all for a sense of mystery, something transcending this earth. His aim may have been sound enough, but unluckily his attempts at tone of an unearthly quality too often sounded merely inhuman, likewise inhumane, for cruelly they pinched his singer's throats. Scarcely a word, of course, came out with clarity. The Votive Church, though it was the easiest of the three to get at, was not often visited by the young enthusiasts.

A journey to the Dominicans, at the farthest end of town, proved more worth while. They had trained a choir of men and boys to sing with an amazing accuracy. The text they enunciated with absolute distinctness, at the cost of shading and color alike. Why not? their argument would have run. The significance of Kyrie Eleison lies in the words, not in their musical setting.

It was at St. Michael's Church the little band of students listened oftenest to Lotti, Vittoria and Palestrina. Every single phrase of the text the leader there insisted on being enunciated clearly once, then he gave the music its way. His method made for musical beauty and likewise a rare quality of devoutness.

The Sistine Choir sings unlike these choirs in Vienna. Musical effectiveness seems to be what Mgr. Rella has deepest at heart. He gets it. From his chorus he draws a tone of infinite variety. He rejoices in strong shading. He can build up a massive climax, as in the Credo, nothing less than dramatic. A master of rare skill, last night he led some of the most effective chorus singing heard in Boston this many a day. It brought forth as genuine applause as "Aida" itself could do—no mean feat for a chorus of unaccompanied voices singing music centuries old.

There are four distinct ways of singing Palestrina, and there are other ways as well. Which is right? Who can tell? Tradition, filtered through generation after generation, is not proof. Since no living man knows how Palestrina wanted his music to sound, are not all ways of singing it right which appeal to people today? Mgr. Rella's way appealed to a very large audience last night. R. R. G.

Oct 31 1923

## Durrell Four Play

By PHILIP HALE

The Durrell String Quartet (Josephine Durrell, Louise Sweet, Anna Golden, Mildred Ridley), gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Quartet, F major; Gliere, quartet, A major, op. 2; G. Faure, Piano Quartet, G minor, op. 45.

It is a pleasant sight to see four young women playing stringed instruments. (To see them playing four pianos or four flutes at the same time would strike terror to the stoutest soul, yet these enormities have been committed. No doubt four young women have, are, or will be playing saxophones). When these four young women play intelligently and catch the spirit of this or that composer the pleasure is redoubled. But chamber music, no matter how fine its quality, how admirable the performance, quickly sates the ear. The ideal chamber concert should be over at the end of an hour; surely it should not exceed an hour and a quarter.

### COULD DROP FINALE

Two quartets are enough, and if three composers must be represented, is it necessary to play all the movements of their compositions? One full quartet by a master, a slow movement by another composer, a Scherzo by a third would give agreeable variety.

Last night if the Finale of Gliere's quartet had been omitted, the pleasant impression made by the work would have been still stronger. And it may here be said that in many of these compositions by modern composers the Finale is the weakest movement; the invention flags, and there is fuss and fury only fit to cover the confusion

caused by collecting overcoat, hat and umbrella preparatory to the grand rush for the door.

The Durrell Quartet pleased by the musical quality of its performance; by its euphony, sense of proportion, and its comprehension of the composers' intentions. It is no slight task to play Mozart's music but in this instance the players were not over ambitious. Only the second movement was a little matter-of-fact. The other movements were performed with the requisite grace and elegance, though Saint-Saens if he could have been present would have told Miss Durrell, the leader, that Mozart's allegro was not the allegro of 1923; that a little slower pace would have better served the Finale, allegretto.

The quartet by Gliere demanded another manner of performance, and to this the players responded in a spirited, eloquent and not too theatrical manner. It would be easy to say that in the first two movements the voice of the self-torturing Tchaikovsky was frequently heard. On the other hand the Theme for the variations is strikingly original and has a strange and haunting beauty. Variations as a rule are the abomination of desolation. Gliere's are ingenious and there are not too many of them.

Harrison Potter was the pianist for Gabriel Faure's work. An audience of good size was warmly appreciative throughout.

The "blurbs" of publishers shriek in your face, like Christina Rossetti's goblins: "Come buy, come buy." To many the price demanded for even an ordinary—one is tempted to add, vulgar—novel is prohibitive. As for volumes of history, memoirs—they are only for the rich who buy recklessly—at random, and may not open or cut the pages. The editor of the Adelphi is a thoughtful person; he draws up each month a list of books that one should borrow. You need not look at the list of books that you should buy.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us yesterday that, having read a review of Gordon Phillips's "Brighter Intervals," he was tempted to order it from London.

"Read these lines about a golfer!" he exclaimed; and he pulled out a clipping from a waistcoat pocket:

"He goes on Sunday to the links  
(He dare not miss a day).  
As dusk descends he homeward slinks  
Arguing on his way,  
And at night he lies awake and thinks  
Of the game he ought to play."  
"And let me read this to you. It's from a description of wines."

"Unlike port, champagne should go off with a pop. If previous bottles have failed, a younger son may be hidden under the table with a supply of paper bags and instructions to burst them at appropriate moments. The fizz may be imparted by deftly shaking the contents of both packets of a Seidlitz powder into the guest's glass. This is an improvement on the old-fashioned method of attempting to re-inflate the bottle with a bicycle pump. It is less obtrusive."

"Yes, Herkimer; but in these days champagne is too serious, too sad a subject for idle jesting."

### "THE HAM FAT MAN"

We mentioned an old song telling of ham in the pan. Was there not a girl in the song: "And she fell in love with the (or a) Ham Fat Man?" Some of our readers remember the ditty, but they are sadly at variance.

Mr. H. F. Swett of Roxbury gives the last lines as he remembers them:

"Ham fat, ham fat  
Frying in the pan,  
O stick to the Union  
And the Ham-fat man."

We believe the third line was the invention of some singer in the years of the civil war. We doubt if it is to be found in the original.

F. B. C. and W. F. C. of Brookline write: "We heard it often when children sung by one Annie Lawless, our nurse at the time, and it goes:

"Ham-fat, ham-fat, zig-zag-zoo-zan,  
Ham-fat, ham-fat, smoking in the pan;  
Come into my parlor as quickly as you can,

Roochy-coochy-coochy says the Ham, Fat Man."

Lines for tender children; not for stern-faced men who do the world's rough work, and are in need of ham with plenty of fat.

M. G. Cobham of Brighton:

"I heard about six years ago a version of this song and, as I remember, it went as follows:

"Ham fat, ham fat  
Frying in the pan—  
Roochy-Koochy-Koochy,  
I'm a Ham-Fat Man."

"Possibly there is more to it, more possibly not, for this seems to be

enough. However, for curiosity's sake, if any reader knows more of it and whether or not it should be 'hrim-ming' or 'frying' in the pan, I would be interested to hear."

Our own belief is that the song was current in the early years of the civil war, possibly in the late 50's, and was sung in negro minstrel shows; that there were several verses of a nonsensical nature; that the song was published in one of the many paper-covered little song books of the 60's.

### THE COMPLETE SWEARER-OFF

(Waterloo, Ill. Republican)

Notice—I, the undersigned, will notify and warn those who desire it about the false utterances that have been passed, that I have been intoxicated. That is untrue. I have sworn off all intoxicating drinks. Also all females except my wife and daughter. This is all sworn off all my life time. F. H. WIESENBERG.

Valmeyer.

### STREET CAR TALK

Heard by "Oracle":

First lady: "My husband ate 13 pan-cakes for breakfast and then had his coffee."

Second lady: "I wish mine knew when to quit."

### RAW RECRUITS

"Oracle" also informs us that at Carrizozo, N. M., Santa Anna, in the Mexican war, taught his recruits how to handle a rifle. "Ever since the place has been known as Carrizozo."

### E PLURIBUS UNUM

(Salt Lake City Citizen)

The Russell Richards have a daughter, much to the delight of all concerned.

### As the World Wags:

Some of the songs that were popular years ago were heard, like sleigh bells, just for the season, and then subsided into perpetual silence. Others have resounded through the ages. The gentleman who objects to "Johnny Harvard" would not, I fear, approve all the ballads that give evidence of attaining immortality.

Even now of a summer's evening, one may listen to the lilting strains of "Cigarette McCarthy" borne by the zephyrs through the elms of Harvard yard.

"There goes McCarthy,  
He's hale and hearty.  
Always in fashion,  
Don't he look well?  
Ain't he the dandy,  
Gumdrops and candy?  
Cigarette McCarthy,  
Masher and swell."

WAL. L. ROBINSON.

### ADD "WONDERS OF STIRPICULTURE"

(Chicago Daily News)

REO AND TON FORD FOR SIRE—DAY OR CONTRACT. Call Lincoln 7705.

### AUTHOR? AUTHOR!

Who wrote:

"He hit me with the hair brush and  
biffed me in the dome;  
He slapped the baby in the face, he  
wrecked our happy home.  
He poisoned me, he strangled me, he  
smashed me in the nose,  
But I love him just the same, he looks  
so swell in evening clothes."

## SYMPHONY PLAYS FOR YOUNG FOLK

Yesterday afternoon came the first of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's first pair of concerts for young people. This was the program: Weber, overture to "Der Freischutz"; Bach, from the suite in D major, air (for string orchestra), Gavotte No. 1, Gavotte No. 2; Beethoven, Adagio from "The Creatures of Prometheus"—violin solo, Jean Laurant; Bedetti, flute solo, Georges Laurant; Abdon Laus; harp solo, Alfred Holy; Smetana, symphonic poem, "The Moldau"; Tchaikovsky, Scherzo, from symphony in F minor; Ravel, from "Mother Goose"—Beauty and the Beast; Concerto, Laidonette, Empress of the Pagodas; Berlioz, Hungarian march "Rakoczy."

Did Mr. Montoux look about him for help when he arranged this program instead of trusting to his own good sense? Earlier programs of his planning have proved so much happier than one feels disposed to draw this conclusion. If so, he must have sought counsel from some person stronger in theory than quick of observation, for the music played yesterday was most of the sort that has proved not to the taste of young persons.



The audience, to be sure, appeared throughout the afternoon better entertained than have those in the past, so must infer that the concerts are doing their end. The Freischütz overture, however, received only a trifling applause than the Weber overture of last year. The Bach pieces, as might have been foreseen, left the listeners cold; the rhythm of a gavotte or a minuet evidently makes no appeal to the youth of today. The Beethoven piano pleased better, probably because the solo bits, and the Smetana poem were manifest satisfaction.

With the Russian scherzo the audience would have nothing to do, with the Russian Beauty and the Beast little more. The Chinese rhythm of the second Ravel, and its oddity perhaps, won approval. One may risk the guess that the Berlioz march fetched loud applause. The programs of last year demonstrated the fact clearly enough that children relish in music are sentimentality, humor and stirring emotion, and kind they can understand. Yesterday's concert testified to the same effect. Children are to enjoy orchestral music, they must be given music that will make them feel pleasantly sad, that will make them laugh, or music sufficiently modern to make a rousing emotional appeal.

Music that has only beauty to offer, or delicacy of rhythm, is worse than thrown away.

Before the concert Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette had a few well chosen words to say about the music to come. The audience looked larger than those of last year, a favorable sign. R. R. G.

Loew's State—"The Marriage Maker," produced by William de Mille from "The Faun," a play by Edward Knobloch. The cast includes Charles de Roche, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Mary Astor and Robert Agnew.

"The Marriage Maker," arranged for the films by William de Mille from "The Faun," Edward Knobloch's play in which William Faversham and Julie Opp played here some ten years ago, is an interesting experiment, and it has been well done. To introduce a frolicsome faun into conventional society, as shown on the screen, and that particular faun in the person of Charles de Roche, who is all of six feet three, might have been subject for snickers in a well-bred movie audience. But De Roche has really done it, and his Sylvani, leaning over a pool in Italian gardens, leaping over walls, and, in traditional full-dress, jumping over tables and peering through windows, always with his smile of the satyr, has all of the exultant rhythm of the pagan.

In this tale of mingled realism and fantasy, a faun overhears the lovers, English and conventional, agree to separate because of monetary difficulties. Lord Stonbury must marry a fortune to match his title, and so pay his debts of honor. Then the scene shifts from the Italian gardens of dancing nymphs to England, where the faun arrives to set matters right by conjuring up a storm, to prove that the gods of nature are to be obeyed, and "true love is better than coronets."

With Charles de Roche as the intervening faun, splendidly pagan in his exulting in the thunder storm, piping to rabbits, and delightfully tearing up a legal document that seemed to be annoying his friend, Sylvani has dignity. Jack Holt as Lord Stonbury, and Agnes Ayres as the Lady Alexandria are adequate, but Charles de Roche has made the picture. E. G.

## MYRA HESS

By PHILIP HALE

Myra Hess, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Her program was as follows: Bach, three Preludes and Fugues, D minor, B flat minor and C sharp minor Book 1 of "The Well Tempered Clavichord"; Chopin, Sonata, B flat minor; Schumann, Papillons; Debussy, La Cathedrale Engloutie, Voiles, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin, Poissons d'Or, Jardines sous la pluie.

Hearing Miss Hess reconciles one to the piano. It can be, after all, a musical instrument, productive of beautiful sounds, appealing to the ear and to the soul.

The program was shrewdly arranged. From the Bach of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord" to Debussy is not a long step—they are almost contemporaneous, and Chopin and the Schumann of the earlier works are romanticists in the spirit of their forerunner and follower.

What a delight it was to hear the Preludes and Fugues played poetically. What could be more charming than Miss Hess's reading of the second Prelude on the program, with its tender, wistful melancholy! Yet, pianists of high and low degree neglect or look down on the Bach of the Preludes and Fugues, also the Suites, preferring thunderous transcriptions of the organ

fugues, ignoring the fact that in the smaller pieces is true beauty to be found.

Miss Hess's reading of the sonata was remarkable in this: that for once the four movements seemed to be an organic whole; the Funeral March not alien and an interpolation; the sinister finale, the answer to not only the march, but to the opening Allegro. As she read the Allegro it foretold the funeral music to come, just as the Trio of the Scherzo prepared one for the Trio of the march. Stormy passion, the song of longing, the plaint of woe, death and then—dust and ashes—the end of every man's desire.

Seldom have we heard so eloquent a reading of this sonata; never have we heard an interpretation so logically conceived, and so compelling.

And what shall be said of her incomparable performance of the "Papillons"? Schumann was young when

he wrote out these whimsical, capricious, enchanting fancies, when he read Jean Paul Richter and dreamed dreams, long before he began to study counterpoint and strive to be scholastic in works of length, breadth, and, one might add, thickness. We have heard "Papillons" when the performance was gross, dull-witted, heavy-footed, bore-some. Last night there was airiness, whimsicality, joy, shadowed at times by passing sadness.

Conspicuous among the pieces by Debussy as they were played, were "La Cathedrale Engloutie" and "La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin." "Voiles" has always seemed to us one of Debussy's inferior bits of impressionism. Miss Hess's playing of the other pieces was effective, but she shone especially in the two just named.

When she played, one was conscious only of music. There was no disturbing thought of technical display, ex-hibition of this or that "method," use of the pedals, or even the personality of the pianist. One only heard and thought of music as it is rarely heard from pianists on the concert stage.

There was a large, engrossed and warmly appreciative audience. May she be a frequent visitor!

Apropos of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Colonial Theatre, the remarks of "A. N. M." in the Manchester Guardian of Oct. 19 are pertinent and interesting. He flouts the theory that Shylock in Shakespeare's time was a comic wretch with a grotesque nose, but that Shakespeare's humanity got the better of him. "Surely, in that case, this triumph of humanity must have preceded any attempt to shape the character. There isn't a comic line in Shylock's part; it is difficult to believe that we are less facetious than the Elizabethans, but even facetiousness could hardly wrest a line to the comic aspect. I dare say there's some truth in the belief that Irving sentimentalized Shylock on account of 19th century susceptibilities. . . . Irving gave him grandeur and pathos, but so did Shakespeare."

"Once," writes "A. N. M.," "I appreciated the virtues of a simple attitude to Shylock. Sir Frank Benson was doing 'The Merchant of Venice' at our Theatre Royal, and I entered to find the place crammed with school children. They had no reserves about Shylock's villainy; they—bless them!—shouted approval at Gratiano's pleas-anties; the whole thing was simplified, and perhaps these children were something like an Elizabethan audience. One can imagine Shakespeare as a master of irony, placating those groundlings with his fanciful story and making his deep appeal to those who were worthy of it."

### A SOLO'S A LONELY THING

(Berrien County, Mich., Record)

Dr. Roe sang "Maggie" alone, and in company with a lady sang a duet, "Oh, that we two were mating!"

"Tantalus" remarks: "Among the reprehensible traits of the average singer is to slip her best through the crevices of a critic's compulsions." This was in answer to a critic's comment on a singer: "Very likely, this singing she did when I was compelled to be elsewhere."

Felix Fox will play the piano in Jordan hall tonight. His program is unconventional and interesting.

Ethel Leginska's program for her recital in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon is orthodox. It is true she will let the piano give her impression of the gargoyles of Notre Dame—this piece might go well with the film play at Tremont Temple—but music by Beethoven and Chopin dominate. Even Mr. Ornstein is neglected.

Mitja Nikisch, the 23-year-old son of Arthur Nikisch, will play Liszt's second concerto at the Symphony Concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. Born at Leipzig, he studied there, with his father and with a pedagogic rejoicing in the name of Telchmuller. Mr. Nikisch has been hailed as a pianist of high rank by the public and the critics of London, New York and Buenos Ayres. The orchestral pieces will be a symphony by Mozart, written at Salzburg and without a minuet. Zeckwer's "Jade Butterflies," inspired by verses of Louis Untermeyer, and the good, old, sensuous "Sakuntala" overture by Goldmark. The orchestra will be out of town next week.

Next Sunday there will be a wide choice for concert-goers. The Philharmonic orchestra of New York will play in Symphony Hall, led by its new conductor, Mr. Van Hoogstraten. Tchaikowsky, Wagner and Chopin will be represented. Joseph Schwartz, an applauded baritone, will sing, and Mme. Szumowska will play the piano.

At the Boston Opera House, Mme. Galli-Curci will hold forth. The People's Symphony orchestra will begin its concert of the season at the St. James Theatre and the Boston Flute Players' Club, assisted by Marion Chaplin, soprano, and the Burgin string quartet, will give a concert at the Boston Art Club.

### DANCING THE RUGBYVITCH

(For a dance, says an expert, give me a soft shirt with collar attached, and a dinner jacket.)

Away with your somnolent dancing. As practised in England and France! Bring in the Gymnovski from Petropaulovski.

The daring Dervishovitch dance!

To dance with Pavlova andovic Demands of the Muscovite males A shirt of elastic, a collar pluplastic, And jacket escheated of tails.

A Frenchman in plaster of paris Might dance till his senses were numb, But Muscovite dancers don't dress for the Lancers.

They dress for the tackle and scrum. —A. W., in the Daily Chronicle.

"The two who are really delightful from the singing standpoint are Bobby O'Neill, untrained, but with delightful

quality, and the Misses Frawley and King, who, though having small voices, show exquisite style and quality in a cunning duet."

Is Bobby O'Neill of no account, or are the Misses Frawley and King like the "Two-Headed Nightingale" once the delight of the curious?

Francis Rogers, baritone, will give a song recital at the Wentworth Institute, Huntington avenue, on Friday evening, Nov. 9.

The San Carlo Opera Co. will begin its season of three weeks at the Boston Opera House next Monday night. The opera chosen for the opening is "Rigoletto." Miss Lucchese, who will take the part of Gilda, is already favorably known in Boston. There will be curiosity to hear the baritone, for, after all, Gilda in spite of her celebrated florid aria is a pale figure by the side of the Jester. Then there is that fine fellow Sparafucile, nor should his coquettish and seductive sister be forgotten, the accomplished "vamp" that out of her love for the Duke saved his unworthy life.

The other operas of the week are familiar and popular.

Charles Rand Kennedy's miracle play, "The Chastening," will be performed tonight in Steinert hall, and there will be an opportunity of seeing Edith Wynne Matthison again. The Carpenter will be played by Mr. Kennedy; his son by Margaret Gage.

The Stage Guild, Inc., will produce at the Peabody Play House, 357 Charles street, next Saturday evening, Arthur Richman's powerful drama "Ambush," which, brought out at the Garrick, New York, Oct. 10, 1921, excited admiration, and recently in London was warmly praised by the leading critics. The part of Margaret, played by Florence Eldridge in New York, will be taken Saturday by Mrs. Massey, whose dramatic ability has been shown here more than once. The purpose of the Stage Guild is to produce a few plays which, successful elsewhere, would not be brought to this city by timorous managers who know the passion of Bostonians for musical comedies and revues.

Louis K. Anspacher will give the first

of his lectures on "The Hope of Immortality" tonight in Tremont Temple.

The Zimmer Harp Trio, with Mario Cappelli, tenor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tomorrow night.

Walter Reynolds, at a promenade concert in London, played Handel's "O, Ruddler Than the Cherry" on the euphonium and was thus neatly disposed of: "Which sounded like Wagner's Fafner singing in his cups about the blithe and merry killings."

"Macbeth," with an overture and incidental music, has been broadcasted in London.

Handsome Berta Morena, who sang here at a Symphony concert, as a member of the Metropolitan opera company, in December, 1911, has retired. Born in 1878, she was for 25 years a member of the Munich opera company, succeeding to nearly all of Milka Ternina's roles.

## ORIENTAL BALLET

At the Boston Opera House last evening Mme. Pavlova produced a new ballet for the first time in Boston, "Adanta's Frescoes," arranged by Ivan Chestine, the music by Alexander Tcherepnine, Jr. The scenery was suggested, according to the program, by certain frescoes in India. Although the ballet doubtless had a story to tell, or, at least, to suggest, its course was by no means easy to follow. What really mattered seemed to be a series of dances for the entertainment of a solid looking potentate, one Prince Guatemala.

The scene was gay enough, crudely colored, as may be the way in India, and the dances were prettily arranged and neatly executed; one brown-skinned young man and woman in particular danced excellently. But whoever today would represent a scene of the gorgeous east must bear in mind that no longer, since Miss St. Denis and Diaghileff have turned their imaginations eastward, will such orientalism serve as lies within the grasp of every French or German opera house for the temple scene of "Aida." Of the music, beyond the fact of its becomingly, if monotonously, exotic idiom, one can form no opinion, for the orchestra left much to be desired.

Before the new ballet Mme. Pavlova danced the "Chopiniana," with Chopin music orchestrated by Glazunoff. Never one of the most attractive of Mme. Pavlova's offerings, last night it seemed no more effective than heretofore. But at all events Mme. Pavlova, and all her ballerine with her, seemed more at home in their decent ballet clothes than they later did in their Hindu grab, and they danced the better for it. While Mme. Pavlova now avoids certain feats of technical virtuosity, as amazingly as ever she defies gravity when she bounds high in the air, always she moves with infinite grace. That charm peculiar to her she keeps, and the poetic imagination, that was always hers she will never lose—witness the exquisiteness of her "California Poppy" dance.

The "divertissements," indeed, which followed the two ballets, aroused the warmest enthusiasm of the evening. There was an audience of good size. R. R. G.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is again rooming in Blossom Court and will be there for the winter, when he is not in search of sociological material for his colossal work or attending congresses of scientists where he is welcomed enthusiastically, informed us yesterday that he had received a neatly engraved card from the Harvard Lampoon requesting "the pleasure of his company among its subscribers." "I should think," he said, "that they might have enclosed a two-cent stamp, or a stamped envelope, or even a vulgar postal card, for I observed that R. S. V. P. was on the left hand lower corner of the invitation. Now I indeed know, I am convinced, that the Lampoon is a humorous periodical."

Mr. Johnson wished us to give his address to the public, so that those wishing to subscribe to his "Man as a Social and Political Beast" in 13 volumes (elephant folio) would know where to send their checks. "I would accept even a note from a responsible person payable in three months. I have



sent my address with a polite letter stating that I should be at Blossom Court for the winter to the editors of the various 'society departments' of our newspapers, but it has not yet been published by any of them. I suppose their rejection, or indifference, is due to the fact that my name is not in the Social Register."

#### ON THE SOLAR PLEXUS

As the World Wags:

You ask, in your column dated Saturday, Oct. 26, if there is in any of the ancient Greek and Roman boxing matches, mention of a knockout by the solar plexus route.

I refer you to the classic encounter between Damoxenes of Epidamnus and Kreugas of Syracuse, at the Nemean games. After four hours of desperate mulling, the advantage rested with neither; whereupon according to custom it was agreed that each should strike in turn a blow at the other, who should not attempt to guard or evade it. The lot fell to Kreugas, but, tired from the long contest, he was unable to put his opponent out for the count. Damoxenes then advanced and plunged his hand, strengthened with its metal-studded caestus, into Kreugas's midst, scattering his vitals upon the sand. Damoxenes was banished; the crown given to the slain Kreugas, to whom a statue was also voted.

The statues of these two boxers, by Canova, may be seen in the Vatican collection. JOHN H. CARRICK.

Gloucester.

Where did Mr. Carrick find this entertaining story? Is he "kidding" the serious readers of this column, who thirst for information? We are acquainted with Damoxenus, the comic dramatist, who in his "Syntrophoi" gives an amusing description of a cook, worthy to be placed beside the chef in "Pendennis" and the one in Disraeli's "Tancred." It was Damoxenus that in his "Man Who Laments Himself" spoke of a boy bringing in the elephant at a feast.

B. In God's name tell me, What beast is that?

A. 'Tis a mighty cup, Pregnant with double springs of rosy wine, And able to contain three ample measures: The work of Alcon.

But we know not Damoxenus, neither did good old Dr. Anthon, nor the learned Smith, nor those companions of our youth, Messrs. Liddell and Scott.—Ed.

#### IT'S A DANGEROUS SPOT

(Oberlin, O., Tribune)

Mrs. Josephine Brister was struck by an automobile. Dr. Gunn was summoned and took her to the hospital. After a good bath she felt better and was able to go home. She now wants to know who struck her in the middle of the pike.

#### OUT OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL?

(From Variety)

Theda Bara explained that the name of the picture was a secret between she and her manager, and she didn't want to make him cross by talking out of school.

#### WHY KNOT?

CURLEY-BERTSCH

LUMBER CO.

Hardwood Lumber

#### SOPHOCLES IN NEW YORK

As the World Wags:

Is it too late for a reference to that almost incredible and wholly delectable headline in the N. Y. Times of Oct. 22, "Oedipus Rex author here with New Play"?

Welcome to our city, Sophocles! We're mighty glad to know that you are here.

We thought you had been dead this many a year, For centuries we've sorrowed o'er your bier.

Now welcome to our city, Sophocles!

Yes, dear old boy, come welcome to our city.

Of your demise a falsehood has been stated.

The rumor of your death exaggerated. That, sad event, will have to be re-dated.

Wo hope it won't occur while in our city.

We've welcomed many authors to our city.

They come and lecture to us for much pay.

But we feel sure that's not to be your way.

In fact we've heard you've brought us a new play, That, certainly, is good news for our city.

Welcome to our city, Sophocles! To think we thought you dead, O what a pity!

We might have sent a welcoming committee

To say to you in phrases bright and witty:

"O welcome to our city, Sophocles!"

Urbana, Ohio.

G. V. J.

#### ADD: "QUESTIONS IN ETIQUETTE"

As the World Wags:

When a man has a date with a stage star he meets her at the stage door. Would it be proper for him to meet a movie star at the screen door? DAN.

In Anderson, Ind., the law firm of Messrs. Vestal and Vermillion is respected.

#### ENCYCLOPEDIA AMERICANA

Guest Towels—Miniature editions of the everyday blotters, dressed up in Sunday clothes, placed on towel rack before arrival of guests and usually removed immediately after their departure. N. A.

#### PROBABLY A GADABOUT

(Kankakee, Ill., Daily Republican)

FOR SALE—A YOUNG HORSE AND WAGON, female sex, 470 S. Poplar.

## THE CHASTENING

"The Chastening," a modern miracle play in five continuous acts by Charles Rann Kennedy, was performed last night at Steierner Hall by Mr. Kennedy, Edith Wynne Matthison and Margaret Gage. Like his other plays, "The Servant in the House" and "The Terrible Meek," it is symbolic drama, this time laid at a mythical cross roads where a carpenter and his wife are discussing the future of their son. In the hands of less skilled actors, and played as it was as closet drama with no footlights to create the usual distinction between audience and actor, "The Chastening" would have been too didactic and a tedious affair. As it was, it was a beautiful performance, and its gentle satire and rather obvious humor did not fall of effect.

Edith Wynne Matthison, whose beautiful voice has been subject for many rhapsodies, played the mother, alternately pleading that her son be trained for the priesthood because the robes would sit so well on him, and astutely rearranging her husband's arguments to suit her purposes. Her performance was always sincere and reverent, and Mr. Kennedy, as the father, glorying in the dignity of his profession, and dreaming of "big business" in which his son would share, had a dramatic power that at times recalled a certain majesty. Margaret Gage, as the young son, played with a feeling for the spiritual values of her role.

Of course the play has its discursive moments, many of them, that smacked too much of the pulpit to please a modern audience, but it is a sincere and human modernization of the parables that has both sentiment and a gentle ironic humor as its saving grace. The audience, suited to the needs of the play, was appreciative. E. G.

## FELIX FOX

At his recital last night in Jordan hall Felix Fox, pianist, played this program:

Prelude and fugue, B Flat Major...Bach  
Preludes:  
B Flat Minor...Debussy  
B Flat Major...Chopin  
B Flat Major...Chopin  
B Flat Major...Rachmaninoff  
Paysage Maritime...Craus  
Ballet des Ombres Heureuses...Gluck-Friedman  
Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest...Debussy  
Des pas sur la neige...Debussy  
Feux Follets...Liszt  
Ballade, A Flat Major...Chopin  
Lied's Love-Death...Wagner-Liszt  
Capriccio, B Minor...Brahms  
Cordoba...Albeniz  
Concert Study, A Minor...Dohnanyi

Dodging, because of the blessed gift of common sense, the pitfall of mere querness, Mr. Fox last night brought forward a program distinguished by a fine originality. The wonder is, so simple was his plan, and logical, that nobody has thought of it before. With a bold disregard of chronological sequence, he massed his pieces into three groups. The first contained six short pieces of poetical content, the kind of piece ineptly called preludes, for want of a better name, to one of which, by

Bach, he added its accompanying fugue. Well they marched together, "Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Debussy, Bach, for though dates separate them widely, the spirit of poetry firmly joins them together. But has ever pianist before placed them in a row?

His program music as well Mr. Fox massed in one group, be it by Debussy, Liszt or the unfamiliar Craus. Into this strange company Mr. Fox, with subtle insight, introduced—Gluck! The 18th century genius seemed quite at home in his unusual surroundings. In his third group Mr. Fox set what music of strong emotional appeal he chose to play, the Chopin ballad and the Liszt, and then, in place of the customary musical sweetmeats, played a Brahms Capriccio, a Spanish piece that did not suggest only a land of boleros and guitars, and just one showpiece, both unfamiliar and short. In this concert Mr. Fox proved himself a master hand at planning a program.

He proved as well that he knows how the piano should be played, for not one thumping note did he strike the evening long, though his tone is full and strong. In these days when athletes masquerading as pianists savagely maltreat pianos in public under the guise of giving concerts it was a pleasure last night to listen to a musician who showed no hatred of his instrument.

Since Mr. Fox brought beauty to the playing of all his program, what was most enjoyable is merely a question of taste. To some listeners he gave the keenest pleasure when he had the opportunity to be most poetic. The lovely B-flat minor prelude Mr. Fox played exquisitely indeed. The Chopin preludes, too, and of the attractive Albeniz piece he made much. The large audience applauded with real warmth.

R. R. G.

## PAVLOWA

Last night, Anna Pavlova added two numbers to her repertoire in Boston. One, "The Magic Flute," is familiar from previous years; the other, "Russian Folk Lore," has never been given before in this city.

In the first ballet, Madame Pavlova does not appear. It is of the conventional order, a combination of folk and ballet dancing. The scene, painted in the old manner, represents the exterior of a peasant's modest home, with a looming castle in the background. The marquis has designs upon the daughter of a poor country woman. It is needless to explain that the girl loves a young peasant and that, by magic aid, the lovers outwit the marquis and are united at the end. The skilful, if colorless, dancing of Hilda Butsova and the incidental humors of the old noble, his lackey, and the village justices, varied the monotony of an overlong ballet.

The fire, the grace, the indefinable charm of Anna Pavlova's art imparted to the second number, "Russian Folk Lore," spirit that the first had lacked. Against the background of a street square, resembling in its subdued brilliance a Russian fresco, with the ensemble and in costume of vivid blue and orange, she danced—the fettered bird princess incarnate. And in lavender and silver, in medieval Russian attire, she joined in the folk dances that spiritedly closed the legend. The music by the dependable Tscherepnine contained several moments of great beauty.

Among the divertissements, the audience seemed to prefer the two numbers by Mme. Pavlova and the "Bolero" by Laurent Novikoff, an exhibition of technical dexterity. In "La Nuit," to music of Rubinstein, she appeared in flowing robes bearing garlands of flowers; chaste and restrained of line and gesture, she embodied the serenity and classic beauty of night. In conclusion, assisted by Novikoff and four male dancers, she presented an episode, "Christmas," that was vivified by inimitable caprice and gaiety.

The afternoon performance consisted of a Polish wedding, the "Fairly Doll" and divertissements. J. C. M.

## SON OF FORMER CONDUCTOR PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its fourth concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Monteux conducted. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony No. 34, C major (without a minuet); Liszt, Piano Concerto, A major, No. 2; Zeckwer, "Jade Butterflies" (first time in Boston); Goldmark, Overture to "Sakuntala." Mitja Nikisch, the pianist, played in Boston for the first time.

Seldom, if ever, has the music of Mozart been so beautifully played in Symphony hall. We do not remember hearing in this country or in foreign countries a performance that was so truly Mozartian. The symphony is not reckoned among his great works, but is there any one more charming in its innocent gaiety, its tender grace, in the apparent spontaneity when it is most artfully contrived? It was probably of this work that Mozart wrote when he said that 40 violins played, 10 violas, 10 double-basses, six bassoons and so on; an annoying statement for those who insist that the symphonies of Mozart should be played by a comparatively small orchestra.

Mr. Zeckwer's "Jade Butterflies" was awarded a prize offered by the Chicago North Shore Festival Association last year. Seventy-three compositions were entered in competition. Music that is thus crowned is as a rule, open to suspicion; it has its little day of triumph and is then forgotten. Even on the day of triumph, there may be wonder as to the precise inferiority of the pieces that were often honored. The successful competitor often endeavors to impress the judges by his technical knowledge; to show them that he has been a diligent student and is familiar with the iron-clad rules; or he is afraid to be original, lest his audacity set the judges a-frowning.

But Mr. Zeckwer was neither timorous nor recklessly daring. Not that he steered a middle course for safety. Having read verses by Louis Untermeyer—"Paraphrases from the Japanese"—he was moved to give his musical impressions of them. Sound schooling, however, kept him from being vague, and delighting solely in agreeable sounds. He had musical ideas that were also poetic; furthermore he had a sense of color, of tints and demi-tints, and in his use of uncommon instrumentation he was sincere, not a man solely seeking to astonish the hearer. The Suite is in five movements. We think the fourth, "Return," and the fifth "Motion" are too much alike in mood to endure successfully the juxtaposition, delightful as each one is. Perhaps Mr. Zeckwer wished the mood to continue, to lull the hearer to the end, to dismiss him as one soothed by pleasant dreams, whereas another might have forgotten Mr. Untermeyer and constructed an "imposing apotheosis" calling in the aid of cymbals and bass drum, sure applause—traps for the unthinking.

The good old overture to "Sakuntala" now seems in spots a little too old. One wishes that much of the "working-out" measures might be dropped; yet the sensuousness of the chief theme which is finally turned into the expression of tumultuous joy leads one to forget the purely academic measures and the rather conventional hunting or war fanfares.

Mr. Nikisch was warmly greeted, for the sake of his father, whose leadership of the Boston Symphony orchestra is still memorable, also for his own sake. The report of his ability as a pianist had long preceded his arrival. He gave an uncommonly brilliant and mature performance of the concerto for a young man—he is in his 24th year. Not that his technical proficiency is so remarkable; young pianists and violinists now possess a mechanism that would have seemed astonishing 25 years ago; but very few pianists of Mr. Nikisch's age show the musical intelligence, the poise, the poetic feeling in lyrical measure that characterized yesterday his interpretation. The orchestra gave him eloquent support.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program of the concert on Nov. 16, 17 is as follows: Dvorak's Symphony No. 2, D minor; Roussel's "For a Spring Festival" (first time here), and Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain." Roland Hayes of Boston, returning from a tour in Europe, will sing Franck's "Procession," an aria from Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ" and two negro "Spirituals."

## DAMROSCH'S MEMOIRS

A Great Musical Leader Tells of His Work and Friends

My Musical Life, by Walter Damrosch; Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a stout volume of 376 pages and 19 illustrations. It was to be expected that Mr. Damrosch would write an entertaining volume, for in the course of his musical activity, variously employed, he has met many celebrated men and women, and, having a sense of humor, enthusiasm, and the gift of description his recollections will interest the average reader, the lover of amiable gossip and anecdote, however faint his liking for music may be.

Mr. Damrosch begins at the beginning. The pages in which he narrates episodes of his life at Breslau as a child have a homely charm, and the word "homely" is here used in its good old sense. Nor are the pages about his early life in New York less interesting. His father



years old was merely pitched to the position of operatic conductor. Now he grew in this branch of his art; how he labored as a conductor of choral and symphonic music, as a lecturer when explanations of Wagner's operas were thought necessary—this is told without undue egotism and in a manner that commands respect. In the telling he has much to say about this or that singer or musician—for the terms are often not synonymous. As the opening sentence of his book is "I am an American musician," it is natural that as an American he should speak of the part played by him and those nearest him in the world war. He devotes a chapter to Boston and in it has much to say about the musical life here, as he knew it, and the friends he made. Two or three pages are concerned with Dr. Muck, who, he says, refused to play "The Star Spangled Banner" in Providence. In this Mr. Damrosch has been misinformed. Dr. Muck did not refuse to play the air. He was willing to do it, though he might have done it with a sneer. It was the management of the orchestra that refused the request on the ground that the performance would be out of place at a symphony concert. The chapter in which Mr. Damrosch speaks of the influence of women, now healthy, now pernicious, on orchestral concerts is a study, for the most part, of musical politics in New York. In another chapter, "Dead Composers," he names works once popular and now forgotten. Surely he errs in mentioning Goldmark among them. There are a few slips of memory. Brahms did not write his Clarinet Quintet for the younger Baermann (page 47) who died in 1885. The Quintet was composed for Muehlfeld in 1891.

"There (Boston)? produced (for the first time in America, I think) Gluck's 'Orpheus.'" This was in April, 1885. The opera was produced in English in New York in 1863, when Felicitas Vestval, "The Magnificent," took the part of Orpheus.

Liszt's "Ce qu'on entend sur les Montagnes" has "never been performed here (New York) to my knowledge." It was performed in New York by the Philharmonic Society on Jan. 9, 1869. There is an adequate index.

## PAVLOVA APPEARS IN 'AUTUMN LEAVES'

### New "Oriental Impressions" and Group of Divertissements Included

At the Boston Opera House last evening, Pavlova presented "Autumn Leaves," her new "Oriental Impressions" and a varied group of divertissements.

Against a background of yellowing foliage, ballerinas whirled for "Autumn Leaves," stirred by the north wind, drifting, fluttering, finally swept off in a wintry blast. Pavlova as a last lingering chrysanthemum becomes the wind's victim, is torn away and hurled to the ground. A Poet comes upon the drooping chrysanthemum, picks her up and tenderly smoothes her petals, when along comes the fitful Wind again, tears her from his grasp and hurls her among the mischievous leaves. The poet contents himself with a less-faded flower.

Mme. Pavlova was assisted by M. Novikoff as the Poet and M. Oliveroff as the North Wind. The music is Chopin's.

The "Oriental Impressions" introduced earlier in the week were again presented, including the quaintly charming Japanese dances; the Hindu wedding, with the colorful, undulating dance of the nautch girls, and Krishna dipping to Rhada in a truly Hindu idyll. On second viewing they again impress with their beauty and authenticity. Among the divertissements, Pavlova again danced her gavotte with M. Vaginski, in picturesque director costume, to clamorous enthusiasm that was not satisfied until, after half a dozen bows, the dance was graciously repeated.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

W. A. Darlington apropos of "Back to Methuselah," performed at Birmingham, Eng., "That Mr. Shaw is a great man is an idea now pretty generally accepted among us and we have had his own word on the point more than once. But if you want a proof of his stature you have it here in 'Back to Methuselah.' It takes a great man to choose eternity as his theme and to handle it without making himself look small."

Good old "Ticket of Leave Man" was announced for revival in London today. We should like to see Hawkshaw again.

"The Best Plays of 1922-23 and the Year Book of the Drama in America," edited by Burns Mantle, a volume of 610 pages, is published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston. It is the fourth volume of the series.

The first question one naturally asks is, what were the 10 best plays in Mr. Mantle's eyes? They were "Rain," "You and I," "Loyalties," "Icebound," "Why Not?" "The Fool," "Merton of the Movies," "The Old Soak," "R. U. R.," and "Mary the 3rd."

One may wonder if Mr. Mantle in his heart of heart really considers "The Fool" worthy of a place among the ten. He admits that it is "frankly a sermon play, obvious in its mechanic and simple in its text."

But for all its obvious adherence to theatrical conventions, "The Fool" is effective dramatic entertainment, human and sincere, and greatly beloved of the public it was intended to reach. Yes, many liked the play, but does the enthusiasm of the pe-pul make a play one of "the best"? Nor does a long run decide the merits of a play. And is Mr. Mantle sure that "The Fool" is a "sincere" play, written without thought of all conventional tricks and devices?

Unfortunately Boston has not seen the majority of the plays named by Mr. Mantle. No one will dispute the right of "Loyalties" to its honorable position, yet Mr. Sheppard Butler, who reviews the season in Chicago for Mr. Mantle, informs us that "Loyalties" had "a sorry time of it" in that city. "There was no one to come to its rescue . . . and it remained but four weeks, to meagre patronage. Two or three visiting producers happened to be in Chicago when 'Loyalties' left, and contemplated the catastrophe at close range. They threw up their hands in despair, professing themselves completely at a loss as to what the provinces want." And Mr. Butler says: "No play of serious import or striking value as entertainment made any deep impression on the mid-West metropolis."

Might not this be written of the season in Boston?

Mr. Mantle thinks that the season in New York was exceptionally clean and stimulating; there were very few plays that ruffled the purists. "The bedroom farce, for instance, was conspicuously rare, so rare that we cannot now recall a single lace counterpane torn and trampled by a wandering husband, nor a single picture of a worried gentleman peeking out from under a Fifi's bed."

As to his choice of the 10 he has this to say: "The assumption of omniscience, as we have said before, is voluntary. We do not pretend to say there were no other plays just as good in the season's list. But we do say that these are the 10 that, to our notion, reflect the most credit upon the playwrights who composed them, the producers who staged them and the public that indorsed them." These 10 plays are described by Mr. Mantle at length—400 pages are devoted to them. There are copious extracts from the dialogue of each one, and there are notes concerning the authors of the plays.

As "The Old Soak" is now at Selwyn's, it may interest the curious to know that the full name of the author is Donald Robert Perry Marquis; that he was born at Walnut—fortunately not Chestnut—Illinois, in 1878; that he lived for some time at Atlanta, Ga.

Then follows in the volume a list of the plays produced in New York from June 15, 1922, to June 15, 1923, with the names of the authors, the theatres where the plays were produced, the casts and a short but satisfactory sketch of the plot in each case—that is, when there was a plot.

There is a record of the Little Theatre Tournament held in New York last May, a statistical summary of performances, dates and birthplaces of actors and actresses—it should always be remembered that the birthday of an actress is a movable feast—a necrology. An index of plays and casts; finally, an index of authors.

Fourteen plays had over 500 performances on Broadway: "Lightnin'" led with 1291; "The Bat" followed with 867; "Shuffle Along" came last with 504. "Kiki" had 600 performances.

Mr. Mantle's fourth volume, as the three preceding, is invaluable to all that have to do with the theatre, whether they are comedians, dramatists, critics, historians of the stage, or inveterate theatregoers. One need not necessarily be bound by his decision concerning "the 10 best"; how many critics in New York would agree on any 10?—but one admires his patience and his accuracy; the conciseness of the sketches of the many plays outside the 10; the good humor displayed in the writing.

Although this is the first week of opera, it will be seen by a glance at the announcements today in The Herald that concerts are not therefore put aside. There should be curiosity this afternoon to hear the reorganized Philharmonic Orchestra of New York under its new leader. Mr. Schwartz, the baritone, has been applauded by the competent in other cities; Mme. Szumowska has not been heard here with orchestra for some years.

Mme. Galli-Curci will delight her faithful followers at the Boston Opera House; the People's Symphony Orchestra will begin its season at the St. James. The Boston Flute Players Club will give a concert at the Boston Art Club, but this is in a double sense a club affair, and, we understand that membership in the former is necessary for admittance.

The Apollo Club, Frederick Bristol, pianist, and Mr. Hubermann, violinist, will be heard in the course of the week. Mr. Bristol will play a piece by Henry Cowell, which occasions this note on the program of the recital:

"Henry Cowell is one of the younger American composers, who, in some of his compositions, makes use of the higher harmonies in tone clusters. When the clusters embrace both black and white notes over a range of two octaves or more, a forearm technique is imperative.

"The Tides of Manaunaun" was inspired by an old Irish legend, 'Before the creation of the world, the gods were devoting all their time to merrymaking. The particles out of which the universe was to be created were spoiling. This alarmed the gods. The god of motion then caused the particles to move in rhythmic waves that they might retain their freshness until such time as the deities should cease their frolicking and create the universe.'

Then there will be Elsie Janis's entertainment next Saturday night at the Symphony hall, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be away.

Bronislaw Hubermann, violinist, who will play in Jordan hall next Thursday evening, first appeared in Boston on Dec. 11, 1896, in the Old Music hall. Then within a few days of being 14 years old, he was announced as "a prodigy—yet an artist."

Joseph Schwartz, the Russian baritone, who will sing at the concert of the N. Y. Philharmonic Society in Symphony hall this afternoon, gave his first recital in New York on Jan. 3, 1921, when he was warmly praised by the critics. There is a Josef Schwartz, a violinist, a much older man—he was born in 1848 at Gohr—who taught the violin at the Cologne Conservatory and led male choruses.

## HAYES AT PRAGUE

As Roland Hayes of Boston will sing here at the Symphony concerts of Nov. 16, 17, the following cablegram to the New York Herald is of local interest:

PRAGUE, Oct. 23.—A race riot with reverse English—the negro coming out victorious over warring European elements—occurred when Roland Hayes, negro tenor, precipitated a disturbance at his second concert here. He had received an enthusiastic greeting at the first, but when his accompanist announced in German that the first number would be a negro song instead of an Italian selection by Scarlatti, Czech patriots arose in the front row, shouting, "What's become of the Czech language?" Others in the audience took up the protest and the tumult grew.

The pianist repeated the announcement in English, whereupon the disturbance further increased. Then Hayes smilingly advanced on the stage to say that those who objected would receive their money back at the box office and the hotheads withdrew. Hayes sang several numbers by Dvorak, Schubert and Schumann. At his first concert in the City Hall, where German is not allowed, he had sung only English, French and Italian songs.

Apropos of Mr. Hayes, we quote from a recent issue of the Daily Telegraph of London:

"It may be accepted as a general principle that no one can sing negro songs and spirituals so well as a negro. The moment sophistication creeps in they begin to lose that peculiar appeal they have for our European ears. Within the last two or three years a number of English singers, attracted by their intrinsic beauty and, no doubt, considerably influenced by the singing of Mr. Roland Hayes, have dared to 'interpret' them at public recitals, and have met with much applause for so

doing. But Mr. Hayes, artist that is, stands as it were, half-way between the future of Europe—he is equally home with Mozart and Reynaldo Hahn—and the traditional music of his own people, and, perhaps unconsciously, sophistication has crept into his singing of these old songs."

## HEWITT AT CHEMNITZ

Some may remember Owen Hewitt, a tenor, who sang the solo in Florent Schmitt's "Chant du Guerre" when it was produced here at a concert by the Boston Musical Association.

Last May he signed a contract with the opera in Chemnitz, Saxony, to sing lyric roles there for two years. He sang the opening night of the season, Aug. 31, taking the part of Oberon in Weber's opera of that name at a day's notice, replacing a tenor who was suddenly taken ill. He sang the part six times with marked success; also that of Froh in "Rheingold," Lionel in "L'eclair" by Halevy and in an opera by Schubert, "Weiberverschwörung." His last role was that of Count Almaviva in the "Barber of Seville."

Mr. Hewitt was born in South Boston 24 years ago. He studied singing at the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Clayton Gilbert called the attention of a gentleman who is much interested in music, and in singing particularly, to Mr. Hewitt. Arrangements were made that he should study in New York with a prominent teacher, also in



Berlin.

Mr. Howitt has a tall, commanding figure, an expressive face and should go far.

#### STAGE NOTES FROM ABROAD

The Daily Telegraph says that Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Lie," produced in London last month says it is "By Ibsen out of Sardou and it claims close cousinship with all the plays which in the period of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' were reckoned great, and are today called artificial. It is a beautifully constructed piece of stage machinery." The Times says: "Mr. Jones's play is a string of crises and interruptions very dexterously arranged. . . . So deftly patterned, it is like one of those engraved and hand-colored fashion-plates common in the sixties which when we come upon them by chance demand our admiration for their competent workmanship, but which are without significance for us now."

In the opinion of the London Times, Kenneth Douglas, who died recently, might have become eventually a second Charles Hawtrey. "His stage temperament was strangely Hawtreyan. He had a distinct individuality of his own, and a malleable one, so he did not fall into a groove despite the fact that he was never more effective than when he

had an eyeglass and a drawl and a look of ineffable fatuity. He could be even brisk and breezy or flabby and inert as occasion demanded, and his manner was always ingratiating."

Ireneau Mauget produced in Paris last month his version of "The Idiot" based on Dostoevsky's novel.

"Le Prince Jean," a four-act melodrama by Charles Mere, served to reopen the Theatre de la Renaissance under the direction of Louis Verneuil. It probably will be classified as a hit. The story tells of a young Belgian nobleman designated as Prince Jean, who joins the French foreign legion under the assumed name of Lucien after ruining himself and dishonoring his family through gambling. Six years later, and while with his regiment in Africa, he hears his former fiancée, Claire, has married unworthily, whereupon he returns to Brussels. He there regains her love despite the opposition of his brother, sister and Baron Arnheim with the latter threatening to disclose Lucien's comprising old love letters to Claire unless he relents. The soldier regains the epistles at the point of a gun, but his brother turns about and reveals Lucien's illegitimate birth. Although legally entitled to bear the family name the boy prefers to disappear and quits Brussels, while the girl arranges to join him abroad after securing her divorce.—Variety.

The new Repertory Theatre at Oxford, Eng., opened on Oct. 22 with a performance of Shaw's "Heartbreak House." The theatre has a new system

of stage lighting and a new "presentational" stage from a design by J. B. Fagan. A different play will be performed each week during term. The first list includes "The Importance of Being Earnest," Lady Gregory's translation of Goldoni's "Mirandolina," St. John Hankin's "The Return of the Prodigal," Ibsen's "The Master Builder," Musset's "No Trifling With Love" and "The Rivals." If the scheme receives the support of the members of the university and the people of Oxford, the theatre will be made into a permanent one, and it is stated that "the entire profits . . . will be devoted to the scheme for the foundation of a permanent theatre for classical repertory during term time in Oxford." Many distinguished men of letters have given their support to the venture.

"Vertu . . . Vertu!" produced at the Theatre des Maturins, Paris, on Oct. 13, tilts at official windmills. A matter-of-fact mine-owner has a lovely wife, who has written a play demonstrating her perfect fidelity. In the face of most pressing temptations. "Full of excitement, they take it to the House of Mollere. But these homely fies find the Theatre Francais to be a web full of the most unexpected spiders. Chiel among them are the minister of marine—apparently installed in the theatre, since he took his baths there—and a scheming societaire, Mlle. Pivert, whom he protects. The latter, jealous of a rival's marriage, nearly puffs M. Verdier into the divorce court, and in the mean time pushes the minister in the direction of the virtuous wife. The minister needs no encouragement, and fascinated by Mme. Verdier, attacks her impregnably with such recklessness that he misses a sitting of the Chamber and loses his post. The catastrophe sends the several couples flying back

with relief to their original position; next time the petite bourgeoisie will try the Odeon.

"It is unsubstantial, but is carried through with all the lightness of experienced acting which cannot fail to amuse."

"Polly" Gay's sequel to "The Beggar's Opera" closed its run of 357 performances in London last month.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell hopes to appear in London early next season in a revival of "Antony and Cleopatra."

When "The Cricket on the Hearth" was produced in French at the Odeon, Paris, last month, the music for it was arranged from Schumann's compositions.

It was stated in the program notes of a symphony concert in London last month, when Paul Hindemith's "Nusch-Nusch!" dances were played in England for the first time, that he is "a composer much discussed in Central Europe." This led the Times to say: "If that is so we are driven to the conclusion that either Central Europe is much in need of a more worthy subject of discussion, or else that the dances are far from representing Mr. Paul Hindemith at his best. Of individuality, of any characteristic thought or bias, we could not find a trace. Mr. Hindemith appears so anxious to steer a course that will offend neither the ancients nor the moderns that he seems to have lost all desire to assert himself."

Mr. Newman called The Dances "poor stuff." "Hindemith is regarded in some German circles as a young man of promise—which, of course, as we know from sad experience in this country, means nothing, for the judgment hall of musical history is strewn with dishonored promissory notes. Still, Hindemith can do better than these trivial dances, which merely suggest a Mendelssohn who has heard some mild Stravinsky."

And of the finale "Aphrodisiac" of a new string quartet by Rutland Boughton, Mr. Newman wrote: "It was agreed among the critics present that the latter did not live up to its attractive title; as one of the younger brethren remarked, what is an aphrodisiac in Glastonbury may be only a sedative in London."

Apropos of the performance of Puccini's opera by the San Carlo company this week, the following editorial article from the N. Y. Herald is of interest:

"As an echo of the tragic rumble of its earthquake there floats to the occidental world the report that the original of 'Madame Butterfly' is penniless on the island of Klousen, off the coast of Japan. This is presumably the lady known to the operatic stage as Cho-Cho-San, who is described in the fable of John Luther Long and expressed in the music of Giacomo Puccini.

"To know that a little crumpled butterfly like the heroine of this pathetic libretto really lived will be news to most of those who have wept over her melodious sufferings. What most of the world did know was her previous incarnation in the pages of Pierre Loti. Then the Little Lady of the Lanterns and the kimono answered to the name of Madame Chrysanthemum, for it was in French that the novelist introduced her to the West.

In that form she first inspired the music makers. Andre Messager composed a score about her woes. The operacalled 'Madame Chrysanthemum' was sung often in Paris and once at the Lexington Avenue Opera House here. Indeed, it came before 'Madama Butterfly' by about 11 years, having first been performed at the Theatre de la Renaissance in Paris in 1893. It was not until 1904 that 'Madama Butterfly' was produced at La Scala in Milan, with such disastrous results that Puccini withdrew the work at once from that stage to try it again in Rome. Within two years it had been accepted by the impresarios of 25 leading lyric theatres of Europe. The work might never have come into existence had not Puccini seen the Belasco version of the Long play at a London theatre and at once been captivated by the romance and beauty of the story.

No such success came to 'Madame Chrysanthemum' in spite of the resemblance between the two fables of Japanese and western love. It was never supposed that the heroine of Loti or Long and, in Italian, of Illica and Giacomosa, ever had a special original. She was thought to be made up of all the smiles and tears of the geishas who danced and sang for the visitors from the western world whether they were naval officers or not.

If one of them suffered more than the little heroine of either story, she is another minor tragedy in the devastating horror that swept her land. Did she look like Elsa Szamosy whom Henry Savage brought from Hungary to sing the role in English? Like Geradine Farrar, first and most famous Metropolitan Cho-Cho-San? Or like Blanche Bates, who

acted the part when David Belasco first produced the little play here at the Herald Square Theatre in 1900?

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

John Payne singing negro "spirituals" in London. "Mr. Payne seems to have remembered that he was singing in a London concert hall and not in a plantation. He was too polite, and his rhythms lacked the final snap. But even so, these beautiful, simple expressions of the fundamental emotions by naive minds could not fail to affect one. Perhaps the most poignant was the negro convict song, 'Water Boy,' though it has been too much arranged as a concert piece by Mr. Avery Robinson."

The question of Perosi's present mental condition was raised here when the Sistine chapel choir gave its first concert. Mgr. Rella, the director, gave this information to a correspondent in New York:

"Musically speaking, according to Rella, Perosi is still of sound mind, though Mgr. Rella says that these latest works are not of his best. In other affairs he is quite cuckoo. He is determined to go to England and join the Anglican church. This might not be convincing to an alienist but when—as Rella tells me he did—he suddenly exclaims in a circle of friends, 'Son il figlio del due madre,' and fights like everything when they labor to convince him that it is humanly impossible, that sounds as if he really had lost track."

"Rhythm! Rhythm! It is like having a purpose in life; it gets people out of every kind of hole and covers up any deficiencies. It is doubly important on the 'cello, which has not half the colour and versatility of the violin, and on any solo instrument which has no standard of reference but itself."

"The thought would persistently recur—a song is a thing to take a risk or two with. It is no good hoping that it will sing itself. The singer must dash into it, greatly daring; must forget all he has learned about glottis and diaphragm, even about phrase and diction, and make this particular song go home, or die in the attempt."

"The hurrahs over Mme. Jeritz in Vienna have caused the resignation of Alfred Piccaver, the leading tenor of the Vienna State Opera. He feels himself subordinated and aggrieved. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Piccaver lived for a time in Troy, N. Y.

A report from Milan states that Puccini is suing Ricordi, music publisher, upon the grounds of infringing on his melodies from "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly" for popular dance numbers, while specifying "Avalon" and "Cho Cho San" as his particular grievances. Ricordi acknowledges the similarity of the melodies, but declares an independent New York branch as responsible. Puccini demands a payment of the sums received by the New York office for the fox trots and also an indemnity for the artistic damages suffered.—Variety.

Reger's piano concerto in F minor: "It is a work of great length, cast in the conventional three-movement form, but its size is the only impressive thing about it. The music resembles the heavy German architecture of the pre-war period, ponderously garlanded with ornament. Its dissonances are merely the current coinage of the modern musical mint, and much depreciated at that. Remove them, and the dry, unimaginative pedantry alone remains."

#### FILM NOTES

Will Hays in London: "The film might be an enormous agent in promoting international understanding. Steps had been taken to ensure that every picture which left America for abroad would truly portray American life and aspirations, and that every picture that went into the United States would interpret correctly the life of other countries."

T. P. O'Connor at the same luncheon. "The cinema industry cannot be conducted on the lines of a Sunday school entertainment. It must be primarily for amusement, but it must be clean amusement."

On the film we are surprised and delighted by seeing human beings moving much more rapidly than they do in actual life. We gain thereby a new sense of freedom and power. We overcome vicariously the limitations of nature. We see a "gentle Knight y-pricking on the plain," and he pricks at such a rate that his horse seems to fly and the plain to roll backwards. Escaping prisoners ascend flights of steps or leap from point to point of the battlements in a flash. Motor-cars dash from New York to Utica before you can say knife. The murderer has reached the door—is on the other side—traverses several gilded saloons—races down endless corridors—emerges into the spacious grounds—leaps half a dozen

hedges—is at last on the open road—and sprints into the local station just as the last up-train comes puffing in—all in the twinkling of an eye.

The young couple embark in their frail craft—steer it with easy confidence down the rushing stream—pass a kaleidoscopic panorama of wooded landscape, scattered cottages, busy port with its black hulls and forest of masts—are swished out to sea among the breakers—then cross the harbor bar (the "caption" quoting a verse from Tennyson) and are at last picked up by the huge liner—before the band has played the opening bars of "Dixie." Watching these things, you have the sensation of living "one crowded hour of glorious life" in a few seconds. It is great fun thus to cheat time and play the dickens with the clock. I count it the chief pleasure to be enjoyed from the motion pictures.

—A. B. WALKLEY.

Some of the scenes in the film version of "Ben Hur" are to be "shot" in France with French supers and 30 players from this country.

Mr. Rex Ingram threw some interesting sidelights on the problem of film-production in America. From a technical point of view, he said, a stage very near perfection had been reached. But there was something lacking which made him realize that, without change of environment, he had already given the best that was in him. America was a great country, but for the artist it was still too new. Atmosphere, color and romance were missing, and nothing could replace them. They could only be found in older countries. It seemed to him, moreover, that American film-production was entirely dominated by the supposed wants of the public and the reaction at the box-office window. The instant a new type of film was successful, every producer in the country began to make slavish copies of it, which were usually far inferior to the model and fell flat. Titles, for similar reasons, were frequently changed, and films were thus sent into the world handicapped by the most ludicrously inappropriate names. As for him, he believed that the box-office should be the artist's last consideration, since it had been proved over and over again, that it was quite impossible to say in advance what the public wanted. The public did not know itself. An artist should work to please himself, and if he was sincere he was sure to win the appreciation he desired. Far too many films were produced, for only about one in every hundred was worth looking at. Among all the films he had seen, he could recall no more than six which had made any lasting impression on him. So far as he was concerned, he felt that if he succeeded in making one film in a year he had done good work. He was convinced there was a great future for British film-production. Since he had been in London he had seen a new film, "Woman to Woman," which, in his opinion, was the best yet produced anywhere.—London Daily Telegraph.

#### ONE MIASKOVSKY

By Ernest Newman

For novelties can sometimes be a grievous disappointment, as Miaskovsky's "Alastor" was at the Promenades a few evenings ago, and as Max Reger's F minor piano concerto was on Tuesday. Miaskovsky is one of those younger Russian composers who have somehow managed to get themselves a good deal talked about during the last three or four years, till people have come, without knowing anything about them, to regard them as the latest white hopes. I am afraid Miaskovsky will find it difficult to live down the impression made by his "Alastor"; I have rarely known a work to be received so coldly by an English audience. For even the plainest of plain musical men could not fail to see that there was not a bar of original thinking in the whole symphonic poem; there was nothing but the dullest, dreariest echoing and re-echoing of the stalest formulae of Liszt and Tschalkovsky and the romantics generally. One sometimes wonders if it would not have been an excellent thing for the world if Goethe's "Faust" had never been written. We should, it is true, have lost a poetic masterpiece; but we should also have been spared an enormous amount of bad music. For let composers call their symphonic poems what they will, from "Manfred" to "Alastor," at bottom they are all expressions of the "Faust" spirit—if, indeed, "spirit" be not too flattering a description of what is plainly, in most cases, and especially in Miaskovsky's, merely a sort of indigestion of the soul, and indigestion crying out, stormily or plaintively, for a physical rather than a moral medicine.

#### GILBERT AND ARMENIA

Henry F. Gilbert, distinguished composer and writer on musical subjects, heard a concert last month in Jordan hall, when the program consisted of genuine Armenian songs. He now writes as follows:

"It is always a delightful and broadening experience for me to contemplate and become acquainted with the spirit



of a race, other than my own—especially in its artistic manifestations. The program of this concert consisted for the most part of compositions by the Armenian song-writer Melikian, interspersed from time to time with true folk-songs, and one or two arias by other Armenian composers (Sunny and Yekmalian).

"The songs of Melikian are filled with beautiful melody, most eastern sounding melody; now romantic (as in 'Vry Dzaklik' and 'Oureny'), now charming and coquettish (as in 'Ducy Duey'); now humorous (as in 'Inchu Bing!'); but in almost every instance having a turn of truly oriental grace. The music of 'Inchu Bing!' I should call really witty, while the words must have been very funny, judging by the effect on the audience. These songs are evidently composed in the folk spirit. The frequent introduction of genuine folk-songs allowed a chance for comparison and there is the same underlying emotional quality in both. This underlying quality is so sad, so fatalistic and dark. To my western ears, while there is a spirit of warm and passionate beauty, there is also a spirit of hopelessness about it.

"The melodies—both of Melikian's songs and the true folk-songs—are for the greater part in the minor mode, with rare and brief excursions into the relative major. They sound something like Russian folk-songs, only more so. Even in the charming and humorous 'Inchu Bing!' one felt that tragedy was not far off. It does not seem that the sunshine can be nearly so bright in Armenian as it is in America.

"As I listened to this Armenian music I was frequently reminded of Rimsky-Korsakov. It seemed that from the melodic hints contained in their folk-songs he must have received many a suggestion which he has wonderfully developed in his 'Scheherazade' and other works. The resemblances between certain turns of melody in this folk-music and the developed melodies in many of his orchestral compositions

left no doubt as to one of the sources of his melodic inspiration. In fact as the concert proceeded the depth of many of the Russian composers to Armenian folk music seemed increasingly apparent."

"Melikian is at present, I understand, general director of music for the state in Soviet, Armenia, and is, by his personal contributions and official acts doing what he can to raise the standard of music in the schools of his native country. The songs were sung in a most sympathetic and effective manner by Mrs. Rose Zulalian, who is the possessor of a fine voice, having a rich and most musical quality. Special mention should also be made of R. Tigranian, who played the piano."

**RAVEL IN LONDON**  
(The Times, Oct. 19)

M. Maurice Ravel gave a concert of his own music at the Queen's hall yesterday, which was not as well attended as it might have been, though small numbers were made up for by enthusiasm. M. Ravel's charm is something elfish and inscrutable. He draws his own portrait, to begin with, on the cover of his program—a face with no illusions in it, no dream of nonsense, practical in every line. Then he writes the words of his own song, "Nicolette"—firm, brief, and pointed. Then he conducts with a wrist as steady and supple and with as much economy of unnecessary motions as a man might practice with his razor. Lastly, he plays the piano in the low-pitched tone of ordinary conversation, as if he were merely telling you the common sense of the matter.

Besides all this he writes music, and is thought to have made some fame with it. It is no music of the passions; it yearns after no infinite; it takes a simple delight in the curious variety of things and the whimsicalities of persons on this good brown earth, as an interested spectator not as a maenad or a moralist. It is grotesquely detached and vividly true.

**CONCERTS OF THE WEEK**

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Philharmonic orchestra of New York, with Joseph Schwartz, baritone, and Mme. Szumowska, pianist. See special notice.  
Boston Opera House—Mme. Galli-Curci. See special notice.  
St. James' Theatre—The People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.  
Boston Art Club (Dartmouth street entrance), 3:30 P. M., Boston Flute Players' Club, Mr. Laurent, musical director, assisted by Marion Chapin, soprano, and the Burgin String quartet. Mrs. Beach, Theme and variations for flute and quartet; Camus, Chanson et Badinelle for flute and piano (Mr. Laurent and Mary Shaw Swan); Borodine's Nocturne and Wolf's Italian Serenade, Burgin quartet; Beach, songs; Stella Vlatov's and Mirage for soprano, violin, cello and piano (Mrs. Beach, pianist; first time here); Handel, Sweet Fute and quartet; Camus, Chanson et Badinelle for flute and piano (Mr. Laurent and Mary Shaw Swan); Schubert Posthumous quartet, D minor.  
**TUESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, assisted by Richard Crooks, tenor.  
Part songs: Berlioz, Regimental Song; Hatton, When Evening's Twilight Gathers; Massenet, Come, Dear Love; Bullard, Captain Three; Bechmitt, Serenade (with

baritone solo); Wagner, Pilgrim Chorus; Gerleke, Autumn Sea; Dvorak, Heartache; Forsyth, The Wild Swans; Reinecke, Dan Cupid and Dame Fortune; Schubert, Quintet (with tenor solo by Mr. Crooks). Mr. Crooks will sing the aria "Faust" and chaste et pure" from Gounod's "Faust" and the Lotus Flower; Handel, Sound an Alarm. **WEDNESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Frederick Bristol, pianist. Galuppi, Adagio; Glick-Brahms, Gavotte; Chopin, Nocturne op. 9, No. 1, and Fantaisie-Improvisation; Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Scriabin, Poeme, No. 2; Berners, Un song; Grieg, the Donkeys; Debussy, Cathedrale Engloutie; Aaron Copeland, Scherzo Humouristique (the Cat and the Mouse); Henry Cowell, the Tides of Manamou; Rachmaninov, Polichinelle.  
**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Bronslaw Huberman, violinist, assisted by Siegfried Chulze, pianist. Beethoven, Kreutzer Sonata; Bach, Chaconne; Mendelssohn, Concerto; Chopin-Sarasate, Nocturne; Chopin-Huberman, Valse op. 64 No. 2; Paganini, Campanella.  
**FRIDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Disla Janis. See special notice.

Mr. Walter Gilman Page writes to us: "Peacham, Vermont, acquired notoriety even before the birth of the Hon. George Harvey, for Thompson's Gazetteer of Vermont, published in 1843, gives the following:

"One of the most remarkable occurrences in this town was the loss of a man's great toe by frost in the month of June. Mr. Walker, who sustained the loss, was 34 years old and was frozen in consequence of being lost in the woods, and lying out through the night of the 8th of June, 1816."

Born in Vermont, we possess a copy of Zadock Thompson's "History of Vermont, Natural, Civil and Statistical," published for the author by Chauncey Goodrich at Burlington, Vt., in 1842. It's an invaluable work, which we recommend to those who read in bed. In this history, the words "the gentleman" are inserted after "Mr. Walker." Nearly two pages are devoted to the post town Peacham, which in 1843 boasted of a population of 1443 inhabitants, besides 373 horses, 1910 cattle, 9223 sheep and 1055 swine; also of three stores, one grist, one fulling and six sawmills, one earthing machine and two wooden factories. The market road from Boston to Montreal passed through the village. There is a wealth of information given by honest Zadock about the fear of Indians and the revolutionary war as they affected the Elkinses, Skeels, Ballys and other early settlers.

**SANDWICH GLASS**

As the World Wags:  
Isn't some one going to reply pretty soon to the request of "J. A. T." of South Chatham in your column a week ago Friday for information concerning the characteristics of Sandwich glass? I, too, should be glad to learn how to identify it. M. S. O. Arlington.

**ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"**

A Boston tailor advertises: "I have a number of last year's overcoats, good enough for any purpose, all ready to wear out."

**ENCYCLOPAEDIA AMERICAN**

As the World Wags:  
Bacon: A smoked meat bought just in time to catch the 5:10 P. M. and eaten hot just in time to catch the 8:15 A. M. Boston. I. Q.

**"CLUB" DEFINED**

Rudyard Kipling, at the opening of the Men Students' Union, University of St. Andrews, described the advantages of a club.  
"It softens the ferocious, gives countenance to the meek and comfort to the solitary, educates the over-learned, silences the argumentative, and has been known to arrest the predestined prig on his downward path. Moreover, it offers place for those suddenly begotten eruptions of jest, extravagance, and absurdity, that reduce all concerned in them to that helpless, aching, speechless mirth which is as necessary to the health of a young man's mind as grit to the gizzard of a fowl. And, believe me, the remembrance of those joyous interludes will return to you across a generation, after weightier things are forgotten, and will warm your hearts in the day when you may not be in the way of much laughter."

**PENSION PAPERS**

The ministry of pensions in England has received some curious applications:  
"I am the holy dependent of the late soldier."  
"I am forwarding my marriage cert and my two children. One of them is a mistake as you will see."  
"Dear Sir.—You have made a little boy into a little girl? Does it make any difference?"  
"I want the congratulation money for the death of my husband."  
"Sir, I have received your letter with regrets for which I thank you."  
"While in the Solent my husband found a torpedo, and after that was never the same again."

Mr. Pe...

**PERHAPS, BUT WE DOUBT IT**  
As the World Wags:

Perhaps this was one of the Slamimerlocks:  
There was a young woman of Slam Who said to her lover named Priam: "To kiss me, of course You'd have to use force. But the Lord knows you're stronger than I am." Boston. F. W. S.

**THE NEW POETRY**

(From Percy Asteroid's "Paint Green Things")  
O London buses! O Generals, O Admirals and Petrol Electricians All! Lying there in the gloomy garage, Blood-red (most of you), what is your secret?  
Is it the soles of men, nippy except for their left feet.  
You have trampled on? Blood-red buses, gloomy buses! (No, it's the garage that's gloomy? I forgot.)  
I hate you, for you never stop Except when you are in front of time, and then.  
Why (curse you, buses) you take half an hour  
To get from Victoria to Westminster, buses.

We do not know whether a reader will be able to find Mr. Asteroid's volume in our local book shops, but Mr. D. H. Lawrence has a long poem in the Adelphi for October in which he expresses his hatred of Tuscan cypresses. "Tuscan cypresses, What is it? Is it the secret of the long-nosed Etruscans? The long-nosed, sensitive-footed, subtly smiling Etruscans, Naked except for fanciful long shoes? Vicious dark cypresses! Were they then vicious, the slender, tenderfooted, long-nosed men of Etruria? Evil-called, sensitive Etruscans, naked, except for their boots."  
We have condensed the three pages. He also calls the Etruscans "wavering," "flickering," and he concludes: "Evil, what is evil? There is only one evil, to deny life As Rome denied Etruria And Mechanical America Montezuma still."

Perhaps Mr. Asteroid does not exist? Perhaps he was invented by a humorist of the London Daily Chronicle.

**IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME**

(Mr. Van Loon on "Vandermark's Folly.")  
"Not since Abraham described his adventures on the road from Ur to Canaan have I enjoyed anything as much as this humble record of an unknown pioneer."

**GOING IT BLIND**

Blind boys from the Worcester (Eng.) College stroked by their master were beaten in a boat race on the Severn last month by a powerful crew of Eirelans; but only by three-quarters of a length.

**O HENRY!**

(Car coddling is alleged to be growing common.)  
At Phyllis's manner distrait I marvelled; her breakfast ignored, She yawned o'er the cafe au lait, And looked indescribably bored.

Her plight she expounded, and said, "The wind so alarmingly roared, I carried some wraps to the shed, And sat up all night with the Ford."  
—L. H. in London Daily Chronicle.

**MISS LEGINSKA**

Yesterday afternoon Ethel Leginska, pianist, played this program in Jordan hall: Sonata, opus 26, Beethoven; Ron-do a capriccio, opus 129, Beethoven; Gargoyles of Notre Dame, Leginska; Dance of a Puppet (first performance in Boston), Leginska; Ballade in R minor, Liszt; Valse in E minor (oeuvre posthume), Chopin; Prelude in A flat, opus 28, Chopin; Etude in A minor, opus 25, Chopin; Etude in E, opus 10, Chopin; Ballade in G minor, opus 23, Chopin; Polonaise in A, opus 40, Chopin; Arabesque on the Blue Danube Valse, Scholz-Evler.  
Miss Leginska, as everyone knows, takes a keen interest in very modern music. She teaches, plays and writes it, and at her coming orchestral concerts in Europe very likely she will conduct it. Assuredly there is no reason why Miss Leginska should not indulge her fancy. It is possible, however, one may make bold to guess, that her warm sympathy for the very new in music makes it irksome for her to prepare and play a program of the old.  
Stranger things could happen. Many of the newest composers, by their own telling, have no patience with vain repetitions. Melody they scorn, and

too often, rhythm, and harmony unless it yells. Expressiveness alone has held its own with these younger spirits whose apprehensive senses, as the King of France put it, all but new things disdain.

Miss Leginska played yesterday too often as though she were one of these "young spirits." Much of the Beethoven sonata, in especial the first movement, and the last, she treated with a cavalier air of indifference; the theme of the variations she surely did not play musically. Of the superb Liszt ballade she dealt sympathetically with the big dramatic passages alone, deliberately suppressing, it almost seemed, its melody; perhaps she felt such suppression to be a kindness, since melody of distinction was not Liszt's strongest point. Of Chopin's melodies as well in the G minor ballad Miss Leginska did not make much. To his A flat prelude she added a dash of modernity by an extraordinary use of the pedal toward the end.

In the length of the afternoon of course Miss Leginska did some admirable playing. The opening bars of the Chopin ballade came as a blessed relief, so well they sounded, so quiet. The E major study too went well. The polonaise and the Evler piece came too late to be heard. For the most part, however, Miss Leginska played with

either a seeming lack of interest in the music in hand, or else with a violence resulting in harsh, brittle tone that grew wearing. She can, of course, play far better. With most sympathy yesterday she played her own Notre Dame impression, music with pages that seem unmeaning. With others stirred by true imagination, of a heauty that haunts. The excellent audience showed itself friendly. R. R. G.

**NEW STAGE GUILD PRODUCES 'AMBUSH'**

**PEAFODY PLAYHOUSE** — "Ambush," a play in three acts by Arthur Richman. First time in Boston. Presented in New York by the Theatre Guilded on Oct. 11, 1921. The cast includes:

Walter Nichols.....Allan Wallace  
Harriet Nichols.....Lillian Hartigan  
Harry Gleason.....Edward Massey  
Margaret Nichols.....Madeline Massey  
Seymour Jennison.....E. Irving Locke  
Joy Higgins  
A chauffeur.....William Wilson  
Elliot Lotthrop  
Howard Kraigne.....Eugene B. Jackson  
George Lithridge.....Walter A. Wilson

For the first performance the new Stage Guild which patterns itself after its New York predecessor, and has among its sponsors, Edward Knoblock, Samuel Merwin and Helen Westley, has chosen well a play of character, with emphasis on acting, rather than on settings. The performance last night was an excellent one, with no stamp of the amateur, except for a little difficulty with the back stage lighting.

Arthur Richman has a good thesis here, and for the most part he has dealt skillfully with it. In his drawing of the self respecting citizen of New Jersey, a man of principle utterly lacking in gumption, who might have continued indefinitely in his modest clerkship, but for the constant nagging of his wife and daughter, he has created something real.

"Principles closing in on you, driving you into ambush," is the cry of the benighted clerk, Walter Nichols, when he learns that his daughter, abetted by his wife, has become a woman of easy virtue, and sullenly retorts to his appeal, "Oh, take your hands off me. You're spoiling my dress!"

So, with the help of a more prosperous and worldly neighbor, he invests his savings in stocks. But the venture only loses his position for him, and his savings, and finally, forced to accept the help of his daughter's lover, he demands as the curtain falls, "Why, why, should I go on?"

But in the midst of this realistic picture of middle class humdrumery, Mr. Richman has seen fit to introduce a second act overrun by such good old melodramatic talk as "beasts, that dangle their gifts before poor girl's eyes," and "I'm a wicked woman, I know, but I'll try to deserve your love."

However it is a powerful play, and the new company has met it creditably. Especially worthy of mention is Allan Wallace's playing of Walter Nichols. E. G.

Nov 5 1923

Mr. J. M. Mitchell's ingenious translation of Petronius was published last year. He supplies this note to Gito's asking when there was talk of a disguise: "Do you suggest we plow up our foreheads with scars?" "The habit of disfiguring the face with scars with a view to produce a fierce truculent aspect is common among low-



grade fighting barbarians. The German student often bears scars on the side of the forehead, generally as a result of duels, but sometimes, it is said, self-inflicted. Yes, on cheeks as well as on foreheads. But note the slyness of the juxtaposition—"low-grade fighting barbarians," and Germans. The world war was over when this translation appeared, but Mr. Mitchell is not a sentimentalist and his memory is unimpaired.

Petronius wrote: "Numquid et frontes cicatricibus scindere?"

But neither the learned Pierre Burmann, nor Janus Douma, nor our old friend Don Joseph Antonius Gonsallus de Salas, all exhaustive commentators, supplied a note to this line. It was reserved for Mr. Mitchell to bring Gito and the German together.

#### (FROM THE QUILL)

I do not like the ladies when they cook,  
And make things in the bathroom;  
When they put on a kimono  
And fry sausage in carbona.  
I find it very hard to overlook.  
This leads us to further consideration  
of that grand old song of the sixties:

#### THE HAM FAT MAN

"Mt. Bowdoin" writes: "In the late 'sixties' this hodge-podge was sung at Morris Bros. Theatre in Boston, I think by either Johnny Pell or Billy Morris, end men, although I suspect Sam Sharpley of Philadelphia was responsible for it. Of course it was nonsensical, but owing to a few dancing steps accompanying each verse it took, as being typical of the southern darkey of that period. I never saw the entire song in print, but this is the chorus: 'Ham fat, ham fat, smokin' in de pan; Ham fat, ham fat, or any udder man. Git in ter de kitchen ez quickly ez yer can; Ootcha, ootcha, ootcha an' de ham fat man.'"

Mr. E. B. Pike of South Berwick, Me., recalls:

"Ham fat, ham fat, smoking in the pan. Good enough for you or any other man."

Mr. George Davis of Cambridge:

"In response to your request for the original version of 'Ham Fat':

"Ham fat, ham fat, my massa am dem man."

He gib his niggers ham fat, frying in de pan."

E. C. R. B. of East Boston:

"Ham fat, ham fat, smoking in the pan; Ham fat, ham fat, little ham fat man, I've got a little colored girl."

As handsome as you am  
And a Hootchy-Kootchy Kootchy  
And a ham fat man."

J. A. M. of Hopkinton: "As I remember 'Ham Fat' it was:

"She was just twenty-six, with a face like tan  
When she fell in love with the Ham Fat man."

"I believe this was sung by Billy Birch or Charley Backus in the San Francisco Minstrels in New York in the sixties of the last century."

Mrs. E. T. C.:

"Ham fat, ham fat, smoking in the pan. I am bound to stick to whiskey and the ham fat man."

#### FATHER AND SON

As the World Wags:

You are probably right in your belief that the song of the "Ham Fat Man" was sung in negro minstrel shows in the 60's. I can almost hear my father sing it. It is pretty certain that I went to sleep on my shoulder to his singing of it before I knew one tune from another. Alas, it is gone now—except a fragment of the chorus(?):

"Catch him in the kitchen,  
Put him in the pan."

The music is all gone, but it seems to have been a "song and dance" tune of those days, probably 2-4 or 4-4 time with a profusion of dotted 8ths and 16ths.

My father's fondness for "nigger" minstrels was inherited. He passed it on to me, but I came along too late to know his early favorites except through him. Even now they are more than names to me by reason of his recollections of their songs and sayings. He never forgot the pleasure Backus, Wambold and Birch used to give him. Cotton and Murphy were two he always remembered. As a runaway sailor boy in San Francisco of the early 60's he heard Joe Murphy blacked up play the banjo and sing long before the days of "The Kerry Gow."

Out of the past the "Ham Fat Man" brings with him two other notables my father used to sing about. One is Joseph Bowers of Missouri, all the way from Pike, whose daughter married the butcher, and the butcher had red hair. It seems to me that in due time Joe became a grandfather and the baby had red hair, too. I take it that my father heard this song in San Francisco, Joe having come from Missouri after gold.

I think I can come pretty near describing the other old fellow in the original:

"There was an old soldier  
And he had a wooden leg;  
And he had no tobacco,  
No tobacco could he beg.  
Said soldier number one  
To soldier number two,  
'Will ye give me a chew?'  
Said soldier number two,  
'I'll be damned if I do!'"

Had I my trusty tin flageolet with its six open holes, I could make a brave attempt at playing the tunes that go with these two characters.

Gus Williams was another joy in my father's life. Father always preferred Gus's version of the Barbara Frietchie episode to Whittier's.

"Who touches a hair of yon bald head,  
Dicks like a dog;

Skip along, he said."

I am grateful to you for bringing up these memories. My dad and I had many happy times together seeing shows.

Salem.

Joe Murphy, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., went to California in the 50s. He was with the California Minstrels in San Francisco as late as 1888. He toured in 1860 with Billy Birch—and Murphy's minstrels. It was not Joe Bowers's daughter, but his sweetheart, that married a butcher whose hair was red.

"My name it is Joe Bowers,  
I have a brother Ike,  
I came from old Missouri,  
Yes, all the way from Pike."

It's a grand old song, about Joe and his faithless Sally.—Ed.

Remembering songs of the 60s, we ask who wrote:

"Sally come up, Sally come down,  
Sally come twist your heels around  
The old man's gone to town,  
Sally come up the middle."

## PHILHARMONIC

Yesterday afternoon the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Willem Van

Hoogstraten, conductor, gave a concert before a large audience in Symphony

hall. There were two soloists to help, Antoinette Szumowska, pianist, and

Joseph Schwartz, baritone. This was the program:

Tchakovsky, Symphony, "Pathetic," B minor; Wagner, Prelude and Liebestod "Tristan und Isolde"; Chopin,

stod "Tristan und Isolde"; Handel, Arioso from "Israel in Egypt"; Verdi,

Aria from "The Masked Ball"; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell, from "Die Walkure."

Since beyond a doubt there were many listeners yesterday in Symphony Hall both competent and eager to draw comparisons between every choir of our orchestra, from the percussion up to the four divisions of the strings, and the corresponding sections of the orchestra visiting us, let a plainer person rest content with voicing his admiration for a superb body of players, an orchestra of the first rank. If in some respects we excel, in others, it is quite possible, we stand excelled. So why discuss the matter?

About the fine qualities, however, of the Philharmonic's new conductor, Mr. Hoogstraten, it would be a pleasure to go on for a column or two. As a program maker, to be sure, his judgment must be questioned, if yesterday's program is a guide to his views. To follow the emotions of the Pathetic symphony with the equally moving Tristan music, on that to tack a piano concerto, with two arias and the Walkure fire music to close—two hours and twenty minutes of music—was no judicious arrangement.

From the very first har of the symphony, though, of an amazingly fine spun pianissimo yet clearly audible, Mr. Hoogstraten showed himself a conductor of splendid parts. As well as this pianissimo, he can secure from his players a sonorous fortissimo of overwhelming volume, and every gradation between.

He can make, in short, his forces do his will. Of their technique, therefore, nothing further need be said, since to do what Mr. Hoogstraten willed yesterday is quite as much as need be expected of any orchestra.

A finely-endowed musician with a sensitive feeling for beauty of phrase and a keen sense of rhythm, abundantly blessed with the faculty of preserving proportion, and well knowing how to plan and achieve a slow-mounting, overpowering climax, Mr. Hoogstraten gave the Tchakovsky symphony a reading remarkable for its sheer musical beauty. Emotionally, however, he won a still more notable triumph. Today it is no easy task to stir an audience with the Pathetic symphony. Misled by the title, too often conductors have over-stressed the emotionalism of this music, till its passion gets torn to tatters, its tears, which ought to well from the depths of some divine despair, degenerate to the whines and walls of hysteria.

Mr. Hoogstraten refrained from crowding the music too hard in an effort to squeeze out every iota of emotion it may hold, and something more. Thereby he secured what of emotion

the music actually contains—and that is surely enough! The performance was a wonderful instance of a glowing temperament controlled by good taste and keen intelligence.

Though there is no time for more words, mention must be made of the beautiful transition Mr. Hoogstraten made from the Tristan prelude to the Liebestod, also of his adroit and sympathetic accompaniments, of Mme. Szumowska's exquisite playing of the concerto's slow movement, and of Mr. Schwarz's brilliant voice and excellent singing in three strongly contrasted styles of music. The audience showed enthusiasm, especially after the third part of the symphony.

R. R. G.

## MME. GALLI-CURCI

If spontaneous and generous applause, rising many times to the pitch of high enthusiasm, be accepted as competent evidence, Amelita Galli-Curci received an ovation at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. It was given to her by a throng that filled the auditorium and overflowed to the stage. The singer was assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist. This was the program:

Pur dicesi (old Italian), Lotti; Magliolata, Donaudy; Tacea la notte, from "Trovatore," Verdi; Perle du Brasil (with flute), David; Le rossignole des lilas, Haban; Prisionero de amor (in Spanish), Taborda; Loreley, Liszt; Polonaise, from "Puritani," Bellini; Romance, Saint-Saens; Gipsy Dance, Buechner, Mr. Berenguer; O Little Drum, Strickland; The Little Bells of Seville, Samuels; Thistle Down, Beecher; Shadow Song, from "Dinorah" (with flute), Meyerbeer.

Whether Mme. Galli-Curci's voice retains all its aforesaid freshness, beauty and exquisite expression of emotion, whether there be rough places in its middle register, whether she does well as an artist to mix in her program the florid and pyrotechnic arias from Italian operas with the sentimental songs of 1870-80, are problems that may interest severe critics and students of voice culture.

Some of these two classes doubtless were present in yesterday's audience at the opera house. But their fine points of view appealed not at all to the overwhelming majority of the throng. The people went there expecting to be pleased and thrilled, and to have their music-emotions played upon by a brilliant mistress of song. So they were not disappointed. They enjoyed Mme. Galli-Curci without reserve, and she was plainly made glad by their fervor of appreciation. In testimony to this she more than doubled the set program with extra numbers.

The old Italian piece made a simple and pleasing beginning. The "Trovatore" selection, "Loreley," "Romance" and the florescent shadow song from "Dinorah" were warmly received. But it was to "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Suwanee River," "Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," that the people rose in clamorous and unrestrained acclaim. They knew what they wanted. They were happy when they got it. Who is bold enough to quarrel with that? Who will dare say that this is hopelessly the age of jazz, when such an exhibition of popular taste is given?

Mr. Berenguer, as usual, charmed with his mellifluous, flute and Mr. Samuels helped greatly with his skilled and sympathetic accompaniments. K. P.

## People's Symphony Orchestra Gives Concert

The first concert of the season by the People's Symphony Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, was given yesterday afternoon at the St. James Theatre. A large and appreciative audience attended. The following program was given:

Beethoven—Symphony No. 5 in C Minor, Op. 67: (I) Allegro con brio; (II) Andante con moto; (III) Allegro; (IV) Allegro; Delibes—Ballet music from "Sylvia": (I) Les Chaperesses; (II) Intermezzo et Valse Lente; (III) Pizzicati; (IV) Cortège de Bacchus; Hiller—Auf der Wacht (The Sentinel); "Up and Down His Lonely Watch," "Thinking of Home and Sweetheart"; Strauss—Waltz "Tales of the Vienna Woods," zither solo played by Mr. Burgstaller; Gomez—Overture, "Il Guarany."

The numbers were well chosen and while not of the so-called popular type, were of an order to please those who take advantage of these weekly concerts at reasonable prices.

Particular interest was displayed by the audience in the symphony of Beethoven and "Pizzicati" and "Cortège de Bacchus," from Delibes' "Sylvia."

## THE AWFUL TRUTH

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE. First performance in Boston of "The Awful Truth," a comedy in three acts by Arthur Richman.

Daniel Leeson.....Paul Harvey  
Eustace Trent.....Arthur W. Metcalfe  
Jayson.....Lewis A. Sealy  
Lucy Warriner.....Ina Claire  
Mrs. Leeson.....Louise Mackintosh  
Josephine Trent.....Cora Witherspoon  
Norman Satterly.....Bruce McRae  
Celeste.....Rita Fanning  
Rufus Kempster.....John Maroni

About 50 years ago a charming woman, who had been divorced from her husband, came to a village in the western part of this state. Because she had obtained a divorce, the townsfolk, a godly set, looked on her with suspicion. She married after a few years and much hesitation a physician in the village who bore the reputation of being a fascinating, and therefore dangerous man. The marriage was unhappy. The physician turned out to be selfish, overbearing, suspicious. He finally sued for divorce, and charged his wife with undue affection for a highly respectable and handsome house painter. The charge was absurd, nevertheless the physician persisted in the suit and called on husband No. 1 to testify against the woman. No. 1 was a hot-blooded Rhinelander living in New York. He came, met the physician, told him with many oaths that if he said one word more against his wife's character—"that angel"—he would blow out his—the eminent physician's—brains. We, young at the time, knew the wife, the physician and the house painter.

In "The Awful Truth" the divorced wife of Satterly being hard up, is betrothed to a blowhard who has made a fortune in oil. The blowhard has an aunt, Mrs. Leeson, who has heard that the husband, wishing to be generous to his wife, allowed her to obtain the divorce though her conduct with Kempster had been a public scandal. To satisfy Leeson and his aunt, Satterly is called in and the question is put to him bluntly. As was said of Edward VII in a famous divorce suit, Satterly lied like a gentleman, though he believed his wife had been unfaithful. He did not threaten Leeson with personal violence.

Had Lucy been unfaithful? The audience is left for some time in doubt. It hears that she had confessed, Satterly does not believe her when she says she had told an untruth; that she and Kempster had been good friends, perhaps a little indiscreet in being seen together when Satterly was engaged in business. It is a case of Katy did and Katy didn't. But before the second act is over the hardened theatregoer foresees the happy ending. His only wonder is how it will be brought about. Will Leeson go back to Oklahoma, "God's own country," with or without Lucy?

The entertainment of the audience is in hearing the dialogue, fresh as a rule, often witty, and in studying the mental operations of three characters adroitly portrayed by the dramatist and the comedians.

We have told the story of the village episode to show that the action of the Leesons in summoning the ex-husband as a witness is not improbable. Nor is it impossible that Warriner lied in the face of his conviction. Leeson had said that chivalry was in the oil region. Should Warriner in the East be less chivalrous?

As for Lucy, she was an extravagant, irresponsible, light-headed, adorable little woman. Satterly was first of all a business man; he thought after his divorce that he had cause to hate his wife and that he hated her. She loved him all the time, and she knew the disturbing effect of her favorite perfume on his senses. No wonder she lured him to her apartment. Then they resumed their quarrels, and bitter words escaped them.

It's a light play built on a silly foundation. But it's very entertaining. The dramatist has done his share. The comedians have responded to him in every way. Miss Claire, as of old, has not mastered the art of distinct enunciation, but in other respects she plays

skillfully, naturally, yet with true finesse, representing the changing moods, the quick temper, the humor, the regret, the devotion underlying them all. A whimsical, seductive little minx. Mr. McRae played the husband, alternating between hatred and love, tormented by doubt, cynical, very human, so that the man and the workings of his mind were more than a book in which one could read.

As for Mr. Harvey's self-satisfied narrow-minded, boasting westerner there is nothing but praise. We all have known Mr. Leeson and his home is not necessarily in Oklahoma.

One of the most amusing scenes in the comedy is the opening one with Leeson talking to Eustace Trent.



part played with the hitting drum by Mr. Metalle and well-bred coolness by Mr. Metalle. The other members of the company were more than adequate. An audience that filled the theatre enjoyed the performance greatly. The comedy is well worth seeing.

Not a few very much to be pitied, whose industry being not attended with natural parts, they have sweat to little purpose and rolled the stone in vain. Which chiefly proceedeth from natural incapacity, and genial indisposition, at least, to those particulars whereunto they apply their endeavors. And this is one reason why, though universities be full of men, they are oftentimes empty of learning; why, as there are some men do much without learning, so others but little with it, and few that attain to any measure of it. For many heads that undertake it, were never squared, nor timber'd for it.—Sir Thomas Browne.

#### 1ST CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY

Mr. Richard L. Strout writing to us from New York encloses a clipping from the Philadelphia Inquirer of Nov. 2, from which it appears that Mr. Gordon Mackay began as follows an article on the "Eastern Grid Crown." "Far away among the hills of Old New Hampshire," says Mr. Mackay, "above the silvery ribbon of water that separates Connecticut from the Granite state."

On which Mr. Strout comments: Kindly note that Dartmouth College elsewhere referred to as 'university,' overlooks Connecticut, or it does so, anyway, from the Philadelphia view of geography. When some of these writers about sports really tell themselves go they don't let any little thing like geography, grammar or fact stand between them and ribbons of 'water that separate Connecticut from the Granite state.'

#### IS CLAUDE BROKE?

(Adv. in Chicago Tribune)  
MAN'S full-dress suit; gold slippers; size 6; plumes. Prospect 7039.

The Haldeman-Julius Company makes this announcement:  
"Price-Slashing Sale: Quitting Sex-Book Business."  
This led "The Infanta" to remark: "It's time to quit; there's nothing left to tell."

In 1823 the Constitutional Association, a society organized in London "to prevent and punish the publication of immoral and seditious works," tried to hinder the publication of cantos of Byron's "Don Juan." It was said of this society at the time: "It raised large funds by subscription, but did little more than spend them, chiefly in heavy salaries and good dinners."

#### ADD "NATURAL PHENOMENA"

(Dispatch from Sioux City)  
Northwest Iowa today experienced its first snow, which melted as fast as it fell, but left the ground white.

#### THE BARE FACTS

(From the N. Y. World)  
When Susanna vamped the elders, And the graybeards stood aghast, They were moved to admiration By the charm of Susie's shape As she stood there unembarrassed By the patriarchal gaze, For they'd never heard of Ziegfeld In those sad benighted days.

Then, when Phryne's famed attractions Dazzled all the local gents, Though they scolded her in public, Still they thought she was immense; But they dared not show their pleasure And their admiration warm, For the Follies hadn't glori-fied the undraped female form.

If the lovely Miss Godiva Rode through Coventry today It is doubtful if a dozen Men would turn to look her way. And the traffic, thanks to Ziegfeld, Now would scarcely block the street, For the well known female figure Is no longer any treat.

FLACCUS.

#### THREE PLYMOUTH ROCKS

As the world wags:  
While all the world is wagging in the matter of Plymouth Rock and whence it came and whether or not it was originally a Canadian and not a true Yankee, might it not be well to call attention to the fact that there are really three rocks, all of the same family and brought down by the very same glacier. The first of these, of course, is the original Plymouth Rock; the second, is of the very outermost tip of Cape Cod, no far from the great Highland light, and like its fellow, the only rock in that great sandy spit out at sea. The third rock dropped by that "Canadian" glacier, is on a similar sandy shore, the

sole specimen in the region. It is on the shore of Martha's Vineyard, very near to the boat landing at Oak Bluffs. It is now in two distinct pieces, some feet apart, but 50 years ago it was one great rock, but showing a distinct cleft through the center. In the days before the summer settlement of Oak Bluffs had come into existence and the ground where it now is was an open plain, once said to have been a sheep pasture, this rock was a place for lovers' meetings, where the moon was in full view and was doing its best to make things agreeable for them. It is easy to understand why the glacier brought three Plymouth Rocks along in its course. In the first place, it was just as easy to bring three as one; it was no more trouble. Plymouth Rock was dropped first to make a handy place for Mary Chilton to go on shore. The second was dropped on Cape Cod for it must have been known that the Pilgrims would make their first landing there and a rock was necessary to land on. But somehow they missed the rock and really landed on Long Point, near the lighthouse. They were probably looking for a lighthouse and got the wrong one. This explains why the Pilgrims did not stop more than a month at Cape Cod. They went out searching for the rock and did not find it until they reached Plymouth. If they had not missed the rock on the cape, they would, doubtless, have remained there, and Plymouth would never have been heard of. As for the Vineyard rock, that was simply a spare tire.

E. J. CARPENTER.

#### SOCIETY NOTE

Dear Sir: Miss Virginia Crane, of whom I wrote and sent photographs of yesterday, tells me that her real name is Virginia Cram, but when she joined the Music Box company she changed it to Crane.

F. J. Willstach.

#### THE LATEST CANDIDATE

Mr. Sharp Ezzell, cashier of the Drovers' National Bank of East St. Louis.

#### MR. O'FLAHERTY

As the World Wags:

Every "straight" Irish comedian used this song. It was a real song; meant something. A work of art if intelligently rendered. The singer, a real old Irish gentleman with the veritable hat handed down by his father, pictures for the audience his poignant grief and subsequent rage at the fat old woman who accidentally sat on the hat. He holds the hat, stroking the fur with his sleeve, with eye tear-bedimmed, then turns to the imaginary (one almost saw her cowering) woman culprit, and sings: "Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty, what d'ye mean by that?"

Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty, you sat down on me hat.  
That's the hat me father wore.  
What d'ye mean to do?"  
(Then he becomes berserk and abandons all Irish gentility.)  
"If you was a man you bet your life, I'd wipe the floor with you."

Boston. LANSING R. ROBINSON.

## GIVES 'RIGOLETTO'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto," by the San Carlo Opera company, Fortune Gallo, director. The cast:

Gilda.....Josephine Lucchese  
Duke of Mantua.....Demetrio Onofrei  
Rigoletto.....Marlo Basola  
Sparafucile.....Pietro De Biasi  
Maddalena.....Stella de Mette  
Monterone.....Natalie Cervi  
Conte Di Ceprano.....Antonio Canova  
Contessa Di Ceprano.....Philine Falco  
Borsa.....Francesco Curci  
A page.....Alice Homer

Conductor, Carlo Peroni  
Mr. Gallo showed a venturesome spirit in opening an opera season with "Rigoletto." Many persons feel called upon to raise their brows at the mention of its name. Others, of insight more discerning, take pleasure in the astonishingly skillful use of his orchestra Verdi, already in those early days, made in establishing a mood and in expressing the emotions rampant on the stage. People of this turn of mind, however, are not always eager to seize their opportunities to hear "Rigoletto," for their suspicions are strong that the performances will stress other qualities than those of the dramatic characterization they admire most.

"Rigoletto," too, brings no such content to those who glory in tune and loud song as do "Il Travatore" and "Aida." It has its dull moments from every point of view, and to this type of listener they are many. If the duke, the jester and his daughter are liable to let reasonableness of characterization interfere with what they conceive to be ornaments of song—high notes long held, that is to say, loud tone whatever the occasion may call for, delays to allow for applause. Mr. Gallo, by every consideration, would seem to have made a foolhardy choice. He did not. The audience was very large, though not a crowd, and at times it applauded with warmth.

Mr. Peroni had evidently a fancy re-

spectfully to treat "Rigoletto" as music drama. Of the little preludes to each act he made much, and every stroke of significance in the orchestra he made tell. With the first act he succeeded admirably, his orchestra too, though not very large, he made play exceedingly well. But after this first act the singers, with the audience to help, got the better of Mr. Peroni.

Mr. Basola established the tone; he insisted on repeating the duet at the close of the third act. In his own way he sang effectively, and effectively, too, if extravagantly, he acted the role of the jester.

The other leaders in the cast, with the exception of Miss de Mette, who sang and played Maddalena with both musical and dramatic intelligence, followed the lead of Mr. Basola as closely as they could. Miss Lucchese, as singer, carried off the honors of the evening, for her voice is pretty and her coloratura neat. Mr. Onofrei, although blessed with an excellent voice and a natural aptitude for song, is not yet ready to sing a leading role in a large theatre.

Perhaps, after all, Mr. Gallo was not so wise in electing to begin with "Rigoletto." He drew a large audience, to be sure, and he pleased it mightily. But less exacting operas Mr. Gallo represents better. Why not put the best foot foremost first?

After the opera there was to be a ballet from Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah" by the Pavley-Oukrainsky dancers. The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Bianca Saroya, Mario Valle and Gaetano Tommasini.

R. R. G.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Mary Jane"; a musical comedy in three acts; book and lyrics by William Cary Duncan and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; music by Vincent Youmans and Herbert Stothart; produced by and under personal supervision of Arthur Hammerstein. Mr. Stothart directed the enlarged orchestra in this, the first metropolitan performance. The cast:

Joe McGillicuddy.....Hal Skelley  
Maggie Murphy.....Kitty Kelly  
Mary Jane McKane.....Mary Hay  
Cash, Carrie.....Keene Twins  
Martin Frost.....Dallas Welford  
Andrew Dunn, Jr.....Stanley Ridges  
Doris Dunn.....Laura De Cardi  
Louise Dryer.....Eva Clark  
George Sherwin.....Louis Morrell  
Andrew Dunn, Sr.....James Heenan  
"Mary Jane" opens with a scenic overture, and closes with a tableau—but what a world of entertainment lies between! The curtain rises abruptly (and last night, belatedly), on a segment of a subway train, in which in order, Joe and Maggie and Mary Jane lurch into perspective. With this trio the action starts.

The girls, until now unknown to each other, are seeking employment, and Joe the glib, Joe the audacious, Joe the persistent, is there to help them out. Maggie, too, is sophisticated and slangy, but she takes to Mary Jane, simple, winsome and wholesome. So Joe guides them to the offices of the Dunns, father and son, and almost places them. The obstacle is old Frost, the general manager, who has been placed in arbitrary command while Dunn the elder is abroad. Old Frost is old-fashioned, conservative, and not absolutely honest, as when he lends himself to a scheme to help a business client to the firm's loss and young Andy's humiliation and possible dismissal. And who saves Andy, and puts backbone into this rather complacent and pliant youth? Mary Jane, of course.

Seldom is a story so consistently told in musical plays. Seldom does the music speak and progress with the speech and the action of the stage. Messrs. Youmans and Stothart have made a splendid score, vividly suggestive of the earlier and, therefore, the best works of Victor Herbert. The "Mary Jane" music is going to be talked about by our very best people.

The three acts abound in novel features, but that which evoked the greatest merriment came at the end of the second act. Joe and Maggie start it by singing a jingle about "The Flannel Petticoat Girl." Then, from a panel at the back, camouflaged as part of a wall, emerge a dozen girls, each in a gown of various periods of bygone days. Each poses for an instant, then walks to the front and off, each with a comic gait which has no duplicate in those before or after it; and all to the lilting music which has no tune, yet has one tapping feet and beating time to it. That bit alone would have saved any piece, but in "Mary Jane" is just one high light in an all-round glorious entertainment.

Of the principals, individually, it is not needful to write at length. Miss Hay, once of the "Follies," and now revealed as a comedienne of many talents, is almost ideally cast. She can act, she can dance, her pantomime is sufficiently expressive. If her singing voice is plaintively weak, she is brave about it. Perhaps the composers will contrive to let a few select instruments accompany her solo numbers, reserving the full orchestra for those who sing the choruses. Miss Kelly was quite as amusing as Ada Lewis in her palmy days. Mr. Skelley always brings a wealth of new patter, and was at his

best last evening. The Keene twins danced brilliantly, and Miss Clark took the vocal honors. Mr. Welford, as the crusty old manager, still looked more like the comic butler of many past parts. Mr. Ridges was a manly hero. The production has been lavishly made and in good taste always. W. E. G.

COPLEY—"The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton." Comedy in four acts by E. Phillips Oppenheim. First time in America.

Mr. Waddington.....Charles Hampden  
Payne.....Timothy Huntley  
Alfred Burton.....E. E. Clive  
Mr. Lynn.....L. Paul Scott  
Ellen Burton.....Hilda Plowright  
Mrs. O'Hara.....May Ediss  
Mr. Dugdale.....Cecil Magnus  
Mrs. Shirwell.....Laura M. Saunders  
Mr. Solomon.....C. Wordley Hulse  
Miss Barlow.....Roberta Ely  
Miss Shannon.....Rose Allerton  
Mrs. Harrington.....Selma B. Stone  
Mr. Hammond.....Kenneth White  
Stenographer.....Marjorie Dodge  
Mr. Johnson.....Philip Tonze  
Mrs. Johnson.....Alice Bromley Wilson  
Pauline Merriam.....Katherine Standing  
Prof. Merriam.....Harold West  
Mr. Bomford.....C. Wordley Hulse  
Maid.....Anne Rogers

"The Double Life of Alfred Burton" has been reduced from Mr. Oppenheim's novel, and in its length and reiteration, it is essentially a novelist's play, but it has an ingenious idea. The first act is delightful, and promises well. When a double-tongued auctioneer's clerk, with a considerable reputation for lying, discovers an Assyrian manuscript concealing brown berries, which when eaten will discover the "truth for eternity" to the consumer, the double life of Alfred Burton begins. "Al" Burton eats a berry. Immediately the sprightly and vulgar clerk acquires a taste for soft colors, flowing ties and museums, all in an effort to seek the truth.

Mr. Clive as the much-changed Burton is excellent, both as the blustering "Al" Burton and the mild-mannered Mr. Alfred Burton, who must tell the truth whether it concerns the age of "antiques" or the dress of his friends. Hilda Plowright, as a new member of the company, gave a good performance as Ellen Burton, his wife, who refuses to eat a berry and "join the gentry."

From lodgings in Garden Green to the drawing room at Nutfield Manor, the brown berries take Mr. Burton, and back again, to his normal guise, after varying adventures with those who would write "Mind Food" in the skies, and capitalize his discovery. One could not help but think of Broxopp and his "Beans for Babies" here.

The play is best when it adheres to the novel. Its weakness is rather in talkiness that is not good enough or essential enough to pass muster.

As performed at the Copley, it dragged perceptibly, especially in the third act, when Ellen tries to persuade Pauline Merriam, a rather witless beauty, to keep away from "her man," whose temporary lapse will soon be over. The mob of buyers at the sale was poorly managed, and they seemed to be constantly in each other's way, but the pointed shafts of Miss Ediss and C. Wordley Hulse were effective. E. G.

ST. JAMES THEATRE. "Not So Fast." A play in three acts, by Capt. Conrad Westervelt. The cast:

Robin Standish.....Houston Richards  
Sylvester Vane.....Ralph M. Remley  
Arabella.....Anna Layng  
Rose Standish.....Jill Middleton  
Mary Standish.....Adelyn Bushnell  
James Barton Acton.....Edward Darney  
Fay Fothergill.....Viola Roach  
Henry Watterson Blake.....Walter Gilbert

This is a one-man play, with the part of the man allotted to Mr. Gilbert. Henry Watterson Blake, as we gather from his name, is a "character" Kentuckian, the guardian of the Standish children. He is suspicious of a scheme of his co-guardian to sink his wards' fortune in a worthless mine investment, and the whole action hinges in Blake's elaborate "stall" against signing the enabling papers until he has time to investigate the affair. By such devices as losing his trunk containing the papers, by signing his name wrongly on a duplicate and by interminable conversation and diversion until the time for closing the deal expires, he manages to block the schemer.

Mr. Gilbert appears, as he often does, as himself. Clothes and make-up are profoundly usual. Only by his manifest accent would you suspect that he was ever within a thousand miles of Kentucky. It is not a part that suits him in the least.

Miss Bushnell, too, struggles with a highly unsympathetic part. She has a lot of aimless standing about to do, and the playwright has not oversupplied her with brains. Really, the author has given his sprightliest lines and action to the "flapper" sister, Miss Middleton.

Mr. Darney, who is forecast as the villain from the very start, although he is let off pretty easily in the end, makes the best of a thankless role.

Ralph Remley cheers us up as a comic



college freshman, and Miss Roach's "bit" as a stenographer is artistically done. People who like the obvious will enjoy it. J. E. P.

## Reisman and His Players Draw Encores

Leo F. Reisman and his orchestra, in a series of interpretations of modern dance music, heads a feature bill at Keith's this week. Reisman is no stranger to Keith audiences, and this time he has with him an augmented band of real musicians who can play with expression, as evidenced in the rendition of Victor Herbert's "A Kiss in the Dark." Reisman and the orchestra had to respond to many encores.

Closely sharing stellar honors are Kate Ellmore and Sam Williams in the music box skit "House-Hunting in New York." The gawky family after a trip on foot from Eighth to 275th street obtain an apartment only after shooting their children. The adventures of the family in the quest for an apartment are side-splitting.

Frank Fisher and Edrie Gilmore, in "Her Bashful Romeo," offer a refreshingly new turn. Both possess splendid voices and their 15-minute burlesque on lovemaking is well put over.

Howard Smith and Mildred Barker in "Good Medicine" offer a miniature one-act comedy that is a cure for the blues. It concerns a patient with imaginary ailments. The entire company had to respond to several encores.

Shura Rulowa and her Russian ballet offer a divertissement a little out of the ordinary. Solo toe and group ballet dancing of an exceedingly difficult nature are easily and skillfully presented.

Other acts on the program include Miss Lindsey and "Sultan" in an equine surprise, Larry Meehan and Gertrude Newman in "Broken Promises," Miss Patricola in a cycle of character songs, moving pictures, and topics of the day.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL: "Merchant of Venice," with David Warfield. Sumptuous production. Second and last week.

MAJESTIC: "Caroline," a delightful operetta with Myrtle Schaaf and J. Harold Murray. Last two weeks.

PEABODY PLAY HOUSE, 367 Charles street: "Ambush," a powerful drama by Arthur Richman.

PLYMOUTH: "The Cat and the Canary," a play of mystery and thrills. Last two weeks.

SELWYN: "The Old Soak," an amusing and timely play by Don Marquis, with Harry Beresford as the amiable tosspot. Third and last week.

TREMONT: "Kiki," Belasco's adaptation of joyous French farce, with Lenore Ulric, irrepressible and seductive. Fourth week.

TREMONT TEMPLE: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," an elaborate and engrossing screen play based on Hugo's romance "Notre Dame." Lon Chaney as Quasimodo. Eighth week.

WILBUR: "Sally, Irene and Mary," a merry musical comedy of 1910 in New York, with Eddie Dowling. Fourteenth week.

## San Carlo Company Continues Its Programs

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the San Carlo Opera Company. Fortunio Galeo, general director; Carlo Peroni, conductor:

Flora Tosca.....Bianca Saroya  
Baron Scarpia.....Mario Valle  
Mario Cavaradosi.....Gaetano Tommasini  
Spoletta.....Francesco Curi  
Scharrone.....Luigi De Cesare  
Cesare Angelotti.....Pietro Cervi  
A Sacristan.....Natale Canova  
A Jailer.....Philine Falco  
A Shepherd Boy.....Philine Falco

Of all Puccini's operas "La Boheme" bears best the test of repetitions. It is the most spontaneous, the most sincere of his works for the stage. "Tosca" is, nevertheless, a strong drawing card. For this various reasons might be assigned. Some delight in the torture scene, and would undoubtedly be still more pleased if the painter were seen suffering instead of heard. Some are curious to see how Flora will stab the wicked Baron, and then manage the business with the candles. Others like to see Scarpia chasing Flora about the room and knocking her against the furniture in his mad pursuit.

The music itself, with few lyrical exceptions, is cleverly melodramatic. The story is a repulsive one, admitting of little beauty or nobility in the musical treatment. A Milka Ternina may appear and give the second act the appearance of grandeur, as Shakespeare ennobled the same theme in "Measure for Measure" by his poetic outbursts. As Flora is played for the most part, she is merely a screaming woman who does her best to keep Scarpia at a respectable distance. How would it be if some day an actress, forgetting Scarpia and Puccini, should hint at her sneaking liking for the amorous Baron, and slay him after, not before? No doubt the critics would protest, but the public might welcome the change.

The performance last night was honest and spirited in the old Italian manner; that is to say, Mr. Tommasini in the first act turned his back to the picture he was painting and addressed the audience; he and Mme. Saroya in the same act confided their mutual passion in no hesitating tones to the spectators facing them. But these minor failings did not cause deep regret except to those who may take opera seriously. Mr. Tommasini has a fine, virile, resonant voice, if not a romantic stage bearing.

Mme. Saroya has grown in her art since last we heard her. She sang expressively in the first act, and acted intelligently, passing from coquetry to passion, then suspicion, at least jealousy and revenge. In the second act she did not rise to a tragic height, but what soprano in these days does as Flora, shake the soul or move it to pity and indignation?

Mr. Valle was neither a subtle nor a sinister Scarpia; carried out his villainous intentions with commendable perseverance, and showed proper resentment when he was twice interrupted most inopportunistly. In the first act his quasi conversational lines were delivered significantly, without undue emphasis. In the second act he phrased the music allotted to him dramatically without neglecting the purely musical effect.

Among the minor characters, the man for our money, was Mr. Curi, the Spoletta. Never have we seen a more rascally appearing spy; a cringing rogue and at the same time a cut-throat, if a face means anything. His facial make-up would be the one for the third murder in "Macbeth."

The chorus had little to do except to turn its back to the altar and sing lustily at the audience in the finale of the first act. The madrigal off stage was prettily performed. Mr. Peroni gave an excellent reading of the score. The orchestra was generally efficient. The performance as a whole deserved a larger audience.

A ballet "Trianon" with music by Mozart and Saint-Saens, performed by Miles. Elsius, Dagmara, Milar, Cam-

There have been amusing parodies of novels famous in their day: Thackeray's "Coddingsby" and "George de Barnwell" in which Disraeli and Bulwer were pitilessly ridiculed, nor did Lever and Cooper escape; Bret Harte's remarkable "Condensed Novels"; C. H. Webb's ("John Paul's") witty "Liffeth Lank" after "Griffith Gaunt"; Artemus Ward's "Marion," after Feydeau's "Fanny"; parodies by F. C. Burnand in Punch; we name at random.

In French there are the three volumes, "A la Maniere de..." by Paul Reboux and Charles Muller, witty volumes in which ancient and moderns, from Racine to D'Annunzio, are imitated with ludicrous verisimilitude.

Now comes Mr. Christopher Ward, a lawyer of Wilmington, Del., who writes in the manner of Sherwood Anderson, Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, W. J. Locke, Sabatini and others and enjoys himself hugely, at the same time generously allowing others enjoyment by permitting them to look over his shoulder as he writes. The 17 parodies—several of them were published in the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post—are published by Henry Holt & Co.

## WITH THE SHELL OFF

We spoke of Mr. Ward's treatment of Sherwood Anderson—"The Triumph of the Nut," when it was published in the Literary Review. Re-reading the parody, we find it even funnier than at first. Mr. Anderson might have written it; indeed, here and there we are convinced that Mr. Anderson collaborated and laughed aloud at his own work.

Surely he wrote this paragraph: "Then he undressed and walked naked up and down the room for hours at a time, thinking great thoughts 'I used to be a dull clod. Now I am a shining nut. I am cracked and my shell is off. I am a lovely study in psychopathy. Why should I work, making uninteresting washing machines? I will become a writer. Among them I shall not be strange, for there are many nuts among the writers.'"

But we are not so sure about a scene between Natalie and Mr. Webster. Here we see the hand of Mr. Ward.

"He crawled across the room on all fours and laid his head in her lap. 'Natalie, an amazing and lovely thing has happened to you. You have had a bath,' he said.

"How did you know?" she asked. "Why, you look so pale, and, besides, I saw the high water mark on the back of your neck," he said. "Where did you do this amazing and lovely thing?" "In a common washtub in mother's shed."

How lovely it was that she had used a common washtub instead of one of the patent washing machines. They were so commercial, so practical.

"Natalie," he said, "I do not love my wife. She is so fat. I will take a thousand dollars and go away with you. Let who will make patent washing machines. Henceforth, I will only make love."

## "BLACKER OXEN"

Has Gertrude Atherton a sense of humor so developed that she can laugh over Mr. Ward's "Blacker Oxen"? You remember her hero. As Mr. Ward knew him, he had attained the highest position in the gift of the nation. "Poets, playwrights, players, painters, pugilists, politicians, prophets, priests, popes, presidents, princes and Pullman car porters cringed before him. He was the Kling Kieagle of the Kolyumist Klan."

One night Clavering followed Mary Ogden home. "He found her alone in the great city, on her own doorstep. 'May I?—Am I?—Are you?—Were they?—Was it?—Whoosis?' he stammered, his temperature rising dangerously.

"Oh," she said with a faint smile, 'I'm locked out—'

"Watch me!" he said. "He tore out the area railing and threw it at a passing taxicab, smashed the area windows, burst in the door. Entering, he ran rapidly through the house, switched on all the lights, turned on the hot and cold water in every bathroom, upset the furniture and slid down the banisters from the fourth story to the first. Landing in a heap at the bottom, he leaped to his feet and opened the front door.

"Thank you," she said simply. 'Have a drink, Mr. Clavering?'

## JOSEPH AND "THE BRIGHT SHAWL"

Are not these lines taken bodily out of Mr. Hergesheimer's romance?

"Andres clasped his hand. 'Maravilloso!' he cried. 'We Cubans are not so precipitate. We bide our tiempo. Let me tell you our watchword, college yell, secretissimo! Wait, wait for '98! Ah, then, Cuba shall be libre. Meanwhile we conspire, oh! so discreetly.'"

"At Escobar's house, the entire family sat in a silent circle, upon gilt chairs. A crystal chandelier cast upon them an icy flood of light, bathed them in a lacy vitreous fluid preserving them in a hard pallor forever—think of that! The Escoballor forever—much besought by ambitious undertakers desiring to use this really effective embalming process."

## MISS CATHER AND HOME FOLKS

"When Claude saw her coming, he ran out of doors, down the hillside toward the barn. Molly, the faithful old three-legged cow, was mournfully chewing her cud. She had lost her other leg in the civil war. He put his arms around her neck and kissed her. She stopped chewing and looked at him in return. He remained there a long time and thought about the life of a farmer.

"A farmer raised good corn and wheat and sold them. In return he got clothes that wore out in two or three years, a house that would not stand more than a century, an automobile good for less than 50,000 miles, furniture that broke down in two generations, food that lasted hardly a day.

"The life of a farmer was useless, vain, empty, unsatisfying, monotonous, depressing, dreary. He was a farmer and he had but one collar button.

"A terrible joy clutched at the boy's heart. He knew that he was playing the part to perfection. If he could keep it up through 459 pages the book would be a success. 'The Young Hamlet of the Prairies' would make a hit."

In more extravagant vein is "Paradise Be Damned," by F. Scott Fitzjazz, with a prefatory note: "This story was written between 10 P. M. and 3 A. M. of one night while I was playing bridge. The Swift Set paid me enough for it to recoup what I lost at bridge and leave me the price of a diamond tiara and two theatre tickets. The movie rights brought me \$60,000. It is probably the worst story I ever wrote—though, for that distinction, it has many rivals." But the mother, Beatrice Blaine, appeals to us. "Born in Boston

of the old Puritan family of O'Hara, she was educated in Rome—also in Watertown and Ogdensburg. . . . She learned to smoke Camels in the Desert of Sahara and, at The Hague, to drink the national beverage, double strength.

In an absent moment she married Stephen Blaine, because she was a little bit weary, a little bit sad and more than a little bit pie-eyed. He tried to keep step with her, but in less than a year cheerfully died."

Reading these parodies, one is spared the labor and the possible disappointment of reading the novels parodied.

## APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club, assisted by Richard Crooks, tenor, with Emil Mollenhauer conducting, gave its first concert of the 53d season in Jordan hall last night. The two-part program began with "Gally We Ride," by Sturn, followed by Hatton's "Evening Twilight." Then came Schumann's "Moonlight" and "The Lotus Flower." Mr. Crooks then sang "Sound the Alarm," by Handel. He possesses a remarkable voice in range and purity and he was heard to an advantage. He was recalled many times.

Massenet's "Come, Dear Love" was the next number on the program. Then followed "Seamen Three," by Frederick F. Bullard, Beschnitt's "Serenade," and the Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser."

Part two was opened with "The Autumn Sea," by Gerlicke. An aria from "Faust," sung by Mr. Crooks, was followed by a Slovak folk-song, "Heartache," by Dvorak; "On the Sea," by Buck; "Dan Cupid and Dame Fortune," by Reinecke, and "The Almighty," by Schubert, the tenor solo being sung by Mr. Crooks.

Frank H. Luker, pianist, and E. Rupert Sircom, organist, accompanied. Fred W. Pope, club member, a baritone with a rich voice, assisted. Conductor Mollenhauer led with his usual skill. The club shows evidence of careful training and much rehearsal. The voices blend beautifully and the singers know the value of nuances. The Apollo Club is undoubtedly one of the best of its kind in the state.

LOEW'S STATE — "His Children's Children," from the novel by Arthur Train. The cast includes Bebe Daniels, George Fawcett, Dorothy Mackall, James Rennie, Hale Hamilton, Warner Olap, Mary Eaton, Sally Crute, H. Cooper Cliff, Mahlon Hamilton, John Davidson and Catherine Dean.

"His Children's Children" interests because of its all too infrequent glimpses of mad gambols and jazz parties in and out of the Vanderbilt fortress on Fifth avenue and Greenwich Village, where an Indian Yogi reaches out from his headquarters at the Butterfly Club, Fifth avenue, with its buses and the vistas of Central Park from the Plaza, give authenticity to the fable of modern debauchery that begins with the younger generation, and extends even to the respectable middle aged.

Yet it is a picture bereft of its sting, lacking in vigorous dramatic contrasts. What there is of gaiety and lighthearted strains of "Three O'Clock in the Morning" is real. But there is not enough of it to provide a climax. Everyone yields easily, even the Yogi collapses at a single side thrust from James Rennie, and the prancing daughters of the House of Kayne become subdued over night.

But there is good acting, especially George Fawcett's gruff old "Pirate of Wall Street," and Dorothy Mackall's Shella, the youngest daughter, alternately animated and wistful, whose wide-eyed loveliness reminds one of Barrie's Mary Rose dreaming of the lost islands of the Hebrides. Bebe Daniels is good to look upon in rather a colorless role, and Warner Olap as the Yogi plays with true oriental phlegm. The subtitles varied from "Little Voice on the Wire" and a "weed patch of love" to good vigorous slang, culminating in moral imprecations. E. G.

Nov 8, 1923

We were pained when we read the immortal song, "Just the Girl That Men Forget," has been sued by his wife for a divorce. She says that he has deserted her on 12 occasions. He must have written the song feelingly, from the depths of his own experience, for it was it chivalrous of him to publish it.

Mr. Charles Pike Sawyer of the New York Evening Post quoted Harry Berger's song as follows: The only girl I loved Had a face like a horse and buggy, I met her while sailing on the lake, Oh, fireman, save my child!

F. P. A. in the New York World recalled the lines; that in his yo



he held the third one of the finest lines in lyric poetry:  
She's the only girl I love;  
Got a face like a horse and buggy.  
I met her while leaning on the lake.  
Oh, fireman, save my child!  
But "Tantalus" insists that neither text is authentic, nor does he think the song especially belonged to Harry Bulger. His version runs:  
She's the only girl I love!  
She's got a face like a horse and buggy.  
I met her while strolling through the lake—  
Ohhhhhhh!  
Fireman, save—my—child!  
We find F. P. A.'s incomparably the best version of the three. "I met her while leaning on the lake" is exquisitely fanciful. And so was the old revision of one of Longfellow's poems:  
I stood on the bridge at midnight—  
And somebody moved the bridge.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD

(Georgetown, Ky., Georgetownian)  
The Rucker Hall sextet, composed of eight, held attention for the next few moments.

Apropos of the Moscow Art Theatre's proposed visit to London next June, the Daily Telegraph of London says: "In the beginning of this year they were in New York, and everybody, press and public, went wild over them. The company even succeeded in persuading New York audiences to refrain from all applause until the end of each act! When it is remembered how our American friends love clapping actors on every arrival and exit, and even applauding the appearance of every scene, the vastness of the sacrifice will be grasped."  
True. In many of our theatres the ushers can not be restrained from thus showing their appreciation.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is away this week. Tonight Bronislaw Huberman, violinist, will play in Jordan hall. His program is an exacting one. He appeared here in 1896 as a 14-year-old prodigy. Francis Rogers, baritone, will sing at the Wentworth Institute, Huntington avenue, tomorrow night. In Steinert hall a concert will be given by Isabella Bohman, soprano, and Ramon Ricardo, tenor, the same night.

Disle Janis, assisted by a tenor, a violinist and a pianist, will give a varied entertainment in Symphony hall next Saturday night.  
Next Sunday afternoon Josef Hofmann will play the piano in Symphony hall, where, in the evening, John Steele, tenor, will sing. The People's Symphony Orchestra will give its second concert of the season at the St. James Theatre next Sunday afternoon.

A correspondent has this to say: "I noticed that you mentioned in The Herald that Cedarstrom, the last husband of Adeline Patti, was about to marry again. It may amuse you to hear about Nicolini, Patti's second husband. He was a third-rate Italian who bored to extinction the English guests at Craig-y-Nos castle in Wales, but he was a devoted husband to Patti. When he died he left a will leaving the castle and a large sum of money to his peasant relatives in Italy. All wills in England must be filed at Somerset House, so of course the papers copied his will, and Patti, in much embarrassment, had to publish a statement that Nicolini had no money at all, and of course the will was useless. The English people who knew them always thought that Nicolini was slightly cracked by his sudden affluence as Patti's husband. He always seemed to be intoxicated by the excitement of the material wealth around him.

"Cedarstrom was the fourth son of a poor Swedish baron and had not a cent to his name, but was blond and good looking. He was glad to get a job as book-keeper in a Swedish massage parlor in London. Patti went to this place for massage and fell in love with the book-keeper to whom she paid her bills in the office. She proposed to him. He was years younger. The story goes that she promised to leave him her money if he remained faithful to her. He did and she left him her money."

To begin with: Nicolini was not an Italian, nor was he "third rate." He was a Frenchman, and his name was Ernest Nicholas. Born at Tours, he studied at the Paris Conservatory. He was a handsome man, of an excellent stage presence, but his voice was tremulous. He sang in this country in 1833-4, but did not please. There was a story that Mme. Patti obtained him as a husband by purchase, paying Mme. Nicolini a handsome sum to give him up.

The San Carlo opera company will give these performances this week: Tonight, "Madama Butterfly"; tomorrow night, "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Saturday afternoon, "Carmen"; Satur-

day evening, "Il Trovatore."  
The repertoire next week: Monday, "La Traviata"; Tuesday, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Wednesday, "Faust"; Wednesday evening, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Thursday, "La Boheme"; Friday, "La Forza del Destino"; Saturday matinee, "Madama Butterfly"; Saturday evening, "Aida."

Mr. William B. Wright favors us as follows: "I lived in New York when Birch, Wamhold and Backus, the San Francisco minstrels, were playing. I was at the old Irving House on Twelfth street one night with Wamhold. One story I heard was that after the show each night they would go to the box office, dump out all the receipts—bills large and small, and fractional currency—the whole contents of the cash drawer on a table and then divide the mass into three approximately equal piles without counting, utterly regardless of the respective amounts. Each one of the proprietors would pick up his allotment and walk off. This was done night after night and there was never a disagreement over the division."  
A good story—but which one of the three paid the salaries of the company, singers, comedians, musicians?

'Tis a common error to regard Chauncey Olcott as baroque Irish in his art-aspect. If, in a mirror lifetime of major playgoing, we have sat under a more inept player, we have no memory for the episode. Nor by land nor by sea have we ever met an Irishman at all like he is when he is playing at being one. Nevertheless, we contend that, were he bogus, the Irish, themselves, would long since have exposed him; and we have been heatedly notified by warrior chieftains that a sneer for Chauncey were a slap in the face of Ireland with her back turned toward us.—Chicago Tribune.

For the first matinee of the season the San Carlo company gave a performance of Flotow's "Martha," with this cast:

Lady Harriet.....Josephine Lucchese  
Nancy.....Stella Demette  
Lionel.....Adamo Chappini  
Munkett.....Giuseppe Intermante  
Sheriff.....Antonio Canova  
Tristan.....Natale Cervi  
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

May the world know Mr. Gallo's exquisite reason for trusting in the power of "Martha" to draw a crowd? He misplaced his trust; the audience yesterday was small. He could not count on his Italian supporters to attend in flocks. Anybody under 50, of course, would blush with shame to be found listening to "Martha." In the last days of its vogue, when Patti used to sing the role, for the rich and Marie Stone of the "Boston Ideals" for those not so well-to-do, the advertisements used often to read—"Flotow's tuneful opera." Already 40 years ago the term "tuneful" was ceasing, in the ears of the elect, to imply a compliment.

Musical snobbishness playing its part already then, it was the fashion to shrug one's shoulders at the name of "Marthy," as people merrily called it. Since snobbishness, the intellectual kind above all, dies hard, Mr. Gallo could not depend on too many old people feeling a fancy to witness his revival.

This is all a pity, for such persons as can visit the opera house without a curl all ready on their lips, and, once there, can listen with an open mind to genuinely pretty, graceful melodies—music skillfully written for the display of the voice, with lively choruses and amusing comedy in plenty, if the performance be good such persons may be sure of excellent entertainment.

But a good performance is not so

easy to contrive. There is the German way, to be sure—in the vernacular, with actors who will play the comedy for all it contains, and sing the music as well as they can; "light" opera, in short. But if "Martha" is to be elevated to the high plane of "grand" opera and sung in Italian, it needs the services of four artists of high degree, equipped with beautiful voices, supreme skill in song and a knack at comedy. A director who has not in his company artists in command of these abilities does well not to dally with an Italian "Martha."

The artists yesterday showed themselves better singers than actors. As a comedian Miss de Mette stood above her fellows and so excellently she sang that old timers regretted the cutting out of Nancy's air. Mr. Intermante, who sang well too, and with life, has a natural comic force of which he could learn to make greater use than he was prepared to do yesterday. Miss Lucchese as always sang with taste. Amusingly Mr. Cervi played this small part, and so did Carlo Canova his. Mr. Chappini, by nature blessed with a fine voice, has not learned to use it sufficiently well to do justice to his manifestly musical taste. Mr. Peroni conducted with spirit.

After the opera came the ballet. The

Pavley-Oukrainsky Company dancing several "divertissements" very attractive indeed. Mr. Oukrainsky's Persian dance, after loud applause, had to be repeated.  
R. R. G.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Aida."

Verdi's famous score, sung by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company, M. Carlo Peroni conducting. The cast:  
Aida.....Anne Roselle  
Amneris.....Stella Demette  
Radames.....Manuel Salazar  
Amonasso.....Mario Basola  
Ramsis.....Pietro De Biasi  
King of Egypt.....Natale Cervi  
A Messenger.....Francesco Carli  
Priestess.....Philine Falco

Verdi's score, and a few settlements—that is "Aida." The story is strong, simple, and scant. A complete detachment from reality, an utter absence of complication, and absolute dependence on two—or is it three—fundamental emotions serve to place the piece where all opera properly belongs: in the realm of pure convention. Here the composer works out his themes, unhampered by other influence; here the audience follows easily and without distraction. Possibly it is this directness of appeal which makes the piece so popular. A full house applauded handsomely on more than one occasion.

Operas in the grand manner are numerous, and they hold their own as much as anything by their sheer splendor—crowd splendor, color splendor, music splendor. Of the first "Aida" has plenty. Hosts come and go, some excellently costumed—some not so well. Particularly good are the dancing girls in the temple scene. The ballet here is truly extraordinary; grace and rhythm, simple but effective motion, a rare combination. What the performers lack in precision they more than make up in flow of movement. Indeed the Pavley-Oukrainsky ballet is one of the best features of the San Carlo company and serves greatly to increase their effectiveness.

The ballet, at the welcome of the returning conqueror, Radames, is more intricate and gorgeous, but certainly no more effective than the more primitive dance in the temple. As for the bit by the four eunuchs in act 3, scene 1, a more perfect adaptation of supposedly "blackface" buck-and-winging to the true uses of the ballet would be hard to find. Brief—but very delightful.

With color splendor the production fares not so well. The costumes are for the most part good, but the scenery and lighting are quite ordinary. The setting outside the city walls alone possesses any merit. Color splendor

is the most often neglected in this kind of piece. Doubtless the music splendor is expected to take its place.

In "Aida" at least, it does so. The old familiar arias have not lost their power, and the rendering is more than usually spirited. Miss Roselle sang the title role to the pleasure of the audience, but Miss Demette shares the honors with her. Mr. Salazar has the voice for his work, but scarce looks the part. Mr. Basola by his use of pantomime rendered powerful his role of the captive king. His long scene with Aida in the last act was very fine. The others are adequate. The opera tomorrow is "Butterfly."  
W. R. B.

BRISTOL PLAYS

Last night Frederick Bristol, pianist, played this program in Jordan hall:

Adagio.....Galuppi  
Gavotte.....Gluck-Brannis  
Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1  
Fantaisie-Improvisation.....Chopin  
Prelude, Chorale and Fugue.....Frank  
Poeme, No. 2.....Scriabine  
Un Soupir.....Berners  
The Donkeys.....Grovez  
Cathédrale Engloutie.....Debussy  
Scherzo Humouristique.....Aaron Copeland  
(Le Chat et La Souris)  
The Tides of Manaunau.....Cowell  
Polichinelle.....Rachmaninoff

Some people whose tastes in jokes differ cannot live happily together, it is to be hoped that Mr. Aaron Copeland's family and he himself view matters of humor eye to eye. Otherwise they must have a hard time of it, for the composer of the Scherzo Humouristique, which has to do with a cat and a mouse, is blessed with a sense of humor at the least of it individual. His scherzo failed to stir merriment last night, though the audience applauded politely after what may be termed the final yowl, and to one country body in the audience who has had forced upon him a long and painful experience of both cats and mice, it did not bring a suggestion of either creature. But funny for all that the scherzo may have been; humor, like taste, cannot be argued about. Those donkeys of Grovez's, though, seemed more diverting, more closely observed.

Of the other modern pieces, that by Scriabine, if it were written in a simpler idiom, might sound less like a poem than like a doggerel, and the Berners Soupir after one hearing left but a faint impression behind it. Mr. Henry Cowell, who essayed to suggest

in tones an old Irish legend about the rhythmic motion of the particles from which the universe was to be created, made out, the magnitude of his undertaking notwithstanding, the best of the company. Though to play this music Mr. Bristol had to make free use of his left elbow as well as his two capable hands, the music sounded agreeable, and, of greater consequence, it succeeded in establishing an atmosphere of mystery, of remoteness, to which an Irish tinge did no harm at all.

This piece, so far as one who does not know it may judge, Mr. Bristol played it excellently. In all his music he was not so happy sometimes, as in the Chopin nocturne, because of unclear technique. Though very likely Mr. Bristol appreciates the meaning of the great French work, he showed himself last night unable to make that meaning clear, and over other music that he played he may not have pondered enough.  
R. R. G.

MS 9. 1923

A great library is a good thing in that it frightens anyone who looks at it. Two hundred thousand volumes discourage a man who is tempted to publish a book; but unfortunately he soon says to himself, one does not read the majority of these books; one can read me. He likens himself to the drop of water that complained of being added to the ocean and ignored. A genie took pity on it and caused an oyster to swallow it, so that it became the most beautiful pearl of the Orient and was the chief ornament of the Grand Mogul's throne. Those who are only compilers, imitators, commentators, pickers of phrases, critics of the moment—those on whom a genie has not taken pity will always remain drops of water. Our man then works in his garret in the hope of becoming a pearl.—Voltaire.

C. K. B. sends us the names of recipients of wages in a southern mill:

Guess Wright, Bunlon Gardner, Etta Hair, Town Price, Savannah Snipes, Rose Bud Ellis, Buddie Ard, Clearnce Drawdy, Brutus Barnes, Jim Shaver, Quay Hunter, Early Baker, O. J. Outlaw, Minor Ma Haffey, Sumter Wages, Janie Hang, Sissroe Plyler.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane speaks of "the unpronounceable, unspellable place where Lloyd George was born."  
"Which it is"—Manchester.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR  
(New Elk Hotel, Schaller, Ia.)  
EAT HERE, OR WE WILL BOTH STARVE.

HEARD ON AN OCEAN LINER

'Arry, bath steward, calling steward-ess, at first in honeyed tones:  
'Mrs. Cripps, please.  
'Mrs. Cripps.  
'Cripps!  
'Cripps, w'y in 'ell don't you 'urry?'  
P. W. S.

NOT ON THE SOLAR PLEXUS

As the World Wags:  
It grieves me to think you could suspect me of "kidding" the serious readers of this column."

In 1908, in the April issue of Physical Culture magazine, I had an article entitled Boxing Among the Ancients, with several cuts of classic statues, among them the two of Canova referred to. The account of the tragic encounter I gleaned from a guide book to the Vatican gallery of sculpture. The source of the account is Pausanias; your good old Dr. Anthon in his Classical Dictionary (edition of 1863, the only one at hand here), quotes "Pausanias, 8.40," but without identifying the edition.

Any dictionary or encyclopedia article on Canova will not fail to mention the famous pair of boxers. (Vide Encycl. Britannica, New International, etc.)

Assuring you of the reverence in which I hold your column, since the old days of the Boston Journal and the almost religious fervor with which I accept anything I read therein, I am  
Gloucester. JOHN H. CORRICK.

Our edition of Anthon's classical dictionary (1872) does not contain a biographical sketch of Damoxenus or of Creugas. The story of the prize fight is told by Pausanias Book 8, Chap. 40, but Damoxenus did not hit Creugas on the solar plexus; "he flung his fingers



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his side with such violence that he forced it. Enlarging the wound by repeated blows he tore out the entrails. Creugas died on the spot." We quote from the translation into French by Nicholas Gedoy, who, a Jesuit for 10 years, went back into the world. It was said that Ninon de Lenclos was desperately in love with him. However that may have been, Damoxenes did not hit Creugas on his solar plexus. Gedoy's translation is not so richly annotated as we could wish. Some day we hope to possess Sir J. G. Frazer's translation. It should be close to Yule's edition of Marco Polo. What a pleasure it is to draw up a list of books that one would like to own but would probably not read even if they were handed one by the slave of Aladdin's lamp. In the earlier years we are eager to collect books. As we go down hill, we wish to throw away all impedimenta. It is pleasant to name a dozen books, no more, that should accompany old age, but, who would not change them from time to time? Weak and irresolute is man! To go back to Ninon. That scandalous old gossip Tallemant des Reaux calls the muster roll of her lovers, from St. Estienne to Villarsaux, but he says nothing about Gedoy; who, no doubt, was flattered by the report that Ninon was mad over him.—Ed.

#### ONE PENNIMAN

As the World Wags:

When I was on my vacation this summer I was shown a picture of South Boston painted by John Ritts Penniman, July, 1829, showing a South Boston Front View, House of Reformation, and in the corner was MDCCCXXIX.

Who was Penniman? Was he famous in his day? W. A. R. South Boston.

#### WITH PRECIOUS OIL?

(Boston Globe)

TWO POLICE SERGEANTS

ANNOUNCED IN MILTON

PERFECT SINCERITY OR SPEAKING

ALoud

It was at a lecture where one man in the small audience was constantly yawning. At last the lecturer stopped and said to him: "My friend, I am afraid you are not following me very closely. I shall have finished soon." The yawner replied: "I'm not your friend, and I'm not following your lecture. I am waiting to put out the lights and go home."

#### TO MADAME SANS GENE

As the World Wags:

I have sent the following letter to my landress:

My Dear Madam:

I am perfectly satisfied with your service with an exasperating exception: you are in the habit of returning my clothes washed perfectly clean of all my buttons. Have pity on me, condemned every morning as I am to the fruitless and agonizing struggle of making both ends—of my clothes—meet; if not on me, at least have pity on my widowed button holes languishing away in want of their dazzling mates. Ah, madam, were I a married man, I would not trouble you with this missive; indeed, I should be only too pleased to see my wife, like another Penelope, endlessly dawdling on buttons which you would be sure to unravel at the end of the week.

alas, I am a benighted bachelor, compelled by the cruel perfection of your washing to wander, like Lord Byron, with chest exposed to the wind, with cuffs dangling buttonlessly.

So, I implore you, my shirts implore you, my pyjamas implore you, all my miscellaneous under-raftments in mournful unison implore you to SPARE THE BUTTONS! O cleanliness, what atrocities are committed in thy name!

Dare I hope that this appeal may soften your heart and the harsh surface of your laundry machinery?

Humbly yours, R. D.

Cambridge.

## HUBERMAN PLAYS

At 25 minutes past 8 last night an atmosphere of gloom brooded over Jordan hall. For some unaccountable reason, there were few people there, and those few had no festive mien. The program they had to face doubtless they found depressing—the Beethoven sonata for piano and violin, Op. 47, Bach's Chaconne, and for full measure the Mendelssohn concerto, then a Chopin nocturne arranged by Sarasate, the concert-giver's own arrangement of a Chopin waltz, and, to close, Paganini's Campanella.

Mr. Huberman, after a vexatious delay, had just boarded the stage. He looked a man at odds with the world. Perhaps the chilling rows of empty benches, which made the audience low, roused his wrath. At all events, he had about him an air of discontent.

Mighty grimly Mr. Huberman began

the first movement of the sonata. He showed himself, for a minute or two, a master of reticence; musically indeed he turned his phrases, he played with full, rich tone; of meaning, though, there was not a trace. But this would not do. Mr. Huberman evidently has it not in his nature just to play notes. He began to storm. Harmless ornamental phrases he made snarl. The big passages where Beethoven let his passion loose Mr. Huberman made sullen with anger. At the end he raged. If not precisely Beethoven, it was all superb.

Neutrally enough Mr. Huberman began the andante of the variations. But note by note one could see him yield to the power of the music, till at the end of the movement he was playing with a perfection of style and yet with a glowing warmth not every violinist can combine. By his ardor too and his splendid rhythm he made the finale so rousing that the audience would have him and the capable pianist, Mr. Siegfried Chulze, back three times to bow to noisy applause. So much for the power of the best of Beethoven today when players with blood in their veins hear it a living thing.

From Mr. Huberman, indeed, so alive is he, the Bach Chaconne, that bugbear of violin recitals, for once seemed the noble music its admirers claim it to be. Singers who aspire to sing Bach's florid airs should listen to Mr. Huberman play the Chaconne, and learn from him. For well he knows the meaning of the grand style. To the dreary technical feats which lure most violinists to this Chaconne, Mr. Huberman gave the emotional significance which Bach must surely have had in mind when he wrote them. With beautiful tone he played the Chaconne, and exquisite finish of phrasing. But the warmth it was, it is safe to guess, that earned Mr. Huberman four recalls after—Bach's Chaconne! If this great violinist plays in Boston again under more favorable conditions, he ought to be sure of a larger audience.

R. R. G.

## "MME. BUTTERFLY"

Boston Opera House: "Madame Butterfly" an opera in three acts with music by Puccini founded on the play by John L. Long and David Belasco. Conducted by Carlo Peroni. Cast:

Madame Butterfly.....Haru Onuki  
Suzuki.....Stella Demette  
B. F. Pinkerton.....Demetrio Onofrel  
Kate Pinkerton.....Philine Falco  
Sharpless.....Mario Valle  
Goro.....Francesco Curci  
Yamadoro.....Natale Cervi  
The Bonze.....Pietro de Biasi

If "Madame Butterfly" is not the best, it is probably the most popular of Puccini's operas. The libretto is adapted from the book of an American; its simple story is worth retelling and incomparably better than the bases of the ordinary operatic plot. In addition, the action is laid in the present day. The music represents a neat compromise between the older tradition of melodious arias, knit together by dreary recitative, and the newer examples of the music drama. Puccini's score is brilliantly melodious—that certainly is not a defect—and, moreover, it contains definite themes that are adjusted to seem the keystone of his structure. This differs from a succession of concerted numbers whose melodies dominate, not develop, the impression of the whole; "Madame Butterfly" deserves the appellation of a music drama.

The piece offers no difficulties of setting and costuming or ensemble work in comparison with other operas in the San Carlo's repertoire. But it does severely task the abilities of the principal singers. Mr. Onofrel, as Pinkerton, has a voice that is pleasantly lyrical, but of limited power. He did not realize wholly the values of the unpleasant hero and was obviously ill at ease. Much more assured and more capable vocally were Mme. Demette and Mr. Valle, respectively the Suzuki and the Sharpless. Their performances were evidently based upon long experience with the singing and acting requirements of their roles. The vigor and power necessary to the opera were provided by Haru Onuki as Cho Cho San. Her interpretation was not unconventional. It was sincere and varied. She was fragile, naive, trust-

ing, delicate of gesture and motion, sparing melodramatic passion if subtler means would suffice. But once—in the familiar aria in the second act—did she forget that she was enacting Cho Cho San, not offering a concert solo.

Divertissements by the Pavlov-Oukrainsky Ballet followed the performance. J. C. M.

Believing with some deep thinker that we should all begin the day by reading a short poem or an extract from a long one, verse by a master,

by what Artemus Ward called a "boss poet," or by a humbler bard, we publish these lines:

"From the soft music of the spinning purr,  
When no stiff hair disturbs the glossy fur,  
The whining wail, so piteous and so faint,  
When through the house Puss moves with long complaint,  
To that unearthly throttling caterwaul,  
When feline legions storm the midnight wall,  
And chant, with short snuff and alternate hiss,  
The dismal song of hymeneal bliss."

Who wrote these lines? We call upon any undergraduate enjoying the privilege of attending a course in English literature at Harvard University.

J. H. G. informs us that Messrs. Boose & Boose are attorneys-at-law at Somerset, Pa. He wishes to know whether they will support Gov. Pinchot in his campaign.

#### A HANDSOME APOLOGY

(Plymouth (Ind.) Pilot)

The Pilot made two egregious mistakes yesterday. It was stated that Adam Keefer was dead. Mrs. Levi Krou gave us this information; but Mr. Krou informs us that it was a mistake. It was Mrs. Levi Krou who went to South Bend, and not Mrs. Oscar Krou. Oscar is not married.

#### SPEAKING OF UNIVERSITIES

The clearness of his thoughts was such that it not only penetrated the minds of the unlettered, but likewise those of the university trained.—P. R. Sanjurjo in Current History.

#### ORATORY VS. HORSE SENSE

As the World Wags:

Lloyd George's farewell: "France a vassal but for allies." He might have added, "England a vassal but for France and Belgium, who formed excellent buffers, furnished the battlefield, defended by far the greater part of it, and helped on the sea." There is not time, of course, in a farewell speech to say everything.

What are we Americans now to do? If we obediently indorse the extraordinary theories which England is so laboriously sweating to demonstrate, to-wit:

That devastated France should discuss the debts of Germany, her enemy; (inducements: Germany, in the Ruhr resistance, has used much money which she could have applied toward paying off those debts; undevastated United States has refused to discuss the debts of France, her ally). Again:

That devastated France should withdraw and disband her army of the Ruhr; (inducements: England is now secure; England wishes to remain the dominant power in Europe; England wishes to have her trade unmolested).

If we indorse any such theories, it will indeed be the triumph of English oratory over American horse sense. English oratory will have knocked American horse sense through the ropes. SAM CHARLES.

Boston.

#### A MAN OF UNDERSTANDING

As the World Wags:

It is humiliating to us newcomers to New England to have to confess to complete ignorance of many things that must be known to every school child in Boston. However, it's often the only way to learn things absolutely essential to one's comfort and happiness. Hence I come to you.

On Tremont street I have seen a large sign.

#### SLATER'S SHOES

THE LARGEST IN NEW ENGLAND

I ask to know

1. Who is this Mr. Slater?  
2. What size does he wear?  
3. Why is he so proud of it?  
Hoping you are the same.

Yours respectfully, H. H. W.

#### STERNLY LOGICAL

(Ottumwa (Ia.) Courier, via Wahtell.) The fire department was on the scene for some time and a considerable loss was suffered.

#### WE GIVE IT UP

As the World Wags:

Is there any correct way and if so what, to write the following sentence, which sounds all right but seems difficult to express in written form:

"In the English language there are three twos: two, to and too." I shall be much obliged if you think it worth while to answer this trick question in your column, unless it is so old that it is not worth while.

I had never heard of it until today. Boston. F. W. G.

#### NOT ELIZA COOK'S

As the World Wags:

I enjoy many a laugh at the revival of

old songs in your column, some of which, like other readers, I remember in part. You publish a part of "Mr. O'Maherty" today through the kindness of Mr. Lansing R. Robinson, and after reading it, as Poe would put it, "O'er the past my hovering spirit flies." I regret the passage of those old-time comedians of whom he speaks. One of them I can summon for a few moments' entertainment. He is singing "The Old Arm Chair."

Me Grandmother, she  
At the age of 88  
Was taken ill one day in May and died,  
led, led, led;

And after she was dead  
The will, of course, was read  
By the lawyer as we all stood by his side;

To me brother it was found  
She had left a hundred pound  
And the same unto me shister, I declare,  
air, air, air;

But when it came to me the lawyer said, "I see  
Gran has left to you the Old Arm Chair."

The chorus, usually the part we well remember, I have forgotten, but for an emergency the following, a little modernized, might be substituted:

#### CHORUS

How they tittered  
How they chaffed  
How me brother and me shister laughed  
When they heard the crabby lawyer say,  
"Oh, yes, Gran has left you no bananas today."

Salem. KIBBEREEN.

We have just referred to Messrs. Boose and Boose, the attorneys. The Ames, Ia., Tribune published this advertisement:

"Prohibition Will Prohibit if—": Hear L. Myron Booser at the Collegiate Church, Sunday at 10:45.

As the World Wags:

My grandmother, who came from the Golden Vale in Ireland, which embraces the counties of Kilkenny, Tipperary and Waterford, taught me over 80 years ago in Boston this rhymed prayer:

There are four corners on my bed.  
Four angels on them spread.  
Mathew, Mark, Luke and John,  
God bless the bed that I lie on.  
If I should die before I wake  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

This seems to be slightly different from the verses of a similar character which appeared not long ago in The Herald.

Dorchester.

BAIZE.

## San Carlos Sing "Jewels"

BY OLIN DOWNES

Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," in which the composer has caught more than an echo of Italian folk-song, was performed by the San Carlo Opera company in the Boston Opera House last night. Gaetano Tomassini was Genaro, the smith, who committed the ultimate crime for love of Malliella, impersonated by Bianca Saroya. Miss de Mette was the Carmela, and Mario Valle Raffaele and Mr. Peroni again conducted. The climax of the performance was some Apache dancing of a kind not always seen in Boston, in the last act.

The opera demands a larger orchestra and a more confident ensemble than graced it last night. For this reason the first act lost much.

Not over much at ease in this act, Miss Saroya sang with feeling and later with goodly variety of tonal color, as when she recalled Raffaele's boast that he would secure for her the Jewels of the Madonna and in the final moment, when the illusion song might have created, was dispelled by the fact that Mr. Tomassini had in Miss Saroya a woman bigger than he could confidently embrace or handle. The only other person in the cast as tall as she, was Mr. Peroni, and he, in the orchestra pit, was far away.

Mr. Tomassini showed the real beauty and power of his voice in this performance. True, he could not forswear exaggerated bursts of feeling, nor did he profess, apparently, any special histrionic ability, but he sang a full-throated song with a gusto which gave the audience much pleasure.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Jewels of the Madonna," an opera in three acts by Wolf-Ferrari. The cast:

Genaro.....Gaetano Tomassini  
Carmela.....Stella De Met  
Malliella.....Bianca Saroya  
Beatrice.....Beatrice Altie  
Stella.....Anna Sturbitt  
Concetta.....Francesco Curci  
Totommo.....Joseph St  
Boose.....Mario Valle  
Raffaele.....Mario Valle  
Conductor, Carlo Peroni.



The question of free tickets for theatrical shows and concerts still vexes many righteous souls. Are deadheads sufficiently grateful? Do they applaud loudly enough, or do they assume an air of "Not so bad" or "Well, it didn't pay me to come"?

In concert halls deadheads are often known by their late arrivals, amping down the aisle, without regard to what is doing on the platform, and by their early departure.

The people of this city have little curiosity concerning a singer, dler, pianist unknown to them, no matter how warmly the newcomer has been applauded in New York, London, Chicago, Paris. Would the ditor prefer a "papered house" to the handful that paid for admission?

Managers vary in opinion. Some say with a hurrah for art: "I'll not ad out any free tickets." Others have their lists of "music lovers" to whom they send tickets in the hope of alluring them to the hall, so that the visitor may be cheered by the sight of a "representative" audience. These "music lovers" often give away the tickets to "the deserving poor" and enjoy their evenings in another way. (Somebody will doubtless some tell us the precise meaning of "representative" in connection with the word "audience.")

Does any one today read the "Noctes Ambrosianae"? There was a time when the volumes were regarded as miracles of wit, humor, sound and at times slashing and abusive criticism. We picked up a volume last week, and opening it at random, saw the line "Deadheads" at the top of a page. The paragraphs beneath were written in August, 1830, apropos of Fanny Kemble playing in Edinburgh.

Seward, one of the characters in the dialogue at Blackwood's "saloon" the new premises," declared that to accept a free ticket under any circumstances was beneath the dignity of a gentleman. A discussion followed the Shepherd's exclamation: "What! a free ticket?"

Seward: Yes sir, a free ticket—admission all your life to a place of public amusement, without putting your hand in your pocket and paying your own way, like other gentlemen. "Dennie if I would be on any manager's pauper list! Were I so poor as not to be able to pay for the ratification of my passion for theatricals, for the indulgence of my strong propensity for the 'drama,' as our matchless Mathews says, I would think it more honorable to steal than to beg, to pick a rich squire's pocket at the outside of the door, rather than a poor manager's within and to run the chance of escaping the imputation of being a prig rather than incur the certainty of being known to be a pauper."

Shepherd: You're just twa prood fules.  
Seward: Mr. Hogg, there is a greater difference than merely of one shilling—between humility and humiliation, the receiver of such charitable donations, my dear Shepherd, as he struts into pit or boxes, can have no perception either of "to kalon," or the "to prepon." His proper place is—half price—the one shilling gallery.

Shepherd: But he wudna see there, sir.  
Seward: Let him smoke his cigar for supper in his garret in Grub Street.  
Shepherd: But what would become of a newspaper without a theatrical critic?

It has often been said that an ideal newspaper would buy tickets for its critic, but only for plays, one might say also concerts, that in the editor's or the critic's opinion were worth reviewing; and this without any consideration of advertising or silence on the part of the theatre. What had Seward to say on the subject?

Seward: Ha! I have socratically brought you to the point, Jem. Let them get critiques written by gentlemen. Nothing ungentlemanly in living by one's wits. All professional men do so—and why not critics? If a critique on Miss Fanny Kemble's Juliet be worth a guinea to the proprietor of a newspaper, out of his fob with it into the fob of the gentleman that does the article. And if a ticket to the boxes be worth a crown to gentlemen in general, let the said critic melt his guinea and his burden his fob of a crown at the receipt of custom, like gentlemen in general; or, if not, then, that there may be no deception, let him, like a blue-gown, wear a badge on his breast, inscribed, "Free admittance," and then, instead of being elbowed on a full night, by pauper-paper-puppies aping the airs of play and pay—we shall know the pensioners, and to prevent ourselves from being incommoded, show them, with all appropriate ceremony, to the door.

To which the Shepherd's reply was simply this:  
"You're just baith o'you twa prood fules."

The edition of "Noctes Ambrosianae," published at New York in 1855, was annotated by R. Sheiton MacKenzie. His note to the remarks of Seward read curiously today.

"Free admissions to the theatres and other places of amusement should be abolished. Editors are as much entitled to free loaves and free legs—of mutton, from bakers and butchers, as to free seats from managers. The free-admission, or deadhead system, is the fruitful parent of newspaper puffery. It prevails slightly in Paris, and is going out in England."

IN THE THEATRE

The Paris correspondent of the London Times said of a performance of the Moscow Art Theatre: "There is a sordid ennui in the Russian country life of Chekov's 'Cherry Orchard,' and we laugh at its out-of-date absurdity. It is compassionate laughter of the western peoples, all too sure of their belief in the progress and splendor of commerce and science."

Although Sheridan's stay in Bath was of short duration, it was eventful enough to justify the tablet on his home which his modern prototype, Mr. Bernard Shaw, is unveiling today. In fact, the future dramatist had a narrow escape from death in the city which Beau Nash had made fashionable. Sheridan eloped to France with Elizabeth Linley, a young singer who was

charming Bath, and left her in a convent, whereupon one of her admirers, Capt. Matthews, made statements which could only result in a duel. This took place in London, and Sheridan compelled Matthews to apologize. However, he reopened the quarrel, and they met again near Bath, Sheridan being badly wounded. Happily he recovered, and lived to marry Miss Linley.—London Daily Chronicle.

How does Mr. Shaw enjoy being called Sheridan's "prototype"?

Apropos of a performance of "Henry V." at the Old Vic.  
"It needs a peculiar effort to consider 'Henry V.' with detachment, and to remember that, if there is peace for another 50 years, glamour will perhaps return to it. If the rhetoric seem now empty and the central impulse false,

they were once full and true for many, and so may be again. It is no fault in the play, considered as a piece for the theatre, that causes it today to strike so coldly and to urge its hearers to denial rather than assent. Color, strength, quick movement—all are there. The words of the famous speeches have so fine a ring that we can well imagine how in the past men have been moved by them. But they cannot move us now. Is it our loss or our wisdom? Is it a permanent change, or will the time come again when beatings before battle shall have power to make an audience captive?"—London Times.

Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee" met with great favor when it was produced at Richmond, Va., Nov. 6. Some were surprised when they heard in the dialogue certain "Britishisms" as "I am for a soldier" instead of "I am going to be a soldier." Another expression in a moment of fervor which seemed to grate harshly was "Oh, I say!"

THE WORLD OF MUSIC  
"Probably nowhere else in London but at the Albert hall would it be possible to hear 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'The Last Rose of Summer' not only sung, but applauded very literally to the echo, by a vast audience which hung breathless on every note of these homely ditties."

An audience in Symphony hall would behave in the same manner.

Mme. Lydia Lipkowska of the Boston Opera House, when Boston rejoiced in

its own opera company, has been singing in cities of Australia with great success; operatic arias and songs. One group included songs by McDowell and Mabel Daniels. The Russian songs were sung in costume, and for the French songs Mme. Lipkowska donned a costume of the 18th century.

Mrs. Harriet R. G. Mullaly, the wife of that excellent musician and violinist, John Mullaly, has written music for the singing of "My County, 'Tis of Thee." The music is simple and effective. Pupils of the Abraham Lincoln school in Boston learned to sing it in 20 minutes. There are many who think that the words should be sung to music by an American.

Ravel's "La Valse" heard by the London Times's critic: "Whenever this is played, one says during the first third of the piece: 'What jolly stuff this is! Much better than I thought!' But long before it is over the opinion is reversed. The music becomes clumsy and the joke overstressed. It is strange that a Frenchman should so sin against the soul of wit."

A new opera, music by Alfred Bruneau, "The Garden of Paradise," produced at the Paris Opera, is based on a story by Hans Christian Andersen. A new opera at the Opera-Comique, Paris, is "Sainte Odile," music by Marcel Bertrand, 40 years old, already with three operas to his credit. He began to write "Sainte Odile" at the time of the armistice.

Another composer, Ernst Krenek, has had the courage to choose the story of Orpheus and Eurydice for an opera.

Felix Fourdrain is dead. He died just before the production of his opera, "La Griffe," at the Opera-Comique, Paris.

Joseph Holbrooke is writing an opera on a Maori legend.

Bruno Walter, who conducted a performance of the Boston Symphony orchestra, led a concert of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam last month.

Charles Hackett sang at San Sebastian for the pleasure of the King of Spain.

"SALLY COME UP"

We are indebted to Oliver Ditson Company for the complete text of "Sally Come Up," as sung by Dave Reed with unbounded success at the concerts of Buckley's Serenaders. Arranged for the pianoforte by Frederick Buckley:

1  
Massa's gone the news to hear,  
And he has left de overseer  
To look to all the niggers here,  
While I make love to Sally  
She's such a belle,  
A real dark swell,  
She dresses so slick and looks so well,  
Dars not a gal like Sally.  
Sally, come up!  
Oh, Sally go down!  
Oh Sally, come twist your heel around,  
De old man he's gone to town,  
Oh Sally come down de middle.

II  
Monday night I gave a ball,  
And I invite de niggers all,

The thick, the thin, the short, the tall,  
But none came up to Sally  
She's such a belle, etc.

III  
De fiddle was play'd a fiddle,  
Uddle Ned he shook de bone,  
Joe, he play'd de pine stick too,  
But I made love to Sally,  
She's such a belle, etc.

IV  
Sally has got a lubly nose,  
Flat across her face it grows,  
It sounds like thunder when it  
Such a lubly nose has Sally!  
She can smell a rat,  
So mind what you're at,  
It's rader sharp although it's flat  
Is the lubly nose ob Sally!  
Sally come up, etc.

THE DELIRIOUS CRITIC

Mr. Th. Ginkum writes: "As a member of a barn-storming mid-western symphony orchestra I have acquired a hobby for collecting gems of musical criticism. I take pleasure in submitting a flowery specimen from the enraptured pen of a Grand Rapids critic:"

"There is scarcely a more joyous or beautiful bit of orchestration than 'The Dance of the Happy Spirits' from Gluck's 'Orpheus.' This, taken from the first real operatic success of Gluck, fairly transports one into the realm of Fairydom. It seems as though the very spirit of the orchestra sat before her loom; through the warp and woof of the tone fabric weaving gossamer threads—with here and there veritable showers of pearls from the flute, strung like beads."

FREDERICK DELIUS

(From Philip Heseltine's Life of the English Composer)

In these days, when the possession of a little money can, and does, procure for the merest mediocrity not only widespread publicity but performances at important concerts and musical festivals, it may seem remarkable to some that Delius, who could at all times have afforded to blow his own trumpet, should never have cared to do so. He was 42 when his first big work was published, but he had been writing music for the past 20 years. . . . He preferred to give nothing to the world that he felt to be immature or below the level of the best of which he was capable. A composer who carries modesty and self-criticism to such a pitch is something of an enigma to our musical public. Here, they say, is a man 60 years old, who holds no official position in the musical life of his country, who does not teach in any of the academies, who is not even an honorary doctor of music; who, moreover, gives no concerts, makes no propaganda for his music, plays no instrument, nor even conducts an orchestra. Small wonder that he is neglected in favor of what one may, with a certain degree of accuracy, describe as the "press-gang" of British music.

"LIFE OF DANCER HARD," SAYS PUGH

When the girl in the audience sees that other girl on the stage, so beautiful in the glare of the footlights, so beautifully dressed, dancing to the dulcet strains of the band, with hundreds of eyes admiring her, hundreds of hands applauding her, with bouquets and boxes of chocolates—or maybe jewelry—being handed up to her by the conductor of the orchestra, and, afterwards, of men and boys and women of all ages and degrees waiting at the stage door to get a glimpse of her, then the girl in the audience thinks it must be heavenly to be a dancer.

I would like to take that girl to a house I know in a shabby-genteel quarter of London. It's a dingy-looking house, near a jam and pickle factory, and it reeks from morn to night of damaged fruit and acrid vinegar.

At the top of the house is a big, bare room with a highly-polished floor. One of the walls is just a series of big mirrors. To another wall, about three feet from the floor, is affixed a horizontal bar.

At one end is an old battered piano, horribly out of tune; at the other, an open door, revealing a small cloak-room cluttered with outdoor garments and indoor finery, gauzy petticoats, tights, lace scarves, cheap millinery, and clumsy thick-soled shoes, hanging on pegs and scattered about on chairs and tables and on the dusty boards.

At the other end, some of them broken and worn. Down the centre of the room a girl is whirling wildly round and round, another is throwing handspings, another revolving giddily, head over heels, in a cascade of cartwheels; others, in the corners, going through strenuous gymnastics that seems likely to dislocate every joint in their bodies.

Half-a-dozen more are practising at the bars, clutching the wooden rail with one hand whilst they flourish their legs and twist their limbs into all manner of ungainly contortions. They are all



like, hot, flushed and breathless, cross and tired.

And when the whirling girl sits down suddenly, involuntarily, with a thud, she utters a rather unladylike ejaculation. And the handspinning girl and the cartwheel girl and the girls in the corners and the girls at the horizontal bars laugh at her, unkindly, unmusically.

The ugly little man at the piano ceases playing and exclaims: "Now what's the matter, fathead?" The stout, matronly woman who is superintending the general proceedings throws up her hands, snorts and cries out: "Imbeciles! Idiots! Ach, what a crowd!" What do you do? Sprain yourself? Hot water—and vinegar—vinegar!

"Not vinegar!" blubbers the girl on the floor. "The smell of that's enough—up here—from the rotten factory!"

Two hours a day, sometimes twice a day, these girls are suffering these agonies—sore, swollen, sick, aching in every fibre as they go to bed at night, aching far worse as they crawl out of bed in the morning.

They are learning to dance. If they are extraordinarily clever and very, very lucky, and unusually strong and healthy and tough and patient, they may some day get their chance in the chorus of a third-rate show in a fifth-rate town, and earn a pound or even 30s a week. Out of that they will have to pay for board and lodging, clothes and other incidentals.

And in the mean time, whilst they are learning they are earning nothing. They may even be paying anything from a shilling to half a guinea a lesson for the privilege of trying and failing to do what hundreds of other girls are trying and failing to do, with no more chance of ever becoming la premiere danseuse than the callboy has of becoming an actor-manager.

That is, of course, unless they are exceptionally gifted, and can act and sing, as well as dance, really well.

So that for every girl in the audience who envies the dancer on the stage there are a dozen dancers on the stage envying the girl in the audience.

(London Daily Chronicle)

## Concerts of the Week

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Josef Hofmann, pianist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre. Second concert of the People's Symphony orchestra, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. See special notice.

\* **Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M.** John Steele, tenor.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. John Peirce, baritone; J. Angus Winter, accompanist. J. W. Frank, Wait Thou Still; Anon, So Sweete Is Shee; Arne, Polly Willis; Jensen, Alt Heidelberg; Schubert, Der Kreuzzug; Schumann, Mondnacht and an den Sonnenschein; Berger, Der Waldsee; Tchaikovsky, L'Heroisme; Old French, La Charnante Marguerite; Nerini, Rose, ne Croyez pas; Fourdrain, Chevauchee Cosaque; MacDowell, The Sea; Converse, Bright Star; Storey Smith, Faith; Atherton, 'Tis Not in Seeking; Homer, There's Heaven Above.

**FRIDAY**—Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

**SATURDAY**—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Mieczyslaw Muenz, pianist. Bach-Liszt Variations and Choral on a theme from the cantata "Weinen Klagen"; Bach, Menuet; Sgambati, Gavotte; Chopin, 24 preludes; Debussy, Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum and La Fille aux Cheveux de lin; Delibes-Dohnanyi, Nala.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Charles R. Cadman, composer and pianist, and the Princess Tsianina.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

## BEGGAR'S OPERA HAS LONG RUN

### Five Other Plays That Scored in London

The past weeks are announced of Mr. Nizer Playfair's revival at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, of the "The Beggar's Opera," which has been running for more than three years and a half. It was produced on June 6, 1920, and tonight will be played for the 1396th time. The date of withdrawal has not yet been definitely decided on, but it is probable that it will be within a month, so that this revival will take third place in the list of long runs of plays in London in recent years. The "record" is easily held by "Chu Chin Chow," which ran at His Majesty's Theatre for 2328 performances. The second place is held by "Charley's Aunt," which ran for over 1466 performances, not many more than "The Beggar's Opera" will have to its credit when it is at last withdrawn.

Five other plays—"Our Boys," "The Maid of the Mountains," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "A Chinese Honeymoon" and "Romance" have been played more than 1000 times; four more than 800 times, 12 more than 700, 17 more than 600, and 26 more than 500. With the withdrawal of "The Beggar's Opera" the "veteran" of the plays now running in the West End will be "Tons of Money," at the Aldwych, which has been played for more than 500 performances.

"The Beggar's Opera" created an earlier "record" for length of "run" when it was first produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1728. It was performed for 62 successive times! This remained unassailed for nearly a century. It was in 1821, at the Olympic Theatre, that it was broken, when the comic drama, "Tom and Jerry," was performed more than 100 times. This was the first piece to achieve that distinction; but in the years that have followed more than 1100 pieces have reached that number.

Seeing that Gay's opera has successfully defied one of the worst periods of depression ever experienced by the London theatres, it is rather ironical that it should be withdrawn just at a time when tardy prosperity has come to many of its competitors. On Jan. 19, 1922, there was a revised version, and then in succession, followed its second anniversary, its 1000th performance, and third anniversary. Mr. Frederick Ranalow has taken the part of Capt. Macheath throughout and has missed very few performances. Miss Sylvia Nells played the character of Polly for a great part of the "run," and Miss Violet Marquessita, Miss Elsie French and Mr. Frederick Davies have all appeared practically throughout.

(London Times)

## RAVEL FIASCO IN LONDON

Some eager and imaginative journalists—not musical critics—were wroth over the "Ravel Festival" of last week. Why was Queen's Hall more than half-empty on such a day? they asked. Where were Sir Henry Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir Landon Ronald, Sir Hugh Allen, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Gustav Holst, and all the other leading lights of British music? It was not suggested that these gentlemen should meet in the corridor, line up, and file in solemn procession past the platform to do homage to M. Ravel; but it was no more than their plain duty to be present. Why were they not there? It was asked again in ringing tones.

The only reason I can think of is that they had something better to do. I cannot understand why any one should have been there, except to see Ravel; and some of us have seen him already. Why the affair should have been called a festival at all is a mystery; it was just an ordinary concert of Ravel's music, such as one might hear any evening at any music club. No new work of his was to be given, and no orchestral work of any kind. Ravel's "conducting" was limited to his beating time in very angular fashion through his Septet, which would have gone quite as well without him; it would have been

no less gravely absurd to have had him beating time through the Quartet. He accompanied a few of his songs in the same dry style. Unless one wanted to see Ravel in the flesh, why should one have gone to Queen's Hall that afternoon? The Septet has few admirers over here. The songs and the piano pieces have even fewer; and on this occasion they were announced to be sung and played by a French baritone and a French pianist of whom, probably, not even the names were known to more than half a dozen people in all London, and who turned out to be so mediocre that one could only wonder at Ravel's choice of them—if his choice it were. There remained, as a possible attraction to the music-lover, only the Quartet; and that has had some excellent performances in London during the last couple of years. Why in the name of the treaty of Versailles should any one put himself out to attend a concert of this sort—except, perhaps, to take off his hat to France? But that act of politeness has led to colds enough in the head in the political world; musicians have become cautious.

The "Mother Goose" suite (1910) is now wearing rather thin. His latest orchestral work ("La Valse") and his recent piano work ("Le Tombeau de Couperin") show a decided decline in his talent. The "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" are not given often enough to establish themselves, and the "Daphnis et Chloe" ballet, which contains some of his very best writing, is not given at all. His opera, "L'Heure Espagnole," is always charming, but the music is not as good as the libretto. Few of his songs or piano pieces have won any real popularity in England. He is now in the sad position of a middle-aged composer who has failed to fulfil his early promise. His best and best-liked works are those of 10 to 20 years ago. Can it be laid as a sin to the charge of our public that they did not form queues outside Queen's Hall at dawn on the day of his "festival"? The afternoon's proceedings left us just where we were before them; we felt that in the quartet Ravel had produced a work of genius, while the rest of the music varied from the agreeable to the negligible.

(Ernest Newman, Oct. 26)

## A DRAMA LEAGUE

I think we shall wish the Drama League good luck if they are making a reasonable attempt to get the best plays to the people. Perhaps I don't mean precisely the best plays, but the plays best for them. It was one of the cherished Victorian illusions that children and navvies could instinctively appreciate fine art. Burne Jones pictures were placed before the Whitechapel rough, and we were asked to believe that his innate sense of beauty responded at once. It was nonsense, or, at any rate, it was nine-tenths nonsense. But it is well to keep on the top side of people. Good plays are better than bad, and people can be taught or induced to see it. This isn't going very far, perhaps, and even now there is enough of the Victorian spirit surviving to make us exaggerate sometimes the capacity for art of the virtuous poor. If we haven't the Victorian spirit, there is at least the "Old Vic" spirit. The other day "Cymbeline" was produced at the West End and it failed to draw. A friend who saw it wrote to me about this. He said that this failure had made people say slighting things about the capacity of the West End for the higher drama. I don't say that there was nothing in this, but his view was that the production had failed because it wasn't a good one. He mentioned some details, but I needn't enumerate those. Give a dog a bad name! I think that in proportion to the numbers there are more people at the West End than at the East End who can appreciate Shakespeare. As a democrat (or whatever we are), I should like it to be the other way, but I'm afraid it isn't. So let us encourage good plays and give our handicapped friends a chance.

(Manchester Guardian)

## ELSIE JANIS

By PHILIP HALE

Elsie Janis, assisted by Walter Verne, baritone; Rudolph Bocho, violinist, and Lester Hodges, pianist, gave a pleasing entertainment last night in Symphony hall. Miss Janis prefaced her first group of songs by explaining—as if an explanation had been necessary—why she had undertaken concert work: not that she thought she sang better than before—"I hope I do not sing worse"—but since her adventures in France she wished to be in closer contact with spectators and hearers than it was possible when she was in a play.

She sang two groups of songs; she danced; she gave "impressions," that is to say, imitations of popular stage folk. She necessarily was somewhat at a disadvantage on account of the size of the hall, for when she spoke she could hardly have been heard distinctly by

those not near the stage; when she sang lightly, those sitting back must have lost some of the lines; her facial play, which was most expressive, must have in a measure lost its full value.

But even with this inevitable disadvantage, she fascinated an audience of good size, by her versatility, her grace, her ability to act in song, her unflagging high spirits and good humor, and by occasional suggestions of the pathetic and even the tragic, as in the songs of the Cockney girl and her sister of Montmartre. In these two songs she was dramatic in a simple but not the less irresistible manner. She was especially happy in her singing of rags and other songs as a French favorite of the cafe-chantant would sing them in broken English and then in French, most amusing in her French view of "I Am Wild About Harry."

Her pliancy and her daintiness were without affectation, as was her own enjoyment of what she was doing. For her dances she gave one as a result of her "visit to Moscow," an Irish jig, and a rag-time dance. As for her imitations they have long been famous.

An agreeable feature of the entertainment was the good quality of those assisting her. Mr. Verne sang Nutting's "With You," Huhn's "Invictus" (W. E. Henly's poem); Wood's "A Brown Bird Singing" and Clarke's "Blind Ploughman." He added songs in response to the applause. His voice is a manly one well schooled. Mr. Bocho played the Meditation from "Thais," Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," Schubert's "Ave Maria" as translated by Wilhelm and Sarasate's "Caprice Basque." He has an agreeable tone and a technical proficiency that was not shown merely for pyrotechnical display. He, too, added to the program. Mr. Hodges accompanied admirably.

We have received so many letters about the text and authorship of the old song, "Sally Come Up" that through the courtesy of Oliver Ditson Company, The Herald publishes all the verses on the dramatic page of this issue. It appears that the song was sung by Dave Reed of Buckley's Serenaders.

Dave Reed was born in New York in 1830; he died there in 1906. As Mr. Edw. LeRoy Rice says in his "Monarchs of Minstrelsy": "He it was, with Dan Bryant, who did so much to popularize 'Shoo Fly' . . . and 'Sally Come Up' will always be identified with his memory. But as a bone player, Dave Reed is probably best remembered; his imitations of drums, horses running and the like were wonderful, the art practically died with him." About 1844 he was with a small traveling company. In 1856, Dave Reed's minstrels performed on the Mississippi steamer "James Raymond." He was with Bryant's minstrels, also Kelly and Leon's, and later he, his wife and four children were in vaudeville as the Reed Family, known also as the Reed Birds. He retired in 1903.

Mr. Rice says nothing about Reed's association with Buckley's Serenaders nor does he mention the fact that in 1881, Reed, with Dan Emmett, Archie Hughes, Sam Sanford, Frank Moran and Cool Burgess, was engaged for M. B. Leavitt's "Gigantean Minstrels." "They made," says Mr. Leavitt in his "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management," "a quick change from a modern first part to the ancient first part while the entire company sat in a semi-circle across the stage, and used the same musical instruments first employed in minstrelsy, viz., the jawbone, accordion, triangle, banjo, violin, bones and tambourine."

(From a restaurant's bill of fare)

Special: Spanish Omelet with Eggs...40

### ADD "COMMERCIAL CANDOR"

(Maywood, Ill., Herald)  
FOR SALE—ONE OLD BROKEN-DOWN acorn range, burns wood, sometimes hard to bake in, rusted, one leg gone, cheap, 1011 South Third Avenue.

**THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS**  
(New York dispatch to the Chicago Tribune)  
... inside the Metropolitan Opera House, where 4300 were seated in the famous Golden Horseshoe.

### WILDCATS AND GLASS

As the World Wags:

Two serious questions have been raised by your correspondents, fundamental questions. Both may be answered by the empirical method:

The wildness of the wildcat is not only revealed, but explained in recent news items setting forth the consternation in Athol caused by the appearance there of wildcats. A visit to Athol would supply the needed data.

Likewise as to the method of identifying Sandwich glass. Natives who have tried many devices declare that the best test is to take any given piece







hard to believe that Mr. Hofmann yesterday played the piano greatly.

His noisy violence, to be sure, which has marred his performances these last two years, was moderated yesterday. For his usual fret and fury he seemed, in truth, too weary. Weariness, too, alone can account for his mannered, small interpretation of the first movement of the Beethoven sonata, the shallowness of the adagio, the want of continuity in the allegro of the Chopin sonata, the frequent loss of rhythm through excessive fleetness, the lack of appreciation of the varied moods of Liszt's Polonaise. Though he held his amazing technique at his command, Mr. Hofmann had no command of mood.

During the afternoon, of course, he did some beautiful playing. The Sganibati minuet he played with an exquisitely subdued tone. The Chopin waltz went well, the "Music Box" went charmingly, brilliantly Mr. Hofmann's own piece and the waltz by "Edna Woods." Most notably of all Mr. Hofmann played, for an encore, the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," with a splendor of rhythm and a far-reaching, perfectly graded climax that made a grand effect. If only Mr. Hofmann chose to play oftener like that! The audience clamored for many encores. R. R. G.

### People's Symphony Assisted by Stuart Mason

The People's Symphony Orchestra gave the second concert of the season yesterday in St. James theatre. The program included Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony in F minor, Borodin's "The Steppes of Central Asia," Stuart Mason's "Rhapsody on a Persian Air" for the piano and orchestra, with Mr. Mason as soloist, and Auber's overture to his opera "Le Dieu et la Bayadere."

Mr. Mollenhauer chose a program of oriental impressions and programmatic music varying from the most Russian of Tchaikovsky's symphonies to the clear rhythms and infectious gaiety of Auber's overture, too seldom heard here. Although it is one of the best of his comic operas, it was last performed here at the Boston theatre in 1875 with Merlaci as the Cashmere dancer. The orchestra's playing of the overture was the best performance of the afternoon.

Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony has been called his most honest one, and least given to pessimistic brooding, with a scherzo of a fantastic lightness that is surprising. In a letter to his patroness, Mrs. von Meck, to whom he dedicated the symphony, he describes it as the attempt of the soul, tormented by fate, to seek happiness in the people. The People's Symphony Orchestra made the most of the finale that is based on folk tunes.

But, like the elderly lady who said to her neighbor, "I do like to hear the works of these young American composers," the audience was most enthusiastic at the playing of Stuart Mason's "Rhapsody on a Persian Air," that was first performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in April, 1921. Mr. Mason was recalled several times, both as a tribute to his music, and to his connection with the orchestra.

This is the fourth season of these concerts, and to judge by yesterday's audience, they are well attended and appreciated, as they deserve to be.

W 13 '22

A student in London collecting money recently for St. Bartholomew's Hospital made up as Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was taken to task for smoking a long clay pipe, for Dr. Johnson did not smoke. Boswell tells us that Johnson had a high opinion of smoking as a sedative influence, but in the "Journal to the Hebrides" we read that Johnson spoke to his chronicler as follows: "I remember when all the decent people in Lichfield got drunk every night, and were not the worse thought of. Ale was cheap, so you pressed strongly. When a man must bring a bottle of wine, he is not in such haste." (The two were talking of change of manners) Johnson went on to say: "Smoking has gone out. To be sure, it is a shocking thing, blowing smoke out of our mouths into other people's mouths, eyes and noses, and having the same thing done to us. Yet I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity, should have gone out. Every man has something by which he calms himself; beating with his feet, or so. I remember when people in England changed a shirt only once a week: a Pandour when he gets a shirt, greases it to make it last."

The London student represented Dr. Johnson as he should have been; for

Dr. Johnson was just the man to smoke a pipe; and a huge one. We see him now at the Porphyry in the chair that Old Chalmers once filed and graced, a chair near a front window. We see clouds of smoke around him. (We cannot imagine Dr. Johnson smoking a cigarette or a cigar.) We hear his thunderous "Sir" and "But," as he argues with old Mr. Auger over the European mess or discusses with graceless Eugene Golightly certain formulas for making ale, wine and gin as a household amusement. And the smoke finally envelopes the sage so that he is not seen, while the reverberating thunder of his voice frightens the new member, who in an adjoining room is writing countless letters on club paper to acquaint Tom, Dick and Harry, likewise Miss Maud and Miss Jane, of his greatly desired election.

### ADVANCING DEMOCRACY

The Hotel Mayer in Peoria has these words stamped on its stationery: "175 Rooms. All Outside: 80 with Private Bath: 95 with Community Bath."

### BOILED DOWN

As the World Wags:

In your column this morning is a letter written by R. D. of Cambridge to his laundress. To save time, couldn't he merely have quoted the old parody on "Woodman, Spare That Tree!"?

"Laundress! Spare that shirt,  
Make not a single tear,  
Just remove the dirt,  
But leave the buttons there;  
It covered me last week,  
I have no more to wear,  
For this shirt's life I speak,  
Please handle it with care."  
Boston, Nov. 9. C. E. BAILEY.

### ARMISTICE DAY, 1923

We are the dead, the rotting dead. Five years ago we fought and bled in France. We waded ankle deep in blood and brains and slime, and stemmed the flood.

Of Hunnish hate. We saved you then. And while we fought wild women and shrewd men.

Reeled "Flanders Fields" through dripping tears,  
Took profits fat and gave three rousing cheers.

How went the verse? "We shall not sleep.

Though poppies blow." We do not sleep! And yet we cannot blame you overmuch, You have your jazz, bad business, and such.

To occupy your minds. And so we rot in Argonne graves long since forgot. The latest show is simply great they say. The market broke ten points today.  
Boston. HALLIDAY.

### NONSENSE OR GYPSY?

As the World Wags:

Early in the 1800's there was a song that used to be sung for children, part of which descended to me. All I recall of it is as follows:

As I sat in my Humney Jumney,  
Humny, Jumny, Janty,  
There I see the Redney Cheek,  
Carrying off Compa-ney.  
Oh, if I had my Hitty Titty  
Hitty, Titty, Taney,  
I would stop the Redney Cheek  
Carrying off Compa-ney.

As I understand it, the Redney Cheek is the fox, and Compa-ney is a goose. What the "Humney Jumney" or the "Hitty Titty" may be, unless they are "home" and a "stick" I can't guess.

There is another, similar verse that the old folks used to sing. As I remember it, it ran thus:

"As I sat in my  
Whip-poor-willy,  
Looking through my  
Tip poor tilly,  
I saw a muddy  
Chase a puddy  
Into the woods  
And rinkum-ruddy."

In this case I believe the "muddy" is a dog, and the "puddy" is a pig. The rest is Greek to me, but maybe some of your readers can give me some light on the song and its meaning.  
Boston. E. F. C.

### ONE PENNIMAN

The question was asked recently in this column, who was John Ritts Penniman, who painted a picture of South Boston front in 1829.

As the World Wags:

I have an old U. S. Patent which I purchased some time ago in which a patent is granted to "John R. Penniman, a citizen of the United States, hath alleged that he has invented a new and useful improvement in the construction of a sofa and bedstead united, which may be used for either occasionally." The patent was granted on August 22, 1827, and the document is signed by J. Q. Adams as President, H. Clay, Secretary of State, and William Wirt, Attorney-General. It an-

pears to be the original patent for the so-called "Davenport" type of couch-bed which is in use in various forms today, manufactured by Kroehler, Pullman and others.

Inventor and artist so far—what were Penniman's other talents? G. G. R. Boston.

The English Dictionaries define "davenport" as an ornamented writing desk or escrettoire with drawers and hinged writing slab.

### A FEW QUESTIONS

As the World Wags:

Now comes word from England that a ship loses weight as it sails East. Did the ancient know it? Is there nothing stable on this planet? Is all our knowledge relative, temporary, fragmentary, fleeting? Is there a fixed North. Is matter, as we know it, eternal? Surely it is not of any one shape, weight or consistency at sea-level, at a fixed temperature and in sunlight.  
WM. B. WRIGHT.

### ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

(Seen in a barber shop window in Shelby, Ind.)

NOTICE—Men wanting work done in this shop and are waiting for their turns are not loafers. Loafers means when a man or boy comes in a barber shop and don't want nothing done. He is called a loafer and is not wanted.  
BARBER.

### "Two Fellows and a Girl" Full of Wooing

By PHILIP HALE

SELWYN THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Two Fellows and a Girl," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Vincent Lawrence. Produced by George M. Cohan.

Lea Ellery.....Ruth Shepley  
Thomas Ellery.....Jack Bennett  
Jack Moorland.....John Halliday  
Jim Dale.....Allan Dinehart  
Johnson.....George Smithfield  
Doris Wadsworth.....Claiborne Foster

Readers of Rabelais will remember that Judge Bridlegoose decided law cases by casting dice. This he did with great success and with a show of justice until his eyes became dim so that he could not see clearly the points or blobs and then he himself was brought to trial. Lea in this play was courted by Jack and Jim. After much holding of hands and sofa-talk until late hours, the suitors, staunch friends, told her she must make her choice. She flipped a coin and chose Jack. Later, like Bridlegoose, she was brought to trial.

Jim took her decision so manfully that when Jack was out of the room, Lea wept on Jim's shoulder and was consoled only by hugs and kisses. Jack, surprised them, was not at all grieved, and when Jim made his final exit Jack consoled the weeping Lea in similar manner. A long drawn out act, this first act, with many repetitions of situations, but entertaining to those interested in open exhibitions of courtship—and who in the large audience was not?

After five years Jim calls on the Moorlands. He is now a millionaire, having made a fortune in lumber far off in London. His visit is awaited by Jim with impatience. No thought of jealousy in his breast. Of course Jim had forgotten all about Lea. But Lea is in a flutter, all blushes. Before the arrival, there is much talk about the difference between men and women in matters of sentiment. Lea is vexed because her husband is reticent about his business affairs. She is sure that Jim is still in love with her, but this she keeps to herself. She, too, can be

reticent. The audience soon learns that Jim is still in love with Lea, but his love is unselfish, pure and noble. This he admits to himself. A scene of general rejoicing and cocktails. Jim must be their guest during his sojourn.

Now think for a moment what an ingenious French dramatist would have done with this situation.

But Doris enters, an outrageous flirt with an aggressive voice. She makes a dead set for Jim, who at first, still loyal to Lea, is indifferent. Jack is bound that Jim should be married. This pains Lea, but Jack plots, throws Doris at Jim's head, and she, nothing loath, finally ensnares poor Jim. Complications arise—a row between husband and wife, suspicions, rage, the threat to kill Jim, who returning to the house at 3 A. M., fairly "lik up," is discovered by Jack talking earnestly to Lea close to her on a sofa. Jim, to dispel any evil thought, calls up Doris by telephone to arrange a speedy marriage.

The play drags towards the end, and much of the scene in the third act between Jim and Doris is rapid chatter, but on the whole, in spite of the repetitions mentioned, the comedy is amusing by reason of the generally brisk dialogue, in which one is tempted to detect the fine Italian hand of Mr. Cohan,

and the excellence of the performance.

For Miss Shepley and Messrs. Halliday and Dinehart succeed in acquainting us with human beings, not merely puppets to serve a ventriloquist. Lea is light-headed, irresponsible, sentimental, not without vanity, easily wrought upon. At least, so Miss Shepley represents her by voice, significant facial expression and gesture, and she makes her attractive even when she is vacillating or pouting. Jack and Jim are finely differentiated in respect to character; Jack the easy going, lucky one; Jim of a more serious disposition, sworn to hopeless fidelity to Lea, and then caught by a shallow coquette. (It should be remembered that he did not become intoxicated, until after he had proposed to Doris, so there really was no excuse for his wooing.)

Yes, it is a sentimental comedy, which at times recalls the old picture—was it in a Harper's Magazine long ago?—of the old maid parishioner pouring molasses into the clergyman's teacup, and replying to his protest: "It can't be too sweet for you." This is the attitude of Messrs. Lawrence and Cohan towards the American public. But the audience, unlike the clergyman, is heard saying: "Four on!"

### CONSUELO ESCOBAR

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," by Verdi. San Carlo Opera Company. The cast:

Violetta.....Consuelo Escobar  
Flora.....Francesca Morosini  
Annina.....Phyllis Falc  
Alfredo.....Adamo Ohlappin  
Gastone.....Francesco Curoi  
Germont.....Mario Valle  
Baron.....Pietro Canova  
Doctor.....Natale Cervi  
Conductor, Carlo Peroni

Even if one swallow cannot make a summer, a single artist of quality and personality can accomplish something toward making an opera march. Miss Consuelo Escobar, a young soprano, said to be of Spanish birth, who sang Violetta last night, is blessed with a personality that makes one eagerly watch her every motion while she treads the stage, and look forward as well with interest to her coming appearances. She has good looks in her favor, youth and slenderness, a singularly pretty voice of real individuality and certain marked excellences of song.

For she is possessed of those two qualities without which nothing avails, feeling and imagination.

Miss Escobar had little to help her last night. Mr. Valle, to be sure, played old Germont with dignity and feeling, and Mr. Pavley and the corps de ballet gave a gipsy dance or two that brought life and color into the card room scene. As well as Mr. Pavley himself, who displayed a fine technique, a young woman with red hair distinguished herself by her technical proficiency and also by her power of characterization. Mr. Peroni had his times when the orchestra played excellently, but in moments of dramatic stress his players, perhaps because of fatigue, did not respond, and in the scene of the big ensemble Mr. Peroni gave over trying.

What might be done with "La Traviata." If a stage manager would really manage the stage, if the costumer would clothe the singers properly, if a conductor who knew his business could have a suitable orchestra to conduct, if able singers with acting ability could be found who would be willing to submit to the pruning off of a few old-fashioned cadenzas which disturb today! It was not with "Otello" or even "Aida" that Verdi began to write music dramas. Already in "La Traviata" he knew how to do it. Melody, orchestration, chorus, airs, even coloratura, all, with the exception of passages few and far between, all serve as mediums of expression. But to make the most of it a performance of intelligence is needful.

The audience was very large. The operas tonight will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." R. R. G.

COLONIAL THEATRE—George White's "Scandals," 1923 version; lyrics by E. G. DeSylva, E. Ray Goetz and Ballard MacDonald; music by George Gershwin, book by George White and William K. Wells; produced and staged by George White at the Globe Theatre New York, June 18; first time in Boston, with these principals: Lester Allen, Winnie Lightner, Tom Patricola, Richard Bold, Olive Vaughn, Alice Weaver, Newton Alexander, Thea Lightner, Helen Hudson, Béulah Berson, James Miller, Myra Cullen, the Tip Top Four, Charles Dornberger's Orchestra, the Tiller London Palace Girls.

To one of unimpaired vision, and of unflinching faith that for the pure in heart and mind it is safe to look at anything, once these latest "Scandals" come both as a revelation and a preachment. They are a revelation, not only of the female form in varied but always alluring molds, but of the opulence which is manifested in nearly every one of the more pretentious settings, and in all of the costumes. They subvert a preachment, in that their sponsors can remove 99 per cent. of the clothing of the ladies of the ensemble, and yet



serve a chaste and almost angelic atmosphere which serves nicely as the background for the plot.

For proof, see the jewel shop scene, so effectively with its white gowns and white costumes on nymphs of unmistakable beauty of face and figure. True, that one scene stands out from the others through sheer splendor of drapings and accoutrement, but it is still typical of the White standard, the White ambition, to outdo the other fellow if he and his designer have to add the bank and the whole of Paris to do it. Of course, Boston is a bit different from New York, and it is possible that it was necessary to bring over an extra car for the hundreds of tights and other furbelows which were deemed superfluous over there.

The White revue, for this season at least, is one of color, beauty and much comedy. In this last department Winnie Lightner, who slams over comic songs like Eva Tanguay before she lost the most of her exuberant spirits; Tom Patricia, who dances much like Fred Stone, and Lester Allen, who was funniest in his acrobatic dance in the burlesque Katinka number, carry the burden, and carry it lightly.

The show is not over rich in satirical numbers, though the take-off on the Moscow players had a comic climax, and the four-scene fantasy which began with the sale of old Manhattan led to Peter Stuyvesant by the Indians for a bottle of rum, and ended with a chanted debate between the reds and the blues, representing the wets and the dries, was noteworthy for clever lines and brisk action.

All of these, and much more of lively drollery, come in act one. The second act finds the humor more forced, the stage action less smoothly jointed. The burlesque balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet is unduly protracted. Only the precise dancing of the 12 Tiller girls and, for those who like that sort of stuff, the eccentric jazzing of Charles Dornberger's orchestra in a cafe scene, which closes the show, seem able to sustain the pace. Incidentally, Mr. Bold and Miss Hudson, Miss Berson, and the Tip Top quartet sing of roses, and lonesomeness, and various phases of blues. The living curtain, designed by Herbert Ward, proved to be one of the most innocent features of the entertainment; perhaps too much had been anticipated. Far more enticing, and daring, was the picture of the living statuery and the playing fountains in the "You and I" number. Another novelty was that of the little dancing dolls, too soon forgotten in the whirl of more pretentious numbers following. W. E. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"Very Good Eddie," a musical comedy in two acts and three scenes; book by Philip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton, lyrics by Schuyler Greene, music by Jerome Kern.

Steward..... Ralph M. Remley  
Monsieur De Rougemont..... Mark Kent  
Purser..... Harold Chase  
Dick Rivers..... Samuel Godfrey  
Mrs. Malropo..... Anna Layne  
Elsie Lilly..... Will Middleton  
Eddie Kettle..... Houston Richards  
Georgina Kettle..... Viola Roach  
Percy Darling..... Edward Darney  
Elsie Darling..... Adelyn Bushnell  
Al Cleveland..... Walter Gilbert  
Victoria Lake..... Marie Lalloz

The first musical comedy to be presented by the Boston Stock Company was rapturously received by last night's audience. The players chose to revive "Very Good Eddie," the first of the series of matchless musical farces that were produced at the Princess Theatre, New York. Lifting music by Jerome Kern and sprightly lyrics by Wodehouse or Greene adorned the witty farces by Guy Bolton. Those were the days when "books were books," and a vivid Cinderella yarn did not contain sufficient material for a libretto.

These intimate pieces need accomplished farceurs. "Very Good Eddie" in this instance found actors who were both cager and able to extract the humor from the now familiar complications. Miss Roach and Mr. Darney as the militant spouses and Miss Bushnell and Mr. Richards as the harassed innocents played animatedly with effectiveness. Unfortunately the latter had to contend with a memory—the memory of Ernest Truex in the same role. Mr. Richards often imitated the familiar mannerisms of Truex, but lacked his spontaneity and farcical earnestness. Mr. Gilbert quickened the pace of the performance as the hotel clerk; he delivered infectiously the song, "Some Little Bug." It is an excellent jingle and the actor blurred none of it. The duets—invariably in musical comedy—were gracefully sung by Miss Middleton and Mr. Godfrey. In every case the minor parts were more than adequately handled. J. C. M.

**COBLEY THEATRE**—A double bill, "Belinda," a play in three acts, and "The Stepmother," in one—both from the pen of A. A. Milne. "Belinda" has been seen here on the amateur stage,

but this is the first professional production in Boston. The cast:

**THE STEPMOTHER.**  
Perkins..... C. Wordley Hulst  
The Stranger..... Charles Hammond  
Lady Pembury..... Alice Bromley Wilson  
Sir John Pembury, M. P..... Harold West

**BELINDA.**  
Belinda..... Violet Paget  
Elsie..... May Ediss  
Della..... Katherine Standing  
Claude Devenish..... Philip Tonge  
Harold Baxter..... E. E. Clive  
John Tremaine..... Alan Mowbray

"It's silly," remarked a young lady in the audience about half-way through "Belinda." Of course it is; but such delightful nonsense! The author himself calls it "an April folly." April is the time of year; of April is the sentiment; even the birds in the trees—as we are informed by the oh, so soulful poet—are doing the usual April things.

Of course the people of the play are all a bit more gifted with sublime folly than even the time of year can account for. There is Baxter, who writes monographs on insanity statistics and keeps his clerical "bowler" always in his lap, because "it is quite safe where it is." He is in love with the heroine. As Mr. Clive played him, there was humor, a bit of pathos, and just enough of the ridiculous.

The one-act play which opened the evening is far superior in finish to its companion on the program. Completely novel in its treatment of the "boyhood folly" theme, it is as sure in its development of plot and delineation of character as anything Milne has written.

It is concise, graphic and true to life. Likewise, it is well performed. In totality of effect, it surpasses "Belinda," though it is hardly so amusing. Both pieces were well applauded by a large audience. W. E. G.

**PARK THEATRE**—"Scaramouche," a photoplay based on the novel by Rabel Sabatini. Produced by Rex Ingram. First time in Boston. The cast includes:

Andre-Louis Moreau..... Ramon Novarro  
Aline de Kercadiou..... Alice Terry  
The Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr..... Lewis Stone  
Quintin de Kercadiou..... Lloyd Ingraham  
The Countess Therese de Plougastel..... Julia Swayne Gordon  
The Chevalier de Chabrilane..... William Humphrey

Philippe de Vilmorin..... Otto Matiesen  
Georges Jacques Danton..... George Siegmann  
Le Chapelier..... Bowditch Turner  
Chalsau Binet..... James Marcus  
Climene Binet..... Edith Allen  
Madame Binet..... Lydia Yeamans Titus  
Polichinelle..... John George Rhodmond  
Maximilien Robespierre..... Nelson McDowell  
Jean Paul Marat..... Roy Coulson  
Louis XVI..... Edwin Argus  
Marie Antoinette..... Clotilde Delano

"Scaramouche" is one of the best of the French revolutionary films. Here, under the direction of Rex Ingram, is a picture of action, a cloak-and-sword drama, deftly handled, without excessive detail and with an economy in subtleties. What is more, it is a picture with humor, not grotesque or the result of a "gag" man's manipulations, but in character. Even in a reign of terror there were whimsies and Mr. Ingram has appreciated them. Each incident from Sabatini's somewhat prolix novel has been chosen with care and smoothly whipped into shape.

The story, not an unusual one, is of an eloquent young lawyer from the French provinces, who, to revenge his dead friend, masquerades as a strolling player, Scaramouche, the better to work his scheme against the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr, who is also in love with the same woman, Aline. Everywhere the marquis interferes and works his villainous wiles until, in the midst of revolutionary furtantes, he is trampled under foot.

Lewis Stone, as the Marquis, dominated the picture. It was not a case of a smiling damned villain, but a man of superb disdain, slowly forced into a corner by the rush of events. He was always the perfect aristocrat, never a mere play-actor.

Ramon Novarro, as Scaramouche, does a fine bit of acting. He has romantic presence and emotional control, but at times one wished he had more fire; especially when he learns that the Marquis is his unknown father, does he react slowly. Alice Terry, as Aline, is the traditional court coquette, always appealing, well-mannered, and very pretty.

Perhaps one of the best things about "Scaramouche" is the gathering rush of the revolutionists, as headed by Danton, a stirring figure, they storm the Tuilleries, to the singing of the "Marseillaise." George Siegmann, although he only appeared three or four times, created a real Danton.

"Scaramouche" is an excellent picture, intelligently produced and acted. If there were only more like it! E. G.

**TREMONT THEATRE**—Return engagement of George M. Cohan's Comedians in "Little Nellie Kelly," a "song and dance show" in two acts. "Words and music by George M. Cohan, musical

numbers staged by Julian Mitchell, Charles J. Gebest conducted. The cast: Charles J. Gebest..... Harold Vizard  
Willesley..... Edna Whistler  
Matilda..... Frank Otto  
Sidney Foster..... Joseph Niemeyer  
Harold Westcott..... Barrett Greenwood  
Jack Lloyd..... Robert Pihlin  
Francis Devere..... Dorothy Nowell  
Jenn..... Elizabeth Hines  
Nelle Kelly..... Georgia Calne  
Mrs. Langford..... Marion Sakl  
Mabel..... Charles King  
Jerry Conroy..... Arthur Deacon  
Capt. John Kelly..... Jean Palmer  
Miss Spendlington..... Mercer Templeton  
Ambrose Swift.....

No conquering Rhadames, returning from Ethiopia, was ever received with greater acclaim than that accorded the Kellys, the Conroys and their kind, back to the scene of their triumph at this theatre last evening.

And back with them came the entire original company, more zealous than ever, enjoying their work and having as much fun as the audience. Mr. Cohan chooses to qualify his entertainment as "a song and dance show." It is all of this, in a glorified sense. But it is something more, for there is a tangible story, conveniently interrupted by the dancing interpolations, now played in burlesque style, with here and there a moment of tense seriousness.

Elizabeth Hines was again seen as Nelle Kelly. She plays with a delightful naivete, without affectation, and Mr. Cohan discreetly does not put her songs beyond her limited voice. She is the girl of girls in the neighborhood.

Besides she reminded Jerry of his mother. Arthur Deacon again repeated his success as Officer Kelly and sang "The Name of Kelly" to several encores. And so much might he said in praise of the entire cast as well as the men and women of the chorus. The engagement is for four weeks. All Greater Boston will find it hard to crowd into this theatre in that time. T. A. R.

## PLAYS CONTINUING

**HOLLIS STREET**—"The Awful Truth." An amusing comedy well acted. Ina Claire and Bruce McRae. Last week.

**MAJESTIC**—"Caroline." A charming operetta, with Myrtle Schaaf and J. Harold Murphy.

**PEABODY PLAYHOUSE, 357** Charles street—"Ambush." A story play by Arthur Rahman, well acted. Second and last week.

**PLYMOUTH**—"The Cat and the Canary." A play of mystery and thrills. Last week.

**TREMONT TEMPLE**—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame." An elaborate and impressive film play based on Hugo's romance. Lon Chaney, Ernest Torrence and an unusually strong company. Ninth week.

**WILBUR**—"Sally, Irene and Mary." A joyous musical comedy of phases of New York life, with Eddie Dowling. Louise Brown and the New York cast. Fifteenth week.

## BUKH'S GYMNASTS

Sir Niels Bukh, founder of People's College at Ollerup, Denmark, a leading figure in physical education development in Europe, presented 23 of his pupils at Symphony hall last night before an appreciative house, that marvelled at the calisthenics performed by the individuals and teams. The athletes numbered 14 young men and 14 young women.

The Danish invaders in the interest of universal physical education are touring the large cities of the East demonstrating the Bukh system. Its originator claims it has revolutionized physical culture on the continent, and that even the British admiralty has just announced its adoption for the English navy.

Bukh has obtained the sanction of such organizations as the Playground and Recreation Association of America, the Russell Sage Foundation and Teachers' College of Columbia University. Under these auspices he is conducting his tour.

As demonstrated here last night the Bukh system is divided into two parts, primitive or fundamental and secondary rhythmic gymnastics.

There was plenty of action and speed in the primitive exercises, especially when the men were at work. It was whirlwind business that made the audience gasp, though the performers always seemed to have plenty of wind left, for they kept up their pivoting and toe-jumping and jack-knifing without a stop for 20 minutes.

The rhythmic numbers, if not quite so cyclonic, were no less surprising. The air was full of handspinning, somersaulting humanity. One of the many feats was jumping to a height, followed by a handspinning. Bukh said

it was executed as one motion. The spectators did not exactly know how it was done, but they applauded for a full minute.

The girls interspersed their various numbers with folk songs.

Our fathers' deeds, Caesar, thou dost revive,  
Preserve the grayest ages still alive;  
The antiquated Latian games renew,  
The fight with simple fists thy sands do show.

MARTIAL.

## ON THE SOLAR PLEXUS

As the World Wars:

The first appearance of the solar plexus blow in pugilistic history was when by means of it Robert Fitzsimmons knocked out James J. Corbett, and thereby won the championship of the world.

Pugilists did not knock each other out until after gloves were used. In the old days, of bare fists, pugilists were forced to guard against the danger of breaking their hands, so that they never could hit really hard. The greatest danger, of course, lay in striking the other man on the head, especially on the back of it. Presumably the same danger would not exist in the neighborhood of the solar plexus, but the fact that the danger existed in the case of blows aimed for the face, prevented pugilists from developing a system of fighting which allowed for any unrestrained blows. In the old-time prize ring, pugilists counted almost entirely on straight jabs with the left hand, and usually won by puffing up an opponent's face so that he could not see, combined with wearing him out by wrestling, which was then allowed.

When the Marquis of Queensberry rules were introduced, and then gloves, fighting was revolutionized. The abolition of wrestling prevented the wearing out of an opponent in that manner, and the gloves prevented closing up his eyes. The first new development was the swinging blow, introduced, I believe, by John L. Sullivan. If this blow landed on the other man's jaw, it knocked him out, and the blow could safely be launched with full force, without regard to whether or not it would land accurately, for if it went wrong and struck the back of the opponent's head, the padding of the glove protected the hand which delivered the blow.

Fitzsimmons was the first man who applied the same principle of an unrestrained blow to the solar plexus. Corbett never thought of guarding against this blow, so that, although he was much cleverer than Fitzsimmons, the latter was able to catch him practically unguarded in this respect.

The ancients had no developed system of boxing in the modern sense, i. e., they had no idea of making the weight of the body contribute to the force of a blow. The modern pugilist with his padded glove, is only able to deliver a blow strong enough to knock out a man, by using the whole weight of his body. The old prize-ring, bare-knuckle fighter did not drive in his whole body to the same extent, but he put a certain amount of weight behind his jab. The ancient pugilist had no idea of anything of this kind at all; he merely used his arms like flails, which was the reason of the cestus, for without some such weapon as the hard leather and lead which composed it, the ancient pugilist could not have inflicted any material damage on an opponent. RAPITO. Boston.

## WITHOUT GLOVES

Does "Rapito" mean to say that there were no knockout blows before gloves were donned by the pugilists?

When Heenan fought King, he knocked him into the air, "so that in falling his head struck the ground first, and he did not come to time, and there the fight ended by the rules of the ring." We quote from Charles Reade's "The Coming Man." Reade adds: "I saw this blow given. It was a left-handed blow."

When Harry Broome sparred at a "benefit" with Jem Ward, champion of England from 1826 to 1831, Ward said to him: "Now, Harry, here's my nut; get at it, if you can; but remember I am an old man, and don't take liberties with me here," putting his head on his belly. But Broome hit him on the bread-basket. Ward felt sick. Recovering, he let out his left and knocked Mr. Broome clean off the stage so that he did not come again. It is true that in this fight soft gloves were used, "not the sanguinary cestus, that has been lately invented for public shows."



## IN OLD TIMES

"Rapito" says that the ancients had "no developed system of boxing"; i. e., they had no idea of making the weight of the body contribute to the force of the blow. . . . The ancient pugilist merely used his arms like flails."

We cannot agree with "Rapito." They knew how to inflict blows with skill; they were cunning in the art of avoiding them. Take the case of Melankomas, who lived in the reign of Titus. He possessed the art of tiring out his opponent without once punching him. He stood up, his arms spread out. In vain did the other man try to hit him. Melankomas stood thus for two days, and at the end his opponent, exhausted, yielded him the victory. It was said of Melankomas that he looked with contemptuous pity on his comrades who bashed one the other and left the ring disfigured, mutilated.

Anarchasis, in a dialogue of Lucian's, arriving at Athens, wondered at the athletic exercises he witnessed. He said to his friend and host, one Solon, as they stood in the Lyceum: "No sooner have they thus sanded themselves than they fall foul on one another with fists and heels. Do you see him yonder, who is getting such severe blows on the jaws? The poor devil seems to be spitting out half his teeth, with the blood and dirt with which his mouth is filled. How comes it that the man of quality there does not interfere, and by parting them, put an end to their strife? For, to judge from his purple robe, he should be one of the archons. But, marvellous! he it is that urges them on, and applauds him who deals the hardest blows to the others." Anarchasis probably saw the "pancratium," a contest in which boxing and wrestling were combined. In this trial of manly strength the cestus was not used; if it was used, it was made of bands of leather, not the terrible weapon loaded with lead and iron of later times.

## ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS."

(Seen in Portsmouth, O.)

"Physiognomical Hair-Cutting and Extatic Shaving.—Mrs. Frank White."

## A COURTEOUS CORRECTION

(Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.)

The story that was put in the paper about Will Kinsler and Harry Ryan was not true. He did not sell his onions and beat me out of my wages.—WILL KINSLER.

## LORD ERNEST IN ERROR

As the World Wags:

On page 220 in Lord Ernest Hamilton's new book, "Old Days and New," are these words: "She (Patti) was singing at that time with Nicolini, who—although an Italian and a tenor—was so far below standard that it was impossible even for the most kindly disposed people to rave over him."

As we have stated before, Nicolini's name was Ernest Nicolas. He was a Frenchman by birth and descent, born at Tours in 1834. If you persist in doubting our word, please consult the official "Dictionnaire des Lauriers," published by the Paris Conservatory. Grove's Dictionary of Music says he was the son of a hotel keeper; but when it gives St. Malo as his birthplace it is mistaken.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Pagliacci,"** an opera in two acts by Leoncavallo, preceded by "Cavalleria Rusticana," an opera in one act by Mascagni; conducted by Carlo Peroni. Casts:

## CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

Santuzza.....Blanca Saroya  
Lola.....Stella DeMotte  
Mama Lucia.....Beatrice Altieri  
Turiddu.....Manuel Salazar  
Alfio.....Giuseppe Interrante

## PAGLIACCI

Nedda.....Elena Ehlers  
Canio.....Gaetano Tommasini  
Tonio.....Mario Basile  
Silvio.....Giuseppe Interrante  
Beppo.....Francesco Curci

Often, the performances of the San Carlo Company this year have revealed one artist of commanding talent surrounded by an ensemble decidedly inferior. The presentation last evening of the "operatic twins"—"Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"—was not an exception. In the first opera, the Santuzza, Blanca Saroya, and in the second, the Canio, Gaetano Tommasini, rose above the level of the commonplace by superior vocal and dramatic ability.

The settings, the costuming, the orchestra, the chorus, and the supporting principals were best characterized as indifferent. It is true that Mr. Peroni achieved finer things with his musicians than he has obtained previously this season, but the total result was no more than adequate. The settings were the same that have been seen here in other years.

The two works were treated by the leading singers as so many opportunities wherein the individual might ex-

hibit his voice to win the applause of the audience.

Vigorous, powerful music of passionate emotion became in the hands of the company melodious numbers stripped of dramatic significance.

Alone in "Cavalleria," Mme. Saroya offered a vivid and sincere characterization. Of great personal beauty and considerable pantomimic ability, she made her interpretation notable. Neither Mr. Salazar nor Mr. Interrante lacked charm of voice, but they sacrificed fidelity to display.

Mr. Tommasini dominated "Pagliacci." His conception of the part was a careful combination of the ludicrous and the tragic elements in Leoncavallo's character. The pitfalls into which the unwary and uncritical Canio may fall, Mr. Tommasini avoided. He sang well, but never ostentatiously well.

In both operas the chorus was effective. But it hardly seems necessary to destroy illusion by dressing Sicilian peasants in "Cavalleria" and Italian peasants of "Pagliacci" in exactly the same costumes. J. C. M.

Gordon's Olympia—"Ponjola," a film based on the novel by Cynthia Stockley.

## The cast includes:

Desmond.....Anna Q. Nilsson  
Lundi Druro.....James Kirkwood  
Count Blauhmel.....Tully Marshall  
Conrad Lyplatt.....Joseph Kilgour  
Eric Luff.....Bernard Randall  
Gay Lyplatt.....Ruth Clifford  
Luchia Luff.....Claire DuBrey  
Mrs. Hope.....Claire McDowell

As the judge said when the jury acquitted Lady Tyrecastle of murder, "It could never have happened anywhere but in Rhodesia," so "Ponjola." Given a melodramatic situation, a remote country, and realistic settings, any story will seem plausible, so "Ponjola." Ponjola, it must be explained, is the national intoxicant of Rhodesia, and in the picture one is treated to glimpses of its pernicious effects, now on one Lundi Druro, a buoyant gold miner with faith in Africa, and now on a weary baron, disillusioned by his prospecting.

"Ponjola" slips easily from Paris, and a gay rendezvous where Lady Tyrecastle, who is accused of murder, dines with an unknown visitor from Rhodesia, to African outposts where gold mines and beaded natives furnish local color. Here the lady, now disguised as an attractive youth, discovers that the unknown man is Lundi Druro, who is dying slowly from ponjola. For the rest, there is suspense in the concealment of her identity, until she has "saved" him, cleared her own name and married him.

The sudden transition from Paris to Rhodesia was a bit confusing, but none the less welcome. Anna Nilsson was a refreshing change from the accustomed movie fare. Herolmes masquerading as young men have come to stay. Perhaps the next stage in the art of make-up will be men in women's guise.

"Ponjola" is an interesting picture; it has elements of suspense, a good example of what ponjola can do to a man, in James Kirkwood, and some sly humor in native parlance and custom.

✦ ✦ ✦

Loew's State—"Woman Proof," a George Ade picture. The cast includes:

Tom Rockwood, an engineer  
Thomas Melghan  
Louise Halliday, his fiancée.....Lila Lee  
Milo Bleech, a lawyer.....John Sainpolis  
Wilma Rockwood.....Louise Dresser  
Dick Rockwood.....Robert Agnew  
Violet Lynwood.....Mary Astor  
Cecil Updyke.....Edgar Norton  
Uncle Joe Gloomer.....Charles A. Sellen  
Bill Burleigh.....George O'Brien  
Celeste Rockwood.....Vera Reynolds  
Col. Lynwood.....Hardee Krieland  
Wistful Wooster.....Martha Maddox  
Isaac Dirge.....Mike Donlin  
Foreman.....Mike Donlin

"Woman Proof" begins in the spirit of George Ade's fables in slang, with each title barbed, but somewhere in the midst of his fabling, the slang gives way to convention. However, with such grotesques as Isaac Dirge, man-of-all-work, idly snipping string beans with a pair of shears, and Joe Gloomer, with his tales of women who poisoned their husbands by doughnuts, even an occasional lapse in title is excusable.

Was Tom Rockwood woman-proof? A family of four heirs must marry within a specified time or forfeit their inheritance. The time approaches, and only Tom holds aloof, engrossed in his engineering. Even the organized campaign, prefaced by newspaper announcements, fails to "inviggle" him into marrying one of the army of flappers, "zippers" or old-fashioned girls. Letters, appealing glances from maiden ladies who would share his fortune, mothers with daughters, invade his privacy. Still he is woman-proof.

Eventually he falls in love, but the girl refuses to marry him when she hears of the conditions of the inheritance. It all ends happily, however, with four marriages at the last minute, performed by radio on board ship.

A slight story, brightened by George Ade touches, and amusing most of the time, with a capable cast. E. G.

✦ ✦ ✦

The advance agents of Sir John Martin Harvey, who will soon make his appearance at the Boston Opera House, are hyphenating Martin and Harvey. Why? He does not appear thus hyphenated in the last edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre" (1922). Martin and Harvey are not connected by a hyphen in the life of the actor by George Edgar. Is the hyphen supposed to be a magnet at the box office? Is not "Sir" enough?

To state that the performance of a play is "the first in Boston" is risky. "Belinda," Mr. Milne's amusing comedy, was brought out here several seasons ago by the Footlight Club. True, these players are amateurs, but they give excellent performances, and, as the record should stand, their production was the first.

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening has been slightly changed. "The Rosy City," by Roussel, will be performed instead of his "For a Spring Festival." "The Rosy City" is the second of three "Evocations" inspired by Roussel's journey to India and Cochinchina when he was a junior officer on a French armored cruiser. "The Rosy City" has been performed in Philadelphia and Chicago. The other orchestral pieces will be Dvorak's Symphony No. 2 and Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain." Roland Hayes will sing an air from Mozart's "Così fan tutte," "The Repose of the Holy Family" from "The Flight into Egypt," by Berlioz—this beautiful air was first sung at a Handel and Haydn concert by Charles R. Adams—and two Negro Spirituals.

The artistic life of Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, has been remarkable. Born in a little town in Georgia, having attended Fisk University at Nashville, he came to Boston in 1911. Here he worked to support himself; here he studied singing. He soon began to give recitals. The lovely quality of his voice and his skilful use of it soon became recognized. Going to Europe, he first sang in London. His success was great. He sang there in recitals and with orchestra; also throughout the English provinces, in Ireland and in Scotland. He had the honor of being commanded to sing before the King and Queen.

In Paris he gave about 60 concerts in the salons of the nobility and sang with orchestra at a Colonne concert. Then followed his triumphs in Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Whether he sang in English, French, Italian, German, his voice, vocal skill, taste, pronunciation and diction were applauded in the various cities.

Late in January, after a tour in this country, he will revisit Europe to fill engagements for six months in the countries above named, also in Italy.

Mr. Newman will give the first of his richly illustrated Travel Talks on South America tomorrow night in Symphony hall.

In New York, when Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" was playing, a man inquiring about the play, said: "Of course, I know Cymbeline; he's Alma Gluck's husband; but does he fiddle in the play?"

Stuart Mason's charming "Rhapsody on a Persian Air" will be performed at a concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra, Wallace Goodrich conductor, tomorrow night in Jordan Hall. This rhapsody, one of the most original, finely conceived and executed works by an American, has been played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and last Sunday the People's Symphony orchestra performed it. Mr. Mason will, as before, play the piano part. He is a member of the Conservatory faculty. His admirable reviews of concerts and operas are a leading feature of the Christian Science Monitor. The other numbers on the program will be Lalo's overture to "Le Roi d'ys," Wagner's "Forest Murmurs" and Beethoven's 5th symphony.

The Backhouse String quartet gave a concert in Jordan Hall tonight. The Duncan Dancers, assisted by Mr. Diaz, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera House, will "Interpret" Gluck's "Orpheus" and give other dances in Symphony hall tonight. Mr. Munz, a pianist of much

more than ordinary ability, will play next Saturday afternoon in Jordan hall, in which Charles R. Cadman and the Princess Tslania will give a concert in the evening.

Sunday: In Symphony hall, at 3:30 P. M., concert for the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. A Wagnerian program, with Mme. Matzenauer, soloist. In the same hall at night, the Ukrainian chorus, with Mr. Beloussov, cellist. At the St. James Theatre, at 3:30 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra.

The Herald published last Sunday the complete text of "Sally Come Up," through the courtesy of Mr. Roland B. Winterton, who has been connected for many years with the Oliver Ditson Company.

"Mt. Bowdoin" writes that G. Swayne Buckley "immortalized" the song in the minstrel hall opposite old Trinity Church, Summer street, in the "sixties," as he also did "Music on the Brain" and "The Rocky Road to Dublin." (The published song mentions Dave Reed as the singer at Buckley's.)

Our correspondent continues: "At this time serenading was common in Boston nearly every night. On one of these nights a merry party of musical rolsters dared one of their number, who was an organist, to play as a postlude at a funeral on the following day while the coffin was borne down the centre aisle at the close of the obsequies. 'Sally Come Down the Middle.' The deceased was a maiden lady named Sarah. No one thought he would have dared, but all the party attended. He performed his part in a most artistic manner, playing brilliantly, while through the solemn and gorgeous organ strains could be faintly heard, 'Sally Come Down the Middle.'"

Thomas Hardy's new play, "The Queen of Cornwall," was announced for performance by the Dorset Players on this day and for publication in book form by MacMillan tomorrow.

Mr. W. H. Cheever of Nashua, N. H., writes: "My memory is that in the 60's, either at Buckley's Serenaders or Morris Bros., both located on Summer street, Tip Blood sang 'The Ham Fat Man.' I wish to contribute some lines not included in your reconstruction. 'The Ham Fat Man! The Ham Fat Man!'

He was a good-looking Ham Fat Man. He gave the old woman to understand He'd a wife and seven little Ham Fat mans."

A T. of North Attleboro sends this version:

If I wants a bully dinner I knows what to do,

I never mind the roast beef or the hishy-hashy stew,

But I gets a chunk of a three-pound loaf and I nalls that frying pan.

Ooch! That's the stuff to fill the stomach of the Ham Fat Man.

Ham fat, ham fat, frying in the pan,

Ham fat, ham fat, yiggy, yiggy yan.

Roll it in the kitchen boys, fast as you can.

Rooksie, ooksie, cooksie, I'm the Ham Fat man.

M. U. L.'s lines must wait till tomorrow.

## MME. SAROYA GIVES

## A FINE "MARGUERITE"

## Presentation of "Faust" Is Pleasing and Effective

The opera yesterday afternoon was Gounod's "Faust." The performance by the San Carlo Grand Opera Company pleased an audience of rather small size. The chief parts were taken by Mmes. Saroya and de Mette, and Messrs. Onofri, Interrante and De Binski. Of late years it has been the fashion even in Paris to sneer, or at least speak lightly, of "Faust" and "Carmen" as works of art; but these operas hold their own, and will no doubt continue to draw audiences long after the sneerers are reduced to dust and ashes. Debussy, as a music critic, amazed the younger and more radical of his contemporaries by his stout defence of Gounod's "Faust."

To say that the libretto is not Goethe's great poem has nothing to do with the merits of the music. Marguerite and Mephistopheles are close or far from the poet's characters as they are represented by the singers. Marguerite need not necessarily be a French glove-box picture; Mephistopheles need not be a Boulevardier or merely a comic devil. Audiences as a rule are chiefly concerned with the vocal quality of the performance, the effect of the ensemble, the nature of the scenic production.

Mme. Saroya gave an interesting portrayal of Marguerite. Mr. Onofri is an agreeable lyric tenor. Mr. De Blas, acting in a spirited manner, was demonstrative in that he was not always true to the pitch. Mr. Interrante had an impressive stage presence. Perhaps the most effective feature of the performance was the scene at Marguerite's window. Altogether not an inspired performance.



**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—"Lucia di Lammermoor" by Donizetti. The San Carlo Grand Opera company. The cast: Ashton.....Mario Valle  
Edgardo.....Consuelo Escobar  
Norman.....Manuel Salazar  
Raymond.....Natalie Cervi  
Sylvia.....Antonio Canova  
Alfonso.....Philine Falco  
Arturo.....Francesco Curci  
Conductor.....Carlo Peroni

It is a true guess that Mr. Fortune Gallo aims to produce opera here after the fashion of opera in Bologna, say, or Ferrara, last night's performance must have filled his soul with content. To begin with, there was "Lucia," dear to the heart of an Italian provincial audience, so dear that it is not necessary to throw money away on costumes, stage settings or stage management. To accompany the singing he had a fairly good orchestra with a man who knew what was expected of him to conduct it. On the stage he had mustered a small chorus of good voices, competent people to fill the small roles, a bass, a baritone and a tenor of lusty voice, each of whom knew his job, and a young soprano of lovely voice heretofore not well known (Italians love a surprise). The audience was large and generous with applause. What more could Mr. Gallo, if he guess at his aims is shrewd, demand?

A more attractive soprano than Miss Escobar he certainly is not likely to find in a hurry. Her delightful voice, though, like herself, very small, is of an exquisite purity, the kind of a voice that easily takes on color. Its slender volume, if only she will continue valiantly to resist the temptation to force her tone, need not worry Miss Escobar, for, so excellent has been her training on the whole, that her voice can carry above a considerable din; and if it will not carry when properly emitted, no amount of driving will make it carry better.

With so beautiful a voice at her command, and rare personal charm as well, it is much to the credit of Miss Escobar that she should have taken the pains to learn to sing so well, with so smooth a legato, such clear enunciation, with a neatness of coloratura which already approaches the brilliancy usually born only of long experience. Of the fine points of coloratura singing indeed—when to stress a passage, when to make of one the nearest ornament with no disturbance to the melody—Miss Escobar has a deeper understanding than many a singer of greater repute. Recitatives, on the other hand, she manages with intelligence.

Though not an actress of skill, by rusting to her head and to her heart and by her wise economy of gesture, Miss Escobar made of Lucia an appealing figure. Thoughtfully she had lanned the action of her mad scene; he made it truly pathetic, and beautifully she sang the music. If only she develops in accordance with the promise of her Lucia and her Violetta, Miss Escobar ought to become a singer and actress of rare accomplishment.

R. R. G.

## EDDIE LEONARD TOPS KEITH'S RHYTHM

Eddie Leonard, at the head of a troupe of blackface minstrels, in a 20-minute skit, "The New Is Old—The Old Is New," is the feature of an excellent bill at Keith's this week. Leonard is no stranger to Boston, especially to the older generation—those who attended the old minstrel shows in this city two or more decades ago.

That the old-time songs are still favorites was clearly evinced from the number of calls for the rendition of "Roly, Poly Eyes," "Ida, Sweetener Than the Apple Cider," Leonard obligingly sung both in his inimitable style, the lilting melodies being emphasized with the curious shuffling style of soft shoe dancing always associated with Leonard. The dancing of Jack Russell, with the Leonard troupe, as well as the banjo playing of the others in the company, are worthy of special mention.

"Wee" George Wood, versatile English youthful actor, in a sketch, "His Black Hand," assisted by Dolly Hamer and Tom Blacklock, furnished 15 minutes of entertainment. The offering was well received.

Eddie Kane and Jay Herman, vaudeville favorites, in "The Midnight Sons," were productive of laughs while on the stage. Clever lines make up the act. The miniature concert of the Boston University Mandolin Club in which 30 girl students from the College of Secretarial Science and Audrey Ware, solo dancers, take part, was well received. There were a large number of Boston University friends present at both performances yesterday.

Other acts on the program included Thea Alba, "The Wonder Girl," Keller Sisters and Frank Lynch in "Spirit of Youth," Man and Snyder, "Master Athletes," Stella Tracy and Carl McBride and the movies.

**OPERA HOUSE**—The San Carlo Opera company in "La Boheme"—opera in four acts by Puccini. Mr. Peroni conducted. The cast:

Mimi.....Anne Rosello  
Rodolfo.....Demetrio Osofrel  
Musetta.....Elena Elberta  
Marcel.....Mario Valle  
Colline.....Pietro De Biasi  
Schaunard.....Giuseppe Intermante  
Benoit.....Natalie Cervi  
Alcindoro.....Natalie Cervi

There is something about operas of the type of "La Boheme" which appeals particularly to those who perform in them. Being, as they are, the operatic equivalent for the "intimate" play of which we are so fond, at the present time, they somehow feel more "real," less stilted and artificial, than do those of the older, heroic type. Here is no romance of "high and far-off times," no super-heroic plot. There are no long processions of ill-trained soldiers with tin spears, no searching after the strange and outlandish. Like "Butterfly," "La Boheme" is a simple tale, simply told. Two people meet, love, quarrel, "make up" again, not once but several times. One of them dies and the other feels to the full how much he has lost. A straight-forward tale; unadorned and without complication. But a "human" one. Even Galsworthy has produced nothing more moving.

Doubtless it is this feeling of essential reality that gave the artists confidence in their parts. Seldom has a more spirited performance been seen. The cast is exceptionally well balanced and the players well suited to their roles. The heroines (for both parts are strong ones) are young and slender and have excellent voices, the tenor gracefully melencholic. The basso has a fine aria in the last act (which he does very well) and the baritones sing with vigor and elan.

As for the music, it is similar in style to Puccini's other great favorite "Butterfly." Without the grand climaxes of the classic style, it is full of fine melodic lines, most of which are passed over swiftly without development, and many delicate touches which would have made a foundation of a smashing aria for a musician of the old school. And today, this seems to be the popular treatment.

The performance was fortunate too in having excellent costumes. Seeing them, one is reminded fully how much those details help or hinder. Perhaps the clothing of the 80's is easier to obtain than corsets and greaves, but at all events the visit to the wardrobe room was more fortunate than it has sometimes been in the past. And the settings were (for opera) very good.

That of the plaza before the Cafe Momus, added much to a particularly effective scene. Nor among the "little" things should one forget the acting which at all times enlivened the performance. The bits of business which one and all introduced heightened greatly the ensemble effect.

All in all, a smooth performance, and one enthusiastically applauded by a large house.

W. R. B.

## PEIRCE, BARITONE.

John Peirce, baritone, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. J. Angus Winter was the accompanist. The program was as follows: J. W. Frank, "Wait thou still"; Anon, "So Sweete Is Shee"; Arme, Polly Willis; Jensen, "Alt Heideberg"; Schubert, "Der Kreuzzug"; Schumann, "Mondnacht und An den Sonnenschein"; Berger, "Der Waldsee"; Tchaikovsky, "L'Herolme"; Old French, "La charmante Marguerite, Nerini, Rose, ne croyez pas"; Faurdraln, "Chevauchee Cosaque"; Macdowell, "The Sea"; Converse, "Bright Star"; Storey Smith, "Falth"; Atherton, "Tis not in seeking; Homer, "There's Heaven above."

Though Mr. Peirce had evidently no intention of singing a program of songs so over-driven that the very sight of their names makes one yawn, he did not rush to the opposite extreme of singing mostly trash whose only virtue lies in its newness. Cunningly he mixed in his program the familiar and the new, to the consequent pleasure of his audience. He is especially to be thanked for choosing American songs which, one may be sure, need not make patriots blush for our country; the only pity is they came too late in the evening for everybody to hear.

Blessed with a voice of range and quality, Mr. Peirce has shown the good sense to have it admirably trained. A musical person beyond a doubt, and intelligent too, who knows full well how songs should sound, Mr. Peirce ought to be told plainly that at present he does not make songs sound to the audience as he must wish.

He needs to give more freely, of accent, color, light and shade, of variation in tempo. If for a period of some months Mr. Peirce would lay by his

songs and devote himself to singing Italian operatic scenes and arias, and Wagner excerpts, too, as operatically as he can contrive—and then, more extravagantly still, he would find he could sing songs the better for the experience. It is too bad that Mr. Peirce, with his fine voice, his skilled technique and his musical intelligence, should let reserve keep him from his best. He may, of course, have sung the latter part of his program with greater warmth and variety than he did the first. R. R. G.

## DUNCAN DANCERS IN

There was unusual entertainment last night in Symphony hall. Max Rabinowitsch began it by playing on a piano crowded into the left hand corner of the stage a Chopin ballad and a piece by Borodine. Then came what probably is termed an "interpretation" of Gluck's "Orpheus," with Mr. Rabinowitsch to play the accompaniments, Mr. Rafaelo Diaz, tenor, to sing several of the arias and recitatives, and the Duncan dancers, Anna, Lisa and Margo, to do the "interpreting." After a rest of 10 minutes Mr. Diaz sang three songs, Mr. Rabinowitsch played three more pieces for which he was warmly applauded, the dancers danced "Les Petits Riens" by Mozart, Mr. Rabinowitsch played the first music from "Die Walkure," and the dancers danced the Walkure's ride. It was odd.

The Duncan dancers were not wise in tampering with Gluck's "Orpheus," for three young women dancing to a piano accompaniment, however great their skill, make but a sorry substitute

for an orchestra and artists who can sing and act. Instead of maltreating Gluck, they would have shown wiser judgment if they had commissioned some able young composer to write them music suited to their needs.

As to how successfully these ladies interpreted the story of Orpheus and Gluck's music, only a person of sympathetic imagination can have an opinion. Most of their posturings seemed to some people meaningless. Sometimes they seemed ridiculous—as when the three performers dropped on all fours and rubbed their heads on the floor.

Rhyme and reason, however, are perhaps no longer essentials of good dancing. But grace and rhythm are. Too often these ladies moved un rhythmically, and with certain awkward positions of the arms which they should try to avoid. In matters of technique they have gained no remarkable proficiency and their scanty powers of invention lead to monotony. Some of their dances, of course, were pretty and graceful, especially two or three of those in the Mozart suite; they would have made pleasant interludes in an evening of stouter fare. The ladies were heartily applauded. Mr. Rabinowitsch played the accompaniments excellently.

R. R. G.

## NEGRO TENOR SINGS WITH RARE FEELING

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows:

Dvorak, Symphony, No. 2, D minor; aria, "Un Aura Amorosa," from Mozart's "Così fan tutte" and "The Repose of the Holy Family" from "The Flight Into Egypt," by Berlioz (Roland Hayes, tenor); Roussel, "The Rose-Colored City" ("Evocations," No. 2—first time here); two negro spirituals—"Go Down, Moses," and "By-and-By" (Mr. Hayes); Moussorgsky, "A Night on Bald Mountain."

The Dvorak of this symphony is a greater fan than the Dvorak of the more familiar one, entitled "From the New World." When he wrote the one in D minor, he was still the Bohemian musician, gifted with an uncommon sense of color and rhythms. He remembered the folk songs of his country and the dances for which he had played in his early years. English flattery and over-praise had not turned his head; he liked his own music, but he did not take himself too seriously. He was not afraid to let himself go in a symphony; he did not stand in awe of professors and critics. When he came to write "From the New World," he was musically sophisticated; musically, we say, for as a man he was simple and naive till the end.

It is easy to find here and there a weak spot in the construction of the earlier symphony, especially in the development of the matic material, where even glowing colors do not hide the halting workmanship; it is easy to say there are a few "reminiscences": one

might go so far as to say that some of the melodies are almost vulgar, saved only by the refreshing simplicity of the inventor; but when all this is said, the symphony remains after nearly forty years, fresh, vigorous, often beautiful in color, often stirring rhythmically and by reason of the contents and the manner in which they are clothed. Mr. Monteux caught the spirit of the composer, rejoiced with him in his stormy glee and sympathized with him in the moments of sentiment. The orchestra played gloriously. And what a magnificent orchestra it is today—thanks to Mr. Monteux and the men themselves.

Roussel went to the Orient as an officer on a French armored cruiser. He brought back with him three "evocations" suggested by what he heard and saw. It seems after one hearing of "The Rose-Colored City" that this city, unnamed, was given up to cake-walks and African dances for the most important section, composed in 1910-11, is prophetic of the music that in its rhythms is of strong influence throughout the western world, even in Paris, where logic and clarity were once demanded in the opera house and in the concert hall. For a few minutes this "Evocation" is exciting. As a whole it left no deep or abiding impression. In this instance rhythm and color did no conceal the scantiness of important musical ideas. The "Rose-Colored City" may look attractively pink from a distance, but it is no place for a contemplative or nervous person from the East to spend the winter.

Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" has been heard here before. It would be interesting to know just how much Rimsky-Korsakov did to it; how much time he spent in filling and sand-papering it. Moussorgsky's letters about his work are more engrossing than the measures descriptive of the witches gathering and dancing; but the ending has genuine beauty. There is little in musical literature associated with witches at their orgies that thrills one or raises goose-flesh.

It is very seldom that a Symphony audience is permitted to hear as admirable singing as that yesterday which came from Mr. Hayes. Not only is the voice beautiful in itself; vocal skill, aesthetic taste and genuine feeling also distinguished his performance. There is a tenor who can sing Mozart's music, and not merely in correct and academic fashion. Notes had their value; they also had significance. His singing of the scene from "The Flight Into Egypt"—and here Berlioz is at his best in intimate expression—was characterized by a fine appreciation of the text, by sympathetic simplicity. The Negro Spirituals were sung with a fervor, a pathos, a conviction that were free from the taint of sentimentalism or of exaggeration.

The accompaniment written by Mr. Burlingame for "Go Down Moses" struck one as too heavy, if not labored. Perhaps a lighter performance of it would have removed this impression. The accompaniment to "By and By," written by Anthony Bernard, a conductor in London, is appropriate and charming. Mr. Hayes was warmly greeted and enthusiastically applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concerts is as follows: Mahler, Symphony, D major, No. 1 (first time here); Vaughan Williams, Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis; Gabriel Faure, Suite from his stage music for "Pelleas and Melisande"; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor."

We spoke of Philippe Millet, who died recently, as the London correspondent of the Temps in Paris. So he was, but when he died, he was connected with the Petit Parisien as foreign editor.

Little or nothing was said in American newspapers about the death of Almee Jeanne Tessandier, the actress, or of Emile Bergerat, playwright, novelist, poet, essayist, critic. The former, born in 1851, shone brilliantly in melodrama and tragedy, whether the latter were of the classic or modern school. We recall her as Marguerite de Bourgogne in "La Tour de Nesle" at the Porte Saint-Martin, Paris, in 1886. Du-maine was the Buridan. The good old play! When was it last performed in Boston? Would that we could hear again the once familiar lines: "Orsini, you devil's taverner"—"ten against one! Ten churls against a gentleman; it's five too many"—"It's a brave night for the tower"—"Two o'clock. The rain falls, everything is quiet. Sleep Parisians."

As for Bergerat, his plays failed, but his countless articles, signed "Caliban" and published in Figaro and other journals, are mighty interesting reading today, as are the volumes of his remi-



niscences. Born in 1845, he was the son-in-law of Theophile Gautier—"Léon Théophile"—whom he loved and revered. Bergerat in his articles on all manner of subjects was sometimes savage—"splendidly" savage, as Henley said of Hazlitt's open letter to Gifford—always entertaining, witty, at times delightfully extravagant and grotesque, usually abounding in common sense. Mme. Tessandier's face was a tragic mask. No expression of emotion was foreign to her.

#### HEARD IN A LOCKER ROOM

"Do you think my fault is that I stand too close to the ball before shooting?"  
"No; after shooting."

#### THE LATEST CANDIDATES

Mr. Walter Jazz, proprietor of Mozart House, Abilene road, Stoke Newington, London.  
Messrs. Justice and Picas, lawyers, in North Carolina.

#### A NOTE ON "UNDIES"

As the World Wags:

As companion piece to the Song of the Shirt, published in your column on Nov. 13, may I not offer the following lines that the subject may be fully covered?  
"The bureau has two pairs of drawers,  
But one have I,  
And they are in the wash, by gosh.  
So here I lie."  
The general subject of "undies" reminds me of a retort both quick and courteous:

"Do you wear Undies?"

"No, Confederates."

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

#### ADD "HAM FAT MAN"

As the World Wags:

My father used to sing it, and fiddle it, thus:

"Oh, the Ham Fat Man he went away;  
She waited for him all the next day.  
He didn't come back and she began  
To think she'd been fooled by the Ham Fat Man."

"Fooled" is doubtful. I think it was some slang term that I can't recall. I have the tune clearly in my mind. It was very catchy and it accounts for the long life of the song. M. U. L.  
West Medway.

Mr. George P. Bolivar reading the headline, "Kaiser Hopes to Be Reseated," remarked that William Hohenzollern had stood a lot. Mr. Bolivar looked hurt when no one in the group at the Prophecy—Mr. Bolivar is a non-resident member—laughed uproariously.

#### "OH, FIREMAN"

As the World Wags:

It may be of interest to you to know the origin of the nonsensical line: "Oh, fireman, save my child."

Along in the eighties and nineties, in the good old days when shows were organized and routed, as often in the back room of a saloon on Fourteenth street, New York, as elsewhere, there was a well-known advance man, H. E. Wheeler, known as "Punch" Wheeler. "Punch" was a witty, original character. He would on occasion get out little paper-covered volumes for the edification of his friends, filled with all kinds of narratives and nonsense, and embellished with cuts which had absolutely no connection with the printed page. It was his especial delight to print an old cut of, say, the Smith Brothers and label it "Primrose and West in 1832" or "Harrigan and Hart. I remember one of his volumes which contained a verse, on which the one above mentioned was modeled:

"Into each life some rain must fall.  
Where do we go from here?  
She married me to get a home;  
Oh! fireman, save my child."

"Punch" left the theatrical business in the later nineties, and became a traveling passenger agent for one of the big roads in the middle West. He is, I have been recently told, living at an advanced age, somewhere in the South."

Boston. F. E. H.

(Adv. in the Chicago Tribune)  
SHERIDAN ROAD, 4725, 2d—To rent—outside room, almost private bath.

#### OUTRAGE IN JAMAICA PLAIN

(From the Jamaica Plain News)

Franklin P. Collier, staff cartoonist of The Boston Herald, was the principal entertainer. Following his ill-treated talk a motion picture, "Java Head," was shown. The proceeds went for charity.

#### LOCAL NATURAL HISTORY

As the World Wags:

In her book, recently published, Maud Elliot Howe speaks of watching the

squirrels on Boston Common about civil war times. I have often wondered by whom and when the squirrels were introduced there. Crossing the Common to school daily, 50 years ago, I have no recollection of ever seeing a squirrel at that time, and had an idea that they were not such old settlers.

Do any of the "Waggers" know anything definite about the pedigree of Boston Common squirrels? Are those of today bluebloods, scions of civil war veterans at least or is it necessary to bring in immigrants from time to time?  
A. KNUTT.

Boston.

## NEWMAN LECTURES

Mr. Newman began in Symphony hall, last night, his series of five richly-illustrated travel talks about South America—"Impressions of 1923."

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Newman's return; his lectures are so entertainingly instructive, so free from what is irrelevant or of secondary interest. He does not cram his facts down the throat of the audience. Perhaps "lecture" is a word that does not describe the character of his talk, for a "lecturer" often holds himself high above the level of his hearers. Mr. Newman talks as if he were telling his story to each one alone; what he saw, what he learned. He wishes his audience to share in his own enjoyment. Neither in his talk nor in his pictures is he the disturbingly prominent figure.

Last night the subject was Chile and the Straits of Magellan. Beginning by clearing away some popular misconceptions, Mr. Newman, after showing scenes on shipboard, described the crossing of the Andes by train. The pictures revealed the stupendous scenery. Especially impressive were the views of the Peace monument, the Christ of the Andes.

How many in the audience knew the enormous natural wealth of Chile, with its nitrate, borax, precious minerals? Valparaiso and Santiago were thoroughly seen; "Robinson Crusoe's Island" was visited. Then Mr. Newman took his hearers down to southern Chile, with its German colonists, farms and fruit fields, its wonderful combination of beautiful lakes, towering mountains and volcanoes. Wild, desolate and grand was the scenery along the Straits of Magellan: mountains, glaciers, channels with floating ice. Not the least interesting feature of the lecture were the views of bird life, as the many studies of the penguins, which reminded one of Anatole France's satirical romance.

The subject will be treated again this afternoon. Next week the theme will be prosperous Argentine and the wonders of Buenos Aires. P. H.

## VERDI'S "FORZA"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Forza del Destino," opera by Verdi. The San Carlo Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Leonora.....	Blanca Saroya
Alvaro.....	Gaetano Tommasini
Preziosilla.....	Stella De Matte
Don Carlos.....	Mario Bisiola
Il Marchese.....	Negrete Cervi
Fra Melitone.....	Natale Cervi
Padre Quadriano.....	Pietro De Biasi
Cura.....	Philine Falco
Trabuco.....	Francesco Cured
Conductor.....	Carlo Peroni

Verdi is the victim of his greatness. Of the wilderness of operas he produced, four have possessed such tenacity of life, such abounding popularity that it is next door to impossible to force the public to listen to such masterpieces as "Otello" and "Falstaff," and as for those works of lesser worth like "Un Ballo in Maschera," "Don Carlos" and "La Forza del Destino," it is only once in a dog's age the poor things are granted a hearing. The greater the pity, for if "La Forza del Destino," surely the least of these three, seems slight beside "Trovatore" or "Otello," et al events it has substance enough to furnish composers today with material for a dozen of the kind of operas the most of them turn out.

Verdi's four major operas, too, are blessed with such vital force that they can survive the slovenly performances they too often get. The meanest player in any opera orchestra can plow through his part in "Trovatore" with his eyes shut. Rarely, in consequence, is he made to stand it decently. In similar case play the singers, principals and chorus alike. Is it Mr. Van Veechten who states that no living human being has heard an all-round good performance of "Trovatore"?

But with an opera like "La Forza" something must be done. Last night the San Carlo company did all they could. The effect of messiveness, to be sure, which Verdi already had his mind on.

It is not surprising that Richmond, Va., found fault with Mr. Drinkwater's "Reber S. Lee." That city was not the place for the first performance in the United States. Anachronisms, and a departure from facts, though of trifling importance to the playgoer indifferent to historical accuracy, were sure to annoy an audience in Richmond. Some of the objections raised by the performance do not strike one as destructive to the drama as a whole.

"Lee did not wear a sabre after 1861 and the Confederate officers did not wear sashes except on dress parade."

"Lee never shouted his commands."

"Lee was not in Richmond when Gen. Jackson died."

The world is waiting to hear what Mr. Gallagher will say to Mr. Shean about the injunction issued by New York courts restraining them from playing for anybody but the Shuberts. "Mr. Shean! Mr. Shean!"

"The Warring Sex," a new comedy by the Hattons, produced at Los Angeles, tells of the modern women who, married, persists in retaining her maiden name.

Dunsany's new play, "Lord Adrian," was announced for production at Birmingham (Eng.) on Nov. 12.

Eddie Foy's show, "The Casey Girl"—he managed it—has been called in, although a half dozen or more of his children played in it.

Parisians wondered at Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," produced at the Odeon, chiefly because they cannot understand the racial feelings that prevail in the free and enlightened United States.

The Herald has noted the death of Felix Fourdrain, whose songs are familiar to our concert goers. He died shortly before the production of his short opera, "La Griffe," which has a cheerful plot. A paralytic father dislikes his daughter-in-law. Learning that she is unfaithful to his son, he succeeds in strangling her.

The vast majority of the theatregoing public have their opinions of plays, but in the enormous majority they are inarticulate. Mostly their observations get down to "Great" or "Rotten," and they don't stop to analyze their conclusions. To do so would probably involve a lot of pretty intricate considerations. They're generally people absorbed in material affairs and not given to introspection.—Variety.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" has been revived in Paris. It is much funnier in French than in the English "adaptations."

"Common Sense" is a dangerous title for the new American comedy by Herbert Hall Winslow. So was "Success." Years ago a play called "A Dreadful Night" was produced in London. A London critic, reviewing it, gave the title, printed the cast, and then remarked: "Exactly."

The American Constitutional Association in West Virginia is trying to keep "The Fool" out of the state, alleging that there are "fallacies" relating to coal mining in the play that are injurious to "the best interests of West Virginia as a commonwealth of the United States." This gives Mr. Pollock, the author, another opportunity to lift up his voice.

Mrs. Tony Pastor left an estate of over \$60,000. It was said when she married Antonio that she was one of the most beautiful women in the world. Would that there were today variety shows of the sort that Tony Pastor managed! We fear they are extinct, dead as the dodo. The modern revues, and "refined vaudeville with tabloid plays" do not console us for the loss.

It is said by London critics that comparatively little singing is heard there in these days and not much of it is first class. The players of instruments have no mercy. A Mr. Balokovic, a fiddler, played in one concert the concertos by Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky. Ernest Schelling played three piano concerts in one concert, and he threatened to play four at another. Insatiate Schelling, would not one suffice?

"Kiki" played in London as "Enter Kiki," in a different adaption from that seen at the Tremont Theatre, called forth this opinion: "Since the piece is an English adaptation of a French original, there is the usual confusion of English romantic morals with French realistic morals, and the world in which it all goes on is neither Paris nor London, but a forlorn cloud-cuckoo-land in which morality pops up in odd corners seemingly to remind one that we still have a censor."

lay beyond the powers of a small orchestra and chorus. But everybody did all that in him lay, to the great benefit of the performance. In the scene of the inn, indeed, the chorus indulged in lively action, and a charming dance added to the cheer.

For his singers, too, Mr. Gallo brought forward his best. Miss Saroya, blessed with a beautiful voice, sang at times exceedingly well. Mr. Tommasini and Mr. Bisiola, when they chose to sing instead of to shout, sang well too, and so did Mr. de Biasi. Miss de Matte and Mr. Cervi lent character to their roles, and the smaller parts were

all well done. The ballet contributed a gypsy dance, picturesque and full of color, which nevertheless did not fit into Verdi's scheme as would the tarantella he demanded. With the forces at command, it is hard to see how the performance could have been bettered.

The audience was very large.

R. R. G.



## "MAHONEY'S FOURTH"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:  
Your correspondent "Phineas Redux" mentions the song "Mahoney's 4th of July." I heard this song along in the early '90's, sung by Blocksum and friends, with Dockstader's Minstrels. It was written by John W. Kelly. Here it is:

When Jerry Mahoney was twenty-one  
He counted on having a spree,  
He sent his friends a fancy card  
To let them all know he was free.  
He wanted amusement of every kind  
And cheer for the hungry and dry  
And gave his Freedom party  
In the glorious Fourth of July.  
He cards of invitation sure  
Were at a premium, too,  
And of disappointed people  
In sure there were more than a few.  
The lawn was used for dancing,  
The decorations grand  
And Casey furnished the music,  
Or he had the loudest band.

Chorus:  
When a toast, for the host,  
May he live till the day he dies,  
And the sun was shining fearfully,  
And we stood the heat most cheerfully,  
And at night we parted tearfully,  
In Mahoney's Fourth of July.

The old and young were enjoying  
themselves,  
For every one had their own way,  
Till Jerry took a ginger ale,  
Which seemed to have led him astray.  
He wanted to sing of the days gone by  
And the beautiful days to come.  
When Shorty the mail man shouted out:  
"Our singing is on the bum."  
Somebody threw a match away.  
I fell among the fireworks  
And they had to finish the day.  
The fireworks they exploded;  
The crowd was on the run,  
And not a soul would stay behind  
In the grove to see the fun.

There was another song of that period  
Which I remember only the chorus.  
For can I recall who sang it. Perhaps  
Some one will. The chorus was:

"Don't our hearts go plit-a-pat,  
As each man lifts his hat,  
The lean as well as fat,  
There goes my Dan, there goes my Pat,  
He's the heaviest swell that marches  
In Brannigan's band."  
Boston. T. E. H.

## STAGE MUSIC

I had sworn that I would never  
again go through the misery and an-  
noyance of trying to listen to incidental  
music in the theatre, but the desire  
to see "Hassan" and to hear De-  
lilus's music to it broke down my reso-  
lution. As usual, half the music was  
drowned by conversation, the clat-  
tering of crockery, and the other  
noises of the British theatre. The  
mentality of the theatrical audience is  
something I always find it difficult to  
understand. You would think these  
people would at least have heard De-  
lilus's name, and would assume that  
since such a man had been engaged to  
write music for the work it might  
reasonably be assumed (a) that the  
music was an organic part of the  
work, (b) that the music would be  
worth listening to for its own sake,  
and (c) that if they did not hear all  
the music they would not be getting  
all value for the price of their seats.  
But even this last purely commer-  
cial consideration does not occur to  
them; and as they have no notion  
that fine music is being poured out in  
front of them the rest of us have to  
submit to the massacre of it.

ERNEST NEWMAN

## "MRS. O'FLAHERTY"

To the Editor of The Herald:  
Inquiry was made by "F. T." Pea-  
body in The Herald as to the origin of  
song very popular about 30 years ago  
which told of the contemps of one  
Mrs. O'Flaherty in sitting down upon a  
hat rich in family history and the  
victim's threat of wiping the floor with  
her for so doing.

This song was introduced about 1890  
by Conroy and Fox, a team of Irish  
song-and-dance comedians. At that  
time they were with Hyde's Specialty  
company, a troupe of variety stars  
which included, among others, Miss  
Irene Mora, a famous baritone, who  
was then making popular the ballad  
"He Never Cares to Wander from His  
Own Fireside," the chorus of which ran:  
"He never cares to wander from his  
own fireside,

He never cares to ramble or to roam;  
With his children on his knee, he's as  
happy as can be,  
For there's no place like Home, Sweet  
Home."

In after years, at Kelth's Theatre in  
this city, Conroy and Fox were still in-  
cluding "Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty" in their  
act, and for that reason I assume they  
were the first to introduce the song to  
the public. Who the author was I do  
not know. There is a slight correction

to be made in the third line of the cho-  
rus as printed in The Herald. It should  
read:

"Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty, what d'ye mean  
by that,

Oh! Mrs. O'Flaherty, you sat down upon  
my hat;

That is the hat me father wore, what  
d'ye mean to do,

It's lucky for you that you ain't a man,  
or I'd wipe the floor with you!"

This interchange of fond memories  
through your column must be a source  
of keen enjoyment to thousands like  
myself.  
OLD-TIMER.  
Boston.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

**SUNDAY**—Symphony hall, 3:30  
P. M., Boston Symphony orches-  
tra, Mr. Montaux, conductor, as-  
sisted by Mme. Matzenauer, con-  
tralto. Concert for the pension  
fund of the orchestra. See special  
notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M.  
People's Symphony orchestra. Mr.  
Mollenhauer, conductor. See special  
notice.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Uk-  
rainian National Chorus, Alex-  
ander Kuschetz, conductor; Ewsei  
Belousov, cellist. See special  
notice.

**TUESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.  
George Smith, pianist. All  
Chopin program. Ballade, F ma-  
jor; Mazurkas, C major, A minor;  
Scherzo C sharp minor; Sonata, B  
flat minor, op. 35; Preludes, F  
sharp, B major; Nocturne, B ma-  
jor; Valses, E minor, B minor;  
Etude, F major, op. 25; Polonaise,  
A flat major.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.  
London String quartet (Messrs.  
Levey, Petre, Waldo Warner,  
Warwick-Evans), Mozart, quartet,  
D minor; Waldo Warner, Fairy  
Suite, "The Pixy Ring," op. 23;  
Debussy quartet, G minor. For a  
description of Mr. Warner's Suite  
see special notice.

**THURSDAY**—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.  
Concert by Mme. Delcourt,  
harpist of the Boston Symphony  
orchestra, and John Barnes Wells,  
tenor. Music for harp by Bach,  
Rameau, Haydn, Ravel-Mignon,  
Ravel, Enesco, Chabrier, Sournier,  
Grovez. Songs by Handel, Sorti,  
Massenet, Pessard, Staube, Four-  
drain, Harries, Bridge, Bert-  
ram Fox (Chinese texts) and folk-  
songs arranged by Huhn, Sgan-  
bati and Quilter.

## AT CLOSE QUARTERS

Once upon a time people used to talk  
about "the glamor of the footlights."  
The phrase could be used to mean sev-  
eral things, but presumably one of them  
meant the fascination, for members of  
the audience of that mock world which  
lived and loved (or hated) behind that  
row of lights which was the boundary  
line between reality and stagecraft.  
It was a fine, exciting world, and, for  
most of us, those gleaming footlights  
preserved it for ever from the familiar-  
ity which breeds contempt. But, even  
in those days, astute managers had be-  
gun to perceive that perhaps illusion  
would in the long run be heightened if  
a bit of the illusion were permitted to  
break loose now and then from its  
proper side of the boundary line and in-  
vade the tamer precincts of the au-  
dience. Thus the pantomime cat would  
run around the broad plush balustrade  
of the dress circle, distributing jests and  
sweetmeats to his excited admirers.  
And when he did get back to his own  
side of the footlights he looked twice as  
miraculous a cat in consequence of his  
voyage. Then came the great discovery  
that, if a cat may look at a child, a  
member of a beauty chorus may also in-  
spect, say, a stockbroker in the stalls  
with great satisfaction to both parties;  
so a bridge broke those once hallowed  
footlights and down it the chorus gal-  
livaned, chanting and distributing triv-  
ial favors.

But, alas, this really does seem to  
have been the familiarity which breeds  
contempt; the device is at last revealed  
as a drug of addiction, of which a  
stronger dose must be taken if the old  
effect is to be repeated. So in London  
a new sensational play has been pro-  
duced this week in which quite a large  
part of the action apparently takes  
place in the auditorium. Policemen  
spring up at the back of the audience,  
a murderer is announced to be one of  
its number, revolvers are fired from  
boxes, and the dirty work which form-  
erly took place at the cross-roads is  
vigorously transacted in the stalls. It  
all sounds very determined and ener-  
getic, but one cannot help thinking that  
some members of the audience must  
have missed the footlights and, with  
them, some of the older glamour. Be-  
sides, where is it all going to end?—  
and the question is put as much in the  
interests of the actor as of the audi-  
ence. It seems a dangerous thing to  
make a convention of free fights in the  
auditorium. One of these days a dis-

gusted romantic, mourning the loss of  
his footlights and his illusion, may  
really assail one of the trespassers as a  
protest. And it sounds as though he  
would stand quite a good chance of get-  
ting away in the general confusion.  
Manchester Guardian.

## JAZZ

Mr. H. E. Wortham writing in London  
thus frees his mind about jazz:

If you are in the habit of reading the  
paper at breakfast—an excellent habit,  
which has done much to forward do-  
mestic peace as well as giving the En-  
glishman that political backbone lacking  
in continental peoples—let your eye  
wander on to another column. Read  
about Flume or the oil market, or some  
other depressing topic, rather than  
mine. In none of these can the philo-  
sophic mind not discover something to  
excite hope or proffer consolation. Grass  
grows in Flume's streets, and the na-  
tions may decide it is not worth fighting  
for. Oil shares may rise again when  
the destinies of Threadneedle street are  
fulfilled. You can easily find a reason  
for the optimism which carries an En-  
glishman through his eggs and bacon,  
adding a savour to the second cup of  
coffee and a zest to the third leading  
article. But if you read on, the lyrical  
mood which enables you of a morning to  
look out on the world through many  
columns of print and find it not wholly  
evil will evaporate. You will become,  
like Jeremy Taylor, unduly possessed  
by the idea of original sin, the convic-  
tion of irremediable evil will descend  
upon you, and from a cheerful philoso-  
pher you will be turned into an irritable  
man. Man advisedly, for to a woman  
there would appear nothing strange  
about it. Indeed, when I read the para-  
graph in question to Diana she was  
delighted, and said that she had always  
hated the idea of buck niggers watch-  
ing her whilst she was dancing. "It  
sends a cold shiver down my back," she  
added, in her British way attributing to  
moral what ought to be accounted for  
by material reasons.

Now that I have proceeded sufficient-  
ly far down the column for no reader  
to be entrapped unawares, I may quote  
my piece of intelligence, which, need-  
less to say, comes from America:

What will interest a good many is  
the announcement that Florence Rich-  
ardson, a brilliant young lady with un-  
usual musical ability, who is also cred-  
ited with brains and enterprise, is or-  
ganizing her own female jazz band,  
which is to consist of six saxophones,  
two bass tubas, four violins, oboe, clar-  
inet, drums, tympani, banjo, harp, cor-  
net, flute, viola, and a Chinese gong.

The advent of women into orchestras,  
jazz and otherwise, is bound to ac-  
company the world-wide movement for  
female emancipation. The more the  
merrier!

Talent is not a matter of pants or  
petticoats. Can you do the job? And  
that ought to settle it.

## WHAT ITS ADMIRERS SAY

Such an easy philosophy makes life  
as simple and depressing as a run to  
Brighton in a Ford car. You put in  
your top speed and away you rattle  
on your progress towards the Ideal. To  
regret the tender grace of a day that  
it dead is to show a want of faith in  
the virtues of the internal combustion  
engine, in the propellant forces of this  
present-day world. All the same I can-  
not tamely submit to the proposition  
that pants and petticoats are inter-  
changeable, like sparking-plugs, nor can  
I think that nature, if she meant the  
sexes to be an experiment in the divi-  
sion of labour, fashioned the gentler  
sex for the ungracious business of jazz.  
Why ungracious? you ask. Has it not  
commended itself to some musicians of  
repute? Has not Percy Grainger spoken  
kindly of it, as a development of art,  
and Casella found it to reveal unusual  
and bewildering aesthetic values, not  
least of which is a rhythm often re-  
minding him of the more elemental  
pages of Beethoven and Stravinsky? All  
this is true, as it is true, too, that jazz  
is now lord of every casino from Sche-  
veningen to San Sebastian. (If this  
statement is incorrect, I shall be only  
too pleased to correct it.) We may  
take it that this American music, which,  
I believe, owes little or nothing to negro  
influence, does appeal in some special  
way to contemporary needs.

So does the Ford. Its great author  
believes that it is the herald of a new  
age. He may be right; so may Signor

Casella in seeing in jazz the potential-  
ities of a new art form. I prefer to  
take sides with Mr. James M. Beck,  
to whom it comes as the crowning vic-  
tory of the revolt against authority in  
a sphere which should be specially ten-  
der of traditions and rule. He regards  
it as a musical crime. "If the forms  
of dancing and music are symptomatic  
of an age, what shall be said of the un-  
iversal craze to indulge in crude and  
clumsy dancing to the vile discords of  
so-called 'jazz' music?" Which shows  
that a person cannot make up his mind  
about a small thing without referring

it to standards which measure heaven  
and earth, and shows, too, how wide  
the Alexandrine Christians were to dis-  
sist upon an exact theology.

Jazz is a kind of wild music, as re-  
venge is a kind of wild justice. Yet  
primitive societies have usually confined  
the one to the male sex, and we might  
surely follow their example in the case  
of the other. There is a profound in-  
elegance in jazz, in its over-emphatic  
rhythms, its grotesquely assorted in-  
struments, its reliance upon the per-  
cussion, which makes it essentially a  
masculine crime. That young ladies  
with brains and enterprise should be  
preparing to riot amidst its license is  
the most depressing thing I have read  
since Mr. Lloyd George's book.

## VOCAL AUDIENCE

(Manchester Guardian)

London theatre managers are once  
more disturbed by the melancholy  
noises from the gallery that occasion-  
ally interrupt the enthusiastic recep-  
tions which they apparently consider  
to be the natural right of a new play.  
The gallery first-nighters have sat in  
session upon the right to groan, and no  
doubt the more vociferous will live up  
to their view that if managers encour-  
age noise of one sort they cannot logi-  
cally object to noise of another. Strict  
civility should counsel the derisive to  
depart silent, though disgusted, and  
common sense should counsel them in  
future to invest their gate-money in

plausible dramatic securities instead of  
plunging helter-skelter into the highly  
speculative market of first nights. But  
there is something to be said for an  
honest groan amid the false plaudits  
of the first-nighters in the stalls, who can  
hardly repay the compliment of a free  
seat by less than some exercise of the  
hands. First-night enthusiasm in the  
London theatres often bears no relation  
to the merit of the play or to its future  
popularity with the public that pays its  
way.

In fact the volume of cheering might  
in some cases be found varying in exact  
proportion to the accumulation of  
"paper" in the house. The voice of the  
gallery is at least an impartial, even  
though it be sometimes an uncharitable  
voice. And the managers after all have  
little to grumble at on the score of dis-  
turbance. The modern English theatre  
is probably as peaceable a playhouse

as history has seen. Demosthenes re-  
minded Aeschines of the savagely  
practical rewards that dramatic fail-  
ure met with in Greece, and the  
Elizabethan theatre had its clamors  
and brawls. During the last century  
Edmund Kean found that his private  
life made public appearances im-  
possible, and Macready's visit to  
America led to terrible turmoil and  
actual loss of life in playhouse war-  
fare. During Kemble's time at Drury  
Lane there were the "Old Price" riots.  
As Mr. Shaw has pointed out, the  
censorship in this country, however  
much it may limit the dramatist's scope  
in political or religious comment, does  
save him from the policeman and from  
mob law. It is not long since Dublin  
playgoers attempted to suppress the

freedom of Synge's exquisite, if dis-  
turbng, speech. In Vienna since the  
war there have been political battles  
in the playhouse. On the whole the  
English theatre manager of today has,  
a quiet life, and his grievance against  
the gallery malcontents is surely slight.  
Consider the matter in terms of mutual  
irritation and the battle is his every  
time. After all, he has tempted his  
victims to the misery of the queue, ex-  
tracted their money, seated them  
abominably, and bored them stiff. The  
retort is a mere moan. On points the  
manager wins handsomely.

## PRINCESS TSINANINA

Phinness Tsinanina, soprano, and  
Charles Wakefield Cadman, composer  
and pianist, gave a concert in Jordan  
hall last night. They were assisted by  
Minot Beal, violinist, and George  
Brown, violoncellist.

The program included Troyer's Invo-  
cation to the Sun-God; Burton-Cad-  
man's Ojibway Gambling song; Logan's  
"Pale Moon"; Cadman's Piano Trio  
and a new suite, "Hollywood" (Ms.)—  
June on the Boulevard, To a Comedian,  
Twilight at Sycamore Nook, and Easter



Dawn in Hollywood Bowl; also songs by Mr. Cadman, among them "The Naked Bear" (a lullaby) and the Canoe song from his opera, "Shanewis."

The concert gave pleasure to an audience of fair size.

It was announced that the princess had not fully recovered from an attack of tonsillitis, and in consequence there was a slight change in the program as printed, but she sang the Indian melodies with genuine feeling and no little charm. Is Logan's "Pale Moon" based on an Indian melody? It sounded sophisticated, conventional in an amiable manner. Boys used to speak a piece in school: "Who will mourn for Logan now?"

Mr. Cadman's Trio is straightforward music; with a second movement in aria form, solos for violin and violoncello; with a Finale in deliberately ragtime manner. His suite might be characterized as pictorial music for the most part. Perhaps the most effective portion is "To a Comedian"—a tribute to Mr. Charles Chaplin? P. H.

Is the sight of humanity so very disagreeable to you, then? Ah, I may be foolish, but for my part, in all its aspects I love it. Served up a la Pole or a la Moor, a la Ladrone or a la Yankee, that good dish, man, still delights me; or rather is man a wine I never weary of comparing and sipping; wherefore am I a pledged cosmopolitan, a sort of London-Dock-Vault connoisseur, going about from Teheran to Natchitoches, a taster of races; in all his vintage, smacking my lips over this racy creature, man, continually. But as there are teetotal palates which have a distaste even for Amontillado, so I suppose there may be teetotal souls which relish not even the very best brands of humanity.—Herman Melville.

Now that Mr. Eugene O'Neill, the dramatist, has come into the possession of \$100,000, for his brother left no will, he may possibly take a more cheerful view of life and—who knows?—write a roaring farce.

#### DOWN IN THE DISTRICT

As the World Wags:

Here is my version of the nonsense song published in your column of the 13th:

As I went up Humble Bumble,  
Humble, Bumble, Barney,  
There I saw old Rig-a-ma-jig  
A stealing my Compa-ney.  
Oh, if I had my Kip-ma-tip,  
My Hip-ma-tip, ma-ta-ney.  
I'd kill old Rig-a-ma-jig  
For stealing my Compa-ney.

This was sung to me by my uncle, who lived in Oxford county, Me., some 40 years ago. He always explained that "Humble Bumble" meant a hill; "Rig-a-ma-jig," an Indian; "Compa-ney," corn, and "Hip-ma-tip," a gun.  
Dorchester Centre. A. W. C.

#### AND STILL THEY COME

Christian, Thoroughman & Priest, attorneys-at-law in St. Louis; Blossom, Weed & Co., fire and marine insurance of the same city, are already posted as candidates for membership.

#### "AINT"

As the World Wags:

Touching on and appertaining to "good English," of which we hear so much and which we hear so little.

Why this discrimination against "aint"? It is a useful little word, no gender, nor number to consider; good for present and future tense. I can remember its usage for 50 years—long before telephone, bicycle, airplane and various other words were on the market. (My wife objects to its use! "Aint it the truth?")

Also, if I have your attention: With coal at \$18, or so, has no one the ingenuity to combine the oil dumped overboard as valueless with some absorbent for fuel at a price to compete with other fuels? ROBERT HENRY.

There's no objection, if you insist on saying "aint," especially if you wish to irritate your wife by exclaiming "Aint nature grand?" Nature can stand it, even if Mrs. Henry pouts and sulks. You can tell her that Charles Lamb wrote "aint" in one of his letters; that it is often found in representations of Cockney speech. You might say "Be yer"; also "how?" instead of "what?" Who believe that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes objected to "how?" When you point out an object, always do it with your thumb, making a sweeping gesture. Never mind what the latest book on etiquette has to say about genteel speech and the conduct of life.—Ed.

#### VALUABLE GIFT

(Wabash Dispatch to Indianapolis News)  
Dr. P. G. Moore recently presented Uncle Jack Higgins, 105 years old, with a life membership in the State Historical Society.

#### ADD "KLU KLUX KLAN OUTRAGES"

(New York dispatch to the Chicago Herald Examiner)

"My husband, a knight of the Klan, would sit for hours making faces at me and uttering unearthly sounds."

#### FROM ADV. COLUMN

FOR SALE—GAS STOVE. I HAVE HAD IT 3 YEARS—When I got it, I weighed 115 pounds; I now weigh 195 pounds. . . . A. W. Plant. —, —, —.

#### YOURS FOR HEALTH

(Adv. in Evening Transcript)

CLEANER SALESMEN

\$20 Per Week Salary, Plus

#### "CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING"

As the World Wags:

Perhaps you may like to add to your "curiosities of advertising" the following advertisement clipped from a recent Honolulu paper:

Wood cut of "Owl"  
Klively observe owl which known wise bird for keep mouth shut but wise klive not always owl because human person which employ wholly silence losing good chance too so following announce

#### MUSA-SHIYA

The Shirtmaker

(Also shoten for sell dry goods also)  
Beautifully shirt make on an and pongee very nice also nam shiya. Honolulu, inside prove klmona cloth selling but not make because maybe too busy just now.

FINDOUT NOTICE: Musa-shiya shop very small, but finding can do. Observe King Street going Ewa side until Fish Market. Pass away in front Fish Market until not step on River. Musa-shiya shop nearly between, makal side. Good sign denote stoppage. All right now. Come in. BOLSHEVIK.

#### MORE CANDIDATES

As the World Wags:

I was in Portsmouth, N. H., at the witching hour of luncheon. While wending my way to Ham's restaurant I passed Dinnerman's Market. May they join the waiting list for the Hall of Fame? Possibly they are eligible to that particular corner devoted to the feeding of the carnivora.  
Boston. PAULINE FROST IVES.

#### ISN'T SHE A DEAR?

As the World Wags:  
At Salamanca, N. Y.—Miss Lucille Buck lives on Faun avenue. F. W. C.

#### THE FAMINE IN EDEN

Serpent wary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
Bananas yes, bananas no,  
And apple-cores all in a row! EVE.

#### "SO THIS IS AMERICA"

It is a pleasure to read the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of celebrated men and women arriving in New York on trans-Atlantic steamers.

Rebecca West does not think that polygamy is the remedy for England's surplus of 2,000,000 women. "No man is sufficiently interesting to keep more than one woman amused." She thinks that Mr. Sinclair Lewis is "a great natural force like the Aurora Borealis."

Mr. Ibanez, the novelist, believes in prohibition—for Americans.

Georgette Leblanc says that American men are the greatest husbands of all time. "They are good. They laugh easily. Life to them is a great game." This accounts, possibly, for the constant changing of partners in the "hupper circle" and on the stage. In this sense, the men are truly great.

#### A PORTMANTEAU WORD

As the World Wags:

"Taking the ball on its 20-yard line Harvard showed popwperp that nobody had believed it had, this afternoon at least."—New York Times, Nov. 11.

Jabberwocky, ch, what? Pep, pop and power. F. W. D.

#### MUENZ RECITAL

Yesterday afternoon Mieczyslaw Muenz, pianist, played this program before an audience of excellent size in Jordan hall: Variations and Chorale on a theme from "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen"

Muenz . . . . . Bach-Liszt  
Cavotte . . . . . Sgambati  
24 Preludes, opus 28 . . . . . Chopin  
Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum . . . . . Debussy  
La fille aux cheveux de lin . . . . . Debussy  
Nella . . . . . Dohnanyi-Delibes

When Mr. Muenz appeared before in Boston, a matter of a year or less ago, by his playing, all are agreed, he gave his hearers rare pleasure, but by the sheer weight of his program he tired too many people. Evidently anxious to please, yesterday Mr. Muenz arranged a program of a quite different sort, for, after he had got out of the way the Bach-Liszt piece—which he must surely have chosen for his own private enter-

tainment—he played, one after another, 9 little pieces, not many of which allowed for any breadth or warmth of treatment. Mr. Muenz should not make the mistake of inferring, because enough is as good as a feast, that an audience is content to get on with no bread at all. So many pralines and bunsbuns as he served yesterday could not fall to cloy.

Though there is precedent enough for playing all the Chopin preludes in a row, the wisdom of the proceeding holds open to question. Is there any evidence to show that Chopin himself ever played them in sequence? Whether he did or no, the 40 minutes they take

in the playing can be devoted more profitably, many persons feel, to a few pieces carefully chosen for their qualities of contrast and also for their inherent worth. For all the preludes are scarcely of equal value. Some are too fragile really to bear the strain of public performance. And to readjust one's mental attitude 24 times in 40 minutes is not an easy means to esthetic delight.

Probably Mr. Muenz played each one of the preludes beautifully, but one can hardly feel that he light the more vigorous pieces sufficient emotional warmth to do away with the curse of a sweetly pallid monotony. He plays with admirable tone, never forced, but lacking color and brilliancy. In the Chopin set he indulged in variations of rhythm that grew wearisome. Delightfully, however, he played, in his own repressed way, the Bach minuet, and Sgambati's attractive gavotte. Nevertheless it is hard to believe that Mr. Muenz, of whom such high report spread abroad, did not appear to finer advantage a year ago. R. R. G.

My heavy counter went aside,

Fistiana—

The false, false counter went aside,

Fistiana—

The cursed counter glanced aside;

I missed his nob; my blow was wide,

Fistiana—

My blow was very wild and wide,

Fistiana!

They should have sponged me where I lay,

Fistiana;

How could I rise and come away,

Fistiana?

How should I look the second day?

They might have left me where I lay,

Fistiana;

Bruised, mauled and pounded into clay,

Fistiana.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

#### THE MANLY ART

As the World Wags:

In your column of Nov. 14 you asked whether I meant to say that there were no knockout blows before gloves were donned by the pugilists.

I did not mean to go so far as that. Apart from the blow you mentioned, administered by Heenan to King, there must have been many occasions where a chance blow, catching a man on the point of his jaw, knocked him out; particularly if he was much inferior to his opponent, and this would be true especially where the blow was a cross-counter. I think, however, that my assertion was correct to the extent that before the protection of padded gloves, no trained pugilist ever fought without constantly bearing in mind the danger of breaking his knuckles, and the resulting principle that he must not hit as hard as he could, because with bad luck his blow might land on the back or top of his opponent's head. And one of the elements of defence was "giving the back of your head" for the purpose of letting your opponent break his hand on it.

When I said that the ancients used their arms like flails, I did not mean to imply that this was inconsistent with skill in so doing; I only meant that they did not use straight blows, or hooks or other curving blows delivered with the weight of the body behind them.

As for the blow you cited, planted by Harry Broome in Jem Ward's breadbasket, this did not strike Ward's solar plexus. The solar plexus is above the breadbasket. It takes its name from the fact that many nerves concentrate there, radiating from their centre like the rays of the sun. The Greeks, at any rate the Homeric Greeks, believed this to be the seat of the emotions, combining all the attributes which we distribute among the brain, the heart and the soul. I remember some disagreeable person in the Iliad (I think he was Thersites, the ugliest man who ever came to Ilum), who had a black one.

Long before Fitzsimmons thought of using it as a knockout objective, boxers recognized the unpleasant effect of even a light blow on the solar plexus, which was sometimes called by them the "mark," sometimes the "wind." Boston. RAPITO.

#### HEENAN AND KING

As the World Wags:

A statement was made in your column, on the authority of Charles Reade, as to King, the English pugilist, being knocked out by the celebrated Benicia Boy. I have no "Fistiana" to refer to, but had thought the result of this fight was the other way about. Possibly they fought more than once. I was but a lad at the time, and not especially interested in pugilism. I recall ring followers saying that Heenan deteriorated rapidly after his famous fight with Tom Sayers, owing to his being made so much of by the English and his lack of restraint. He gave exhibitions all over the country, and became extremely popular. Men who knew him well have told me that Heenan had the most superb figure they had ever seen and described him as possessing a most winning manner. He married an actress named Menken. She was much in the limelight at that time, she having aroused much discussion over her attire, or lack of it, in the part of Mazaepa.

I often met Tom King at Putney, where he spent most of his time, it being his ambition to become a professional sculler and bring back to the Thames the laurels which the Clasper crowd had carried to the Tyne. He was a big, rangy fellow of somewhat clumsy appearance, though a great dandy. It was said he had been a sailor. His mentor was Harry Kelley, ex-champion of the Thames, who happened to be also instructor of the rowing club to which I belonged. Kelley, some years later, was one of the Renforth crew when that oarsman met his tragic death during a race at St. John, N. B.

Malden. B. B. E.

We now give the quotation from Charles Reade's "The Coming Man" in full. (This little book, published in 1878, was originally in the form of letters to Harper's Weekly. Reade was insisting that the natural man is ambidextrous.)

"In the mysterious fight between Heenan and King, the superiority of Heenan was self-evident. Yet he would not play Heenan. He would not hit. At last, being taunted a bit, he gave a snarl at his commentators, took a spring, and knocked his opponent into the air, so that in falling his head struck the ground first, and he did not come to time, and there the fight ended by the rules of the ring. I saw this blow given. It was a left-handed blow."—Ed.

#### THE MAGNIFICENT MENKEN

Yes, Heenan was the second husband of that beautiful and brilliant woman, Adah Isaacs Menken. Her poems, collected in a volume entitled "Infelicia," are many of them in "free verse," written long before those of Laforgue, Gustave Kahn and Miss Lowell. She played in New York on April 30, 1860, under the name of Mrs. John C. Heenan, but in 1861 she married Robert H. Newell, now remembered as "Orpheus C. Kerr." In 1866 she married James Barkley. On the stage she was more than an enchanting Mazaepa. She played Bianca in "Fazio" and Lucrezia Borgia admirably according to contemporaneous report. She excelled in song and the dance. She triumphed in London; also in Paris, where she died in 1868. When Sarah Dowd replaced her in Paris in "Les Pirates de la Savane," Miss Dowd vexed Barbey d'Aurevilly by attempting to imitate Adah, arranging her hair in the manner that gave "an adorably roguish air to Miss Menken, the boyish girl. She was not even the ghost of Miss Menken—the phantom of the one recently taken by the Horse of Death on its back—for Miss Menken is dead, wholly dead."

It was in the year of her death that we saw in a New York bookshop a volume of 30 or 40 photographs of Miss Menken, once the album of some admirer. The clerk asked only \$4 or \$5

for it. Alas, we were too young to know the future value of the collection. We may add, in strictest confidence, that we did not have the money either with us or on the mantelpiece in our room near the Hudson river. It was a year of years—Tostee was to be seen in "La Grand Duchesse" at Pike's Opera House; Lydia Thompson's British Blondes were at Wood's Museum; Nelsie Seymour was playing the Duke in a burlesque of "Lucrezia Borgia" at Bryant's Minstrels in Fourteenth street.

#### A MACEDONIAN CRY

As the World Wags:

Will some of these "old-timers" send in a rhyme of long ago about the "Banks of the Tennessee," wherein the captain of a river boat notices a man frantically waving on the shore, and thinking to get another passenger leaves to and lands. But the man didn't go aboard, and to the captain's impatient question and command to hurry aboard, replied that he was not signaling the boat, but was only shoofing off the mosquitoes on the "banks of the Tennessee." L. A. H.

Atlantic.



But we find Thomas Hood admitting the dish into verse in his "Knight and



the Dragon," where the peasants beseech Sir Otto of the Drachenfels for relief against a monster:

"Noble lord of the soil,  
Of its corn and its oil,  
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!  
Of our carp and sauerkraut,  
Of our carp and our trout,  
Our black bread, and black puddings,  
and lentils!"

Then there is Hans Brettmann:  
"Willst du learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Du muost eat about a peck  
A week, of stringing sauerkraut,  
An sepen pounds of speck,  
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,  
Und deuce knows vot in runi.  
Dis ish de only cerdain vay  
To make de accents corm."

#### A PUGILIST'S STOMACH

As the World Wags:

A cultured patron of the ring who read my remarks about the solar plexus, which you published on Nov. 14, has characterized them as what he called Bull.

Incidentally, he stated that the term bread-basket (which you used in describing the match between Harry Broome and Jem Ward), has now become obsolete. Nowadays, he said, kitchen is the word. It was there, he said, that Fitzsimmons hit Corbett; a physiologically-romantic reporter dignified the locality by the double-barreled name of solar plexus, which caught the public's fancy, and made this organ unjustifiably famous. It, he said, never played any part in boxing, either in the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight or otherwise.

His epithet of Bull was entirely confined to the solar plexus item. When asked what would happen to the victim if a modern, hard-hitting boxer should wear a cestus and with it land upon an opponent's jaw, he replied (I expurgate his language), "It would kill him."

To return to the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, something enlightening may, perhaps, be found in Mr. Dooley's account of it, which I suggest you look at. I remember that he reported the encouraging remarks of the then Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who, seated at the ringside, called out: "Soak him in the slats, Bob"; but I have forgotten how the knock-out blow was described.

#### RAPITO.

How carelessly men read! We did not use the term "bread-basket"; we quoted Charles Reade, a far better man. "Nowadays, kitchen is the word." But "kitchen" is an old word for stomach, as are bread-room, dumping depot, victualling office, porridge-bowl. Did "Little Mary" come in with Barrie's play in 1903, or was it in use before that year? In the late fifties of the last century American pugilists called the pit of the stomach, the mark.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

#### MONEY SAVED ON BUILDING

New Haven Orphan Asylum Will Cost Less Than \$20,000 If Built Six Months Ago

—The Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 30, 1923.

Under the circumstances, does it not seem unwise for the orphans to wish building operations? By waiting until two or three years ago they may be able to dictate their own terms.

J. W. C.

**COPLEY THEATRE.**—"The Clever Ones," a comedy in three acts by Alfred Suro, Henry Jewett's Repertory Company. The cast:

Thompson	Charles Hamden
Athene Seale	Violet Parot
Irene Marnable	Alice Bromley Wilson
Peter Marnable	C. Wordley Hulse
Doris Marnable	Katherine Standing
Harold Marnable	Philip Tonge
Wilfred Callender	Alan Mowbray
Rose Effick	Hilda Plowright
David Effick	Harold West
Martin	Cecil Magnus
Mrs. Small	May Elias
Brown	L. Paul Scott
Hannibal Pipkin	E. E. Olive
James	Timothy Hunter

Mr. Jewett's company played this piece for two weeks in November, 1920, Miss Ediss doing Mrs. Small and Mr. Olive, if memory serves. Pipkin otherwise the cast was new last night—and bettered.

It would never do to divulge Mr. Suro's plot. Not that it is much of a plot, for the logical development of his dramatic scheme is by no means this playwright's strongest point. Strong points he has, however, in plenty, too. Throughout the entire first act, for instance, Mr. Suro let loose a stream of talk as good as one would wish to hear, with many a witty remark to brighten it, but without any strain after wit.

Amazingly well this dialogue set forward the characters of the persons on the stage. Not every man who writes plays could succeed, without for an instant doing violence to what is natural, in contriving so brilliant a first act.

Mr. Suro could not keep it up. But he had in hand a hilariously funny situation out of which to make his second act; he set anarchy, pseudo-anarchy, charwomen, valets and gentlefolk to drinking tea together. Little was said to the purpose, and less was done, but the ridiculousness of the combination served to make an unusually funny scene.

For the third act, too, Mr. Suro had a droll situation of which he made the most. Then he found himself in straits to end the play. He tried again for good dialogue, but could not discover much. So he sought refuge in bustle and commotion, which answered very well.

The acting did much to help the play along. In the first act Miss Wilson, Mr. Hulse and Mr. Mowbray, all three possessed of true comic force and real sense of character, played admirably in high comedy vein. Miss Paget, Miss Standing and Mr. Tonge helped efficiently. In the scene of the tea party Miss Plowright showed herself a player of individual charm. Mr. West, himself, an actor of distinction.

The others, all as broadly farcical as the situation demanded, none the less gave sharply defined character studies. Miss Ediss's make-up!—but one was as funny as the rest. Miss Wilson, Miss Paget and Mr. Olive made the one real scene in the last act highly diverting.

The play might be better, but excellent acting made of it an evening of lively entertainment. The first act in itself is worth going to see, and some would find the second funnier still.

R. R. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE.**—"Madeline and the Movies," a farce in two acts, a prologue and an epilogue by George M. Cohan. First time in Boston.

Garrison Paige	Walter Gilbert
Harvey	Mark Kent
Madeline	Adelyn Rushnell
Aggie	Jill Middleton
Madison	Harold Chase
Tony Burgess	Houston Richards
Andrew	Ralph M. Remely
Violet	Viola Roach
Bella	Alice Bricker
Goldberg	Ralph Morehouse
Callahan	Edward Darney
Policeman	Joseph Sullivan

Two seasons ago, to introduce his daughter, Georgette, to the American stage, George Cohan wrote "Madeline and the Movies," which the Boston Stock Company presented last night as their contribution to the Cohan Jubilee now being celebrated in the Boston theatres. Complications prevented the play from establishing a long run in New York; it was not seen elsewhere except briefly in Chicago and called "Garrison and the Girls" with Donald Brian as the star. With its original title restored, the piece was played strangely enough for the first time here.

Boston producers are not usually tardy in presenting Cohan's work, and the play, while not equal to his best farces, at least is excellent fun. Apparently, the author attempted to imitate his inimitable "Seven Keys to Baldpate." He possessed a sure, long tested skill, a story both melodramatic and humorous, and a satiric impetus that would redeem the most preposterous of situations.

In the mood of comedy, he begins permitting the motion picture idol to find a strange girl in his apartments. Carefully building his fundamental structure, he introduces the girl's friend who reiterates the original tale. His exposition now revealed to even the dullest intellect, Mr. Cohan brings on the revengeful girl's father and begins his play. There is an equally vindictive brother, a helpful male friend, wrathful female friends, detective and a comic butler. In all the permutations and combinations of farce, these puppets appear in situations alternately serious and ridiculous.

The author does not use the darkened room and off-stage shriek devices to mystify his audience. He has the surer method of bewilderment by doubting the character's sincerity, by questioning the reality of the whole affair. There are so many twists of personage and motive throughout the action that the surprise ending is flat—not because of its obviousness, but because the author has already befuddled his audience that revelation is impossible.

Mr. Cohan neglected or exhausted his ability at constructing ingenious, fresh situations. Particularly at the end of the first act he resorts to worn tricks to prolong.

The players gave a spirited performance. Mr. Gilbert made much of a typically "Cohan" hero, who often stepped out of the play to comment facetiously upon it. Miss Bushnell, Mr. Kent, Mr. Chase, all played with understanding and unflagging but unobtrusive comic intent. The company may be congratulated for a careful, finished production.

J. C. M.

#### PLAYS CONTINUING

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.**—San Carlo Opera Company. Repertoire. Third and last week.

**COLONIAL.**—George White's Scandals of 1923. Second week. Four in all.

**SELAVYN.**—"Two Fellows and a Girl," an amusing comedy by Vincent Lawrence with Ruth Shepley. John Halliday and Allan Dinehart and Claiborne Foster. Second week.

**SHUBERT.**—"Mary Jane McKane," a capital musical comedy, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly. Third week.

**TREMONT.**—"Little Nellie Kelly," a lively musical comedy by George M. Cohan, with Elizabeth Hines. Return engagement. Second week. Four in all.

**WILBUR.**—"Sally, Irene and Mary," a delightful musical comedy of New York life, with Eddie Dowling. Last two weeks.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE.**—"Dew Drop Inn," musical comedy in two acts, book by Walter De Leon and Edward Delaney Dunn, lyrics by Cyrus Wood, music by Alfred Goodman; produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Astor Theatre, New York, May 17, first time in Boston.

Jack Newton	Harry Clark
Madame LeCordoz	Viola Leach
J. P. Rockely	Lon Hascall
Grace Rockely	Marcella Swanson
Hope Rockely	Beatrice Swanson
Ronald Curtis	John Y. Lowe
Edith Toober	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Joseph Higgins	Spencer Charters
Violet Gray	Mabel Withee
Bobby Smith	Bradford Kirkbride
Ananias Washington	James Barton
M. Dupont	Richard Dore
"Mooney," a cunning canine	In Person

There came a moment, in the second act, when by shutting one's eyes and listening intently, the voice of Bert Williams came back from the grave. It was one of those querulous, droning "blue" songs, and the deep-toned chanting of the words, dripping melancholy and distress, was that of the cleverest, cleanest colored comedian yet to grace the American stage.

The tonal resemblance was marvelous, for the moment; then it passed, and James Barton, with his own mannerisms, his own odd vocal inflections, his nervous, twitching feet, was up there, working his passage.

"Dew Drop Inn," incidentally first designed as "The Pink Slip," and fashioned in divers ways to serve as a starring vehicle for Bert Williams, now introduces Mr. Barton as a black-face comedian, holding to the talents which years of training in burlesque have developed, and which at least two full seasons in musical comedy have polished. He is seen as a shiftless porter, as expert a liar as his illustrious namesake, Ananias, of course, not Washington. He is employed in a southern California hotel, none too steadily frequented until various groups hear of treasure hidden on the premises, to be traced by putting together six pieces of pink paper, and to be claimed by the possessors of these slips.

Ananias, learning of the legend, overstocks the market with pink slips for which he charges all the way from \$2 to \$20. In and out of the subsequent action walk with heavy tread a detective, a rich man's son and a wisp of a manicurist with a voice of much assurance, and several other minor characters of a type which happily is gradually disappearing from the stage. Actually, aside from Miss Withee, as the love-harassed, manicurist, Miss Cavanaugh, who has an individual style in dancing, and Mr. Clark, who sets himself up as a patient foil to Mr. Barton, the principals have little to do. The recklessly bedizened choristers have even less of toil to show for an evening spent in the theatre.

It is Mr. Barton, then, who carries the show, and he carries it literally with his feet. He is one of the "dancin'est" men within our ken. His feet talk, they hypnotize. Else how could one man, standing immutable save for one tapping shoe to the barely audible swing of a few muted strings in the orchestra, hold an audience spellbound as long as that man willed.

He danced frequently, even unexpectedly. He covered that stage with those flapping leathers as if he were on skates; squatted on a noticeably dusty stage, propelled himself from wing to wing as oarsman in a single scull, did all the soft shoe steps which have come down the ages from Frank McNish to Fred Stone; topped all with his brief but ludicrous travesty of the dance of one of Ballev's Wooden Soldiers.

"Jimmie" Barton assuredly is a hard-worked, hard-working comedian in his present role. That he is the outstanding feature of "Dew Drop Inn" is a statement of fact which doubtless will be verified repeatedly in the fortnight's engagement allotted it here.

W. E. G.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.**—San Carlo Opera Company in Bizet's "Carmen." Incidental dances by the Pavlov-Oukrainsky Ballet. Carlo Peroni conducted. The cast:

Carmen	Alice Gentle
Don Jose	Manuel Salazar
Escamillo	Mario Valle
Dancario	Francesco Curci
Remendado	Natalie Cerri
Zuniga	Pietro De Biasi
Maria	Joseph Miller

Micaela..... Elena Panceri  
Frasquita..... Frances Morosini  
Mercedes..... Phyllis Falco

The performance was a creditable one. Miss Gentle was interesting, both vocally and dramatically, both before and after a stage accident. She sang with beautiful tone and textual significance. Her Carmen might be more in the picture if there were more fire and impetuosity, yet there was always the indication of the impending tragedy. Mr. Salazar as Don Jose sang fluently and with ease in sustained song. Otherwise his performance was wooden, there was no differentiation in facial expression. His moods were as one.

Mr. Valle as Escamillo did not act as one, fed on raw meat. He affected a subdued tone, too, in dress, rather than a screaming red. He was conscious that the bull was behind in the pen rather than with him. A feature of the performance was the Micaela of Elena Ehlers. A sweetly confiding creature, with the letter from m-m-mother, her singing was a vocal triumph and she interpreted the text with fine understanding.

T. A. R.

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE.**—"So This Is London." Play in three acts by Arthur Goodrich. First production in Boston. The cast:

Hiram Draper, Jr.	Donald Gallaher
Ellnor Beauchamp	Maile Carroll
Lady Amy Duckworth	Lily Cahill
Hiram Draper	Edmund Breese
Mrs. Hiram Draper	Anna Cleveland
A Flunkie at the Ritz	Edward Jephson
Sir Percy Beauchamp	Lawrence d'Orsay
Lady Beauchamp	Marion Grey
Alfred Honeycutt	Wallace Wildcombe
Thomas	William Hassen
Jennings	Robert Vivian

George M. Cohan has written many plays and been co-author in as many more, yet never has he turned so far afield as in "So This Is London," which had its first Boston performance last evening at the Hollis. Nor since "The Tavern" or possibly "Seven Keys to Baldpate" has he fared so well with keen-edged pen of satire. The play is credited to Mr. Goodrich, but a first act bears unimpaired print of Mr. Cohan's hand. The following acts now and again are touched with Mr. Cohan's smile, his eye for quick view of humorous, salient characteristics.

"So This Is London" has little to do with the familiar Broadway characters of Mr. Cohan. Instead, it tells the tale of an English and an American family brought into contact by manufacture of shoes and also by young love. Through three acts it pokes even measured fun at the two races and ends with the gentle moral that both are "good stuff." An evening of thoroughly to be enjoyed mirth, if not always sharp-edged character.

In the two family circles two figures stand out—the respective fathers. For America, Hiram Draper brings the clean-cut, fighting, yet ever-friendly type. Mr. Breese acts him to the hilt, but from first successful middle western aspect he shades him into a Cohan figure out of Times square—a character, perhaps, but more likely a caricature of the theatre craving ever the successful laugh line. Mr. Cohan would himself smooth him into a degree of subtlety. For England, Sir Percy Beauchamp is a sturdy figure of a gentleman risen out of trade. Lawrence d'Orsay, playing one of the best roles of his latter-day career and now gracefully escaped from musical comedy, acts him with shade, subtlety and true stubbornness of vision.

To this American version of the play the actors bring a hardening of playing, a broadening even to farce that is conspicuously and pleasingly lacking in the production still on display in London. Save for Mr. d'Orsay, only Miss Lily Cahill, as the denatured American, escapes this tendency.

W. R. B.

## ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

A vaudeville bill consisting of acts to suit all tastes, headed by Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, in their new miniature musical comedy, "Shamrock," is at B. F. Keith's this week. The leading act is in five scenes, is on the stage for about 45 minutes, and carries with it a jazz orchestra and a sextet of clever and winsome girls, all of whom can sing as well as dance.

Rooney and his partner, of course, are in the centre of the stage most of the time. In addition to introducing new steps and lilting melodies, Rooney dances the old favorite to the tune of "She's the Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," and his singing of the classic virtually "brought down the house." The act is well staged, the costumes are in excellent taste and the piece, as a whole, is one of the best seen here in recent weeks.

Jack Benney is a monologist who not only possesses pleasing personality but can, in addition to putting over clever patter, play a violin. His act resulted in his being called out several times and he had to give a number of encores.

Jessie Maker and William T. Redford



appear in "Rolling Stones." Miss Herford is a dancer of ability while Baker, who has a fine baritone voice, sings in a most pleasing way. The two have an excellent act.

Those who like the mysterious, "Leah, Maid o' Mist" will be sure to please.

Prof. Horace Slerak locks the young woman up in a trunk and then proceeds to thrust swords and knives into the top, sides and bottom. How the girl escapes injury is indeed a puzzle.

Other acts include Reck and Rector, "Society Entertainers"; the three Originals Blanks, jugglers; Pert Kelton and the moving pictures.

# GEORGE SMITH

By PHILIP HALE

George Smith, pianist, played music by Chopin last night in Jordan hall: Ballade, F major; mazurkas, two in C major, one in A minor; scherzo, C sharp minor; sonata, B-flat minor; preludes, F-sharp, B major; nocturne, B major; valses, E minor, B minor; etude, F major, Op. 25; polonaise, A-flat.

The many excellent qualities of this young pianist have been enumerated in The Herald more than once. Last night he appeared solely as an interpreter of Chopin. From a circular which was distributed in the hall, it would seem that he purposes to devote himself especially to the works of that master; that he will be known as a specialist in Chopin.

Specialists are not a modern invention. Centuries ago in the practice of medicine among the ancients there were specialists for the left ear and specialists for the right ear. In music there are Beethoven specialists—as Mr. Lamond, the pitiless Mr. Lamond, who will play you four or five of Beethoven's sonatas in succession; Brahms specialists, Debussy specialists, and in London there are Scriabin specialists who—Allah be praised!—have not yet crossed the Atlantic. Sometimes alleged specialists fret over the distinguishing appellation. Mme. Calve resented being called a specialist in "Carmen." The voluble Mr. de Pachmann more than once insisted that he could play the music of Mozart, Beethoven and Liszt as well as he played that of Chopin.

And so we have heard during the years recitals with all Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, Chopin, Debussy programs. If any composer can stand this test of endurance his name is Chopin. But in music led by an orchestral conductor, or played by a pianist, we prefer a general practitioner to a specialist however great his renown.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith, admirable interpreter of Chopin as he is in certain ways, will not confine himself to the music of any one composer; that he will not be like the reader of one book. The specialist is too often narrow in his views; his horizon is shut in; he soon prescribes to himself too preposterously—to borrow the Shakespearean phrase, little by little his interpretation of his chosen composer becomes mannered; he anxiously seeks after new readings to show his originality, to prove that he is, indeed, a specialist; at last he is convinced that he is the only interpreter of his idol—"there is one Chopin and I am his prophet."

Mr. Smith is a sensible young man, as well as a pianist of indisputable natural gifts and rare acquisitions. He has played here in a delightful manner music by the old masters and by the modern. It was often a pleasure to hear him last night, though in the Ballade, the Scherzo, and the first movement of the Sonata he at times evidently shared the views of those who talk loudly about "the greater Chopin" and then illustrate these views by thunderous speech on the keyboard. The true Chopin is revealed in his twilight music, and the real interpreter of it is never a Boqueron; much less a Hercules.

A large audience was enthusiastic.

# BEATRICE HERFORD

Beatrice Herford gave some of her original monologues yesterday afternoon in Stelnert hall, and thus delighted an audience of good size. Her program comprised: In the Bank, A Sociable Seamstress, In the Drug Store, A Lady Packing, Train Friends and The Hotel Child.

Miss Herford's talent, a talent almost amounting to genius, has been known here for several years. She has imitators—perhaps one should say collaborators in the same vineyard—but she is not to be imitated, nor is her rollicking humor, which observes the foibles, whims and caprices of her sex, shared by others. It matters not what serves

her as material—the woman at the teller's window, the woman that are voluble in a railway car, or that unfortunate and highly objectionable child who calls a hotel home—her observation is shrewd, her power of description inimitable.

Miss Herford will give another series of monologues in Stelnert hall next Friday evening.

# "MARCH HARES"

PEABODY PLAYHOUSE—"March Hares," a satire in three acts, by Harry Wagstaff Gribble; first time in Boston.

Ethel.....Elizabeth A. Jones  
Mrs. Rodney.....Madeline Massey  
Edgar Butler.....Ian Schuyler  
Geoffrey Wareham.....Alexander Onslow  
Oliver.....Homer M. Snow  
Janet Rodney.....Maryalice Secoy  
Claudia Kitts.....Louise Billis  
The Cook.....Jane Poor  
Mr. Brown.....Walter Wilson

Last night, the Stage Guild produced Harry Wagstaff Gribble's "March Hares," one of the most discussed comedies of the decade. Two years ago, the Shuberts presented it in New York. But the month was August, and those who might enjoy a sophisticated bit of foolery had not returned to town in sufficient numbers to support it. Thus like many another similar piece, it never was adequately tested by those for whom it was intended.

A curious and appreciative audience viewed the first performance. They saw the unfolding of a play that is at once amusing, uneven and bewildering. Mr. Gribble has written a satire upon the artistic temperament in general, and in particular, a group of individuals passing a week-end in suburban New York. Two teachers of elocution, engaged to be married, became so weary of the constant clash of personalities that they bring into the house two kindred spirits.

The impact and the explosion resulting when four violently sensitive souls meet form the substance of the play. Another author might have made this a comedy of intrigue or even an ordinary bedroom farce. But not Mr. Gribble. His plot is almost non-existent; he disdains to build situations for their own sake. His characters are not the ordinary puppets of comic dilemmas. They are not ordinary in any sense of the word. Geoffrey, the frantic, irresponsible elocutionist, or the excitable Janet, the passionate Claudia, who always was embroiled in a scrape, the adventurous Fuller, who had been a glass blower in a circus, or the saner but amorous mother. Truly—they are aptly called "March Hares."

As in the characterization, the author lampoons the "arty" individual in the dialogue. Therein he has labored most carefully, and in the dialogue the play has vigor. It is sheer nonsense—most of it—but entertaining nonsense. Witty, keen, sparkling fun it is. Never is the author so slow as to permit his quips to be foreseen; they are as ephemeral and as flashing as the moods of his hero.

But nonsense must inevitably pall, and there are times when, after a scintillating bit, Mr. Gribble's invention suddenly slackens, and there are moments of pure puerility. As well, there is often a disturbingly effeminate strain to the wit—justifiable, perhaps, because of the subjects satirized—zut at best dubious. That there is weakening in the work is unfortunate; it does not detract, however, from the worth of the entire accomplishment.

The Stage Guild performed the difficult task of enacting the comedy with discernment and skill. Mr. Bamberger designed a setting as exuberant and garish as the play. In a frame of yellow and purple the actors exploited the equally colorful personages of the play. Mr. Onslow, as in New York, was Geoffrey, as extravagant, as unrestrained as the character. His interpretation was the centre and keynote of the whole. Miss Gills, seductive, mannered, admirable as Claudia, was an excellent foil to the Janet of Miss Secoy who, in contrast to the rest, was less violent in the quieter scenes, rising to frenzy as the occasion demanded. These three, with Mr. Schuyler, knowingly suave, were the neurotic quartet of affinites.

Mrs. Massey, who well knows that a line gently toyed with is as effective as one mangled and torn by over-emphasis, and Miss Poor, amusingly stolid, and the entire cast were able assistants. There was a little raggedness last evening, attributed to opening night nervousness. That will pass, and leave the Stage Guild spiritedly presenting an exhilarating comedy that has a limited but undeniable appeal to the sophisticated and the civilized. May there be enough of that class in Boston to support the brave effort during the engagement of two weeks. J. C. M.

# "RIGOLETTO"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—San Carlo Opera Company in "Rigoletto." Second performance. The cast includes:

Duke of Mantua.....Adamo Chappini  
Rigoletto.....Marlo Basiola  
Gilda.....Consuelo Escobar  
Sparafucile.....Pietro de Biasi

Maddalena.....Sienna de Joffe  
Monterone.....Natale Cervi  
Conte di Ceprano.....Antonio Canova  
Contessa di Ceprano.....Francesca Morosini  
Rosa.....Francesca Curci  
A Page.....Philine Falco

Inasmuch as this is the second performance of Verdi's opera by the San Carlo company, there is no need of comment on setings, some of which were a bit unstable. "Rigoletto" has few light moments; from the first mocking entry of the hunchback jester it is tragedy of a melodic and dramatic order, threaded with nicely calculated musical acrobatics.

Last night the performance was a good one. Marlo Basiola as Rigoletto, sang with increasing dramatic tensility and power. His jester was moving, especially in his scenes with his daughter, always touched with gentleness and sincerity. Consuelo Escobar, as Gilda, has a beautiful, rich soprano voice that is at the same time young and girlish. Chappini, as the Duke, was at his best in his more amorous moments, of which there are many, but he has more the appearance of a young and rather naive schoolboy than of a reckless man of the world. In minor roles de Biasi, as the murderous Sparafucile, and Curci, as the sardonic adviser to the Duke, are conspicuous. The chorus of knights, arrayed in many colored hose and startling doublets, despite their self-conscious manner, sang with spirit in true operatic vein. The audience was enthusiastic.

LOWE'S STATE—"A Woman of Paris" written and directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast includes Edna Purviance, Clarence Geldert, Carl Miller, Lydia Knott, Charles French, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Morrissey, Malvina Polo and others.

"A Woman of Paris" is Charlie Chaplin's first venture as author and director. Whisking aside his more joyous moods and his light hearted pranks he has written "a drama of fate." There is no new story, no new figure, but it is all colored with his feeling for people, his drollery in its sadder moments, his irrepressible humor shading what might have been sheer movie melodrama of Parisian revelers. His coincidences never seem contrived; his actors are never puppets dancing to the tune of a director's megaphone. It is a picture of suggestion, simply and daintily told.

For story, he has merely taken a girl and her lover who are to elope to Paris. The train, suggested by the flitting shadow of its windows as it slides into the station, arrives. The man has not come; the girl goes alone to Paris. Years later she appears as the beautiful mistress of Pierre Revel, an epicure, a man of wit and of fashion. By chance she meets Jean, now a struggling artist living in the Latin Quarter with his mother. He would still marry her but his mother objects. That is all; Jean kills himself in a cafe; Marie goes back to the country with his mother. Pierre forgets her.

But as Charlie Chaplin has done it, it is real. He has thrown movie convention to the winds; his sub-titles are conspicuous by their absence. He has let his actors tell the story, and they tell it well, from the exquisite flashes of Adolphe Menjou as Pierre Revel, whose caustic remarks, and unperturbed acceptance of everything from bad news from the stock exchange to his mistress's attacks of temper, that never interfere with his enjoyment of his own saxophone playing. Edna Purviance, as Marie, shows no signs of the comedy queen that she has been. Her acting is always restrained, and dignified.

It is in his incidental details, his stupid porter at the railway station, the unperturbable masseuse, the suggestiveness of his party in the Latin Quarter and the slow lumping along of the hay wagon at the end, as Pierre Revel, in his automobile, and Marie, in the wagon, pass each other unrecognized, that Mr. Chaplin has shown his genius.

Hugo Muensterberg in his discussion of the future of the motion pictures said that eventually there would be no sub-titles; the pictures would tell their own story. Mr. Chaplin has taken a long step in this direction. His photography is not particularly good; there were many flickering effects that blurred. But his story was told with a smooth directness; his characters stood out in bold relief, rounded, unexaggerated, always touched with his gentle, and ironic humor. E. G.

Modern and Beacon theatres. "In the Palace of the King." From the novel by Marion Crawford. The cast includes Edmund Lowe, Blanche Sweet, Hobart Bosworth, Sam de Grasse, William Mong, Aileen Pringle, Pauline Starke and others.

From the realism of Charles Chaplin's picture to the romantic sentiments and pictured glories of the reign of the Spanish Philip II is a long stride, and indicative of the range of the motion

pictures. In the Palace of the King," peopled by smirking diplomats and wild mobs throwing halberds, spears and lighted torches, lacks nothing in elaborate ensemble, but somehow, despite the armies moving against Turks "who have forgotten Allah," and willing populace made lurid by the blazing torches, the picture lacks action. There is too much talk of heroes, and the conventional side glances and whiskers that characterize the political situation are too frequent.

Marion Crawford's story of the palace of Philip II is that of a spotless prince. Don John, brother to the King, and the idol of a cheering people. He loves a girl not of royal blood, whose father, Don Mendoza, trusts to the King, worries for her honor. For incidental hindrances there are the lying and gambling advisers to the King, who flit about with secret letters and mincing glances, and a bewildering dark-eyed beauty who stirs the court to passion and intrigue. Plots and counterplots take shape in the palace; mobs scale the walls to demand Don John for their king; and finally Philip gives his consent to the marriage of the heroine with Don John.

The settings are sumptuous; the palace seems Italian, and there is some good acting. Blanche Sweet as the beautiful heroine deserves better material. There is little that can be done with the heroine of these mediaeval romances—they are so hedged in by convention. Hobart Bosworth as Gen. Mendoza is excellent, a good actor and a sturdy general, who reminds one of Rembrandt's portrait. Sam de Grasse as the gulfish King is effective, and Aileen Pringle is indeed a dazzling court schemer. Better sub-titles would have helped to make the picture less sentimental. F. G.

The reason why good acting finds no encouragement in England, and bad acting no check (I am speaking, remember, of Shakesperian performances), is that not one in five hundred of any given audience comes to the theatre with the vaguest idea, or ideal, as to how a play or a part should be acted. They come to see this or that favorite actor or actress, and are prepared, nay, determined to applaud, however feeble or flat or wrong-headed or incompetent may be the performance offered them—William Archer.

May not this be said of American audiences today, and not only with regard to Shakesperian performances.

Last Monday night we pasted gayly the playbill of "The Love Child" on a sheet of paper and then proceeded to state in an amiable manner our opinion of the drama. The playbill stated that Miss Beecher took the part of the mother. We spoke of Miss Beecher, but later, lo and behold, we praised the acting of "Miss Frederick."

Nay, nay, Pauline, as Claude Melnotte was in the habit of exclaiming. Why "Miss Frederick"? We knew while we were at work that she was not in the cast, but there the name appeared next morning, and not through caprice or fault of linotype or proof-reader. We had not been thinking of Miss Frederick. Her handsome face had not been haunting us in the night watches.

It surely was a case of heterophemy—a good word, invented in 1875, by Richard Grant White, who thus defined it:

"The assertion made is most often not merely something that the speaker or writer does not mean to say, but its very reverse, or, at least, something notably at variance with his purpose. For this reason I have called it heterophemy, which means merely the speaking otherwise." Ned White said that Henry Ward Beecher "heterophemized" in a very striking manner.

Mme. Lucille Delcourt, harpist, and John Barnes Wells, tenor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall tonight. Mme. Delcourt's skill and fine taste are well known, and there are excellent reports about Mr. Wells.

"Peeples" writes: "In the film play, 'The White Sister,' the postman plies a door-knocker, and the man of drums and 'traps' in the orchestra, for the sake of realism, synchronizes a ringing of a bell."

The program of the concert to be given next Monday night by Messrs. Fox, Burgin and Bedetti has been revised. Trios by Brahms, Tchaikovsky (not Schumann) and Pierre (first time) will be performed.



## HANSEL AND GRETEL

Mahler's first symphony will be played tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening for the first time in Boston. No doubt the "advanced Mahlerites" will pooh-poo it, as being too simple, not "characteristic of the master." It may therefore be the more pleasing. Mahler employs a large orchestra, and asks for seven horns, a curious number; why not eight, if many horns must adorn his orchestral brow. The other pieces will be Gabriel Faure's exquisite music for the play, "Pelleas and Melisande," written for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production, in which, when it was seen here at the Tremont Theatre, George Arliss made his first appearance in Boston, in the humble role of a servant; Vaughan Williams's Variations for strings on a Theme by Tallis, and the Dances from Borodin's "Prince Igor."

We mentioned not long ago the death of that admirable actress, Mme. Tessandier. W. E. K. writes: "They also say that Madame Tessandier, when she made her debut at 18, could neither read nor write, and that 20 years later, when she made her first appearance at the Comedie-Francaise, she had never yet heard of Racine. Evidently she was a genius after the stamp of Adelaide Neilson, and acted from instinct. It is not at all necessary to have book-learning to be a good actor or painter or singer or piano virtuoso. Who was that actress—was it Neilson? of whom it used to be said that she had never read the play of Romeo and Juliet, though she was the greatest Juliet of her generation. She knew only the lines of Juliet's part and the fag ends of other lines that served as prompt cues."

Almece Jeanne Tessandier was born in 1851. She played at Bordeaux, Brussels, Rheims, before she made her first appearance in Paris, which was at the Gaite in 1875. For two years she was at Cairo. Returning to Paris she played at the Gymnase, Odeon, Vaudeville, National, Ambigu, and was not seen at the Comedie-Francaise until 1889, when she was given a stupid and ungrateful role. She left that theatre the next year. We saw her only once; it was in the "Tour de Nesle," and we shall never forget the passionate intensity of her acting.

Beatrice Herford will give her second series of monologues tomorrow night in Steinert Hall. Mr. Newman will talk about Argentina and show most interesting pictures in Symphony Hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon.

Concerts next Sunday: Mme. Onegin, contralto, in Symphony Hall, Mr. Rachmaninov, pianist, at the Boston Opera House; the People's Symphony Orchestra at the St. James Theatre; Domenico Forte, tenor, in Jordan Hall. All in the afternoon.

G. R. S. writes to us: "The reprinting of old songs calls to mind one that was popular in the days of 'Alabama Coon' and 'Bill Bailey.' The chorus has stuck in my mind for a quarter of a century and I sometimes sing it while bathing, much to the disgust of my family. By the way, is it peculiar to the men of the S— family to sing in the bath? My father used to sing 'Black-Eyed Susan' and sailor chants in his bath, and his father before him. The haunting chorus runs: "All he left was a pair of trousers hanging on de bedroom do', All day long dey seemed to be a-sayin': 'You'll neva see yo' boarder any mo.' Poor sistah Julia, all day long she cried: 'What is the use of a pair of trousers if they haven't got a man inside.'"

Who'll sing as Lakme?  
"I'll" said Galli-Curci; "I'll sing Dinorah;  
I'll dance in the moonlight, and make it  
a gala;  
I'll sing Dinorah!"

But who'll sing as Lakme?  
"Who save Galli-Curci?" said Mr. Insull;  
"She'll trill the Bell Song: the public  
will cheer her!  
She'll sing as Lakme!"

(So, as the issue was a fair one and susceptible of compromise, they compromised it; and she'll sing as Lakme.)

—Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Hansel and Gretel," opera by Humperdinck (in English). The San Carlo Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Gretel.....May Korb  
Hansel.....Anita Klinova  
Father.....Giuseppe Intermante  
Mother.....Stella de Mette  
The Witch.....Frances Morosini  
The Devil.....Anna Sturblitt  
The Sand Man.....Beatrice Altieri  
Conductor.....Clarence C. Nice

Mr. Gallo shows himself wise when he seeks to broaden his repertory. From touring opera companies we are asked too steadily to take our pleasure in murder, sedition and sudden death, disease, depravity, madness. Since musicians of such high quality as Nicalai, Donizetti, Rossini, Verdi and Mozart found it not beneath their dignity to set comedies to music—and, while about it, did some of their strongest, most lasting work—surely neither manager nor public today need feel chary of laughter in the opera house.

But comedy, after all, to be enjoyed to the full, must be understood. Mr. Gallo made a move in the right direction by having "Hansel and Gretel" sung in English. In all honesty, to be sure, it cannot be stated that much of the text was understood of the people. The merit of clearly enunciated words, however, can be attained the moment the public insists upon it.

Nor can it truthfully be said that the performance was in all respects satisfactory. Nobody with bowels of compassion could begrudge the able and industrious Mr. Peroni a holiday, but it might be wished he had not elected to take it when so beautiful a score as Humperdinck's was the business in hand.

A difficult score, too, it is to play properly, for Humperdinck did so glory in making the most of a large orchestra that, unless a conductor of discreet skill stands at the helm, the voice parts too often are drowned in a flood of orchestral sound. The loss of rhythm, too, and of climaxes prepared and reached, is not easily put up with.

It was better, though, on the stage. There were two excellent characterizations. Miss Morosini acted the witch admirably, with real unctious; in the voiceless way which seems traditional in America, though it used not to be so in Germany, she sang effectively.

Miss Korb sang Gretel's music with charm, and for the most part she acted the difficult role convincingly. If Miss Klinova would visit the playground of some school at recess and observe carefully what she sees, she would recognize how faintly her demeanor yesterday resembled that of a boy. R. R. G.

## LONDON QUARTET

The London string quartet (James Levey, first violin; H. Waldo Warner, viola; Thomas W. Petre, second violin; C. Warwick-Evans, cello) played last night in Jordan hall Mozart's D minor quartet (Peters's edition No. 13), a fairy-suite, "The Pixy Ring," op. 23 by Mr. Warner, and Debussy's quartet, op. 10.

Chamber music! The orthodox, when they hear these sacred words, bend the knee. With bowed heads and covered eyes they listen to it. As still as possible they applaud it—not to break the spell. The spell is so easily broken! The sound of a piano will shiver it—a flute, a clarinet. As for a human voice—that would never do! For these purists, indeed, chamber music ceases to be chamber music if three stout quartets for strings alone, each with its full complement of four movements, are not performed in a row.

The London quartet, a heterodox body of men, view the matter differently. With none of the dignity of the priests in "Aida" about them, they take their places on the stage like four ordinary human beings blessed with the gift of music. While playing, they wag their heads in time with a sprightly rhythm, if for a moment any one of them takes a fancy to. They glance at each other, now and again, with expression in their eyes. They acknowledge the applause they get as though they really like it.

In making their program, too, they do odd things, for last night they played, instead of a third quartet, Mr. Warner's suite, highly unorthodox music indeed, program music, if the truth must be told, very gay and pretty, all about gnomes and fairies. People like it so well that the quartet made no bones of spoiling the unity of their program by playing an encore, and a rather commonplace one at that, but pleasant to hear for its comfortable flow of song.

It was all very strange. The elect could hardly have felt content. But the audience had an air of enjoyment about it not always in evidence at chamber concerts. No wonder! The atmosphere must have been as near as modern conditions of concert performance allow to that of those brilliant occasions when the families Lobkowitz, Esterhazy, Czernin and the rest sum-

moned their friends to hear quartets and trios by Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn.

To judge by what we read, though, we may question if the Viennese nobility ever heard the music played so marvelously as we heard it here last night. Not to waste words, it seemed as though these Londoners had attained perfection, for to an exquisiteness of finish, a loveliness of sound, surpassed by no quartet, they add a warmth, an emotional force not in the reach of every group of players. For sheer beauty, beauty of tone, balance, phrasing and sentiment, some old concert-goers of tolerably wide experience have never heard anything to equal the playing last night of the Debussy quartet slow movement. It was of a beauty that thrilled. R. R. G.

## Verdi Masterpiece Satisfactorily Presented

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Othello," an opera in four acts; libretto adapted from Shakespeare's tragedy by Arrigo Boito; music by Giuseppe Verdi; conducted by Carlo Peroni. The cast:

Othello.....Mabel Salazar  
Desdemona.....Blanca Saroya  
Iago.....Mario Valle  
Emilia.....Anita Klinova  
Cassio.....Frances Curci  
Rodrigo.....Luigi De Cesare  
Lodovico.....Pietro De Biasi  
Montano.....Natale Cervi  
A Herald.....Pietro Canova

With evident pleasure the San Carlo company sang last night that amazing music drama by Verdi, who astonished the world by composing this—his mas-

terpiece—at the age of 76. Owing to the difficulties of interpretation "Othello" is given rarely and is probably, of all his most famous works except "Falstaff," the least known.

That the opera can be satisfactorily presented without a Tamagno or a Maurel in the cast the San Carlo singers demonstrated. There were, it is true, glaring defects in the mounting. But the settings of the organization are always cosmopolitan. To dress the 16th century Cyprians in 18th century costumes; to palm off a palpable view of Venice as a vista of Cyprus; to introduce Chinese lanterns decorating a Cyprian inn—these are mere bagatelles. Chronology and architectural fidelity can have little importance in a company whose scenic resources are as meagre as are the San Carlos.

Their purpose is rather to obtain as competent artists as their purse affords; to offer a satisfactory ensemble in place of sumptuous backgrounds. The policy last evening resulted in an agreeable performance of one of the most formidable tasks in all opera. With the exception of Mr. Salazar the cast was not historically notable. But if Madame Saroya did not suggest the tender Desdemona, and if Mr. Valle was monotonous and obvious as Iago, both of them were adequate vocally.

Mr. Salazar was more perfectly consistent with Shakespeare's Moor as reflected in Boito's skilful adaptation. His voice, of great beauty, was a medium to express the dignity, the truthfulness of Othello. His jealousy, his rage, were grafted by circumstance rather than innate in his character. Tragedy became all the more poignant. The minor principals were in good voice, the chorus sang well, the orchestra, insufficient numerically, was conducted by Mr. Peroni, whose tempo was often too sluggish. J. C. M.

There skips the squirrel seeming  
weather-wise,  
Without beholding of heav'n's twinkling eyes;  
For, knowing well which way the wind will change,  
He shifts the portals of his little grange

DU BARTAS.

## ALCOTT'S SQUIRRELS

As the World Wags:

The question raised by A. Knutt, too humorous a pseudonym for such a serious inquirer, as to the origin of the squirrels on Boston Common, is not without a considerable interest and is one which I frequently heard discussed at length some 50 years ago. Will you permit a very old lady to record in your column what she considers to be the true solution of the problem?

I venture to assert from recollection, as one of the oldest living inhabitants of what is fallaciously called today Greater Boston, that squirrels were not native to Boston Common, whose early uses had not made it a propitious spot for their lodgment, and, indeed, were never seen there prior to 1867.

As I recall hearing the story in my younger days, gray squirrels were then, as now, abundant in the Parnassian groves of Concord. Kindly Mr. Alcott, father of Little Women, as he often liked to be called, having noticed the absence from the Common of the little

animals, which were always great favorites of his, on one of his trips to Boston in the spring of 1867 carried with him two pairs which he had caught by some—we may be sure—gentle means and released them on the Common. He kept them under a mild observation for some time and reported that they had built homes near Beacon street and were rearing families. He was said to have been much pleased with the exploit and often spoke of it but, as he had carried the four squirrels by hand on the train in some contrivance of his own construction, I know that his friends always wondered how the journey had been accomplished without mishap and the lively creatures brought safely to their destination by their sometimes absent-minded guardian. The date of this occurrence will prevent any of your myriad-minded readers from tracing any connection between the proximity of the squirrels to Beacon Hill and Emerson's familiar lines relative to the dialogue between the mountain and the nimble-minded, if humbly, squirrel of his fancy. A. D. W.

Concord.

The man on the Common reminds one of Shelley's lines in "Alastor":  
"The doves and squirrels would partake  
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food."

And the squirrels in these days of divorces, domestic transfers and promotions, deserve to be fed and petted, for naturalists inform us that squirrels appear to be strictly monogamous, "pairing for life and constantly inhabiting the same dwelling."

## FROM OLD TOPSELL

Let us see what Mr. Edward Topsell had to say about the squirrel in 1658:

"The squirrel is greater in compass than a weasel, but a weasel is longer than a squirrel. . . . They sleep a great part of the winter like the Alpine mouse, and very soundly, for I have seen when no noise of hunters could wake them with their cries, beating their nests on the outside, and shooting boltes and arrows thorough it, until it were pulled asunder, wherein many times they are found killed before they he awaked. They grow exceeding tame and familiar to men if they be accustomed and taken when they are young, for they runne up to men's shoulders, and they will oftentimes sit upon their handes, creepe into their pockets for nuttes, goe out of doores, and return home againe; but if they be taken alive, being olde, when once they get loose, they will never returne home againe. They are very harme full, and will eat all manner of woollen garments, and if it were not for that discommodity, they were sweete—sportful—beastes and are very pleasant play-fellowes in a house."

"The lambes and rabbots sweetlie rune at hase,  
Whilst highest trees the little squirrles cline."

NICHOLAS BRETON.

## WHAT ZADOCK SAYS

There is much about squirrels in that invaluable and fascinating work, "History of Vermont," by Zadock Thompson. He says that the gray squirrel, *Sciurus cinereus*, is rather disposed to be mischievous, "often using its teeth to the injury of the furniture; that these squirrels were so troublesome in Pennsylvania that the government granted a premium of 3d a head for their destruction and in 1749 there were about 1,250,000 killed. In Vermont the largest black squirrel weighed only 2½ lbs., while the largest gray weighed 3½ lbs. The red squirrel was often called the chickaree from its chatter; it was also called the Hudson or Hudson Bay Squirrel. The striped squirrel in Vermont was the one with cheek pouches. Timid in climbing trees, it seldom went up more than 20 or 30 feet. Their burrows by the side of stone walls, fences, roots of trees were extensive, and with two openings." What is remarkable is that the dirt which has been removed in making the excavation, is nowhere to be found. This is the Chipmuck, Chipping-Squirrel, Ground Squirrel, Hackee. Then the flying squirrel of nocturnal habits was often met with living in families.

Do not be surprised if you hear an Englishman say "skwirel" while Americans prefer "sqwurel."

Ah, the wonders of nature—including those fussy about pronunciation of the English language.

## ADD "POPULATION PROBLEM"

K. N. Z. of Plymouth incloses a clipping from "a paper published by a live church, which seems to have solved the problem of birth control and at a very reasonable price."

## "COUNTY PALATINE BANQUET"

Court and Castle Winthrop have tickets for the big co-operative dolings of the year in Unitarian Church, Monday night, Nov. 26. Not a chap nor a lass but who will enjoy the night. Seventy-five cents buys a first class birth."



## LATEST CANDIDATES

The selection committee of our Hall is considering the applications of Mr. Doodle Bess of Louisville and Mr. Tinkoff, an attorney in Chicago whose specialty is the income tax.

## TREAT REPORTERS SERIOUSLY (Weymouth Gazette and Transcript) NOT ENGAGED

Persons should not joke with newspaper men, that is, give them fake news. When a young lady tells a Gazette man in the presence of a third party that she is engaged, and insists that it is the truth, she should not criticize the Gazette if the fact is printed. To say Miss Grace M. Wheaton denies that she is engaged, but nevertheless she alone is responsible for the announcement.

Our Hall of Fame is not a zoo so the children of Andrew Coon, A. J. Deer, M. D. Doe, Lottie Lark, Albert M. Gustave Rat, Albertine Raven and Edward Yack, all of Chicago, is doubtful.

## LUCILE DELCOURT

Lucile Delcourt, harpist, and John Barnes Wells, tenor, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall, Carl Lamson serving as Mr. Wells's accompanist. Mme. Delcourt played a "Piece in G" by Bach, by Rameau, "La Victoire," an "Air Varié" by Haydn, a rhapsody on a theme of Ravel's by Mignon (for the first time in America), the minuet from Ravel's sonatina, a concert allegro by Chesco, a Ronde Champetre by Chabrier, "Vers la Source dans le Bois" by Tournier (also for the first time), and a burlesque by Grolez. Mr. Wells sang Handel's air "Care Selve," Sarti's "Lungi del caro bene," arranged by Bruno Huhn, an old folk-song, "Separazione," arranged by Scambati, "Over the Mountains," an ancient song arranged by Roger Quilter; the dream from "Manon," Pessardo's "L'Adieu du Matin," "L'Heure Silenceuse," by Victor Staub; Fourdrain's "Le Semeur," "Silver," by Victor Harris, "E'en as a Lovely Flower" by Frank Bridge, Burleigh's "Steal Away," and "If I Were King" by Campbell Tipton.

A large audience last night applauded Mme. Delcourt with a heartiness which proved the keen pleasure her playing gave. It must then be a fact that many people are content to dispense with all emotional stir in music if only they can have color lavishly spread, rhythm in plenty and sharply defined, and melody beautifully turned. For of warmth of emotion last night there was little if any; Mme. Delcourt's program offered race instead, picturesqueness of suggestion, and much of formal beauty. Is there any music for the harp alone that can possibly touch the heart?

Mme. Delcourt made a valiant and successful effort to find unhackneyed music to play. The enjoyment of what he found depends much on the listener's taste. For persons not peculiarly interested in the harp the most attractive pieces were the Haydn air, Tournefort's deft suggestion of the spring in the woods, and the lively burlesque by Boulez. To a hearer with slight experience of solo harp playing, Mme. Delcourt's performance came as a revelation of how wide a variety of color an accomplished player can secure, how easily sustained a tone (as in the Haydn air). A musician of Mme. Delcourt's fine quality can indeed do much in overcoming an unfavorable medium. Mr. Wells showed himself a singer who has acquired a notably smooth legato and unusually clear enunciation in English and Italian. When he sings with full voice he gives tones of excellent timbre, but at other times he is yet to acquire color, and, of higher importance, he is plagued with a nasal quality which he should try hard to root out. He might to advantage have chosen a higher average of songs to sing last night. The audience liked his singing well, to judge from the warm applause.

R. R. G.

the audience or the conductor. The orchestra bore its share of the burden admirably, and its playing of the Intermezzo was, of course, roundly applauded.

## "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company repeated "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" at the Boston Opera House last night, to the great pleasure of a good-sized audience. These melodramatic melomedramas are well within the powers of the San Carlists and the performances accordingly were of general excellence. Especial interest attached to the reappearance of Mme. Gladys Axman in the rôle of Santuzza. Her representation was distinguished by sincerity and emotional power. Both she and Mr. Salazar, the uriddu, set a good example to their fellow workers by addressing their remarks to each other rather than to

## GIVES MAHLER'S FIRST SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mahler, symphony, D major, No. 1 (first time in Boston); Vaughan Williams, fantasia for double-stringed orchestra on a theme by Tallis; G. Faure, suite from stage music to "Pelleas and Melisande"; Borodin, Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor."

Mahler is known here as an orchestral composer by his fifth and second symphony, both huge "machines." The fifth was once popular. There have been four performances at subscription symphony concerts. The second, with chorus, was performed twice at extra concerts of the orchestra.

Looking back on these performances and the one of yesterday, one finds Mahler a more imposing figure as a visiting operatic and orchestral conductor than as a composer. His conducting of "Don Giovanni," "Tristan and Isolde" and "The Valkyrie" at the Boston Theatre, and his reading of the fantastic symphony by Berlioz will be remembered after the memory of his own orchestral music is dim.

This symphony in D major, his first, was written and performed at Budapest when he sojourned there as a conductor at the Opera House. When it was performed at a Weimar music festival, a few years later, lo and behold, the program contained a description of the music. It was well known that Mahler abhorred program notes of any sort, "arguments" or analyses; but from this Weimar program one learned that Jean Paul Richter's romance, "Titan," inspired the symphony; that the movement in the manner of a dead march was a tonal translation of a familiar picture showing the funeral procession of a hunter attended by all sorts of four-legged and two-legged animals. That the other movements had explanatory and rather fantastical titles. Does anyone know today whether Mahler wrote these program notes in bitter mockery of the compilers of program books, or thought that the Weimar audience needed printed explanations for the full enjoyment of his music?

In this symphony, as in his later ones, Mahler takes great pains to produce insignificant results. He remembers folk songs; he is enamored of dance rhythms. Now and then are measures that prepare the hearer for an overwhelming effect; when it comes, it is usually sound and fury, signifying nothing. Yet a strange fascination is exerted by measures of an unnecessary ugliness; by tricks of grotesque instrumentation; by a certain wildness in massed outbursts; by persistent rhythms. And in this symphony, as in later ones, suddenly appears, without apparent connection with that which precedes or follows, a long and sentimental, but unmistakably appealing, song for violins, which yesterday was played with rare beauty of tone and at the end with genuine passion. Nor is it to be denied that in the Dead March there are ingenious details of construction and instrumentation. Mr. Monteux is to be thanked for producing the symphony. Some in these latter days condemn the music of Mahler, especially the works which they have not heard.

The fantasia of Williams was produced here last fall. It displays at great advantage the incomparable band of strings; more than that, by its strains of solemn beauty it induces the deep fit of devotion and profound contemplation of the First Composer, in which the whimsical Sir Thomas Browne indulged even when he heard only vulgar and tavern music. But Vaughan Williams, as his colleagues in the ultra-modern English school, sins in one respect: he knows not the value

of brevity.

It was a pleasure to hear after several years the exquisite music written by Gabriel Faure for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of "Pelleas and Melisande." When the play was performed here by her company, did anyone pay attention to the music and could any one derive a just idea of its worth?

The concert ended with a stirring performance of the splendidly barbaric dances from "Prince Igor."

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for the concerts of Dec. 7, 8 will be as follows: Dukas, overture to "Polyeucte"; Brahms, Concerto, B flat major, No. 2, for piano (Harold Bauer, pianist); Paine, Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus"; Wagner, introduction to Act III of "Tristan and Isolde" (English horn solo, Louis Speyer); Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso (first time at these concerts).

## "Argentina" Lecture Is Highly Informative

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony hall last night was "Argentina." In the New England schools 50 or 60 years ago the pupils were taught that Patagonia was a bleak and dismal country, with rude natives of giant size. Mr. Newman showed Patagonia as the amazingly rich granary of Argentina, with enormous fields of wheat, great estates, ranches with countless cattle, horses, sheep; farmers' comfortable dwelling houses. An incomparable fruit country, with luscious grapes for the table, thousands upon thousands of clusters for wine. There were views of cotton and flax fields. The cities Mendoza y Rosario; La Plata, which fondly hoped to be the Argentine capital and so built costly edifices. The extravagance of the Argentine people was shown by their life on the river El Tigre and at Mar del Plata, the Palm Beach of the republic.

Half of the time—and this deeply interesting lecture might have been even longer without tiring the large audience—was devoted to superb Buenos Ayres, its magnificent streets, buildings, both public and private, the famous jockey club, the beautiful parks, the cemetery, where the extravagant in life are as extravagant in the ordering of their mausoleums. The costumes of the women in the streets and on the race track were another proof of the luxurious life led in this great city.

If any one wishes to become acquainted with South American scenery, life and manners, there is no more comfortable way of receiving instruction and becoming less parochial than by listening to Mr. Newman and seeing pictures that are more informing than pamphlets or letters from newspaper correspondents.

"Argentina" will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next Friday evening and the following Saturday will be "Brazil."

## "Faust" Ably Presented by San Carlo Company

The opera performed last night at the Boston Opera House by the San Carlo Opera Company was Gounod's "Faust."

The chief singers were Mmes. Roselle and Klinova and Messrs. Chiappini, Interrante and De Biasi. Mr. Perroni conducted.

Mme. Roselle gave an admirable impersonation of Marguerite, vocally and dramatically. She sang with fine tonal quality and with true simplicity and fervor as text and situation demanded. Young as she is, she already knows the value of the repose that is far from being only inertia. In the garden scene the pace taken seemed slow and here there was at times an abatement in interest. Miss Klinova was a wholly adequate Sibel. The work of the others in the cast has already been reviewed.

It's a pity that Mr. Interrante, who bears himself so valiantly as Valentin, has not learned moderation in the use of his voice. One of the most striking features of the performance was the acting of Miss Roselle with her maniacal laugh in the scene where he curses Marguerite. There was a large audience.

The engagement will come to an end tonight with a performance of "La Gioconda." The opera this afternoon will be "Lohengrin."

The question is no longer, who was the Man in the Iron Mask; nor is the inquiry concerning the man that struck Billy Patterson. The burning question today is this: When were squirrels first seen on the Boston Common?

A. D. W., in a pleasant letter published in The Herald, says that two

pairs were brought from Concord in 1867 to the Common which had hitherto been without the animals.

Now comes R. H. G. and writes: "In 1862-1865 the squirrels were plenty along the Tremont street Mall and they built their nests in the Paddock elms and pranced about the Granary burying ground as mad. The theatre billboards ornamented the base of these elms, and the squirrels scuttled about them, and up the trees."

Let us hear from Mr. George B. Bell of Cambridge:

"In reply to Mr. A. Knutt's letter in Saturday's Herald. I was born in Boston in 1840 and grew up there. I was a frequent visitor to the Common from the time I was old enough to waddle alone. Many's the bath I have had in the old Frog pond before it had any curbing or paved bottom. It wasn't until 1848 that the pond was paved and curbed for the celebration of the turning on of the Cochituate water.

"As far back as I can remember there have always been squirrels on the Common, but, owing to the fact that cats and dogs were also frequent visitors there then, the squirrels were not tame, as they are now. Up to the time of the civil war, Tremont street, Beacon street and all streets facing the Common were fashionable residential streets, and the squirrels lived on food which they obtained in the backyards of these houses, for there were no trees on the Common. Nor was the Common the only locality in Boston where squirrels were to be found. They were equally plentiful in the old Granary burying ground and in Louisburg square. In this latter locality they were more tame, being a quieter and more secluded section of the city.

"As to the pedigree of the squirrels, I am unable to give any information, as I never had any heart to heart talks with any of them, but I am of the opinion that the ancestors of the present-day squirrels roamed the wilds of Boston Common and its vicinity long before the white man came to these shores."

## TANTALUS AND THE TEST TUBE

(No one has ever seen or handled a vitamin Dr. W. Savage reminds us.)

If I could but dandle thee,  
Vitamin, upon my knee,  
Ah! How happy I should be!

Wanting thee, I would not squirm  
In th' embraces of a firm,  
Forceful and impassioned therm;

But the joy of joys to me—  
Greater no delight could be—  
Were to kiss a calory.

A. W. in the London Daily Chronicle.

## THE HOLLYWOOD PERCENTAGE

Mildred Spain writes to the Chicago Tribune:

"This couple has caused much talk in Hollywood. They were married twice and separated three times, if you remember."

## AN INDIA RUBBER WOMAN

As the World Wags:

In reading Mrs. Wharton's "Son at the Front" on page 244 I note the following extraordinary statement:

"Mme. Olida fell back in a trance-like attitude, let her lips droop over her magnificent eyes."

Can this be the result of facial massage, or is it simply that they do things differently in France. BOLSHEVIK.

## UNAUSPICIOUS ENTRAILS

As the World Wags:

That famous astrologer of an elder day, Josephus the Nestorian, wrote "Fortune is inconstant. At the very pinnacle of a man's career the shadows fall on him and the cruel clutch and hap of Fate may send him into the desert naked and friendless."

The fortunes of our respected President are at their zenith. Following the precedent of the Roman generals of the ancient republic on the eve of battle, I have slain and dissected a Welsh rabbit and have read the signs and omens in its entrails. This was the answer:

"The future of Cal is clouded. In his hour of greatest triumph Robert M. Washburn has seized upon him and written his biography. What is the answer? The augurs are silent."

Can Mr. Whiting at this late hour and in this crisis save him?

S. Q. LAPIUS.

## ZANGWILL VS. CAINE

As the World Wags:

Zangwill's biting words do not include our criminal statistics. A distinguished scholar says that we have become so indifferent to that greatest of all crimes, murder, that only when done by judicial process does it give us the slightest concern.

The words of Mr. O'Meara, the former police commissioner in Boston, have deeply impressed me. He de-



clared that hoodlumism was the greatest menace to our country. I have therefore held up in contrast the behavior of the Japanese. My comparisons are not invidious. They are simply plain statements of facts as I saw them 40 years ago. To recognize this weakness of ours is not to condemn us as an inferior people, and one may still read with a feeling of pride and belief such appreciative comments about America as Hall Caine, in "My Story," writes. "I love its people because they are free with a freedom which the rest of the world takes as by stealth, and they claim openly as their right. I love them because they are the most industrious, earnest, active and ingenious people on the earth; because they are the most moral, religious, and, above all, the most sober people in the world; because in spite of all shallow judgments of superficial observers, they are the most childlike in their national character, the easiest to move to laughter, the readiest to be touched to tears, the most absolutely true in their impulses, and the most generous in their applause. I love the men of America because their bearing toward the women is the finest chivalry I have yet seen anywhere, and I love the women because they can preserve an unquestioned purity with a frank and natural manner, and a fine independence of sex."

Salem. EDWARD S. MORSE.

#### MEASURE OF DISTANCE

As the World Wags:

"From the spot where the animal was seen here to the place where he was captured is five smiles."—Boston Globe.

What a quaint bit of argot! I have heard the expression "five pipefuls" to denote a lapse of time, but never "five smiles." There was a time when one could smile five times in one block.

W. L. R.

#### ATTENTION OF SIR CONAN

As the World Wags:

The following advertisement appears on the bulletin board on the weather side of the police station at the village of Manchester, this state:

REWARD \$5

For recovery of German police dog dead or alive answering to the name of "Bow" large tawny color. WALTER YATES.

Telephone 71, Manchester.

Now, is it a trick dog or do you suppose he really answers from the great beyond? C. H. S. M.

#### IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Battistini denies the report coming from Stockholm that he purposes to retire at the ridiculously young age of 66. He says he was never singing better than at the present time.

Maurice Ravel and Joseph Jongen are composing, the one a quartet, the other a trio, for the Merydyl Pianoforte quartet.

It is said that Mischa Elman and Harold Levey are reading librettos of musical comedies with the intention of composing music for one. "They have practically decided that their first book will be by a dramatic author who has never before written for the musical stage."

Apparently the audience at the Schreker concert in Amsterdam did not care greatly for his music though he and

Mr. Mengelberg conducted it passionately.

"La Farandola," an opera by Antonio Lozzi, produced at Milan, is said to be a "realistic, romantic, fantastical and choreographic" work.

Foreign journalists say that Don Lorenzo Perosi thinks of making a tour in the United States.

Max d'Oleone has resigned the directorship of the American Conservatory at Fontainebleau.

Andre Caplet, who learned the art of conducting as leading conductor at the Boston Opera House under the reign of Henry Russell, denies the report that he has been or is a candidate for the class of instrumental ensemble at the Paris Conservatory.

#### THE LONDON STAGE

A recent performance of "Twelfth Night" in London was characterized as "charmingly irresponsible, free from solemn observances of Shakespearean rites, and free, or almost free, from distracting eccentricities. 'Almost,' we say, for Viola and Sebastian are a trifle ridiculous in their little pink coats and little blue breeches and the embroidered shin-pads of the Illyrian hockey eleven." The Sir Toby (Frank Collier) was less

Sir John Martin-Harvey will appear tomorrow night at the Boston Opera House as Oedipus, King of Thebes, in the tragedy of Sophocles translated by Sir Gilbert Murray. The production is Max Reinhardt's.

A friend of the actor saw Reinhardt's production in Berlin and strengthened Sir John in his purpose to produce the tragedy. The production in London took place at Covent Garden on Jan. 15, 1912. Lillah McCarthy took the part of Jocasta; Louis Calvert that of Creon; H. A. Saintsbury was the Tiresias; Franklin Dyall, the Messenger from the Palace.

This tragedy of Sophocles has been played here, with George Riddle as Oedipus speaking in the Greek language; with Mounet-Sully speaking the French of Jules Lacroix's translation. Of these performances we shall write later; but it is now the time to quote from Mounet-Sully's "Souvenirs d'un Tragedien" the pages in which he gives his opinion concerning the purpose of Sophocles, if Sophocles had any other purpose than that of writing a noble tragedy.

The actor, Got, first suggested the part of Oedipus to Mounet-Sully, who at once visited Edmond Geffroy, the actor that had created the role in Lacroix's translation. They talked about the traditions. Mounet-Sully confessed he did not know about Oedipus blinding himself. Geffroy told him that was simple; merely an application of a lacquered madder. (Some of us remember Mounet-Sully's terrible appearance when he was blind.)

Mounet-Sully saw in Oedipus a man who had rebelled against fate, exulting in his own strength. Oedipus discussed the commands of the gods; he did not submit to the prophesies. Wishing to avoid them, he fulfilled them, and fell into the snare laid by the gods who were jealous for their authority. "This strong being contained in himself the quintessence of humanity, proud, rebellious toward divinity. He was a sort of Prometheus who would not see the vulture. Each one of his outcries was as the shaking of invisible chains." Oedipus represents the revolt of instinct and intelligence against blind fate; the final defeat of man. So when Mounet-Sully played the part he felt a sacred responsibility: "that of showing, at the moment, before men, the great symbol of the eternal struggle between Fate and haughty human weakness. Yes, I have always played, I now play, Oedipus with religious respect. I came on the stage each time as a priest goes up to the altar." He adds that his conception of the role was apparent from the first, but it was clouded by too many details. "It was necessary to eliminate greatly before arriving at the divine simplicity of Sophocles."

Is this view the one to hold? Or shall we say with Murray that there is not much philosophy in the "Oedipus"? "There is not in comparison with other Greek plays, much pure poetry. What there is, is drama; drama of amazing grandeur and power. In respect of plot no Greek play comes near it. . . . In this play every character is interesting, vital, and distinct." But Murray seems to agree with Mounet-Sully concerning the main motive of the tragedy: "Man is indeed shown as a plaything of Gods; but of Gods strangely and incomprehensibly malignant, whose ways there is no attempt to explain or justify. . . . As far as Sophocles is concerned, if anything in the nature of a criticism of life has been admitted into the play at all, it seems to be only a flash or two of that profound and pessimistic arraignment of the ruling powers which in other plays also opens at times like a sudden abyss across the smooth surface of his art."

"The story is a strange and baffling one. Why should Oedipus have been relentlessly pursued by fate? Why should a curse have followed his descendants? What strange death did he die? The messenger in "Oedipus Coloneus" describes it? Some god summoned the blind king: 'Ho you! ho you Oedipus! Why linger we to depart? Long since there is delay on your part.' And Oedipus was seen 'holding his hand over his brow to shade his eyes, as if some horrible sight of fear had been disclosed, nor what was endurable to look upon.' Yet the messenger ends his narration by exclaiming: 'It was either some messenger from the gods, or sunless gap of the shades beneath the earth, mercifully opening to receive him; for the man is not to be lamented, nor was he dismissed from life wretched with disease, but, if any other of mortals, worthy of admiration.'"

What a contrast to the closing chorus in "Oedipus Tyrannus."

"O inhabitants of Thebes, my country, behold. This Oedipus who solved the famous enigma, and was the most exalted of mankind, who, looking with no envious eye upon the enviable fortune of the citizens, into how vast a stormy sea of tremendous misery he hath come! Then mortal as thou art, looking out for a sight of that day, the last, call no man happy, ere he shall have crossed the boundary of life, the sufferer of nought painful."

There are singular variations of the old legend. According to Homer Oedipus continued to reign at Thebes after the death of Jocasta. He fell in battle and was honored by a magnificent funeral. The strangest version is connected with the mysterious Sphinx. As the story was told, she was an illegitimate daughter of Laius, who loved her dearly and acquainted her with the nature of the Delphian oracle. After his death, his children, for he had concubines as well as a wife, disputed the kingdom, which the oracle insisted should belong only to Jocasta's children. They all consulted the Sphinx, who to find out which one of the brothers knew the secret confided by Laius, put all sorts of hard questions to them. Those who had no knowledge of the oracle were condemned by her to death, as not fit to mount the throne. Oedipus, knowing the oracle, having been informed in a dream, answered the Sphinx, his half sister, and was declared the successor of Laius, his father, unknown to him who was his father's slayer in a quarrel on the road.

"a full-throated, uproarious drunkard than a good wit commenting upon life's absurdities over a good bottle of wine. Too delicate, too subtle?—not at all. We would say rather that it is keen, nervous comedy, definitely clear of farce, and we welcome it." As for Sir Andrew Aguecheek, he was strange and brilliant, "from the outset a less violent caricature than most, and so able to give to his pranks greater variety than would be possible after a more highly-colored opening. He lets Sir Anthony's folly go upon you with a half-pathetic air of 'I can't help it, you know,' instead of plunging you straightway into the full

"The Last Warning," by Thomas F. Fallon, revised by Arthur Rose for London. "This is one of those American-bull mystery-cum-crook plays of which the critic is entreated not to give away the secret. Frankly, we find the inhibition a considerable relief; for the plot gets so tangled before the play is over that we get confused, and are left at the end wondering, like the child in the poem, 'what they killed each other for.'"

Christopher Marlowe's tragedy, "Edward II," was announced for performance by the Phoenix Society in London on Nov. 18.

#### "OEDIPUS" AT CAMBRIDGE

Many of The Herald readers probably saw the performance of "Oedipus, King of Thebes" in the Greek of Sophocles in the Sanders Theatre, Harvard University in 1881. The performances were on May 17, 19, 20, 21. Oedipus, George Riddle; Jocasta, Leonard Eckstein Opdycke; Creon, Henry Norman; Tiresias, Curly Guild; Priest of Zeus, William Hobbs Manning; a Stranger from Corinth, Arthur Wellington Roberts; a Shepherd of King Laius, Gardiner Martin Lane; a Messenger from the Palace, Owen Wister. An overture with music for the choruses was composed by John K. Paine, who conducted. The leader of the chorus was L. B. McCagg. George L. Osgood sang the tenor solo. The costumes were designed by F. D. Millet.

The production awakened great interest throughout the land; the fame of it crossed the Atlantic.

#### "OEDIPUS" IN BOSTON

The tragedy was performed in Boston at the Globe Theatre the week beginning Jan. 23, 1882, when George Riddle again played Oedipus, speaking in Greek while the others in the cast spoke English. The play bill read: Jocasta, Georgia Cayvan; Creon, Louis Morrison; Tiresias and the Messenger from Corinth, J. F. Hagan; Priest and Shepherd of Laius, J. J. Hayes; Messenger from the Palace, P. Charles Hagar; Daughters of Oedipus, Gertrude and Lulu Calef; tenor soloist, Herndon Morsel; conductor, George W. Chadwick.

Mr. Riddle gave a scene from the tragedy at the Boston Theatre on May 24, 1882.

Jean Mounet-Sully and his French company including Mmes. ane Hading and Eugenie Caroline Segond came to the Tremont Theatre in May, 1894, and on May 8th "Oedipus" was played in the French version of Jules Lacroix and with the music by Edmond Membre composed for the first performance in Paris of this version—in September, 1858. Got in his memoirs says that he obtained for Membre this commission. The cast at the Tremont was as follows: Oedipus, Mounet-Sully; Creon, Segond; Tiresias, Prad; Priest Rohde; Shepherd of Laius, Manie; Messenger, Jourdan; Jocasta, Mme. Dorlia.

When William Archer saw Mounet-Sully in "Oedipus"—"There is no play in the world so brimming with historical, technical, and ethical interest"—he expressed the opinion that "Sophocles in French is much nearer the real thing than Sophocles in Greek, as recited from time to time at the universities."

"All the rule-of-thumb scansion in the world can never restore to us the true rhythmic movement of the iambic line, any more than the untrained voice of a callow undergraduate, bow-vowing his lines with all the vowels transmuted into English, can reproduce the splendid resonance of tone which rang through the vast theatres of Athens and Syracuse. Now in the French performance we at least have rhythm and melody,

though not the rhythm and melody. Moreover, we have the solemn dignity of carriage which belongs to the drama of gods and heroes. The actors do not indeed wear the cothurnus, but their performance is 'cothurnate' none the less. . . . Mounet-Sully's declamation or rather intonation, of his verse seemed to me absolutely what the play and part demanded. . . . His appearance was superb, and his intense earnestness gave the whole thing an air of living reality, so that we never for a moment felt the performance to be mere academic revival of a curiosity of literature."

#### "OEDIPUS" IN NEW YORK

There was a performance of a play entitled "Oedipus" at the Bower theatre, New York, on Oct. 20, 1883, when Thomas S. Hamblin played Oedipus and "the young, beautiful and talented" Mrs. McClure, formerly Miss Mesk, took the part of Jocasta. What was the author of this tragedy, which was surely not a literal translation from Sophocles, for we read that M. Ingersoll took the part of Adrastus and Mr. Walton played Alcandor? Y. Tiresias (Mr. Gale) figured in the play. It was said at the time that the tragedy did not find favor. Was Dryden and Lee's? Was it Neville's he translated from Seneca—George Adams, Thomas Maurice's? Thom Franklin and Lewis Theobald translated in turn from Sophocles.

George Riddle, speaking in Greek and the others in the company seen in Boston at the Globe theatre, performed Sophocles's "Oedipus" at Booth's theatre on Jan. 30, 1882.

Mounet-Sully played in the version of Lacroix at Abbey's theatre March 27, and several times in April, 1894.

Sir John Martin Harvey produced the tragedy translated by Gilbert Murray at the Century theatre on Oct. 25, 1912.



# H. W. MASSINGHAM ON 'OEDIPUS REX'

In The Nation (London)  
It will be interesting to learn what fortune attends the representation of the "Oedipus Tyrannus" in New York. Those who witness it will see in Sir John Martin Harvey's "Oedipus" the noblest and most beautiful example of the tragedian's art which this generation can afford. Many will also become acquainted with what the Greeks meant by tragedy and tragic irony. They can take an interest in Prof. Reinhardt's free adaptation of the Greek theatre to the conventional modern stage and auditorium. Finally, they will see one of the most wonderful plays ever written. By this I do not mean that the "Oedipus Tyrannus" is the most eloquent or the most poetical even of the great classical dramas, but that it is the most directly and simply contrived, and that it presents what is and always will be the most terrible or the most difficult thing in life—its seeming injustice.

Some authorities will dispute this. Mr. Shaw, I believe, holds that the construction of the play is childlike; that the characters needed for its development, such as the shepherd and the stranger from Corinth, appear with crude abruptness just at the moment they are wanted, like the marionettes in "Punch." I doubt whether even a modern audience would feel this more than an Athenian one, accustomed to watch the working out of the "unities" of the Greek play. The Athenians would think it quite natural for the whole people in a small city-state like Thebes to come together and unravel the mystery of their own unhappiness and that of the royal house. Sophocles, like Ibsen, is accustomed to treat of things long hidden or half hidden in the breast, and then brought out as in "Rosmerholm." In a rush of self-revelation, Ibsen deals, it is true, with the events of the human soul, while the Greek dramatist is more concerned with the doings of the overman of Olympus and their reaction on mortal destiny, but great literature is all of a piece, and its spirit is of greater consequence than its form.

But, indeed, there is no cause for the lover of great drama to do otherwise than applaud Prof. Murray, Prof. Reinhardt, and Sir John Martin Harvey with both hands, for the wonderful achievement of Covent Garden. I shall take leave to speak chiefly of one aspect of it, Sir John Martin Harvey's "Oedipus." And who is Oedipus? It is impossible not to think that Sophocles, for all his reputed orthodoxy, meant to exalt in him the spirit of man, and not go further. "All is Apollo," wails the stricken Oedipus. That can only mean that Apollo ordained the sin—so repugnant to Greek ideas—and bade it and the suffering fall on the head of one of the noblest of men. And that, as Oedipus hints, is the work of a devil rather than a God. For Oedipus's fault hardly rises to the average Greek conception of "Bois"; it is at worst a hot speed in temper and action. His creator is at pains to display the King's loyalty and truthfulness—his courage at that heroic pitch which risks all for the sake of full knowledge of one's self, and of unstinted reparation of all the wrong that a man may unwittingly do to his brethren. But the wonderful epic of hapless kingliness sinks into a poet's tenderest lament for the fallen, so that the spectacle of the disrowned Oedipus embracing his children and struggling with battered bloody face and sightless eyes through the streets of Thebes, and grovelling in their dust, an offering and an atonement, holds the affections of the spectator even more than that of the tortured "chief of men."

It is Sir John Martin Harvey's art to set forth both these conceptions with a beauty and a depth of feeling, and with a power to make his face and body and voice express the most shattering experiences of the heart for many years unsurpassed on the English stage. His representation places him in the line of the great actors of the past, and in the first rank of his living contemporaries. His "Oedipus" is studied, but not overstudied. He has chosen its great moments with fine thought and selection. I do not believe that the modern stage yields a more thrilling effect than the freezing of Sir John Martin Harvey's face into the likeness of the Greek tragic mask as there creeps upon it his first vision of the sin which God may have meant to lay upon him.

On Nov. 5 "Troilus and Cressida" was performed at the Old Vic. in London. This closed the original intention of performing the full number of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is playing gain in London. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Magda," Bernstein's "Up- lifted."

## OPERA LIBRETTOS

We are continually reading in musical history that operas were damned by their librettos. Whose fault is this? If good ones exist do composers never find them? "Le musicien le plus poète que jamais," wrote four operas and eight operettas besides incidental music, and of all of them a few entr'actes are the most that we ever hear. Beethoven wrote one opera, as a protest, but the world has continued to wallow in the thing protested against. Mendelssohn set out to look for operatic librettos and found a kingdom in an oratorio; the trouble he took over this and the terms on which he was with Schrubbing and Bartholomew help us to understand why it was that Verdi succeeded—Verdi who altered "Rigoletto" 12 times, took such pains with "Macbeth," a failure, and made such a success of "Aida," with a libretto which Nicolai had discarded, and maintained such happy relations with Boito. One fears it is the composer's fault, not because he is a composer, but because he is not a dramatist; he has undertaken something he does not understand, and when the vital issues are taken out of his hands by others who do he is disappointed or angry.

Not finding satisfactory words, the composer sometimes sets about making his own. Wagner is the great instance, and he happened to be something of a poet. The management of his plot is greatly conceived, and the details are sometimes full of poetical fancy; his diction is too conscious, even to a German ear. But his great mistake is that he is too much obsessed with his idea that words, music and scenic representation were one—enclosed, as it were, "in a circle of fire," as one of the founders of opera said—so that he failed to distinguish the peculiar province of each. Hence the exposition of Wotan (to Fricka, who knows the story already, and to the audience, who want to see and hear it, not hear about it) and Isolde's historical analysis (which delays by an hour or so the administration of the potion with which the action begins) are dramatic mistakes. The first of these is the more forgivable; men may be proxy, if they must, but women would have changed the subject long ago. It all comes of not seeing that words sung and words spoken are two different things, that words must be terse and that music exists only by action and reaction.

But when men who are not poets—and no blame to them—write their own words, there is a queer feeling of ineffectuality.

The root difficulty is this: A man who has the real dramatic gift will want to write a play, not a libretto—which is, when all is said, a book to order. And the self-sacrificing people, who believe in the sacred cause of art and all that, and could do what is wanted, although they were something less than born dramatists, are often too poor to spend months over a task for which they may, or may not, receive payment or recognition. For, whoever does it, the writing of a libretto is honest work, or else it is nothing; and people ought to recognize this, and be a little more grateful when they get a good one. For we cannot afford, unfortunately, to wait for Metastasio.—London Times.

## SHAKESPEARE'S INCOME

Some interesting additions to what is known about Shakespeare seem to have been made by Mr. Anthony Bertram in a lecture yesterday at the National Portrait Gallery. He said, for instance, that Shakespeare's income in the last years of his life amounted to £5000 in modern money. There is a definiteness about this which is very attractive, and one would greatly like to know how Mr. Bertram has been able to fix Shakespeare's income with the precision that would satisfy a tax collector. Many pages have been written by professors and others on the theme that Shakespeare's universality included a sound business capacity, but the figure of £5,000 a year seems to be a clinching argument.

It is also refreshing to turn from the tentative conjectures of scholars to Mr. Bertram's statement that "Shakespeare as a boy was a wild youth, and certainly poached on a very large scale." One had thought that the poaching legend was now rather badly discredited, but again one would like to know how Mr. Bertram has succeeded in brushing away the cobwebs of centuries, as he has done, also in declaring that Shakespeare was "a great friend of Queen Elizabeth at court."

The most exacting stickler for evidence will not mind Mr. Bertram stating that "there was nothing high-brow about Shakespeare." Physically Shakespeare seems to have been dowered with one of the highest brows on record, but if there were highbrows in the modern sense in his day—and, of course, there were—there is excellent testimony that he was not one of them. —Manchester Guardian, Nov. 9.

Ernest Newman says of Arnold Bax, whose works "seem longer than they actually are; it is not a matter of actual length, but of short stretches of inorganic matter here and there that let our emotion relax, not at the height of its tension, where relaxation would be a natural relief, but just as the tension seems on the way to reaching its maximum, so that we leave off each time with a sense of frustration. Probably the whole time taken by these weaker episodes would not amount to three minutes in a work lasting 35; but we come away with the impression that they have amounted to something like 10. . . . He has the most delicately poetical mind of all our younger composers, and one is glad to see him gradually acquiring the art of weaving his visions into a connected fabric."

## HUGE ROYALTIES

To the Editor of The Herald:

The stories about large sums in royalties received for popular songs are usually exaggerated, like tales of cinema production costs and salaries.

Charles K. Harris wrote "After the Ball" in Milwaukee in 1892, and within a year had received about \$100,000 cash. Orders arrived from all over the world. The panic came and Charley wouldn't trust banks, so he hired a special vault where he accumulated this money. Harris was a wonderful fellow. As a boy he sold cement on the street; then worked as a stripper in a cigar-making plant, finally becoming a cigar maker. He played the banjo and sang; in fact, was so skillful that, some students in Milwaukee College desiring to learn the banjo, Charley was engaged to give lessons twice a week. He changed his title to professor. Milwaukee College, by the way, was the first institution in America to confer regular degrees on women. It was the pioneer women's college and founded by a sister of Henry Ward Beecher.

Prof. Harris outgrew Milwaukee and went to New York, where he still maintains a flourishing music-publishing house.

Harris has many of the dramatic, artistic and humorous characteristics of his great race. Last summer he delighted us with a funny story—but one should hear him tell it. In 1893 a local singer in Milwaukee desired to go to Europe to take lessons. She had a studio next door to Charley's and dropped in to touch him for the loan of \$1000. Charley asked about security. She offered him a \$1000 policy on the life of her 75-year-old father if Charley would advance \$300 cash, the policy to be made over to Charley and he to keep up payments. The life expectations of the insured were not cheerful and Charley recognized a good investment besides he was a generous chap and friendly to the girl, so the deal was closed. Charley arranged with the insurance company and instructed his secretary to keep the premiums paid.

Then followed the tremendous excitement of his "After the Ball" triumph and he forgot about the loan. Twenty years passed. The old policy came to light. He presented it for payment but the company insisted on proof of death. In vain did Charley point out that it was obvious the old one had popped off long ago. Charley couldn't locate the woman he had befriended, but finally learned she had a sister living on a farm in Wisconsin. Charley wrote and asked if she would please fill in the proof blanks, when to his horror he received the following letter:

"Dear Mr. Harris: My dear old father is in splendid health and spirits and sends his regards. At this moment he is out in the garden digging potatoes for supper."

LANSING E. ROBINSON.

Boston.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Sigrid Onegin, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

Boston Opera House, 3:30 P. M. Sergei Rachmaninov, pianist. See special notice.

St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, with Mme. Szumowska, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. Domenico Forte, tenor.

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Messrs. Fox, Burgin, Bedetti, will play trios by Brahms (B major), Piere (C minor, first time here), and Theme with Variations from Tchaikovsky's Trio.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Harrison Potter, pianist. Scarlatti, Gigue; Bauer, Barberini's Minuet; Bach, Prelude, 2 flat minor; Schumann, Romance, B minor; Griffes, Sonata; Chopin, Nocturne, E major, Etude, E minor; Whitthorne, Pell Street, Chinatown;

Ganz, After Midnight, De Falla, Cubana; Ballantine, The Undercurrent; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, C major.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Vladimir de Pachmann, pianist. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Raymond Havens, pianist. Bach, Prelude, E minor; 16th century Siciliana, arr. by Respighi; Ravel, Ondine; Medtner, Allegretto in C; Bridge, Heart's Ease; Chadwick, The Frogs; Gluck-Saint-Saens, Minuet from "Orpheus"; Schumann, Papillons; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor; Prelude, A flat (discovered in 1918), Etude, A minor.

## THEATRE APPLAUSE

Some audiences, when they are really pleased, are too lazy to tell the actor so by clapping their hands—forgetful or indifferent that their unresponsiveness is depressing, and makes the work of entertaining them harder even than usual. We know them all—and their peculiarities; we have them filed and pigeon-holed and numbered. There is the matinee audience, hard to play to, harder to make laugh; the ordinary evening audience, neither difficult nor inspiring; the "sticky" Monday audience; the more easily pleased Saturday night audience. At once, worst and best of all, there is the professional audience. Audiences, like small and badly brought up children, require constant attention, much handling and "management." Their little ways are diverting but trying. Take, for example, that funny little game they play among themselves, greatly resembling "follow my leader."

It depends on those few bold spirits, of whom there is nearly always a sprinkling in the "house," who have the courage of their own convictions. The others follow them unquestioningly; we are completely at their mercy. They lead the laughs and the applause the silences and the appreciation. If they are of the company of ideal listeners all is well; we are fortunate in having some one out front alert enough to discover the subtleties which might otherwise pass unnoticed by several hundred brains, most of them carefully put into curl-paper for the night before being brought to the theatre! But if they have that overfacile sense of humor already mentioned, or other failings, we lose all hope—except in the end of the performance—and the game waxes fast and furious.

Once, in my extreme youth, I remember a couple of understudies in a London theatre, which shall be nameless, making a bet with me and another that they could sway a metropolitan audience completely, without rhyme or reason, through this craze for "follow my leader." Having secreted themselves in the house, they laughed loudly at given signals, succeeding in producing perfect gales of merriment about nothing. One of the dullest scenes in the play went off with a flourish, and they also obtained a warm exit for the butler! Fortunately for them, the stage manager was never able to discover who had been at the bottom of the affair.

... All the same, even a mislaid house is sometimes better than a house with no leaders at all—though that rarely happens in the Cockney capital. In time, though, behind the scenes, "managing" audiences come to have a fascination for us not excelled by acting itself—or even by the glare of the lights and the smell of the grease paint. There is an unholy joy in conquering an audience that had no wish to be conquered. In spying out the old lady who came full of determination not to be amused, and making her laugh uncontrollably, and unconcealably. In coaxing tears from the matter-of-fact husband who has been unwillingly "brought" by a wife with a taste for sentiment. Above all, in swaying a whole multitude at one time to the concert of our imagination.

We expect much of our audiences—but it is a compliment to them. For we know that, at least as much as they can hurt us, perhaps more they can help (they themselves would not believe how much). . . . It is easy to understand what the actor must give of himself in performance, of feeling and physical strength and concentration. There is something less easy to understand, but quite as tangible and real, that the audience can give him back if it so wills. Something apart from the applause—not exactly a wave of sympathy, it may be antagonistic, but an intense thing, born of their attention and emotion when those two things are being successfully compelled. It can actually refresh and exhilarate the player in proportion as he expends himself, but only when he can attune his audience to give it him. It is a queer thing that in this and every way a large audience is easier to manage than a



small one. And, of course, the more completely they yield to management, the more we love them. Sometimes we are tempted to believe that we love them better when they yield easily, but on the whole we enjoy it more when the conquest is a hard one. We reserve to ourselves—and make frequent use of—the right of scolding our audiences, but we know them to be the final power in theatredom.

## STAGE BRAINLESS, CLAIMS D. BOURBON

What a bitter acknowledgment—and what an unpopular one among actors themselves—it is that brains play absolutely no part in achieving stage success! We don't often admit it, but in our hearts we know it to be true. The author's brains supply us with the words to say, the producer's with the way to say them, our own are not only superfluous, they are unwelcome as contributions!

So unwelcome, that the possession—nay, more, the mere suspicion of possessing brains—is professionally suicidal. Theatrical managers in their moments of complete frankness—which are rare—will admit that to their way of thinking the "Intelligentsia" of the stage are more trouble than they are worth. They find it easier to deal with complete fools, for instance, possessed of the gift of stage-expression (which, alas, is independent of intellect or even intelligence) than to deal with those actors who have "their own ideas," and suffer from the unfortunate habit of knowing "why" they do things, when they are asked—two characteristics absolutely not to be tolerated in actors, except those who have already attained fame. In their case, certain vagaries have to be overlooked, and made the best of. The more intelligent an actor, so runs the superstition, the more difficult it is for him to accept with docility the ready-made interpretation of his part thrust on him at rehearsals by the modern system of play-production.

The first necessity in the equipment of any and every public performer—the art of "getting things over" (establishing contact with an audience to use non-professional parlance)—is a "gift," never to be acquired; something either possessed or forever not possessed. It cannot be learned by any amount of brain-power or will. . . . It may go hand in hand with complete stupidity; even, occasionally, it seems to be frightened away by too-great mental agility. Great acting is of the soul and the body—good acting is of the body, just lacking the soul—but no acting worthy of the name is ever wholly mental. To as much as 90 per cent, it is always a physical thing, the remaining percentage is a matter of individuality.

The appeal of acting is almost entirely to the emotions of the spectators, and what is thought out rather than "felt" has no power to move them. Any tendency to reason rather than merely to feel has, therefore, to be watched, and conquered continually, by the intelligent actor. If he wins through (and there are a few famous names to testify to the fact that he can do so) it is by subordinating his intellect—by making it serve his instincts, always a hard feat to perform. So that the stupid person, granted he be possessed of the interpretative ability, actually starts a point to the good in the race for histrionic fame, and of such there are an infinitely greater number in the theatre's list of famous names.

Certainly the stage, if it does not actually deteriorate, does not enlarge, ennoble, or develop the minds of its people; and that through no fault of its own, nor because of any such sensational characteristics as it is credited with by Victorians and the authors of penny shockers. It is simply a fact that the actor is hounded in his work on all sides by the great "I." Vanity (his worst defect) is almost a necessity to him, for without egotism how can one impose one's personality on others? He is confined in emotionalism. All of which is narrowing to life and outlook, smudges the intellect, unless some outlet can be found in brain as apart from stage-work! Slipshod ways of thinking and being are so easy to acquire when the qualities that help one most in one's profession are those

for which one is not altogether responsible, and for which, consequently, one deserves least credit. But slipshodness of being and thinking do not, unfortunately, impair the quality of acting as they would impair the quality of work of the literary man, the politician, the brain-worker generally. That self-expression, the want of which is far the greatest factor in over-filling "the profession," is always obtained, you see, in terms originated by another's mind—the author's. The actor is an intermediary, whose momentary power is great—and too intoxicating—but it is only power founded on emotionalism.

Many things in stage life, too, grate on the sensitive and susceptible artist. The organized publicity, so much of it absurd; the questions of precedence, the size of the heavily typed names on the posters, etc.—such pettinesses cannot but be irksome to the "big" mind. But though regrettable they seem to be an inseparable part of the stage, and so one grows used to them. And when one has grown so used to them that they cease to jar any more it is because some delicate thing is gone from one. That is how the stage marks its own.

How many people ever realize how appalling even the monotony of his role becomes to the actor?—what an enemy his intelligence has to contend against in that one thing? After 100, 200, or more performances of the same part, how much meaning do they suppose it still retains for its unfortunate interpreter?

His danger is twofold. On the one hand he may become utterly mechanical; on the other, make changes in the playing of his part; when these pall, still more changes, until finally the whole mosaic of performances may be upset. And the more resourceful the actor the greater the variations he is likely to introduce. Such little things can upset the balance of a whole play. The alteration of a trifling ~~feet~~ of light and shade, in performance, changes whole values, and these are not things to be lightly subjugated to the mood of the individual player. In its essentials a performance must remain always the same; there are seldom ever two ways in which one person can interpret the same emotion or state of mind equally truthfully and with equal sincerity. Though an illusion of variety may be obtained by changing little non-vital movements and inflections, it is an illusion only.

Often they make us suffer. But so many other elements in the theatre go that! For stage success is won (by those possessing the Something-Which-is-a-Gift) only, in spite of bitter heartache, by hard work and perseverance and patience. But Brains?

## "LOHENGRIN"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Lohengrin," opera by Wagner. The San Carlo Grand Opera Company. The cast:

Elsa.....Edith de Lys Ortrud.....Stella de Mette Lohengrin.....Giuseppe Agostini Telramund.....Masio Valle King.....Pietro de Bissi Herald.....Giuseppe Interrante

Conductor, Carlo Peroni.

It needs no critical acumen to discover the flaws in "Lohengrin." But though they were obvious enough and in quite sufficient plenty, they were not the sort of faults which one has the right to resent, because, all circumstances considered, it is hard to see how they could be avoided. Everybody, at all events, from Mr. Gallo down, did his best. It is when everybody does not do the best possible that operagoers feel disposed to scold.

Mr. Gallo, himself, rose to the occasion by providing scenery that at least looked as though it had been bought with "Lohengrin" in mind; to ask anything better would be unreasonable. He also dressed out the chorus in the type of costumes we have learned to associate with the opera. For the two leading roles he sent for singers who were probably as excellent as any he could find available.

And Mr. Peroni did wonders. He cannot, to be sure, make a little orchestra do the work of a great, or a small chorus sing like a large one. The effect, though, of Wagner's music Mr. Peroni got. He inspired his players with an ambition to let passages sing that were meant to sing, to lend dramatic meaning to those significant strokes that accentuate the emotions rampant on the stage. Genuinely impressive Mr. Peroni made the procession to the cathedral, brilliantly he played the prelude to the third act, and at the arrival of the swan he worked orchestra and chorus alike up to a pitch of downright, stirring excitement. All praise to him, for he has not as much as he perhaps might wish to make his effects with.

The stage manager yesterday helped him. By skilful massing and well ordered movement he gave the impression of a stately procession in the second act. If he could manage this diffi-

cult scene so nappily it seems a pity he should not have taken the pains to give something the air of a ball to the first scene of "Rigoletto" or a slight hint at the high spirits which plain New England people imagine must animate, a supper party in the Paris gallant world, for the opening of "La Traviata."

The singers, too, with varying degrees of success, all made a fine attempt to characterize their parts. Although, in the Italian way, they had to look too often to the conductor to make sure of their proper entries, they all sang to each other and not to the audience. They all as well tried hard, and with notable success, to enunciate, and with notable success, the only pity is that, since they could not sing the German, they did not sing in English equally comprehensible. Mr. Agostini proved most successful of them all. It would seem, indeed, that he must have pondered deeply over Wagner's theories of operatic song, so clearly he pronounced, so intelligently he declaimed, and yet so tastefully and musically he sang the passages that must be sung.

The San Carlo company can do it when it will. Yesterday, so willing, it gave a far more vivid impression of what "Lohengrin" means than it chose to do in "La Traviata" or "Rigoletto."

R. R. G.

## SONNET

(Written in correction of a paragraph headed "Silent Blasting," which seemed to assume that the quietness of a new "hydraulic cart-ridge" for blasting rock represented a phenomenon hitherto entirely unknown in the natural world.)

Not once but many times have I observed  
How, toward the end of some long medal  
round,  
The ball, when all seemed fair and  
brightly crowned,  
Into a bunker's gaping mouth hath  
swerved;  
Then took the pale-faced player, duly  
nerved,  
His niblick forth and smote the sullen  
ground;  
And then again; again; but always found  
Back to the sand that wretched globeule  
curved.

Thus have I seen bright hopes lie down  
and die  
And hideous nines disfigure five and  
fours  
And turn them to a torment everlasting;  
While he, the player, with his club on  
high,  
Paused o'er the ruin of this best of  
scores,  
Silent—but, oh, indubitably blasting!  
—Lucio, in the Manchester Guardian.

## NEWS OF THE PEYOTE

As the World Wags:

New evidence of the range of the far-darting vibrations of world-wagging has recently come to my attention by way of certain agricultural notes appearing in the Christian Register.

Some months ago remarks by Senator Smoot and other western statesmen on the stimulating qualities inherent to the peyote plant led me to suggest that as it flourished best in arid surroundings it would probably grow anywhere in the country, since the adoption of the 18th amendment, and that extended cultivation of it would create a lawful supply of 100 per cent. American substitute with which to fill, at least, in part, the outlawed, but increasing, demand for the imported stimulants of the pre-Volstead period.

It has already come to pass, and where the wheat growers of the more fertile northern latitudes see little to be thankful for at the coming festival, the peyote growers of the southern plains are filled with rejoicing at the bounteousness of their new harvest. Says the peyote expert of the Christian Register:

"To meet the growing demand, whole communities in distilleries where it grows naturally do nothing but cultivate and ship it. Especially since prohibition has in a degree cut off the Indians' supply of 'firewater,' large and profitable businesses in the drug have grown up and are still multiplying."

## FARMERS ENCOURAGED

Encouraging as such practical experience should be in times of agricultural depression like these our farmers need all the encouragement that can be given them. Let them be reassured then as to the entire lawfulness of their product, for though infusions may be made of it like tea or coffee, and be drunk like them, the peyote vouchsafes its uplift to equal altitude to those who eat of it, and so would come under the same immunity which the law extends to the prohibitionist raisin grower of California.

The occasion for the consideration of the peyote plant by the senators was an attempt to prohibit the use of it by the Indians through congressional action. The attempt failed, and in the reason for that failure may be the germs of inspiration to some leader from the desert for whom the country is now watchfully waiting.

Wanted in London by the Phoenix Society in London on Nov. 13.

## LO. THE POOR INDIAN

It so happened that an Indian youth went from Winnebago, Neb., the native state of that arid prophet William Jennings Bryan, to be educated at Carlisle College. This was about 35 years ago. In the process of making him a better Indian, if not a good one according to frontier standards, he was introduced to the mysteries of the theology and faith of the Christian religion, and as the simple savage pondered on them he became impressed with the important place wine held in its ceremonial. Neither wine nor fig tree flourished on the arid plain where it was his purpose to inculcate his brethren with his acquired learning, and he saw that the strongest selling point for their conversion would be lacking. Then he thought him of the spiritual uplift contained in the numbie peyote, and on his return to the plains country he spread the word of a new synthetic religion, three parts peyote and one part Christianity. Converts flocked to it, and such was its inspiring appeal that a new initiate was heard to declare that in his state of rapture of the moment he could convince Bob Ingersoll that there was a heaven and that the angels were walking in the streets of gold.

## THE PEYOTIAN CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a great day with the Peyotians. "On the morning preceding Christmas the leader locates a great lodge by the position of sunrise and builds a half-moon fireplace in the centre, which is lighted at night. Then he spends the day in prayer. At midnight, Christmas eve, with the entire membership gathered, he blows a flute to each of the four corners of the lodge, announcing that the Saviour has come upon the earth. At daybreak, again, the flute is blown in the same fashion, this time to represent the trumpet of the day of judgment when Christ shall return. Throughout the ceremony the leader wears an otterskin cap, representing the crown of thorns of the Redeemer. Between times the eating and drinking of peyote continues."

## PARADISE REGAINED

Dr. Havelock Ellis appears to have at least entered the novitiate of Christianity. He says that the first impression of the convert are of immense strength and extraordinary intellectual power. Then come visions of vast fields of gold studded with precious stones, perfumes, rare flowers and iridescent birds and butterflies, floating white draperies and feathery forms.

On the testimony of Dr. Ellis alone there is nothing in the worship of Bacchus or Gambrinus or in the promise of any other faith that can offer a regained paradise like this. The constitutional prohibition of congressional interference with the free exercise of religion protected this simple faith from the senators who would prohibit it. As peyote was substituted for wine by its first prophet, there seems to be no reason in principle why light wines and beer or even Scotch should not be substituted for peyote by communicants desirous of lesser raptures so long as the religious purpose of their consumption be professed. The constitutional prohibition would preclude all others. The way is clear. All that is needed is another Mahomet to appear, preaching a suitably revised version of peyotianity to the people of a land more arid than Arabia, and opposing the liberty of the first amendment to the constitution to the servitude of the 18th.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

## IT'S A WISE MORON—ETC.

As the World Wags:

Tourists and hardy mountain climber who have ascended Oldtown hill in Newbury may be interested in one of the new signs now telling the world about it.

"The miserable moron who cut an slashed the seat I would thank him in his kind to stay away. They have no sense. They don't know anything. The room is preferable to their company. word to the wise is sufficient."

Oldtown. S. P. HALE.  
On account of such as he I would have to close the hill to visitors. I ask all to appreciate their privilege and not abuse them. S. P. HALE."

## Sigrid Onegin Gives Program of 14 Numbers

Sigrid Onegin, contralto, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. To the accompaniments of Michael Rauchselsen, she sang this program:

Non Pul del Cor.....Palmieri  
My Mother bids me bind my hair.....  
Come and trip it.....  
Old English, arr. by Carmichael  
Gretchen am Spinnrad.....Schubert  
Die Forelle.....Schubert  
Schlechtes Wetter.....Schubert  
Caelellie.....Schubert  
Skarsilpargos san.....Schubert  
Sylvella.....Alicia Winter  
Wild Tears.....Winter



As the World Wags:  
The very latest style in neckwear introduced by the small-town consists of a cravat about half in width which buttons to the



entire length. This obviates the use of the tie-clasp, and the effect is neat but not gaudy. WILLIAM L. ROBINSON. Allston.

#### As the World Wags:

I read that "any man to be fashionable this season must wear a brown derby, a plaid cape over a square, loose-fitting suit, featuring a one-button sack coat, with broad shoulders and wide trousers, pleated or gathered in the front, all in subdued colors but for a gay waistcoat in lavender or canary color."

Very subdued and gentlemanly raiment. Thank heaven, we have returned to sanity in the matter of good taste in dressing. A nice pair of bright yellow buttoned shoes with white velvet tops would go well with this outfit. L. R. R. Boston.

#### CARLYLE'S ZEPHYR

This reminds us that Mr. Herkimer Johnson called at The Herald office last week. He had been reading "Some New Letters of Edward Fitzgerald," and was perplexed by a description of Carlyle walking in Regent street, "dressed in a coat called a Zephyr." "What's a Zephyr?" asked Mr. Johnson. We were astonished that the eminent Sociologist was so ignorant about matters of dress. "A Zephyr, Herkimer, why don't you know what a Zephyr is? Wait a minute." Going to the library, we consulted the mammoth Oxford dictionary. Returning, we poured out information. "A Zephyr, you poor fish, is a light dust-coat. It is also the name of a light shirt worn by athletes; also a fine light cotton cloth of the gingham type used for women's dresses, having the colors woven into the fabric. We thought that every schoolboy knew all about Zephyrs. We doubt if Thomas Carlyle was walking in Regent street clad as to the upper part of his body only in a light shirt." Meanwhile Mr. Johnson, amazed at our learning, was taking notes for his colossal work, sold only by subscription.—Ed.

These letters of Fitzgerald must be pleasant reading, if one should judge by the London reviews. Fitzgerald visited Carlyle at Chelsea, and spent an evening: "but was very dull somehow and delighted to get out into the street. An organ was playing a polka, even so late in the street, and Carlyle was rather amazed to see me polka down the pavement. He shut his street door—to which he always accompanies you—with a kind of groan."

We learn that Tennyson had spoiled what strength he had by excessive smoking. "I find now that Alfred Tennyson is at his very dirty hotel in Leicester-square; filled with fleas and foreigners. He looks thin and ill; and no wonder, from his habits."

#### HUNGARIAN ANATOMY

(From a Speech of Admiral Horthy)  
I see in my audience few dressed in the linen trousers of our national costumes. Yet, the true Magyar heart beats only in the Magyar trousers.

#### THAT FRENZIED COMPETITION

(N. Y. Times)

The peace plan selected by the Bok jury of award will be presented to the public in the wildest possible manner.

#### INSTALLATIONS & STALLATIONS

As the World Wags:

"Ira M. Downing is having a one pipe furnace installed at his home."

"C. A. Boswell recently had a radio machine stalled at his home."

We sympathize with Mr. Boswell. Our radio "stalls" every time we have the neighbors over to listen in.

M. A. GREELEY.

#### AUDACIOUS MARY

(From the Chicago News)

Mary Pasterczyk of 59 Cabot street was fined \$100 for selling liquor in district police court this morning.

#### A NOVEL TO BE READ

As the World Wags:

Page 93 of Gene Stratton-Porter's "The White Flag": "He ran his perturbed fingers through his perplexed hair." Page 91: "Without preliminaries, she mounted the stairs and opened the fourteen-year-old door of his daughter's room." T. C. McC.

#### THE REASSURING BIGAMIST

(Estherville, Ia., Enterprise)

WANTED—One lady in Estherville and one lady in Ringsted. Steady. C. W. Foster, 614 N. 9th St.; phone 344.

COPLEY THEATRE: "I'll Leave It to You," a comedy in three acts by Noel Coward. First time in America. The cast.

Joyce.....Phyllis Cleveland  
Sylvia.....Katherine Standing  
Bobble.....Philip Tonge  
Evangeline.....Jane Arrol  
Mrs. Dermott.....Alice Bromley Wilson  
Griggs.....Harold West  
Oliver.....Alan Mowbray  
Daniel Davis.....E. E. Clive  
Mrs. Crombie.....Violet Paget  
Faith Crombie.....May Ediss

For the first time in America, the Jewett players last night presented Noel Coward's comedy, "I'll Leave It to You," produced in London some three years ago, where it was hailed as auspicious and prophetic work of a new playwright. The play exhibits unmistakably the traits that are found in the light-hearted pieces of the younger group of English humorists, whose importance almost merits them to be called a distinct school.

Mr. Coward chooses financial ruin as the basis of his dialogue—financial ruin as it affects a charming, irresponsible mother and her charming, irresponsible children. To their rescue comes a forgotten uncle from America, strangely afflicted with an incurable malady, an understanding uncle who promises to bequeath his fortune to the nephew or niece who most achieves success in the remaining three years of the doomed man's life. The action traces the competition, the triumphs of the former sluggards, the result of the contest, with delightful pleasantness, revelation of character and characterizing satire. It is noteworthy to observe that, in this comedy of youth, it is the elders that have the sadder outlook; the youngsters, with one exception, are too self-absorbed, too dignified, too conscious of it.

The honors are Mr. Clive's. Aided by the author, he makes his moments as the uncle the moments of the play. Perhaps because of his acting, scenes without him are often savorless. With inimitable resourcefulness and sophistication, he enacts the American whose past was suspiciously scarlet. The other players give to their parts as much aid as they receive, unable to devise helpful elaborations when the author's invention is thin. Capable were Miss Wilson as the doting mother, Miss Cleveland as her daughter, and Miss Standing as the wiser cousin. Mr. West's butler was a neatly studied bit. Alone, Miss Ediss was unsuitably cast, too artificial, too stilted and unreal in a stilted and unreal and artificial part. The one setting was pardonably illusive, but the lighting in the first act was unfortunately inept. J. C. M.

#### PLAYS CONTINUING

COLONIAL—George White's Scandals of 1923. Revue. Third and next to last week.

HOLLIS STREET—"So This Is London," an amusing comedy by Arthur Goodrich, produced by George M. Cohan with Edmund Breese, Lawrence D'Orsay, Donald Gallaher, Lily Cahill and others. Second week.

MAJESTIC—"Dew Drop Inn," a musical comedy of a hilarious nature with James Barton dancing, singing and jesting. Last week.

PEABODY PLAYHOUSE, 357 Charles Street—"March Hares," a satirical comedy about "temperaments" by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, well acted. Second week.

PLYMOUTH—"The Love Child," an emotional drama adapted from the French of Henry Bataille, with Janet Beecher, Lee Baker and Kenneth Thomson. Second week.

SELWYN—"Two Fellows and a Girl," an entertaining comedy by Vincent Lawrence with Ruth Shepley, John Halliday and Allan Dinehart. Last week.

SHUBERT—"Mary Jane McKane," a capital musical comedy, full of spirit, with Mary Hay and Hal Skelly. Fourth week.

TREMONT—"Little Nellie Kelly," a joyous musical comedy

by George M. Cohan with Elizabeth Hines. Third week and last but one.

TREMONT TEMPLE—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," an elaborate film version of Hugo's romance, played by a strong cast, including Lon Chaney as Quasimodo. Eleventh week.

WILBUR—"Sally, Irene and Mary," a very pleasing musical comedy of New York life, with Eddie Dowling. Last week.

#### Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Greeted by Large Audience

Last night in Jordan hall, a new organization of musicians, the Fox-Burgin-Bedetti Trio (Felix Fox, pianist, Richard Burgin, violinist, Jean Bedetti, violoncellist), gave their first public concert in Boston, playing the Brahms B major trio, op. 8, a new trio, heard for the first time in Boston, by Plerne, C minor, op. 45, and the theme and variations from Tschalkovsky's trio.

A large, fine and enthusiastic audience came out to hear the new company of players. This is well. Time was, and not so many years ago, when there were enough musical people in Boston to support two bodies of players devoted to chamber music. In those good old days we heard what was new in chamber music while it was still new, and we heard it well played, too. Opportunities to hear it now are scarce enough, since the Flozalezky quartet, in the course of three yearly concerts—and they given almost exclusively to string quartets—can hardly play much that has not been heard before, nor, what is more deplorable, can they repeat modern sprang music often enough for people to get to know it.

So the new Trio ought to be welcomed with open arms. The high quality of the individual members' musicianship goes without saying. The only question is their ensemble. There need be no question, for last evening they played admirably together. If, to be sure, they did not play as one man, they played (which some people like better) as three live, intelligent men, each one of whom had consideration for his colleagues. The balance was excellent. All the evening, too, they played with a warmth and spontaneity that do not always animate concerts of chamber music.

They ought to be made much of. But, one may venture to ask, will they be? Chamber music in Boston today, unless the Flozalezky quartet play it, has lost its vogue. Then it is the task of the new trio to re-establish a vogue of their own. They will have a hard job of it, like the Bourbons who could not learn, they do not profit by the experience of others before them who have failed. Why not try something different?

Last night, for instance, they played

a program which, not to put too fine a point upon it, could not fail to weary nine people out of ten. For the Brahms trio, for all its splendor prodigiously long and not free from many a dull page, they followed with a brand new trio of modern idiom which seems longer still. It may be beautiful, though at a first hearing and after very casual study it appears to be no more than a lengthy series of ingenious twists and turns of very ill-defined themes. It sounds well, however, and perhaps it would seem of greater consequence on a second hearing (it was first played, by the way, in Paris, in February, 1922, by Plerne himself, Enesco and G. Hepping). But it was no time to listen to a new work, directly after the Brahms. And the Tschalkovsky theme and variations, as brilliant a piece of chamber music as ever was written, instead of serving the purpose of contrast, came so late in the evening that some listeners were too music-sated to enjoy it.

The program was orthodox enough. But any company of players in Boston today may wisely recognize the truth that the public here for the orthodox chamber concert is small. If a larger public is to be lured to chamber concerts—and there is no reason to believe it cannot be—it can only be done by means of lighter programs, more attractive. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Fox, Mr. Burgin and Mr. Bedetti will seize their opportunity. R. R. G.

#### BALLALAIKA GROUP KEITH'S HEADLINER

But for the absence of a playlet on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week the program might be said to be running true to form. There is a musical act that is seldom the good fortune of vaudeville goes to witness; there are two acts of the genus "nut"; likewise two acrobatic "turns," and there

is much that rises now above, now below, the commonplace.

For the outstanding feature there is the Imperial Russian Ballalaika orchestra, A. Kirloff, director, assisted by Miss Metsy Rees, danseuse, and Ivan Arbuckle, basso. Much of the program was in the lighter vein, agreeably familiar tunes and with one number of Russian folk music. Here is a group of serious minded musicians, who prefer to leave the comedy element to the real comedians of the stage. They played as a musical family of long standing, and there was rhythmic elegance as well as beauty in coloring. Metsy Rees danced after the Russian style, a piquant miss, light of foot and measuring up well to a long and rugged task. What a picture she presented as "Folly" in her last number! And how faithfully she interpreted the part. Mr. Arbuckle also gave pleasure with his deep-throated voice in a program altogether too short.

D. D. II. (-) in "The Encyclopedia of 1923," is the latest addition to the list of "nuts" and let us hand him the crown, the staff of authority over all his colleagues.

Other acts on the bill were Weldano's acrobatic sensation, Clara Howard, irrepressible in song and story; Gibson and Connelly, in neatly turned comedy; Ethel Sinclair and Marie Gasper, in the vernacular of the street; Edith Clasper, in a swiftly moving dancing act; Smith and Strong, vocalists, and Ford and Price, in a good wire act. T. A. R.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—Once again "Shavings," Joseph Lincoln's famous character, dragged from the seclusion of a Cape Cod hamlet. Mr. Gilbert in his old part. The cast:

Maude Hunnwell.....Jill Middleton  
Capt. Sam Hunnwell.....Mark Kent  
Roscoe Holway.....Ralph Morehouse  
J. Edgar Winslow.....Walter Gilbert  
Gabriel Bearse.....Ralph M. Remley  
Barbara Armstrong.....Theresa Kilburn  
Ruth Armstrong.....Adelyn Bushnell  
Leander Babbitt.....Houston Richards  
Phineas Babbitt.....Harold Chase  
Maj. Leonard Grover.....Edward Darney  
Charles Phillips.....Samuel Godfrey

With the revival of "Shavings" the Boston stock company takes yet another step on the path indefinitely long or short—that leads to repertory. Although its policy has always been to present new plays, every once in a while some long-standing favorite is recalled to the boards by "popular demand." Popular demand is measured by the size of the houses and the ardency of the applause. Last night both were all that could be wished for. Nor is it strange that "Shavings" should be well received; it is a pleasing piece.

Like the windmills with which it deals, "Shavings" is whittled from the wood much according to pattern.

And, like these same mills, it whirrs pleasantly when finished. The colors are bright and catch the eye. Also the shapes are somewhat formal and resemble greatly others of their kind. It is the way of windmills.

Jed Winslow—"Shavings"—is, of course, a well-rounded figure, one that has given delight to thousands of theatregoers. Generous, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing, he is at times almost too good to be true; all the Yankee race is honored and exalted in him. But he knows all about "giving up" things; his brief monologue in the last scene rings true. In other places it is sometimes touching, often amusing. Always it is interesting. And (almost) always monologue. As played by Mr. Gilbert, low pitched but well modulated, one felt the "sweet loveliness" of the man. A transparent old duffer—never do his stratagems fool the audience—seldom the other characters. But even as "virtue triumphant," he is sure of his need of applause. And, as indicated, "Shavings" is rather more than that.

The rest of the figures are naturally but posts to hang windmills on, and this support is no more than adequate. All honors must go to the actors who played, not the playwrights who transcribed. Among the high spots of the performance are Mr. Remley's eyes as he "took in" all the stray bits of gossip; Mr. Richards' sincerity in shaking hands; Mr. Chase when he linked arms with his long cherished enemy, and "Betunia," the doll, acknowledging her introduction to "Cap'n Noah" of the wooden face and pea-green boat. Altogether a more than adequate performance. W. R. B.

#### "WHY WORRY?" AT FENWAY THEATRE

FENWAY THEATRE—Harold Lloyd in "Why Worry?" The cast includes: Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, John Aasen, Leo White, James Mason and Wallace Howe.

"Why Worry?" Harold Lloyd has titled his newest farce, and although it is not quite on a par with his earlier pictures, "Grandma's Boy" and "Safety



It is amusing in true Lloydian  
those who have liked his solemn  
attitude and whistling leaps before  
delight in his new adventure, this  
as a wealthy hypochondriac in a  
volutionist's paradise, where in the  
between uprisings even the  
keys sleep in their traces, and old  
beards become flamed with cob-  
webs.  
ere in the screen Paradiso in South  
erica nothing is impossible; revo-  
lutions rise to meet the man; gringoes  
ask in and out of barrels, and drop  
on balconies as a matter of course;  
sles are routed by rain of cocoanuts;  
old van Bevan forgets that he is  
posed to be ill of everything but  
smallpox.  
is a modern fairy tale based on  
nts and the hero, a combined  
brooks and Robinson Crusoe, with  
eight-foot giant as his lion and man  
lay. Movie slapstick, yet so well de-  
and easily played that it tricks  
always a surprise.  
usual, Harold Lloyd plays the de-  
rate clown, and his attempts to pull  
giant's tooth, his barefooted search  
ough the cactus for a dry pair of  
s, his triumphal march through the  
ets with Colossus carrying a ma-  
e gun to ward off possible attacks.  
his final mad rush through traffic  
a the giant, now turned policeman,  
at his heels, are all performed  
to the utmost gravity and salesman-  
altness.  
obyna Ralston, as the nurse, who  
her "heart and soul to the care  
him," and particularly her heart," is  
copriately pretty. But, if for noth-  
else, the picture is worth seeing  
the real giant, John Aasen, dis-  
ered in a circus. His shambling  
s of strength, tossed off with awk-  
ease, and his unfeligned delight  
e him in the gallery of grotesque  
ts of Willy Fogarty's illustrations.  
y Worry?" can be taken as adult  
edy, or as adventurous farce for  
ren. It makes little difference;  
all laugh at it.  
E. G.  
WV 28 1723  
r. William J. Fields, Governor-elect  
Kentucky, will not allow an inaugural  
in the executive mansion nor will  
or his wife attend one if it should  
place elsewhere. "Neither Mrs.  
is nor myself approves of dancing."  
hen Artemus Ward was a reporter  
Cleveland he once went to a negro  
ch where Mr. Jones, the minister,  
forth. Mr. Jones, like Mr. Fields,  
not approve of dancing. "Whar  
e's dancing there's fiddling—whar  
e's fiddling there's unrighteousness,  
unrighteousness is wickedness, and  
kedness is sin! That's me—that's  
es."  
ADD SIGNS AND WONDERS  
een in a window of a McGregor, Ia.,  
g store: "Our aim is to make you  
n that you would like to come back  
n."  
entral Police Station of Indianapolis:  
Parking Except Stolen Cars."  
a grocery store: "Extra fresh stor-  
eggs."  
THE GENTEEL REPORTER  
(Carbondale, Ill., Free Press)  
he package contained the body of a  
less new-born child.  
FORMERLY THROWN AWAY  
arly in November sweetbreads in  
don were five-and-sixpence each. It  
aid that the rise in price from one-  
six was due to the demand by the  
ers of insulin. We remember when  
our little village sweetbreads were  
er given away by the meat man or  
l for a few cents. Why were they  
s despised then? Apollo's priest in  
Iliad offered the god thighs and  
etbreads in sacrifice. In the 16th  
tury Dr. John Banister in his "His-  
y of Man" spoke of a "certain glan-  
ous part," the sweetbread, "most  
asant to be eaten." When Dr. John  
once went out to dine, leaving Mrs.  
Williams alone, he insisted that a  
ken, or a sweetbread, or "some other  
acy" should be brought to her from  
avern. No one seems to know why  
sweetbread is so named. In the 17th  
tury it was a slang term for a bribe  
a tip.  
rancis Pierre de Lauzanne in his  
k books of 1651 and 1653 recom-  
ended fried sweetbreads, also sweet-  
as "picqueux" and sweetbread tarts.  
moé de la Reyniere in 1808 drew up  
ill of fare for 25 guests—2 soups, a  
ng turkey and a cod to follow, 12  
rees, then a galantine, also a dish of  
ks, two custards, four kinds of game  
a dozen side dishes (vegetables,  
les, etc.). Commenting on this bill  
fare, he speaks of "sweetbreads a la  
rtols" as a dish of great distinc-  
n, "imagined by the last Count of  
t name who was a good judge of

all sorts of enjoyments." Can any one  
tell us how this dish was prepared?  
A. T. Raimbault, "Homme de Bouche,"  
in 1822 recommended sweetbreads  
"piqueux" and sweetbreads with "fines  
herbes." For the former he wished a  
bed of chicory with cream, or a to-  
mato sauce. But at the time that our  
village butcher often threw away  
sweetbreads as offal, tomatoes were  
thought to be dangerous to health, even  
bringing on cancerous affections.

**TAKEN WITH A LITTLE SALT**  
(Associated Press about Eastern Island)  
The birds are chased by men on  
horseback until they are so exhausted  
that the men catch them with their  
hands.

**A PERFECT FIT**  
We read that the wedding of Mr.  
Topp and Miss Coate was celebrated  
recently at Guelph, Ont.

**"SALLY, COME UP"**  
We asked recently about the author-  
ship of "Sally, Come Up," a good old  
negro minstrel song of past years.

J. L. S. writes: "I remember hearing  
this song at Morris Bros., Pell & Trow-  
hridge's Opera House, and I should say  
that the Morris brothers were concerned  
in its authorship, but I'll not swear  
to it.

"Let me tell you what is running  
through my head at this moment.

Ole Massa's gone de news to hear  
And he has left de oberseer  
To look to all de niggers here  
While I make lub to Sally.  
She's such a belle  
A real dark swell,  
She's dressed so nice  
And looks so well—  
There's not a girl like Sally.

**CHORUS**  
Sally, come up,  
Oh, Sally come down,  
Sally come twist your heel aroun',  
De old man's gone down to town  
Oh, Sally come down in de middle."

Last Sat'day night I gave a ball  
And invited de niggers all,  
The short, the fat, the thin, the tall,  
But none came up to Sally.  
She's such a belle,  
A real dark swell,  
She's dressed so nice  
And looks so well—  
There's not a girl like Sally.

**CHORUS**  
Corrections cordially solicited.

**THREE 2'S**  
As the World Wags:  
Referring to your article in The  
Herald, "We Give It Up," signed by  
F. W. G., may I say that this question  
came out as a puzzle in one of the  
other Boston Sunday papers some few  
years ago, which I answered as follows:  
"In the English language there are  
three T(w)o(s), two, to, too.  
E. F. WORCESTER.

**THE LULLABY STEP**  
(Dances, it is said, are becoming more  
and more restful.)  
Hush! On the languorous air,  
Dreamy and somnolent sighing,  
Muted the saxophone's blare,  
Cadences drowsily dying;  
Sleepily slithering shoes  
Calmly and cautiously creeping,  
Lullaby tunes and sensuous runes,  
Restfulness over them creeping.

Eyeballs in heaviness droop,  
Shoulders are listlessly loping,  
Slumber doth silently swoop,  
Stertorous cello notes doping;  
Somebody under her fan  
Coolly and softly suggested,  
Raising bright eyes to the man:  
"Sit out the next—if you're rested!"  
—L. H. in Daily Chronicle of London.

**OUR PATERNAL GOVERNMENT**  
As the World Wags:  
In view of the fact that our Congress  
comes into its own within the next few  
weeks I consider this a most opportune  
time for "us humble citizens" to offer  
suggestions that might lead to perfect  
legislation. Through the medium of this  
column I heartily recommend the enact-  
ment of the statute of anno quinto et  
sexto Edw. V. cap XXIII—1552:  
"For the avoiding of the great deceit  
used and practised in stuffing of feather  
beds, bolsters, pillows, mattresses, cush-  
ions and quilts, be it enacted by the  
authority of this Parliament that from  
and after the last day of June next  
coming no person or persons whatso-  
ever shall make (to the intent to sell  
or offer to be sold) any feather bed,  
bolster or pillow except the same be  
stuffed with dry pulled feathers, or  
clean down only, without mingling of  
scalded feathers, fendown, thistledown,  
sand, lime, gravel, hair or any other  
unlawful or corrupt stuff; upon pain of  
forfeiture of all such feather beds, bol-  
sters and pillows, and every one of them  
so offered to be sold, or the value  
thereof."  
**UNQUITY.**  
Cambridge.

# BISSON COMEDY

By PHILIP HALE  
The Cercle Francais of Harvard  
University gave a performance yes-  
terday afternoon at the Fine Arts  
Theatre of "Le Depute de Bombignac,"  
a comedy in prose and in three  
acts, by Alexander Bisson.

De Chantelaur.....J. D. Lodge  
Pintean.....T. H. Buhler  
De Morard.....J. R. Robinson  
De Vergettes.....H. F. Potter  
Uniquais.....Ernest Melin  
Marquise de Cernols.....Elizabeth Beal  
Helene de Chantelaur.....Ethel Thayer  
Renée de Cernols.....Emily Sears  
Julie.....Helen Grew

The members of the Cercle Francais  
were courageous in choosing this  
comedy for when it was produced in  
Paris at the Comedie Francaise on  
May 28, 1884, Coquelin took the part of  
Chantelaur and Coquelin cadet, that of  
Pintean. The play is one of Bisson's  
early ones. The critics at the time  
wondered how the comedy gained ad-  
mission to the stage of the Comedie  
Francaise; described it as a vaudeville  
without couplets, in which "neither art  
nor literature" was, properly speaking,  
to be found; yet they were obliging  
enough to say that the second act  
showed an instinct for the theatre, and  
the play would have been more ap-  
preciated if it had been performed at  
a secondary theatre. Nevertheless the  
comedy ran that season for 56 per-  
formances. It has often been played  
since, even in the last years, and it  
is still in the repertoire of the theatre  
where it was produced in 1884.

Justin Huntly McCarthy turned this  
comedy into "The Candidate," which  
Charles Wyndham brought to the Tre-  
mont Theatre on Oct. 22, 1889. Bisson's  
play was performed in New York  
when Coquelin was at Palmer's Theatre  
the year before.

The Count de Chantelaur is bored by  
his wife and his pious old mother-in-  
law. His wife, though a countess,  
might by reason of her ideas belong  
to the middle class. The count still  
has sporting blood. A young and  
pretty sister-in-law does not lighten  
the gloom at his chateau. A touring  
theatrical company plays at Potlers.  
Chantelaur at supper with them falls  
in love with the leading woman and  
would gladly go with her to Paris. He  
gives as an excuse for his absence that  
he will present himself as a candidate,  
a deputy of the legitimate party to the  
republican voters of Bombignac. So  
he goes to Paris and sends his secre-  
tary Pintean to look after the votes.  
"Spend as much money as you wish."

At the beginning of the second act  
the count has not returned to the  
chateau, but there have been dispatches  
which mother-in-law has opened.  
Chantelaur is elected deputy. He  
learns to his astonishment that Pintean,  
with money at his disposal, has courted  
Mlle. Anals, a young dressmaker. The  
mother-in-law orders a Te Deum, but  
the poor count, through his secretary,  
has been elected as a radical, and his  
election has cost him 60,000 francs. Mlle.  
Anals announces her arrival at the  
chateau. This scares Chantelaur, who  
thinks she is the actress in Paris, also  
his friend Morard, because Anals is one  
of his old mistresses planted by him at  
Bombignac. Of course, neither woman  
comes to the chateau, and everything  
happens for the best in the best of pos-  
sible worlds. Morard weds the pretty  
sister-in-law. "We'll share the mother-  
in-law between us," says Chantelaur.

The performance yesterday was for  
the American Hospital at Rheims. In  
view of the fact that the players were  
amateurs, the play moved with surpris-  
ing briskness. The men were all fluent  
in speech, and many of the dramatist's  
points were made with the requisite  
lightness. Mr. Robinson succeeded in  
looking like the typical handsome man  
of the French novel.

Of the young ladies, Miss Grew in the  
minor part of a maid was most at ease  
on the stage. She carried herself  
gracefully and spoke her lines glibly  
and intelligently.

The performance will be repeated  
next Friday night. This afternoon  
three short pieces will be played: "Jean  
Marie," by Theuriet; "Les Deux Tim-  
ides," by Labiche, and Murger's "Le  
Bonhomme Jadis."

# HARRISON POTTER

Harrison Potter, pianist, gave a re-  
cital last night in Jordan Hall. Scar-  
latt, Gluge; Bauer, Barberin's Minuet;  
Bach, Prelude, E flat minor; Schu-  
mann, Romance, B major; Griffes, Son-  
ata; Chopin, Nocturne, E major and  
Etude, E minor; Whithorne, Pell Street  
—Chinatown; Ganz, After Midnight; de  
Falla, Cubana; Ballantine, The Under-  
current; Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, C major.  
The program was of an unusual na-  
ture, and for that reason all the more  
welcome. The dainty Minuet, played

with the requisite elegance, gave im-  
mediate pleasure, and it will probably  
stand the test of future performances.  
Whithorne's "Pell Street" is always  
amusing. Other pieces of a light na-  
ture were played in the appropriate  
spirit, but Mr. Potter was less success-  
ful in giving life to Schumann's la-  
bored composition.

We believe that the sonata by Griffes  
was published after his death. Was  
it wholly ready for publication before  
it? The poetic fancy revealed in his  
other works is not to be found in the  
sonata, which is in one movement. It  
is written in an idiom that is strange  
to us. Wildly rhapsodical, it was after  
one hearing, unintelligible, without  
plan, without significance. Nor were  
there here and there pleasing oases in  
the desert of strange sounds and roar-  
ing winds.  
P. H.

**LOEW'S STATE**—"Long Live the  
King," film version of the novel by  
Mary Roberts Rinehart. The cast in-  
cludes Jackie Coogan, Rosemary  
Theby, Ruth Renick, Vera Lewis, Alan  
Hale, Alan Forrest, Walt Whitman,  
Robert Brower, Raymond Lee, Mont  
Collins, Sam Appel, Larry Fisher, Alan  
Sears, Eddie Boland, William Machin,  
Ruth Handforth, Loretta McDermott  
and Henry Barrows.

"Long Live the King" is based on  
Mary Roberts Rinehart's story of the  
kidnapping of the young prince, Ferdi-  
nand Otto of Livonia by a band of  
black handers; in this instance called  
"The Committee of Ten." Livonia,  
like Zenda, Graustark and their ilk, is  
one of those remote Balkan provinces  
peppered with conniving revolutionists  
who stalk about galled underworlds,  
and carry bombs in their vest pockets.

It is a picture that might have been  
better, with more emphasis on the  
prince; as it is, it is like a gallery of  
prints, in which none is conspicuous.  
A rambling account it is, with too  
many glimpses at Livonian court man-  
ners, lightened only by the whimsical  
touch of the young prince.

Jackie Coogan's furtive slipping  
away from the opera, his terrifying  
trip on a roller coaster with a good  
little American boy, who hails from  
Topeka, Kan., and teaches the prince  
to shake hands, a la Americano and  
to play at marbles, and Jackie's  
burlesqued mimicry of the arch-duchess  
are charming and natural.

There is a harrowing scene in the  
den of the kidnappers, where Jackie  
fells them all by hurling bottles and,  
by a long slide down the sloping roof,  
lands in the arms of his faithful  
orderly, Nikky, who whisks him to the  
balcony of the palace, there to be  
crowned king. So, Prince Otto re-  
wards him, decorates him with all of  
the court orders, so that "now you  
may marry the Princess Hedwig," and  
appoints him keeper of the royal dog,  
Toto.

The ragged Scotch terrier, who will  
not perform before royalty, is very  
doggy and unposed, a nice bit. Some  
of the mountain settings are effective,  
but the palace is a pasty thing that  
might have graced any Hansel and  
Gretel tale. Perhaps the best of the  
picture was the carnival, with its  
spontaneous gaiety and true holiday  
spirit. Allen Forrest as Nikky, is a  
dashing soldier and always a good  
Livonian.  
E. G.

# LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Wild Bill  
Hickock," with Bill Hart.  
"Wild Bill Hickock" is Bill Hart's  
return to the screen after an absence  
of two years, and although based on the  
exploits of that old frontiersman, Bill  
Hickock, and his fellow Bat Masterson,  
it is none the less good Bill Hart melo-  
drama. There is none who can aim as  
surely and swing his gun with the ease  
of Bill Hart; and, of course, there is his  
pony Pinto. For incidental interest  
there are glimpses of Abraham Lin-  
coln, Phil Sheridan and a cadaverous  
Gen. Custer.

Then there is Calamity Jane, so  
called because she is an orphan, who,  
if one may believe the titles, "could  
shoot and ride like a man, but under-  
neath her heart was tender and sym-  
pathetic as a woman's." But it re-  
mained for a "yaller haired girl" from  
Boston to make Bill's "pulse leap at a  
glance," and decide to revoke his prom-  
ise to Gen. Custer and once more gird  
himself with his sturdy pistols.

There is a thrilling scene when Bill  
Hart, in what is called "the famous  
fight of the water tanks," alone, in the  
glare of the spotlight, shoots down,  
right and left, the gangsters of Dodge  
City.

But even then he is unhappy, and  
the following sentimental talk of his  
mother's picture and his wild proposal  
to the girl, who he discovers is Clayton  
Hamilton's wife and not his sister, are  
in the best of melodramatic tradition.  
Here the subtitles are superb. He  
pleads that his "soul is starving for  
her," and then in violent sobs begs her  
to forgive him. Then she, with a pret-  
ty gesture of confusion, tells him that



she must be "to him as his mother, and he to her as the man of the ages, until the end."

"Well," says Bill Hickock, "as that poetry man said, it is better to have loved and lost," and wanders to the cemetery. There he ponders for a while and then rides on, back to the freedom of the wilderness.

It is stirring while it lasts, and Bill Hart's exploits at poker and with his gun are as ever.

bour (Mrs. Hadley), soprano.

Next Sunday night in Symphony hall Roland Hayes, tenor, will give a recital in aid of the Calhoun school, Calhoun, Alabama.

The Ravenswood Northside Citizen published this item: "Miss Alexandra Carlisle, leading lady in Pollock Charming's play 'The Fool'."

Reading it "Tantalus" remarked: "He, at least, will not deny it."

#### THE SCALPER

Oh, many a harsh and angry word from patrons of the shows assails the shrewd and thrifty bird who buys the twelve front rows; yet, half the drama's magic lies in tricks of stage and scene that wear a more convincing guise for folks in row thirteen.

The plute who spends his boarded store to buy the foremost place sees canvas walls in Elsinore and paint on Hamlet's face. So, let us bless the scalper, friends—his wife and children, too; he shoves us back till distance lends enchantment to the view.

There may, perchance, be libertines who love to feast their eyes at closest range on actresses with powdered flanks and thighs, while pageants staged by Jake and Lee inflame their reeling brains, till aphrodisiac ecstasy runs raging through their veins.

But, friends, when you or I appear beside the large trombone (that we may more distinctly hear its soft, appealing tone, we're there to treat our cultured ears, and not to feed our eyes on flashing skins and tinted shins; we're not that kind of guys.

A play bill of the Criterion Theatre, Buffalo, announced "The Yankee Six, Eight Versatile Performers." From a program of the Pueblo Auditorium: "Presenting Geraldine Farrar, Pianist."

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony hall tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon will be "Brazil," or "The Brazil," as some insist.

The Cercle Francais will repeat its performance of Bisson's "Depute de Bombignac," tomorrow night in the Fine Arts Theatre.

IT WAS FEB. 1, 1913

Editor Notes and Lines:

In his review in The Herald of the performance of "La Forza del Destino," R. R. G. quotes Carl Van Vechten as saying that no living human being has ever heard a good all-round performance of "Il Trovatore." A large audience of which I was one heard such a performance at the Boston Opera House when the leading parts were taken by Schumann-Heink, Rappold, Zenatello and Poleso, with Felix Weingartner conducting. The only drawback to complete enjoyment was that Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in German while all the rest sang in Italian.

Yes, Mme. Rappold was a respectable Leonora; but in that fiery opera, one demands more than sinug respectability.—Ed.

Albert Spalding, violinist, was advertised in Texarkana, Tex., as "The Great Harpest." This led J. O. H. to ask how Rachmaninov is getting along with his oboe.

## CHOPIN PROGRAM BY DE PACHMANN

Yesterday afternoon Vladimir de Pachmann gave a recital in Symphony hall. Since he felt a fancy not to follow strictly the printed program, a listener with only a slender gift for numbers cannot swear to the accuracy of the list of pieces, all by Chopin: Nocturne, Op. 27, C-sharp minor; Ballade, A-flat major; Scherzo, E major; Etude, Op. 10, C major; Etude, Op. 25, F major; Etude, Op. 25, C-sharp minor; Berceuse; Polonaise, Op. 40, A major; Prelude, Op. 28, G major; Prelude, Op. 28, D-flat major; Mazurka, Op. 67, A minor; Mazurka, Op. 33, B minor; Valse, E minor; Valse, Op. 70, G-flat major; Grande Valse, Op. 42, A-flat major.

Sensation-seekers must have got their fill at Mr. de Pachmann's first recital and yesterday stayed away, so, though Mr. de Pachmann had with him as usual less the manner of a person at home, what he had to say—a few pleasant comments on the music in hand—was not greeted with rude and silly laughter. Yesterday, indeed, he seemed a man to laugh at whom would have been the act of a boor, a man both old and tired. So he played. His hand, to be sure, has not lost its cunning, for not even Mr. de Pachmann himself has often

played a program through unbroken with such ravishingly beautiful tone. Such a man, in this important respect, might, like Rousillon, be a copy to these younger times. Amazingly as ever, too, he turned his trills, flashed forth his scales, and made his melodies sing.

But Mr. de Pachmann did not always play with clean technique. Sometimes he lost his rhythm, some passages he blurred with the pedal. These defects would not matter much if he had been in the vein in spite of them to bring out the full meaning of the music. Too often he did not. The berceuse he played extravagantly, the polonaise trivially, the ballade without continuity, the G minor prelude indistinctly.

It was a pleasure, though, to hear Mr. de Pachmann play the C major study as though it had music in it, not just a feat for a virtuoso. To the F major study, too, he brought much of his old-time warmth of feeling, and in the C sharp minor study he rose to a high poetic plane, for a moment the old de Pachmann.

At the end of the concert there was the usual stampede toward the stage. In response to the clamor for encores Mr. de Pachmann played five more pieces.

R. R. G.

## CERCLE FRANCAIS GIVES THREE PLAYS

FINE ARTS THEATRE—The Cercle Francais of Harvard presented for one performance three one-act plays in French for the benefit of the American Hospital at Rhelma. The casts:

"JEAN-MARIE"  
By Andre Theuriet  
Jean-Marie.....J. R. Robinson  
Joel.....H. F. Potter  
Therese.....Emily Sears

"LES DEUX TIMIDES"  
By Eugene Labiche  
Thibaudier.....Asa Davis  
Jule Fromissin.....R. D. Merlan  
Anatoie Garadoux.....Y. H. Buhler  
Cecile.....Elizabeth Beal  
Annette.....Elizabeth Beal

"LE BONHOMME JADIS"  
By Henry Murger  
Jadis.....J. D. Lodge  
Octave.....H. de Castellane  
Jaqueline.....Gloria Braggiotti

Yesterday afternoon, the Cercle Francais of Harvard presented three one-act plays. They chose a tragedy of Breton peasant life, "Jean-Marie," familiar through translations, a charming comedy by Labiche, "Les Deux Timides," and Murger's idyll of youth and old age. As in former productions, the difficulty of finding American amateurs who have both a sufficient command of French and dramatic ability was illustrated. Wisely, the Cercle stresses the enunciation and linguistic talents.

In Labiche's quaint comedy, the acting was most finished. Here the spirit of the artificial, amusing trifle found expositors in Mr. Davis, a shrewdly comic figure; in Miss Thayer, whose Therese was unflaggingly animated; in Mr. Merlan and Mr. Buhler as the suitors. For the rest, "Jean-Marie," that tragedy of the man who was not as our English Enoch Arden, proved to be a little too ambitious for the players, but the final piece, by Murger, was pleasantly enough rendered. Bisson's three-act comedy "La Depute de Bombignac" will be repeated tomorrow night.

J. C. M.

Illustrators often betray the poets and novelists instead of serving much less glorifying, them. Ever artists, employed no doubt at an enormous salary to set forth in immortal sketches the virtues of a soap, razor, cough-drop or cigar, are sometimes recreant to their trust.

We saw yesterday a sketch which should proclaim the merits of a new brand of collar so eloquently that thousands—yes, tens of thousands—would rush at once to the haberdasher's and in hoarse excitement order a dozen boxes. A fair maiden is dancing with an even fairer youth. His hair is slicked back and shiny; his shirt front, dress coat and cravat are impeccably orthodox. This glorious Apollo sports proudly the collar, named in gross commercial terms above the sketch.

But the girl, the girl! Is she gazing in ecstatic admiration at the collar, as if saying: "How beautiful! You won me by it. Claude, never wear a different brand?" Alas, no! She is scrutinizing his shirt studs, endeavoring to appraise their exact value.

#### CAN A WASHBURN ON COOLIDGE BE REMOVED BY WHITING?

As the World Wags:

Reading in the "Unauspicious Entails" of S. Q. Laplus, in your column for Harvard-Yale day, the ques-

tion presented as to whether the biography by Mr. Whiting can save Mr. Coolidge from the disaster of the biography by Mr. Robert M. Washburn, the thought occurs that the problem may be in part, if not in whole, chemical and mechanical.

"Whiting" may be produced by bleaching; the superimposition of white lead paint or lime in the form of whitewash; or the application of the sympathetic or the antipathetic effects of chemical elements. "Washburn" might be traced to the injuries resulting from unskilful or neglectful cookery, producing scorched soup or other burnt edible. Clothes over a fire in a boiler gone dry could exhibit "Washburn." A character, or an intelligence, with no real dishonor in itself, could be blemished by "Washburn." So the problem in politics or chemistry may be restated: Can a Washburn on Coolidge be removed by Whiting? H.

#### A PROSE POEM

(Crown Point (Ind.) Register)

The beautiful night with the calm warm autumn atmosphere gave to the itinerant of the occasion, which beckoned through the radio of meters carrying the message which resulted attendance as far north as Chicago.

#### SMALL TOWN ALARM

(Benton (Ill.) Evening News)

It was reported that a stranger was on our streets one night last week, and nobody has been able to figure out what his business was.

#### THE MEDICAL MENACE

As the World Wags:

The Woburn Daily Times, reporting the running down of a boy by an automobile and the outcome, said: "Drs. — and — treated the youngster, and there was little hope for his recovery."

This reminds me of the instance when a doctor at a hospital, inquiring one morning how his patients were getting, and told that one had died during the night, said: "That's strange, I left prescriptions for him."

DAN G. RUSS.

#### A MAGIC BOTTLE

As the World Wags:

The following may not be approved by the Good Mr. Volstead, the board of censors, the W. C. T. U., Henry Ford or some other guardian of our morals and thirst. But it's your funeral if you print it, so why should I be other than care-free and happy?

Be it known that I am not as a rule a patron of the "movies," being a cursed, so I am told, with a sense of proportion, and a regard for probability. Yet on occasions I do go. The other night I saw a picture, the name of which I shall not disclose, being an "unpaid contributor," and advertising rates are so much a line.

It purported to show the life and customs in an English home, where it was the nightly rule to serve port to the master after the ladies had left the table. The old butler is shown in the wine cellar, taking from a bin a bottle covered with dust, some of which he blows off, exposing the label. "Amontillado." To make this still more expressive a close-up follows of the bottle with its label still "Amontillado." From this same bottle the faithful old retainer serves his master the port above mentioned.

This is my story. I make no comment. If you are willing to acknowledge that you know the difference between port and sherry, go to it. But bear in mind the Powers of Good are exceeding strong in this happy land of ours and their wrath is terrible.

Newton.

#### TREES ON THE COMMON

As the World Wags:

One thing in the note of your correspondent, George B. Bell, makes me curious to know whether none of the trees on Boston Common is more than 70 years old. He says that in his boyhood the squirrels lived on food which they obtained in the back yards of the houses facing the Common, for there were no trees on it. Now there were certainly trees on the Common in the days before the civil war. For one there was the old elm which, up to 1876, stood at the foot of the hill on which the soldiers' monument was later erected. Then, too, there were the rows of elms that bordered all the malls that surround the Common, some of which had been planted as early as 1728. In that period, nearly 200 years ago, the town passed ordinances providing against the cutting down or despoiling of the trees on the Common. It is not unlikely that the stretches of the Common enclosed by the malls were comparatively treeless, for they were a common grazing ground, but there were plenty of trees all around the Tremont and Beacon and Charles street sides to harbor a wilderness of squirrels.

W. E. K.

Boston.



## MR. BELL'S EXPLANATION the World Wags:

notice my communication regarding the squirrels on Boston Common in a morning's Herald and in reading over find a word omitted which may suit in many protesting letters. When referred to the squirrels feeding in the back yards of the adjacent houses stated (or at least it was my intention to put it that way) that there were no nut trees on the Common. A appears in the "column" the word "nut" is omitted. It is needless for me to say more.

GEORGE B. BELL.  
Cambridge, Mass.

## AND THE GREATEST OF THESE— Bulletin from Illinois Bankers Association

...the Bankers Mutual Fidelity and Casualty Company has been organized to serve and insure Illinois banks against the risks of burglary, robbery, and fidelity.

## "VENI, VIDI, VICI"—VINCI (Omaha (Neb.) Bee)

The officers discovered a one-inch hole in the floor. Detective Vinci, being of sufficiently small stature, crawled through. No other entrance existed.

## NEWMAN LECTURES ON "THE BRAZIL"

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony hall last night was "The Brazil," for as one could not say "The Tyrol," but "Tyrol," so one should say "The Brazil," not "Brazil," though in the farce we have Brazil, where the nuts come from, and it is about all many of us know concerning this great country, named after a hard brownish redwood of an East Indian tree which, or an allied species, is found by the Portuguese in the first called by them "Terra da Brazil," and abbreviated later to "Brazil." And so "Brazil wood" was named from the country, but the country from the wood.

Capt. Richard F. Burton's "Explorations of the Highlands of The Brazil" was published in 1869. He wrote that his journey there had something of general interest; that in a few years it would have its handbook and be a part of the "Grand Tour." And note this prophecy: "I venture to predict that many of those now living will be whirled over the land at hurricane speed, covering 60 miles an hour, where our painful 'pede-locomotion' wasted nearly a week. Perhaps they may fly—Quien sabe?"

Quots this prophecy because last night Mr. Newman showed views of Rio Janeiro, the harbor and the suburbs, taken from high up in the air.

Santos, the great coffee port and Sao Paulo have advanced marvelously in growth and in the comforts and luxuries of life. Even in the sixties the Brazil had more theatres in proportion to its inhabitants than any European country. The opera houses in these two cities and in Rio Janeiro are architecturally, at least, a reproach to those in our northern towns of great size. The growing of coffee, its preparation for the market and its shipping were graphically portrayed. Not the least interesting feature of the cultivation is the racial differences in the laborers. Much time, but not too much, was devoted to the magnificent harbor, city and suburbs of Rio Janeiro, its gorgeously colored scenery, its gardens, its striking public buildings and private houses, its boulevards and beaches. Is there a more beautiful city in the world? Is there any city so remarkably situated? Seen either from the summit of Corcovado or from the Sugar Loaf reached by a hair-raising aerial railway 1700 feet above sea-level.

The change to the jungle was striking. The Brazilian government, wishing our people to know its country better, gave Mr. Newman special permission to exhibit the pictures illustrating Col. Roosevelt's perilous tour along the River of Doubt. The hardships of the explorers were many and great, and they were enumerated effectively by the lecturer. Savages that had never before seen a white man, some of them cannibals, some driers of heads that had been severed from trunks, all living no better than the animals, fetish worshippers, led by witch doctors in strange funeral dances—these were shown amiable for a time before the camera, but not the less barbarous. Col. Roosevelt was seen hunting jaguar and shooting alligators, while the natives hunt with bows and arrows, and poison rivers that having netted the doped fish, they may, first biting their catch, kill it. Nor were views of scenery—the jungle, the river, rapids and cataracts—missing. In this

exploration, as Mr. Newman stated, of country into which no white man had penetrated, Col. Roosevelt undoubtedly weakened his system and superinduced the disease that brought his untimely end.

This Travel Talk of extraordinary interest will be repeated this afternoon; but the subject of Brazil is by no means exhausted. Next Friday evening and the following Saturday afternoon Mr. Newman will talk about the mysterious Amazon and the wonderful animal life of the country.

A child was recently born in Bohemia with a moustache and beard three and a half inches long. Men of scientific acquirements, deep thinkers, not to mention barbers and sellers of razors, rushed from Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and even the far east to see this wonder of wonders. Yet this incident is not so curious as that noted by Gaspard Schott, the Jesuit, a master of philosophy and mathematics, in his "Physica Curiosa, sive Mirabilia Naturalis et Artificialis" (four volumes in quarto, 1677), a book that should be in every library, however small.

"A person famous throughout the whole world by his writings being at Rome, and returning in the winter at evening to his house, shut his windows and doors, and by a candle light composed himself to study; when he saw a huge weasel at the door, seeking a way to get out. He snatched up a staff and laid it so lustily upon the weasel creeping up the wall that the blood spurted upon his staff and hand. He opened the window and threw out the dead weasel, and betook himself to his study, sustaining his chin and jaw with his right hand, as it is usual with students. The day following, as soon as he came into the sight of his colleagues, he was received with great laughter, for he had lost all the hair on the right side of his face, which himself had not observed. He therefore soon left the company and got the other side shaved, and a medicine to procure hair applied. But when the hair was grown he was received with no less laughter than at first, for those hairs which were newly come were like the softest wool or down, and the other stiff as bristles; and it would require no small space of time to have them matched with any suitableness. Who would have thought the blood of a weasel to have been so potent a depilatory?"

## DR. WEASEL

The learned Gaspard should have known that the flesh of a weasel dried and preserved is a powerful medicine. It should always be kept in the house, for the powder mixed with water drives away mice and if the brain be mingled with a rennet in cheese, it keeps it from being touched by mice or corrupted by age.

If you apply a weasel to ague-shaken patients, they are cured. The powder, mingled with other things, is a remedy against gout, headache, the biting of scorpions, all poisons, ulcerated sores, palsy, the quinsy; it expels wens and other bunces; it cures epilepsy and the foul evil; it relieves madness, drives away colds in the head.

Now if the blood is rubbed on impostumes, wens, they disappear; so it is no wonder that it acted as a depilatory. The weasel's liver is reported to be very good and medicinal for the curing of the lethargy or drowsy evil. The wonder is that good old Doc. Evans in his advice to the suffering has never recommended the weasel.

## DEEP-SEA SONG

Noon the plates are griddles an' at night they're floes of ice;

Skipper's in the chart-house drinkin' gin;

Half the watch a-sleepin' an' the other shootin' dice—

Lascar, Yankee, Dutchy, Swede an' Finn.

Fer it's trampin'—trampin'—trampin' round the sea.

Half a tael of opium fer every ton o' tea—

God! The taste o' liquor an' a woman an' yer knee

An' waitin' fer the dancin' to begin!

Nagasaki—Singapore—walkin' down the earth.

Thinkin' o' the women that yo' miss. Room to shake yer shoulders? An' what's a woman worth?

All the kids that ever sold a kiss? But it's trampin'—trampin'—trampin' up an' down

(Keep her pumps a-pumpin' or she'll bust, her seams an' drown)

An' damn the little whisper o' the waves that talk o' town!

I'll never swab a scupper after this! The King of the Black Isles.

## THERE'S NO HURRY

(Dubuque Times Journal.)  
Mr. and Mrs. Anton Keller are the parents of a baby boy, their first born since last week.

## THERE'S NOTHING NEW

As the World Wags:

As to your quotation from Admiral Horthy's speech, I suggest that, possibly, the eminent regent (or whatever he be) of Hungary stole it from a classic of the repertoire shows known mainly as "A Noble Outcast," in which the title-character is provided with this give-me line: "My pants may be ragged; but they cover a warm heart!" LEOPAT.

## ADD "POSTHUMOUS CRIMES"

(Chicago Tribune.)

Earl Dear, who was hanged, and later was arrested for perjury.

## "I HAVE A MOTTO"

So Percival Knight, actor, author and manager, is dead. He is remembered here chiefly by his singing, or chanting, in a most lugubrious manner, "I Have a Motto," which was to be always cheery and bright. He sang it with ludicrous effect. Was it in "The Arcadians"?

The years pass and one musical comedy of long ago is like unto another, and the tunes are a jumble and a jingle, all sounding alike. But Percival Knight's dismal, funny song—he sang it as a jockey, if we are not mistaken—still sticks in the memory. How long ago was it? A dozen years at least.

## A LATE AUTUMN BUD

(New York Evening Post.)

On Wednesday evening at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Mrs. Henry Bramble Wilson will give a ball to introduce her grandmother, Miss Betty Beardsley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling S. Beardsley of 210 Riverside drive.

## THOSE SQUIRRELS

As the World Wags:

I have a few words to say about the gray squirrels on the Common in Boston. My father, the late Daniel Denison Slade, M. D., was born in Boston on Beacon Hill in 1823. Years ago he told me that the gray squirrels were originally brought from a long distance by some men who let them go on the Common. As they increased, the squirrels gradually worked their way out into the suburbs and into the woods. It made a deep impression upon me at the time and I have never forgotten it.

ELLEN LOUISE BIGELOW.  
Harvard.

## A PLAUSIBLE SOLUTION

As the World Wags:

I noticed in this morning's Herald that Mrs. Catt is of the opinion that neither of the great parties has put forward a presidential candidate "half big enough" to fill the job.

Doesn't this answer the moot question, so often discussed in your column "What makes a wild cat wild?"

Nov. 27. CATNIP.

## PSALMS OF THE FATHERS

As the World Wags:

The Herald of Nov. 28 attributes to Dr. Krammer of Vienna the following gem:

"If a man commits a murder, the thought which accompanies it becomes a part of the germ psalm of his children."

Does not this furnish us with a new connotation for the scriptural phrase, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings?" HERMAS.

Deerfield.

Dec 2 / 92 3

## JULIA ARTHUR AND HARVEY

Julia Arthur has written the following letter:

"I had the very great artistic treat of seeing Sir John Martin Harvey in 'Oedipus Rex.' I experienced a wonderful and genuine thrill on entering the theatre—the magnificent setting, the two guards, looking like bronze statues, in front of the Palace of Oedipus were most impressive. The audience must have felt the thrill of this splendid atmosphere as I did. There was scarcely a sound in seating the vast audience. Sir John Martin Harvey has brought to America the most beautiful productions, a splendid and well-balanced company, an art that, in my opinion, is absolutely supreme on the English-speaking stage. I have seen no greater actor in 'Hamlet' and his Oedipus is magnificent, beyond my poor powers of expression. His enunciation is perfect, he has delightful charm of manner, simplicity, dignity, absolute freedom from affectation and the insistence of personality which so frequently mars the star of today. I hope all true lovers of the theatre and its art will see Sir John Martin Harvey for his engagement in Boston. I am most appreciative and grateful for the most genuine thrill I have experienced in a theatre for many and many a day, and I want all my Boston friends to enjoy this great artist, his splendid company

and his beautiful productions as I have done."

(Signed) JULIA ARTHUR.

## IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Liberties have again been taken with Chopin's music. M. Vuillermoz adapted it for a ballet "The Enchanted Night," and Louis Aubert orchestrated it. The ballet has been produced at the Paris Opera.

At the Trianon-Lyrique, Paris, Gluck's "Pilgrims of Mecca" has been revived.

A new opera by Eugen d'Albert, "Marieke of Nimegue" has been produced at Hamburg. Netherlands folk-songs are used. Under d'Albert's direction, the performance lasted three hours and a half.

Gemma Billincioni has been at The Hague in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Tosca." She was born in 1866. For a time she left the operatic stage for the theatre. Famous as an operatic actress, she made little impression in drama.

It seems that Leoncavallo left, with other works, an opera "Tormenta" which he hoped would be the national opera of Sardinia.

Schelling's "A Victory Ball" was announced for performance at a Colonne concert, Paris, on Nov. 18.

At Kussevitzky's last concert in Paris the program included Erik Satie's "Parade," the overture to "Oberon,"

"An Old Buddhist Prayer," by Lili Boulanger, scenes from the first act of "Prince Igor" and a new "Overture for a Ballet of the Future" and some songs by Maurice Delage. Of Delage's overture it was said: "One feels that the composer is determined to be modern at all costs, but, unfortunately, he has not been able to avoid the sin of incoherence." Reactionaries in the Boston Symphony Orchestra audience, will undoubtedly don ear-caps after Mr. Kussevitzky's arrival, while the young radicals will leap with joy.

At Mr. Cortot's Chopin recital in London he appended in the program a line to each one of the Preludes describing their meaning—"to him at least."

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"The best moving pictures of 1922-23: also Who's Who in the Movies and the Yearbook of the American Screen," a volume of 346 pages, with illustrations of 17 scenes in film plays, is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The editor is Robert E. Sherwood, who reviews film plays for Life and the New York Herald. He has taken his task seriously, with the result that the book will be indispensable to those who are called on to discuss plays of this nature and will interest the thousands to whom the cinema is the supreme theatrical art, the screen folk as familiar figures as the neighbors in the block. For Mr. Sherwood not only names the 16 pictures that in his mind are the best, and gives honorable mention to others; he singles out the best individual performances; he gives the box office record; mentions importations; considers censorship; catalogues motion picture producing companies and publications; records the motion pictures released between June 1, 1922, and June 1, 1923; adds short biographical sketches, and ends with a dictionary of the moving picture language, from "angle" to "working title," for, as he says, "the slaves of the silent drama have developed a language of their own, composed of words and phrases distorted from their usual meaning."

Of course some, probably many, will quarrel with Mr. Sherwood for his choice of "the best." He admits that he has consulted his own preference. "In reviewing a picture I do not consider its costliness, its heart interest or its possible box office appeal; I consider it only as a source of entertainment to me. This, perhaps, is an arrogant point of view, but it is mine, and I stick to it. For this reason I condemn many pictures that subsequently score tremendous successes, and I commend many that fail."

And what were the best in his opinion?

Nanook of the North, Grandma's Boy, Blood and Sand, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Eternal Flame, Shadows, Oliver Twist, Robin Hood, Peg o' My Heart, When Knighthood Was in Flower, Driven, The Pilgrim, Down to the Sea in Ships, The Covered Wagon, Hollywood, Merry-Go-Round.

"The Censorship Menace" is an important chapter, for it shows the grotesque inconsistency displayed by censors. No two censor boards agree on proper standards of morality. "The border line between right and wrong varies with the tastes of a few political appointees, and thus becomes purely a party issue." In Pennsylvania, and to a certain extent in Ohio, industrial problems are barred. Hart's "The Whistle" was cut to pieces in the former state because the hero was a laborer, and his boss a villain. In Ohio no officer of the law can be ridiculed or deprecated. The wonder is in Pennsylvania that any film play is allowed: no shooting, no stabbing, no incendiarism, no women in night-dresses—as there can be no scene of incendiarism, there can be no necessary prohibition of women rushing from the building at night. "Views of women smoking will not be disapproved as such, but when women are shown in suggestive positions, or their manner of smoking is suggestive or degrading, such scenes will be disapproved." But how can a woman smoke "suggestively"? Probably Virginia's policy is the more sensible of all. The board of that state does not attempt to put its standards into concrete, inelastic form. "A wholesome moral lesson can offset the effect of many scenes which, if seen in another connection, would be decidedly objectionable." In New York Gilda Gray's shimmy dance in "Lawful Larceny" was cut out, when at the same time she was performing the dance in the Follies in the same street without interruption, and dancing a more sensual version at a cabaret a few blocks away. "The censors were aware of this, but believed that New York movie fans should be protected from corruption even if theatre and restaurant patrons were not." Pat Curran was a minor character in a play. This was changed on the ground that a name less familiar to New York should be used, "unless by consent of Mr. Curran." Otherwise it would be indecent, immoral and inhuman."

Mr. Sherwood believes that the greater number of intelligent persons that can be lured into film theatres, the more intelligent will the pictures be. To convince doubting Thomases that greatness is possible on the screen by calling attention to noteworthy past performances is the object of the book. To Mr. Sherwood the pictures chosen as the best are truly works of art. Can any one define "art"? "One man's art is another man's hokum." And so all of Mr. Sherwood's statements are qualified by the clause "it seems to me."

Popularity is both a danger and a source of strength. Film plays reach 15,000,000 people every day in this country. They, at least, broaden the imagination. As the film theatres belong to the masses, some sniff and say: "Nothing can be popular and be art." The producers, unfortunately, feeling that they must appeal to the many, ignore the few. "Their efficiency experts tell them that 60 per cent. of their patrons are morons, that they can't grasp anything that is over the heads of a 14-year-old child. So the producers set up this mythical 14-year-old mentality as their god, and do obeisance at its shrine."

This does not discourage Mr. Sherwood, for "romance, legend, history and mythology are open to the producers." Here is a pictorial form of expression. "The best pictures that have ever been made were essentially pictorial in their appeal, and the same rule will always hold true." And many of the best pictures have been compressed into a short form. Among the comedians in the one and two-reel products, Buster Keaton is the "undisputed leader."

We wish that Mr. Sherwood had included a chapter on the music in the film theatres. Here is a wide field for discussion. Is it not possible that in years to come film plays with music written for them by leading composers may drive opera from the stage? Long ago Sarah Bernhardt foresaw dramas to be acted in pantomime with music taking the place of the spoken word. And what an opportunity for composers with dramatic instinct and imagination. Mr. Converse sees the possibilities and has dared to make the adventure. Already many patrons of film theatres demand better and more appropriate music than that which some years ago satisfied them.

In the record of releases for the season, names of producers, the

dates, the stars and characterizations of the plays are furnished. Mr. Sherwood regrets that his "Who's Who in the Movies" is necessarily incomplete owing to the scarcity and the unreliability of the material. "Theatrical celebrities are notoriously loth to disclose their ages, and it is difficult to consult all the birth certificates. Others refuse to reveal their real names, or to admit that they are married." Nor is there a catalogue of divorces.

The birthday of any actress is a movable feast; the birthplace, as that of Homer, is often disputed. Take the case of Charles Chaplin. Mr. Sherwood gives Paris as his birthplace. London has been named, and some years ago London journals said that he was born at Madrid; that his birth certificate showed it. As Counsellor Phillips exclaimed in a fine burst: "Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him."

We are surprised at not finding the name of Pearl White in the "Who's Who": Pearl, the daring one, pursued by crafty and desperate villains, always in peril of her life. Ah! the films of years ago! "The Iron Claw"—"The Crimson Stain"—and that marvelous play in which Incas from Peru had a temple in California and kept a furious tiger in a cage!

the tunes that rang in its ears when it lay down three centuries ago. It began to collect, perform and musically digest these, and therein lies its present hope. But meanwhile the rest of Europe has not been asleep. How is Rip Van Winkle to live in this new world unless his belated feet place out painfully the road the others have trod?

We have a long way to go yet, wide awake as we seem to be, before we can stand where thrift has placed the Latin and thoroughness, the Teutonic nations. Our contribution will perhaps be neither of these, but a kind of humorous common sense. If that is our ideal, we shall reach it not by boycotting the foreigner, but by absorbing him, not by

patting ourselves on the back for the grand start we have made, but by realizing how much there is still to do—ignorance to dispel, standards to raise, conscience to sharpen. For in the long run good work can be met only by better work.—London Times.

## VERDI AND ALBONI

To the Editor of The Herald:

A certain musical critic was recently quoted in The Herald as stating that nobody living today had ever heard the opera "Il Trovatore" properly rendered, a rather sweeping statement to which, perhaps, exception might be taken. Surely there must be many octogenarians besides myself who can recall the time when this opera was not the makeshift and stopgap it has become, but was the most popular and best-drawing opera of the day, and when singers of the first rank in the operatic world eagerly sought opportunities to appear in it. In London quite early in the 60's at Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket, then under the management of Mapleson, the elder, "Trovatore" was given with the following singers in the leading roles: Tittens, Albani, Giuglini and Santley. While with one exception I have heard individual singers that I thought were the peers of those here named, it has never been my good fortune to listen again to such an ensemble. The exception was Albani, a glorious contralto, whose like I have never heard, though I have heard singers of many nationalities the world over. It was said in London at the time that Verdi wrote the music for Azucena expressly for Mme. Albani. This singer was extremely stout, as to which it was asserted she was quite sensitive. Indeed, it was common talk that she gave up her splendid career comparatively early on this account. In "Trovatore" her costume enabled her greatly to hide this supposed defect. B. B. E. Malden.

B. B. E. heard Albani at the Haymarket, London, in 1863. Mapleson's first season at that theatre was in 1862. Verdi did not write the music of Azucena for Maria Albani. The first to take the part was Mme. Goggi. Mme. Albani left the stage when she was about 37 years old on account of her husband's wretched health. He, the Count Pepoli, became insane and died in 1867. She sang in Paris with Adeline Patti at Rossini's funeral, also in a performance of Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle," in which she sang in the Netherlands and the French provinces, as well as at Paris. She was heard in concerts for charitable purposes as late as 1872. In 1877 she married Charles Zieger, captain in the Republican Guard. In 1894 she died at the age of 68. It was in 1862 and 1863 that she sang in Boston. As B. B. E. says, she was very fat. Was it not Helne who said that she had the nightingale's voice in the body of a hippopotamus?—Ed.

## APOLOGY FOR MODERNITY

"Modernism . . . manifests itself . . . by the growth of a new attitude towards music as a whole, foreshadowing a future for it that shall be bright with new conquests and lead to the linking up of the art with all that is best in modern culture." This quotation from Mr. Rollo H. Meyer's "Modern

Music" is encouraging. It breathes a spirit of optimism which cannot well be praised too highly, for, indeed, without faith no artistic achievement is possible. What is more, the various chapters of this brief essay are equally inspired by the profound conviction that all modern composers are good men and true men paving the way for a glorious tomorrow. Perhaps Mr. Meyer is right. But there is one point on which we humbly, but firmly, decline to follow Mr. Meyer. Music, he writes, is progressing along certain lines, and our ears will somehow have to adapt themselves to the new demands which are being made upon them. He is specially anxious that we should do this, for then "the modern movement will not have been in vain." Now it is, at least, unreasonable to expect anyone to torture his sense of hearing so that Schonberg should not have lived in vain. Our ears are the final arbiters in all questions connected with music. To train them to appreciate a certain type of beauty is one thing; to force them to "adapt themselves" is another. We sincerely hope that music will be "linked up" with all that is best—and not with what is most transient—in modern culture. But the author of this little volume has not convinced us that this can be achieved by the methods of Schonberg or Bela Bartok.—Daily Telegraph.

## Eleanora Duse

Eleanora Duse has not been seen in Boston for many years. Curiosity is necessarily mingled with pleasure in the expectation. This was finely expressed by Mr. A. B. Walkley when the great actress appeared in London last June for the first time since 1906 when she made a special appearance at Drury Lane for the jubilee of Ellen Terry. After that she retired from the stage for 15 years. In 1921 returned to it at Turin.

Mr. Walkley: "It was a trying quarter of an hour, the interval between the rise of the curtain . . . and the entry of Eleanora Duse. There were people on the stage, but nobody marked them. We were waiting and wondering; waiting to revive old memories and to resume old dreams, and wondering whether it would, after all, be possible. It was nearly a score of years since we had seen her: what would she be like now? Not, we need hardly say, in physical appearance, for the Duse's art has always been as independent of that as any art can be, a thing almost of the pure spirit; but the haunting question was about that spiritual art itself, whether it had become at all stale, lost anything of its intrinsic charm. The times change, as the old tag has it, and we change with them; should we ourselves prove colder to the old appeal?"

"She appeared, and all our doubts were at rest. She is the Duse that we knew, 'pale, penetrant' and 'interestin', like the Scotch woman of the anecdote, only just perhaps a little more wan, with the melancholy lines of the mouth a little more deeply marked, the figure a little more willowy and fragile, the hair a blonder white. Her voice has the old throb and wail, her wonderful hands and her gestures the old incomparable grace, her eyes still pierce you through and through. As to her art, time has not ventured to touch it; its exquisite purity and fineness, that seems to idealize every word, he approaches and give it a new and strange distinction, do so still."

## HER ESSENTIAL GRACE

This reminds one of Mr. W. L. Courtney's tribute in his eloquent tribute, to which he gave the heading "A Memory." "What, then, was the essential gift or grace of Duse? It really was all that was implied in her phrase, 'Io sono io' ('I am myself'), whatever she was doing, whatever character she was inter-



thing, she threw her whole soul into it with a passionate sincerity which was profoundly pathetic and moving. It is a commonplace to say that such and such an actress made the heroine live before our eyes; Duse not only made her live, but bestowed on her much of the spiritual loftiness of her own nature. Look at her portrait. She was born to live alone—loneliness was her birthright, whatever may have been the circumstances through which her career developed. There is hunger, yearning, an infinite desire in her face, a nostalgia for a long-lost home of beauty, which he betrays in the restless movement of her eloquent hands, in every little gesture of sympathy or disdain. But the extraordinary thing about Duse is that she lifts every part she plays into a sphere of nobility, her own nobility, of soul. She cannot come down to a trivial or superficial conception. She must needs recreate the personality so that it may be herself, or at least catch some of the still pure light of her intimate self. Hence it follows that Duse supplies a wonderful touchstone of the real value of characters and plots. If the character depicted is mean, or small, or trivial, it becomes ten times more mean and trivial and small as Duse plays it. If she really gets a fine part, its fineness is immeasurably increased by her impersonation. In this way she is not so much artist as Bernhardt succeeded in being, despite the latter's slight tendency to artificiality. But she is a woman who can absorb and create and transform and purify—a big, elemental thing, always remaining under all disguises her authentic self."

"COSI SIA"

Mme. Duse will be seen this week in "Cosi Sia" ("Thy Will Be Done"), a drama by a young Italian, Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti. It has been characterized as the Symbol of Maternity. There is in the play the mother, "l'ving, suffering and dying for motherhood, in the atmosphere of simple peasant faith." The physician has given up her sick child as lost. Will a miracle save it? She prays to the Madonna. A woman near her says that she must make a vow, for prayer is not enough; sacrifice the thing that is most precious to you. So the mother vows to think no more of the young man whom she had loved before her marriage. The bells ring out, the sunlight floods the room, the child stretches out his arms to his mother.

Years pass and she has been forsaken by this son. She is now old and poverty stricken. Going her way to a sanctuary she meets him at last. He scorns her, for as he says, she was unfaithful to his father. The mother swears that she was innocent, but in vain. The son casts her off.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!" she whispers as she stands erect. There's nothing left for her but to die, her last sacrifice. Kneeling at the altar, she falls forward quietly on her face.

DUSE'S EARLY YEARS

Some will ask about the early years of Duse. She came of a family of comedians from Chloggia. Her grandfather was a famous actor of Goldoni's plays. Ways and means were always the difficulty; he used to take the audience into his confidence when he announced the playbill for the morrow, telling it that unless it came to his rescue there would be no performance. Eleonora was born on Oct. 3, 1859, in a railway train when her parents were on their way to play in Venice. She was carried to baptism in the church in a property gilt casket. The Austrian soldiers in the streets saluted, thinking some relic was borne in procession. At the age of 5 she appeared on the stage in "Les Miserables." "Once at Verona, as a little girl in short petticoats, she was so hungry before going on the stage that she stole a large slice of polenta to carry her through the part of Juliet." This was when she was 15 and in Cesare Rossi's company. It was when she first saw Sarah Bernhardt act in Turin that the revelation of herself came to her. Her fame came quickly, after she had played in "Fourchambault," "Therese Raquin" and "Claude's Wife."

Her first visit to the United States was in 1893. She made her first appearance as Camille at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre on Jan. 23. She played here that season in "Fernande," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Locandiera," "Fedora," "Claude's Wife," "Divorçons," "Francillon." This was before she appeared in London.

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Frieda Hempel, soprano (Jenny Lind program). See special notice. St. James Theatre, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra. Henry Hadley, guest conductor; Inez Barbour, soprano. See special notice. Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Extra concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Monteux conductor. Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert hall, 8:15 P. M. Olga Warren, coloratura soprano. Handel, O sleep! Why dost thou leave me? Haydn, My mother bids me bind my hair; Love Go Hang; Hahn, L'Honneur Exquisite; Moreau, Calinerie; Faurdrain, Lo Papillon and Chanson Norvegienne; Liszt, Dio Lorelei; Fleck, Die Muetter and Ich und Du; Brahms, Vergeblicher Staendchen; Waller, On the Waters of the Marsh; Frd. Warren, the Fiddler of Dooney; de Golla, To a Sleeping Child; Hageman, Do Not Go My Love, and At the Well.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Katharine Metcalf, mezzo-soprano. Haydn, Mermald's Song; Gluck, aria from "Orfeo"; Rubinstein, Morgenlied; Eric Wolf, Knabe und Vellchen; Strauss, Ruhe, meine Seele; Weingartner, Liebeslied; Bruneau, La Pavana; Chausson, Serenade Italienne; Widor, Mon bras pressait; Schubert, Im Abendroth and Andie Laute; Brahms, Feldensamkeit; Hugo Wolf, Verborgenhelt; Scott, the Unforeseen; Hebridean Sea-Relvers' Song; The Little Red Lark; Thompson Stone, Like Barley Bending.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-soprano. Handel, Air of Gismonda from

"Ottone" and "Si Tra i Ceppi" from "Borinice"; Ravel, Saint; Widor, L'Abelle; Chausson, Le Temps des Lilas; Bax, Berceuse and Femmos, battez vos Marys; Sinigaglia; Trieste Sera and Stornello; Respighi, Nevicata; Bossi, Canto d'Aprile; Bax, Cradle Song and Rann of Exile; Griffes, Feast of Lanterns; Scott, Night Song; Shaw, Easter Carol.

THURSDAY—Kemp Stillings, violinist, and Frances Newsom, soprano. Harry Anik, pianist. Biber, violin sonata, C minor; violin pieces: Scott, Tallahassee Suite; Kemp Stillings, Mood; Hubay, Der Schmetterling; Zarzky, Mazurka. Songs: Hayden, air from "The Creation"; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Strauss, Staendchen; Liszt, O quand je dors; Chabrier, Les petes Canards; Puccini, O mio Babbino Caro from "Gianni Schicchi"; Vordi, Ah, fors e lui; Kemp Stillings, I am the wind; Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song; Arensky, The Little Fish's Song; Josten, Wind Flowers; Russian Folk Song—The Three Cavaliers.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Monteux, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Percy Grainger, pianist. Chopin Sonata, B minor op. 58; Bach Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor (well tempered Clavichord Part 1), Scarlatti, Sonatas G minor (B. & H. Nos. 34 and 35); Handel-Grainger, Hornpipe from the "Water Music"; Schumann, Symphonic Studies; Delius, On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; Bakirev, Islamey.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Mr. Monteux, conductor.

"Lester Lonergan is rehearsing a play entitled 'The Naked Man.' Is this a dramatization of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's novel, 'Maury Marriages'?"

Probably Mr. Monteux was not aware of the fact when he put John K. Paine's vesture to "Oedipus Tyrannus" on the symphony program of last Friday and Saturday that this was the 50th anniversary of Paine's active work at Harvard as a regular teacher.

Bernard Shaw is going to change the world's view of Joan of Arc by producing his new play. He says she had no feminine charm and was a mannish, hard-headed person. Well, Anatole France had his say about the brave girl and he said it for two volumes, angering and greatly thereby Mr. Andrew Lang. But the most contemptible, outrageous attacks on Joan are in "Henry the Sixth," written by one William Shakespeare or by some one associated with him.

A SHREWD GUESS

(From the Dodge, Ia., Messenger.) Three gallons of ice cream disappeared from behind the Princess Cafe Saturday evening. The supposition is that they were stolen.

HAMBONES AND WEASELS

As the World Wags: I have been waiting to see if any of

the goodly company of Wagners could supply the original lines of "The Ham-bone Man." I am sorry I cannot do it, because it calls to remembrance an occasion when the singing of this song with a topical addition might almost be called international. It made considerable uproar.

This took place in June, 1864 (I think), anyway it was the day after Commodore Winslow in the U. S. S. Kearsage sent the notorious Alabama under Semmes to the bottom of the sea off the French coast.

Ned the famous Eagle "pub" at the head of City road, London, was a small hall in which an artist named Johnny Carr (or Barr) was to do his turn! and later on the same night he appeared at the other famous "pub," the Elephant and Castle, on the Surrey side. The Islington hall was not the resort of highbrows. Most of those who attended were worthy persons and largely in favor of the North. Johnny undertook to tack on a couple of verses, part of which were not complimentary to Mr. Lancaster, the yacht owner, who rescued Semmes and raced off to a French port with him. The remainder of the verse or verses lauded Winslow, and ended with the line stating that he was "a damned fine man." Then the fight was on between the cheerers in the gallery and the hooters in other parts of the hall. An encore was quite impossible. How Johnny came out on the other side of the river, I don't know.

The Eagle was the terminus of a famous bus line and was well known on account of that soulful ditty, "Pop Goes the Weasel," sung or whistled by every one. The first lines, as I remember, were:

"Up and down the city road,  
In and out the Eagle,  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weasel."

Who knows the meaning of that last line? Had it to do with the police who, before they got their present name of "bobby" and "peeler" (in questionable honor of Sir Robert Peel), were sometimes called "ferrets" and "weasels"? Who can refresh my memory? V. F. Watertown.

In the huge "Slang and Its Analogues," a ferret is a barge thief, a dunning tradesman, or a pawnbroker. A weasel is a mean, greedy or sneaking fellow.

(See Shakespeare's "Henry V"—"To her unguarded nest the weasel scout Comes sneaking." There's a long list of slang terms, for policemen, but it contains neither ferret nor weasel.—Ed.)

WHY THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN

(Chilton (Wis.) Independent Journal.) Local residents will regret to learn Leonard Sternhagen had a narrow escape from death while hunting.

NOT FROM A SAXOPHONE

(Lake County (Ind.) Times.) The bridal veil hung from a cornet trimmed with pearls.

HER ANSWER

(For As the World Wags.)  
I asked her for two, seven, O.  
In tones I feared might soon be  
And in a voice sweet and low  
She said, "three, nyun, wunner."

I asked again in words as bland  
And soft as summer's dew,  
And with a perfect self-command  
She answered, "eight, O, tlew."

Again I made my mild request  
In dulcet tones, but she,  
Without a pause for thought or rest,  
Just said, "five, four, thurree."

My modest meaning to convey,  
I pitched my voice lower,  
But yet the words I heard her say  
Were "O, six, seven, fower."

Once more I spoke, with growing doubt  
If reason could survive her,  
But e'er I'd fully got it out  
She said, "tiew, nyun, fiver."

And so I tried another tack—  
That of the genial mixer—  
But unimpressed she answered back  
With "se-e-n, eight, O, sixer."

Once more I said "two, seven, O."  
But, in that voice even  
That always me love her so,  
She offered "tiew-O-seven."

I tried my best to find a sure,  
Effective way to say it.  
Yet in her accent still demure  
She said, "one nyun ey-et."

At last I felt my patience go  
And roared her like a lion,  
"The one I want is two, seven, O."  
She said, "three, eight, O, nyun."

And yet, through all the pain she gives,  
This lesson (it won't hurt you)  
Still in her tranquil answer lives—  
That patience is a virtue.  
Boston. JOCELYN.

THREE THREES

As the World Wags:  
Now that E. F. Worcester has suc-

cessfully coined hieroglyphics for "there are three 2s in the English language"—let him start at once on another gem from Mr. Herkimer Johnson's mother tongue, to wit: "There are three 2s in the English language, do, dae, and dew." P. R. P. East Watertown.

ADD "SIGNS AND WONDERS"

Seen in West Baden, Ind. "Dr. B. F. Stackhouse, Chiropractor, Gets You Well."

WHERE DID HE PREPARE

(Boston Post.) Emmet was born in Dublin in 1778. He entered Trinity College in 1778, won high honors in mathematics and chemistry, and spoke so well at college assemblies that men prophesied that he would go far.

WM. HOHENZOLLERN AGAIN

As the World Wags: "Kaiser Hopes to Be Reseated." If he got what was coming to him he'd need to be.

Let Mr. George P. Bolivar (can it be Mr. G. Patrick Bolivar of old?) pull that one at the Porphyry Club and I'll wager that even Mr. Herkimer Johnson will bat at least one cyclash. J. W. C. Boston.

RAYMOND HAVENS

By PHILIP HALE

Raymond Havens, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Bach-Siloti organ prelude, E minor; Respighi's arrangement of a 16th century Siciliana; Ravel, Ondine; Medtner, Allegretto in C; Bridge, Heart's Ease; Chadwick, The Frogs; Gluck-Saint-Saens, Minuet from "Orpheus"; Schumann, Papillons; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor; Prelude, A flat major (discovered in 1918), Etude, A minor.

This was a very pleasant recital, by the nature of the program and by the character of the performance. Pianists, classified as formidable, would no doubt sniff at certain pieces as insignificant, unworthy of a "serious artist." Let us not take music too seriously, but a truly serious artist knows that things of beauty are worthy of his care and skill, whether they be of small or large dimensions. It is something to play the 16th century Siciliana and the Minuet from "Orpheus" as well as Mr. Havens played them, and there are formidable pianists delighting in thunderous speech who would not play them half so well. Mr. Havens performed them with beautiful tonal quality, and simply, as simply as Saint-Saens transcribed the lovely, serene music of Gluck.

As for Respighi he was not so respectful towards his unknown 16th century composer. After the exposition of the charming air, he felt obliged to indulge himself in a furious variation, all out of keeping with the air itself and a pretty little variant. One trembled. Would Respighi stretch out the variations to the crack of doom, after the manner of the governess Miss Wirtz in Thackeray's story, the governess playing for the edification of the guest in a country house innumerable variations on "Such a Gettin' Up Stairs"? But Respighi was merciful, the variations were few.

In spite of Mr. Rachmaninov's zeal in preaching the gospel according to Medtner, the latter's musical idiom is foreign to us, or when it seems familiar we hear music that is derived largely from Johannes Brahms. Bridge's "Heart's Ease," a tune of a folk song character with tinkle-tinkle measures between the strophes, was really not worth while. In this instance we should respect the judgment of the formidable pianist.

Playing "Papillons," Mr. Havens caught the spirit of Schumann, recognizing his whims, caprices, uneasy joy, and brooding melancholy.

We repeat, the recital was a very pleasurable one, and so the audience thought.

ROLAND HAYES

By PHILIP HALE

Roland Hayes, tenor, gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. His program was as follows: Paradisi, Arietta; Purcell, "When I am laid in earth"; Handel, "Would you gain the tender creature"; Bach, "Bist du bei Mir"; Schubert, Die Neugierige, and Die Forelle; Schumann, "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet"; and Der Nussbaum; Franck, La Procession; G. Faure, Clair de lune; Dvorak, No. 7 from Biblical Songs;



Quilter, "It was a lover and his lass, negro spirituals; "Don't you weep when I am gone," "Every time I feel the spirit," "Sit Down"; The Crucifixion. William Lawrence was the accompanist. As was the case in New York last Saturday when Mr. Hayes gave a recital, the hall last night was crowded. All the seats were occupied; there was just room on the stage for singer and pianist; many stood, and many were turned away.

Dame Nature gave Mr. Hayes a beautiful voice. She also gave him singing brains. Not content with nature's gifts, he has studied intelligently. He has learned also by observation, by pondering his art, and by experience. Year by year he has gained in vocal control and in power of interpretation, until now in Great Britain, France, Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia he is hailed as one of the few leading concert singers of the world, and his return next year to fulfil many engagements is eagerly awaited.

Last night he showed beyond doubt and peradventure that he is not a specialist, but a singer well versed in all periods and schools of vocal compositions. The old Italian, the old English, the German classic, the modern French—no one of them is alien to him. His art, his taste, and his soul respond to each demand. It matters not whether he is called on to shine in florid song requiring even execution and perfect breath control; to express pathetic sentiment, as in the noble and solemn air from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Schumann's "Ich hab' in Traum geweinet"; or to be lightly gay as in Schubert's "Forelle" and Quilter's song. If he sang "Clair de lune" in a manner to enhance the beauty of Verlaine's verse and Gabriel Faure's music, he comprehended the religious feeling of Franck's "Procession" and the sadness and dramatic force of Dvorak's "By the waters of Babylon."

Then there was the group of negro spirituals which Mr. Hayes sang imitatively, with fervor, exaltation, depth of feeling; without the slightest exaggeration; without any obvious appeal; without thought of audience, but as a revelation of his own soul. Few actors, if any, could gain the dramatic effect he produced with the utmost simplicity by his delivery of "The Crucifixion" ("He never said a mumbly word"), an interpretation that to applaud seemed almost sacrilegious.

Seldom is singing of so fine a quality heard in our concert halls. Mr. Lawrence accompanied most sympathetically. His playing of the piano in "Der Nussbaum" and "Clair de lune" was delightfully poetic, indispensable to the singer.

After the second group Mr. Hayes sang Grieg's "Ein Traum." There were many recalls.

Mr. Hayes will give his second recital in Symphony hall, Sunday evening, Jan. 6, for the benefit of the Calhoun school.

There have been strange doings in the animal kingdom of late. Mr. Edward St. Clair Harnett, an Irish barrister, has sued for divorce because his wife Dorothy Grace Harnett, introduced him in an unflattering manner as a character in her novel "Lex Talionis," and made disparaging remarks about his profession. She was not the first to make a husband uncomfortable by her pen. Bulwer's wife Rosina, described as beautiful, witty and intelligent, possessing "an unrivalled power of virulent and incisive satire," made him the shabby hero of her "Cheveley; or the Man of Honor," and roasted him unmercifully, or, as a writer more gracefully expressed it, turned him inside out and showed the seamy side of his garment.

At the Lelpsic Zoo the carnivorous animals rebel against oatmeal as a substitute for meat. They are sullen; ill-disposed toward sportive tricks for the amusement of bystanders. They are hardly to be blamed, for the oatmeal is served without sugar and cream and is probably a sodden mess. In our boyhood oatmeal was set cooking the night before breakfast. When cold, it was of a beautiful steel-blue color, firm, resistant, worth eating. We do not find it now.

In New York the Hippodrome baby elephants have been fed on peanuts, which was to be expected, and chocolate bonbons, not fit food for any one of a tender age. Asparagus tips were given to the baby camel. Why not pate de foie gras, or truffles?

#### HIS "MOTTER"

We spoke a day or two ago about Percival Knight's ditty which he sang in a delightfully funeral manner in performances of "The Arcadians," F. P. A. now prints the lines:

"I've got a motter,  
Always merry and bright.  
Look about and you will find  
Every cloud is silver-lined.  
The sun will shine,  
Although the day's a gray one.  
So I've said to myself, I've said,  
Cheer up, Cuthbert, you'll soon be dead—  
A short life and a ga-a-a-y one."

#### CROSSING SWEEPERS

A magistrate in London, fining a peer's son for misconduct with an automobile, said that he would make no difference between the highest person in the land and a crossing sweeper. He thought, no doubt, that these noble words would go ringing down the corridors of time, but he was taken to task by a literal person, who wrote to a newspaper that there are no crossing sweepers now.

"Anyone who tried to adopt that once popular calling would, in these days, probably be run over or run in at the outset of his career. In Victorian times to call a man a crossing sweeper was the deadliest insult you could hurl at him. Thackeray uses the phrase very frequently. But it has lost its point, and in the next edition of the Oxford Dictionary will probably be marked obsolete."

Dickens described a man making himself "as cheap as crossing-sweepers," but Thackeray wrote this story about one and it is strange that this literal person did not allude to it. Mr. C. J. Yellowplush tells the tale in his memoirs. The title of the tragic tale is "Miss Shum's Husband." How did Frederic Altamont support his family? He had no profession, no independent income. Did he speculate? Was he a burglar? The Shums finally solved the mystery that had estranged husband and wife. One day the haggard man came home.

"Mary" says he, "you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furniture, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, has formly."

"And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate—Mr. Haltamont sweep the crossing from the Bank to Cornhill!"

"Of cors, I left his serviss. I met him, a few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respected, and pass for pipples of proparty." Were there ever crossing-sweepers in Boston?

#### "THE RESCUE"

As the World Wags:

The enclosed tragedy in verse I discovered today in the attic written in the early Sixties on now yellow paper, a bit of the erudite past. (The enclosed tragedy was the familiar "Fells sedet," etc.)

"The Rescue" my daughter sings. It seems to have been suggested by lines you have recently been printing. Its chaste and elegant theme as well as the choice English should endear it to your column. A. C. S.

The prettiest girl I know  
Has a face like a horse and buggy  
Standing on the shore line  
Oh, fireman, save my child.

The fireman ran up the ladder  
The child was bigger than the fireman.  
Mother's teeth will soon fit Anne.  
Hang out the ice to dry.

Peeping through the knot hole  
Of father's wooden leg  
Who will wind the clock when I am gone.  
Go get the axe: there's a fly on baby's neck.  
The first hundred years are the hardest.

#### HE SAW HIM

As the World Wags:

It was, indeed, interesting to read the letter of F. E. H. His mention of "Punch" Wheeler was timely to me, as on the 14th of last month, I was speaking with "Punch" at Bedford, Virginia where he lives at the Elks National Home. He looks well and happy and the Wheeler wit is as sharp as ever. H. B. EVANS.

#### McFEE'S "COMMAND"

As the World Wags:

May I call your attention to a book published not long ago, "Command," by William McFee?

I ask this for two reasons, first for the pleasure of expressing praise for a work of superlative merit, and second, to bring, through you, to Mr. Herkimer Johnson's notice a study of mankind which may be of use to him when he treats of man, if he ever does, as a "social beast."

What power Mr. McFee has over our senses I do not know, but as we read his book, we feel that we are on shipboard; we feel the motion of the ship, we hear its sounds and smell its smells, we look from the deck and see the

harbor of Saloniki glowing in sunlight, the sun setting among the Greek islands, and we feel sometimes the gray fog shutting in our boat at sea.

Then he puts before "our inward eye" our human kind—weak and cowardly, but each man upheld by something, which, if he is true to it will carry him through trials and make him fit to command.

After reading the book I feel that if I were in Saloniki, I should know my way to places where I ought not to go. I am certain that I should catch sight of Mr. Dainopoulos in time to pass him by with no sign of recognition, but if the amber eyes of Evanthis ever met mine —

Mr. McFee tells us that "the mystery of a woman is simply a screen with nothing behind it," and then he creates Evanthis. Evanthis, "the very word is like a bell."

There is a lot more that I could tell you about this book, if I wanted to. Lexington. W.

## FRIEDA HEMPEL

Frieda Hempel, assisted by Coenraad V. Bos, pianist, and Louis P. Fritze, flutist, gave a "Jenny Lind" concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was:

Dedication, Schumann-Liszt, Mr. Bos; Aria—Schonlicht der holde Fruhling, Mozart, Miss Hempel; Ave Maria and Auf dem Wasser zu Singen, Schubert; Bei der Wiege und Jetzt kommt der Fruhling, Mendelssohn, Miss Hempel; Sonata in C major, Mozart, Mr. Bos; Grand Aria di Bravura (Shadow Song), from "Dinorah," Meyerbeer (with flute obligato), Miss Hempel; Air from Suite, Aubert, Allegretto, Godard, Mr. Fritze; old English song, Fly Away, Pretty Moth, T. H. Bayly; Bird Song, Taubert, composed expressly for Jenny Lind, and sung by her for the first time on Oct. 1, 1850, in Boston; Home, Sweet Home, Bishop, Miss Hempel.

As those who have heard Miss Hempel's "Jenny Lind" programs before will recall, the name is justified, and an 1850-50 "atmosphere" is provided chiefly by the singer's costume, the dressing of her copious and glowing golden hair and the clothes of the assisting artists. There may have been some in the audience that filled the hall yesterday who remembered that the hoop-skirts dear to their childhood were round and not flat like the Watteau arrangement so gracefully manipulated by Miss Hempel. Perhaps Mr. Bos's plum-colored coat and lightish trousers made them think of Mr. Pickwick. They didn't care. Miss Hempel's charming graces of the Jenny Lind days seemed perfectly natural to her and the little coquettish turns of her head never degenerated into simpering.

Besides—and what was of most account—her voice was just as limpid and sparkling and tuneful and beautiful as if there were no Jenny Lind accessories. If there was not quite enough of supplication in Schubert's "Ave Maria," there was abundant excitement and silvery lustre in the vocal airplane skims and dives and loop-the-loops of the "Dinorah" Shadow Song. Few, if any, having heard Jenny Lind sing Taubert's Bird Song in Boston in 1850, all were charmed by Miss Hempel's trills and were not bothered by comparisons.

They didn't care if the extra number announced as a favorite song of Jenny's—"Dixie"—was sung as Miss Lind sang it. They liked Miss Hempel's way and said so with their hands.

"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" and "The Last Rose of Summer," as extra pieces, had their old-time flavor and emotional appeal unhampered by the Watteau hoopskirts. The impression that Miss Hempel has given in the past of a singing daughter of the Vikings was somewhat dimmed by her mid-Victorian costume and manner, but it shone through all the conventional impediments when she sang a Norwegian echo song, playing her accompaniment as if she were a veritable Norse maiden with her harp. Altogether the concert gave a pleasing answer to the old query: "What's in a name?"

The assisting artists aided Miss Hempel valiantly. K. P.

## HADLEY PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY LEADER

With Henry Hadley as guest conductor, and Inez Barbour (Mrs. Hadley), soprano, as assisting artist, the People's Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon gave its fifth program of the season before a capacity house at the St. James Theatre. This was the program:

Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Hadley, symphony, "The Four Seasons"; Weber, aria (Agatha), from "Der Freischuetz"; Wagner, prize song from "Die Meistersinger"; Mendelssohn, Scherzo, from "Midsummer Night's

Dream"; Tchaikowsky, Marche Slave. Henry Hadley might almost be called a local product, since he was born at Somerville, and received his fundamental musical education at the New England Conservatory. The soundness of his musicianship is unquestioned, and was much in evidence at every point in the program, but it would be to err decidedly to say that he succeeded in getting from the orchestra that which it is capable of producing, or to say that he drew from it as much as does Mr. Mollenhauer, the regular conductor.

The limitations of the orchestra are many, and Mr. Mollenhauer is familiar with them, and guides himself accordingly. Mr. Hadley wielded his baton as though he had at his command one of the finest orchestras in the country.

In his symphony, Mrs. Hadley makes use of every shade on the palate of tonal coloring. Contrast, well handled, is its outstanding feature. Melodically, too, it is pleasing in certain portions, but down underneath, where one looks for genius, for the soul of the master, it is sadly lacking. The Indian love song in the movement entitled "Summer," sung by the oboe and cello, to an accompaniment of muted violins, is perhaps the finest part of the entire symphony.

Mrs. Hadley made a splendid impression with the "Der Freischuetz" aria, which she sang with a close attention to phrasing, a fine sense of melodic outline and excellent diction; this despite a quality in her higher tones almost approaching shrillness.

The remaining numbers were well executed.

Letters concerning the early trees on Boston Common have been published in this column. If the writers had consulted Samuel Adams Drake's "Old Landmarks and Historic Personages of Boston" they would have been spared the trouble, but we should have had the less "copy."

The earliest map shows only three trees; the "monarch" or "great" tree, and two standing near the middle of Park street. "The first trees planted were the outer row (1893) on Tremont street, between 1722 and 1729. A second row was placed there in 1734, and the third was added 50 years later—some authorities say before the Revolution." It is also stated that the first trees of the Great Mall, set out near the Park Street Church, were planted by the apprentices—one of them named Hurd—of a leather dresser, one Adam Colson, the elder, a selectman of the town. At the beginning of the 19th century the large trees scarcely extended below West street, "those beyond being merely saplings." British soldiers cut down several of the largest trees in the mall before the evacuation.

Thus the excellent Samuel Adams Drake. We find nothing in his book about the first appearance of squirrels on the Common. C. H. C. writes that he watched and played with the numerous gray squirrels on the Common when he was a very small boy, and that was prior to 1867, the year, when, according to one correspondent, Bronson Alcott, brought two pairs to Boston from Concord and let them loose on the Common.

#### THE BELATED PILKINGTONS

(Edgewood (la.) Journal)

Mr. and Mrs. George Pilkington were called to Mederville to officiate at the death of Mrs. Pugh, who was found dead.

#### RECONCILED AT LAST

(Adv. in the Buffalo American)

Attention, folks, we have 3 of the finest two-families on Purdy street. It is only sensible that you should own your own home. See Cain and Abel, 705 Mutual Life Bldg.

Cora's riding and Lillian's rowing.  
Celia's novels are books one buys,  
Julia's lecturing, Phyllis is mowing,  
Sue is a dealer in oils and dyes,  
Flora and Dora poetise,  
Jane's a bore and Bee is a blue,  
Sylvia lives to anatomise.  
Nothing is left for the men to do.  
Prince, our past on the dust-heap lies!  
Saving to scrub, to bake, to brew,  
Nurse, dress, prattle and scandalize.  
Nothing is left for the men to do.

#### DISPATCH FROM LONDON

"The Haymarket revival of Oscar Wilde's 'Importance of Being Earnest' is generally regarded here as trivial. The Wilde repartee is old-fashioned."

Piffle! Let us examine the writer's bumps, for he certainly speaks for himself. The comedy is one of the most delightful in the literature of the stage. It is "an absolutely wilful expression of an irrepressibly witty personality." In other comedies by Wilde, William Archer found profound sayings:

"There are only two tragedies in life: not getting what you want—and getting it." ("Lady Windemere's Fan").



"Thought is in its essence destructive; nothing survives being thought of." ("A Woman of No Importance"). "Vulgarity is the behavior of other people." ("An Ideal Husband").

Turkey eggs have been selling in London for three pence each, a little less than the price of a pullet's egg new laid. The purchaser of the turkey eggs gets three times as much food, but the flavor is said to be "emphatic."

#### DISENCHANTMENT

The moon, a vagrant orange blur, loitered in the misty December sky and the world beneath became a place of diaphanous enchantment and palpitating loveliness. The serene, impassive river wound gently off to the horizon, a shining, silver ribbon binding one dim shore line to the other. The trees along its edge, so short a time ago a gorgeous, far-flung spectacle of splashing red and yellow against the neutral tones of heaven and earth, were now but dark and sombre shadows on a cobalt sky. Faintly across the miles between came the poignant wall of the evening express as it trailed across the continent.

The girl in the gray squirrel coat slowly unwrapped another stick of chewing gum.

"What'll pay for your hat, dearie?" she said.

HELEN HENNA.

#### IN THE LIBRARY

Mr. Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford, Ct., in the latest issue of his "Book Notes," republishes "A Terribly Strange Bed," by Wilkie Collins. Did Mr. Conrad derive the idea of his short story of murderous suffocation by a similar method from Wilkie Collins?

In the same issue of "Book Notes," Mr. Anthony Scrope writes about Isaac Disraeli's "Miscellaneous of Literature" as worthy of a new edition. "So far as I know, it has not been reprinted since 1840. Unfortunately, it runs to nearly half a million words—a venturesome undertaking for any publisher."

Now, these literary miscellanies include "Calamities of Authors," "Quarrels of Authors," "The Literary Character," "Literary Miscellanies," "Character of James I" and "Amenities of Literature." These volumes were published by Thomas Y. Crowell of New York in 1881.

It is a pleasure to know that novels by J. Sheridan Le Fanu are reprinted in London. He was a master of mystery and terror. Long ago his "Uncle Elias," published by Harper, in the edition with paper covers—Bernard Shaw's "Cashel Byron's Profession" was also in this edition long before he became famous—frightened us so that we saw and heard strange things in the night watches. There were other novels by Le Fanu: "The House by the Churchyard"—which even now we should not like to read alone at midnight—"Haunted Lives," "A Lost Name," the short stories of "In a Glass Darkly" among them.

L. R. R., reading of a grandfather clock in a West Springfield saloon, which stopped after 30 years, the day the saloon was dismantled (Nov. 27) and has since refused "to tick another clock," is reminded of the old song with the chorus ending:

"It stopped—short—  
Never to go again,  
When the old man died."

Yes, we remember the song well; also the parody, which may have been sung in saloons, but certainly was not heard in saloons or in minstrel shows.

"We fairly wallowed in lugubrious songs," writes L. R. R., "the favorites of a slightly earlier age:

"'Voe is me!  
Alas for me!  
My babe lies cradled  
Neath the greenwood tree.'"

"This was a cheerful good-night song to lull a sensitive child to sleep. We usually wept."

But run over the songs of Stephen C. Foster and see how many of his heroines died young.

#### THE FIRST OMAR KHAYYAMER

(London Daily Chronicle)

Who knows that the first reader of "Omar Khayyam" was a working man? Dr. Sayce tells the story of how it was published by Quaritch, "who at that time had but a small shop with a book-stall outside, on which a copy of Fitz-Gerald's volume was laid. One day a working-man came along, opened it, and read a page or two. The next day he came again and read more. Then he wanted to know the price of the book, which for a long time was above his means. Day by day, however, he passed by and read a little, and the price was reduced until finally it came down to sixpence. 'I can pay that,' said the man, and carried off the first copy of 'Omar Khayyam' that was sold."

#### THANKSGIVING FIREWATER

(The Evening World, N. Y.)

FIRE FLOODS CELLARS—A 36-inch water main burst in East One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, between Clay

and Webster avenues, the Bronx, causing much inconvenience to Thanksgiving diners until the blaze was extinguished.

#### SOCIETY NOTE

"Among those present were Mrs. Gerdie Pink, Mrs. May Pink, Mrs. Sara Slugg, Mrs. Earle B. Ware."

## ELEANORA DUSE

By PHILIP HALE

Madame Eleanora Duse returned yesterday afternoon after a long absence and took the part of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts" ("Spettri"). The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Alving.....Eleanora Duse  
Oswald Alving.....Memo Benassi  
Pastor Manders.....Leo Orlandini  
Jacob Engstrand.....Ciro Galvani  
Regina Engstrand.....Maria Morino

The Boston Opera House was filled from top to bottom with a brilliant, enthusiastic audience, eager to welcome the great actress. Some, perhaps, wondered why she chose to appear as Mrs. Alving. In Jules Laforgue's "Hamlet," the strolling players, William and Kate, refused at first to take the parts of the king and queen in the Prince's play, which he was preparing for performance before his uncle. "It is our habit," declared William, "my comrade's and my habit, from preference to incarnate only sympathetic roles." Mrs. Alving can hardly be called a sympathetic person. But note Hamlet's reply in this extraordinary legendary morality: "Sympathetic? You brutes! On what ground could you swear that any being is sympathetic here below? And how about Progress?"

There has been progress in one direction. A production of "Ghosts" does not call forth either a flood of condemnation and abuse or wild and unreasoning enthusiasm. William Archer once printed extracts from the London press when "Ghosts" was first performed there. An open drain, a dirty act done publicly, loathsome, putrid, crapulous, blasphemous, nastiness laid on with a trowel—thus did nearly all the lions of the London press characterize the drama. Today denunciations would simply say "unpleasant," perhaps "morbid." On the other hand no one, except a belated Ibsenite, would insist that the play has convinced the world of women

that they should be free, especially in the marriage relation, and the matter of love; there is no longer any heated argument as to whether Mrs. Alving should have left her dissipated, impossible husband to live with Parson Manders; whether Manders did wrong in sending her back. There is no longer, except possibly in sessions of drama leagues, or solemn meetings of uplifters, any talk about Ibsen's treatment of heredity, atavism. Indeed, some now speak irreverently of his "pseudo-science."

The curiosity yesterday was to see again Eleanora Duse; it was not excited by any prurient desire to be shocked by theories and situations—by words that should not be spoken in polite society. The throng would have been as great, no matter what play in her repertory had been chosen.

Mme. Duse selected for performance here two dramas in which she portrays the sufferings of a mother. The woman in "Così Sia," which will be performed next Thursday afternoon, a simple, religious peasant, sacrifices her love and life for a cruelly ungrateful son. In "Ghosts" the woman tied to an insufferable husband by a sense of duty at which Ibsen rails, lies to the world after the husband's death, hides his baseness, vaunts his qualities as generous and noble. Her son returns home. Inherited disease will bring on softening of the brain. The ghosts, say rather the phantasmal scenes and incidents, of the past appear: Oswald is drawn sensually toward Regina as his libertine of a father had been drawn toward Regina's mother. ("Ghosts" is not, then, so suitable a title for the drama as the French term "Revenants.") This is the result of Mrs. Alving's lying from a sense of duty. She throws it to the winds. All hail, the joyous life!

To save Oswald she encourages him to drink, even pottle deep. He wishes Regina; he shall have her. What if she is illegitimate and his half-sister? Regina is, indeed, the daughter of her mother. Why should she wed a sick man, and nurse an imbecile? She leaves the house, as her mother left before her. She, too, will lead the joyous life. "I think you might have brought me up as a gentleman's daughter. . . . All the same I may come to drink champagne with gentlemen yet." Then comes the terrible last scene: Oswald asking his mother to give him the sun; the mother hesitating to give him the morphia powders to end it all.

Mrs. Alving, who, being enchained by a sense of conventional duty after Parson Manders had rejected her when she was ready to throw herself into his arms—duty—"Stern daughter of the

Voice of God!" What a pity that the Parson did not quote this line of Wordsworth's to her!—brought woe upon herself and her son whom she worshipped; lying to her little world, again from a sense of loyalty and duty; ready in the hope of saving her son to gratify his every wish, to mate him with his father's daughter, is one of the neurotic, tortured and self-torturing stage sisterhood that appeals to Mme. Duse. Whether the psychology of these dramas obsesses her, or whether she sees in the portrayal of these women, now victims of Fate, now slaves to passion, an opportunity for displaying in its fullness her genius, are questions not necessary to discuss.

Tragedian and comedian (witness her delightful lightness, grace and coquetry in "La Locandiera"), she finds that the woman mentally sick, abnormal, fantastical, calls forth all the subtleties of her supreme and world-acknowledged art.

It has been said that she has transformed Mrs. Alving into an Italian by giving her her own grace and distinction. Nothing in the play leads one to infer that Mrs. Alving was without these qualities. That the whole performance yesterday was characterized by Italian warmth, fluency of speech and expressive gesticulation, was to be expected. After all the men and women of Ibsen, obedient to convention or rebellious against law, order, the morality when they choke individual thought and bring misery and destruction, are human beings. They are found not alone in Norway.

Mme. Duse's portrayal of this particular woman was at the beginning quietly, subtly eloquent in its ease, spontaneity, facial and vocal expression, charm and significance of gesture. Her thoughts, her moods, her regrets were thus bared to the beholder. Her genius was perhaps the most vividly revealed when she described to the prating, platitudinous Parson Manders her life with the husband; in her growing horror of Oswald's mental and physical condition, a crescendo of woe to the awful climax, where her agony was at its height and mute. Nor will one soon forget her look as she heard Oswald and Regina as she had once heard to her cost her husband and Regina's mother. Then was her face a tragic mask.

The other players were adequate. Mr. Benassi as Oswald was more than that. He exposed the pitiable youth's condition without exaggeration and in the last and dreadful outburst of hysteria he was not extravagant. Miss Morino understood Regina's character and deserves the praise that Oswald bestowed on her face and figure.

There were many recalls. After the second act the great audience paid Mme. Duse tribute by rising from their seats to applaud her.

## MARTIN HARVEY PLAYS HAMLET

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Sir John Martin Harvey begins the last week of his engagement with "Hamlet," that goal of all ambitious actors. The cast:

Claudius.....Harvey Braban  
Hamlet.....Martin Harvey  
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.....Gordon MacLeod  
Polonius.....Waiter Pearce  
Laertes.....Fred Pearce  
Guildenstern.....Eugene Wellesley  
Rosencrantz.....Mr. David Bain  
Oswald.....Leonard Daniels  
Osric.....Michael MacKenzie  
Bernardo.....D. Muir Little  
Francisco.....Paul Barry  
First Player.....Basil Charles  
Second Player.....Harold Carlton  
Player Queen.....Alfred Ibberson  
A Priest.....Miss Mary Gay  
A Messenger.....W. Jones  
First Gravedigger.....Fred Grove  
Second Gravedigger.....V. Watts Weston  
Gertrude.....Miss Marie Linden  
Ophelia.....Miss N. De Silva (Lady Martin-Harvey)

Of "Hamlet" the play there is nothing more to be said—despite the ingenious efforts of various learned gentlemen to say it. Not only is its place in the world's drama fixed, but every possible interpretation of it has been given many times. Was the prince mad, or was he not? If so, why? And so on. Possibly the average theatregoer would be glad to know these things, but the disagreement of the doctors does not bother him greatly. Why it is done is doubtless important; but how it is done is what the public remembers.

So it is on the production that interest centres today. There have been many "Hamlets"—some good and some not so good. And despite the attempts of those in the title role to make the piece Hamlet and little else, in the last analysis the play "goes over" on its ensemble effect. How that effect is secured (or aimed at), is what makes the individual presentation worth while. And if Sir John's version is abundantly worth-while it is because of the little things he does differently. His Hamlet is a man; no weeping boy no "rogue and peasant slave." He is Hamlet irresolute, but Hamlet defiant.

slowly collecting the evidence which forges his resolution, and which drives him more and more toward an open breaking with the king.

So does he read his lines with rich variety; by his proper pausing, his holding a pause when his mind "works," by his flashes of rich irony, bitter ridicule, or open taunting, he put meaning into many obscure lines. Perhaps as a whole his interpretation is not altogether clear—few "Hamlets" are—but of his mastery of the play line by line and scene by scene, there can be no doubt. It is superb.

His staging is always good. The off-stage noises are of the right quality and quantity—and well timed. The settings are in the Reinhardt manner; colorful (occasionally, be it observed, without rhyme or reason) and majestic though simple. The handling of the ghost scenes in silhouette was a pleasing innovation marked by meaningless lighting. Indeed, with the exception of the last scene (which is excellent) the lights do not convey any definite impression and so fail of their purpose. Imaginative illumination is excellent—if it has imagination. The last scene has. On the whole, the distinctly barbaric coloring was suggestive of what Denmark probably really was like at that time and the costuming and varied, if nondescript, furniture added to the total effect.

Of the supporting cast, several members bear themselves well. We shall remember Lady Martin-Harvey's Ophelia for its emotional depth and display of sincere affection. And Mr. Groves's "Polonius," and the first grave digger (Mr. Grove again). Likewise the king and queen were well played.

Sir John's "Hamlet" is thus a thing of parts—and excellent parts. Not, perhaps, a perfectly finished production but one full of rugged virtues and little blemishes. These innovations were well applauded by a discriminating audience.

W. R. B.

## Wanda Landowska Is Soloist; Symphony Hall Filled

By PHILIP HALE

The first extra concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Monteux, conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. Mme. Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist, was the soloist. The audience completely filled the hall.

The program was as follows: Schubert, Symphony, C major; Handel, Concerto, B flat major for harpsichord; Debussy, Two Nocturnes—Clouds and Festivals. Harpsichord solos: Handel, "The Harmonious Blacksmith"; Bach, Gavotte; Scarlatti, Sonata; Berlioz, Overture, "The Roman Carnival."

The orchestral pieces are familiar and require no description, but it may be said that Schubert's Symphony seems longer every time it is played. It is all very well to speak of its "heavenly length"; the endless repetitions lead one to wish that the symphony could be put into a duck-press and its essential beauty preserved in such a form that one might wish for more. The playing of the orchestra was fully up to its high standard.

Mme. Landowska's European reputation as a harpsichordist crossed the Atlantic long ago. Since her arrival in this country she has played privately in Boston; last night she played here in public for the first time. Her passion for the odd instrument and for the music written for it in past centuries is revealed in her valuable and entertaining volumes of championship. This passion is not merely literary and theoretical. She is an accomplished virtuoso, a well-equipped musician.

The instrument employed by her last night was one of extra size, a harpsichord of the theatre. Mr. Monteux reduced his orchestra to six first violins and a proportionate number of other strings. There were two flutes and a bassoon. Handel's music thus made its effect, played in full understanding and finely phrased by Mme. Landowska to a sympathetic accompaniment. Her skill as a virtuoso was even more liberally displayed in the solo pieces. Scarlatti's Sonata was taken at an incredibly fast pace—Scarlatti himself amazed his hearers by the rapidity of his execution—but every note was distinct. The demoniac gaiety of the music was irresistible. Mme. Landowska was heartily applauded and recalled several times. The playing of the orchestral compositions was also warmly appreciated.

At the second extra concert, Monday evening, Jan. 15, Cecilia Hansen, violinist, will be the soloist.

## BILL AT KEITH'S

Those who journeyed to B. F. Keith's Theatre last night made a full house audience which was offered a program of entertainment fully living up to its old name of variety, a bill that was



well balanced, meaning that when the house was not laughing itself sick it was enjoying the pastime of having thrills.

The offerings ranged from "Toto," the famous Hippodrome clown, with his mad, unbelievable gyrations and contortions, his erle dancing dolls, and a new bag of stunts in black art and legerdemain, to a pretentious series of scenes under the direction of Joseph E. Howard and Ethelyn Clark, going under the name of "Etchings from Life."

The dancing girls in "Etchings from Life" had another parody. Some of the scenes of this act were of real beauty, among them being "The Concert," "Memories of the Past" and the "Weddings of Louis XI."

Russell and Pierce had some new and very unusual acrobatic dancing steps, with a little novel tumbling. Arthur Hartley and Helen Patterson, in "One Night," opened a la Jimmie Valentine, centred on patter that sparkled, with a little good dancing. Jack Princeton and Jeannet Vernon, in a dialogue number traveling under the name of "Brown-dervilly," had a very good filler with a line of slang.

Other offerings were the Medini trio in some novel unsupported ladder work, Marino and Martin in an Italian dialogue act featuring the "Letter from Peetsa-burgh," and Breker's bear comedians.

**WILBUR THEATRE**—First performance in Boston of "The Lady in Ermine," a light opera in three acts, book by Frederick Lonsdale and Cyrus Wood (from the book by Rudolph Schanger and Ernest Welisch), music by Jean Gilbert and Alfred Goodman, lyrics by Harry Graham and Cyrus Wood. Cast: Angelina..... Gladys Walton; Count Adrian Belmont..... Rollin Grimes, Jr.; Rosina..... Zella Russell; Sultangi..... Harry K. Morton; Mariana..... Nancy Gibbs; Maj. Stogan..... Timothy Daley; Baron Sprotti-Sprotti..... Clarence Harvey; Sophia Lavallo..... Shirley Sherman; Col. Belovar..... Walter Woolf; Count Isolani..... Robert Calley; Solo Dancer..... Miss Isabelle Rodriguez.

Out of the thrilling land of high romance, in Viennese style, by way of successes in Paris, London and New York, comes "The Lady in Ermine." The welcome showered on her is proof that Boston is not utterly given over to the wildness of jazz or the vacuity of revues. Her stay here ought to be one continuous triumph, like that of the opening night. For this is real light opera, of the kind that reminds you of "Erminie" or "The Black Hussar." Yet it is not an imitation. It has virility and spontaneity and charm all its own.

It tells a lively, enthralling story of a soldier and a lady fair, of fiery love, of danger, misunderstandings and hair-breadth 'scapes. It all happens in the Castle Beltrami. There are soldiers and ballet dancers and rebels and spies. There is love's pursuit and there is love's yielding. You are reminded of Tosca and Scarpia, but find there is a vast difference here, and the ultimate charm of it lies in the words of the lady in Ermine, as she steps back behind the ancestral portrait: "You must learn that women are not to be bought or ordered, but wooed and won."

The lady was both wooed and won by the determined soldier, but she remained the real conqueror.

It is many a day since such high capability in both acting and singing has been seen and heard in Boston as that shown by this company. To be sure, the actors are provided with the rare advantage of having something to act and something to sing, and they make the most of these chances with zest and life and earnestness that are refreshing.

Gladys Walton is a bright little vision of sprightly youth as Angelina. Rollin Grimes, Jr., is sufficiently tragic as the rebel count who doesn't get hurt. Zella Russell dances and mines to perfection as Rosina. Harry K. Morton is as funny as they ever make them as Sultangi, the profile artist and bogus count. Nancy Gibbs is strong and splendid as Mariana, who is wooed and wins. Clarence Harvey is a laughable comedy Baron. Shirley Sherman is a charming ballet dancer. Walter Woolf is an unusually captivating soldier lover as the Colonel—"a bit rough, but always a gentleman."

The music is the kind that catches you and that you remember with pleasure after hearing it. The costumes are beautiful and fitting—neither too much nor too little. The dancing is of the kind that makes you want to get up and join in it. The fun is full of laughs of which you never feel a bit ashamed. K. P.

**SELWYN THEATRE**—"The Song and Dance Man," a new American dramatic comedy in four scenes, by and with George M. Cohan; first time in Boston.

Curtis..... William Walcott; Chas. B. Nelson..... Frederick Perry; Joseph Murdoch..... Louis Calhern; John Farrell..... George M. Cohan; Crowley..... Wm. J. Phinney; Jim Craig..... Robert Cummings; Jane Rosemond..... Eleanor Woodruff; Mrs. Lane..... Laura Bennett; Leola Lane..... Mayo Methot; Freddie..... Al. Bushee; Tom Crosby..... Will Deming.

"Farrell and Carroll, in song and dance, with funny sayings." Thus ran a well-thumbed card which fell into the manipulative hands of Charlie Nelson, theatre man of big dimensions as producer and star developer. Carroll was dead, but "Hap" Farrell, down at the heels and desperately out of luck, survived. His was a simple philosophy, based on 17 years of converse with himself to the effect that he was the best song and dance man in the country. Until he and Carroll enlisted in a big war, Carroll to emerge therefrom a gas victim doomed to die, they had teamed the middle West with never looming fortunes. They had never reached a New York stage.

Then, Carroll dead, his own last dollar gone to appease a theatrical boarding house keeper in behalf of a little blond song and dance girl struggling for recognition, he had held up with an empty gun a successful illustrator, who, in turn, had bested him, talked to him and ended by walking him past the police station to Charlie Nelson's apartments, all at 2 o'clock in the morning, when the stage action begins.

Farrell is the character around which the lives of half a dozen others are strangely interwoven. Some have hinted that Mr. Cohan based this play on certain incidents in the early life of his father, Jere J. Cohan, dead these six years. Indeed, Nelson, splendidly and humanly portrayed by Mr. Perry, gives many indications of our popular hero's own big-hearted attributes. This much seems certain—that Lynn Overmann, originally drilled for the role of Farrell, never could have created and maintained the spell which Mr. Cohan as actor held over last night's audience. Praise also is due Mr. Calhern, Mr. Deming, Mr. Cummings and Miss Woodruff, Miss Methot and Miss Bennett. There are only two settings, the richly appointed apartments of Charlie Nelson and his offices.

"The Song and Dance Man" will not be considered a great play, even by New York, yet to view it; but it is one of the most human seen and heard here in many a day. Its dialogue is crisply Cohanic, with a pungent tag to each good scene. Many will wonder just what the author had in mind, but all will agree they sat delighted as the story was told. Its charm is such that no one missed the orchestra. There was happy melody and rhythm in the text and the acting without the dubious aid of strings and brass. W. E. G.

**ST. JAMES THEATRE**—"Magnolia," a comedy in three acts by Booth Tarkington. First time in Boston. The cast:

Rumbo..... Ralph M. Remley; Gen. Rumford..... Harold Chase; Madame Rumford..... Anna Layne; Elvira..... Viola Roach; Maj. Patterson..... Edward Darney; Jee..... Houston Richards; Lucy..... Adelyn Bushnell; Tom..... Walter Gilbert; Mexico..... Jill Middleton; Gen. Orlando Jackson..... Mark Kent; Capt. Blackie..... Samuel Godfrey.

At least, the Boston Stock Company is not easily daunted. Last night, they produced as difficult a comedy as is likely to come their way—Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia," a romance of the old Mississippi. New York did not greet the piece with marked cordiality this season; the company courageously mounted it despite metropolitan disfavor.

What virtues the play has as satire and as extravagant comedy are embodied in the role of Gen. Jackson, the stalwart proprietor of a New Orleans gambling resort and an octoroon. A redoubtable, picturesque figure, Mr. Kent plays him to the life. His dash makes the rest of the play tepid in comparison. In addition to Mr. Kent, Miss Middleton and Mr. Godfrey made capital of gratifying bits, and Mr. Gilbert cleverly rose from admiring adolescence to manhood and bravery at the climax. And, necessarily, the hero must return.

The knotty question of southern accents, the players disposed of variously. Their attempts ranged from pretty good to pretty bad. Wisest were those who made no attempt at all but used their ordinary speech. The settings sufficed except the first; the effort to suggest an old mansion by a tiny, flimsy facade was not happy. There exists, in the presentation, much that is good, much that is bad, and much that is uneven. Of them all, Miss Roach's characterization was the most consistent. Yet every memory of the play fades before the one of General Jackson who, with smoking pistols in his hand—after killing two men—yelled for an order of ham and eggs. J. C. M.

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—"The White Sister," a film play based on the novel by F. Marion Crawford. Produced by Henry King. The cast includes:

Angela Chiaromonte..... Lillian Gish; Capt. Giovanni Severi..... Ronald Colman; Marchesa di Mola..... Gail Kanmon; Saracinesca..... J. Barney Sherry; Prince Chiaromonte..... Charles Lan; Madame Bernard..... Juliette La Violette; Prof. Ugo Severi..... Sig. Seren; Filmore Durand..... Alfredo Bertoni; Count del Ferice..... Ramon-Ibane; Alfredo del Ferice..... Alfredo Martine; Mother Superior..... Carloni Tall; Gen. Mazzini..... Giovanni Vico; Alfredo's Tutor..... Antonio Bard; Solicitor to the Prince..... Giacomo D'Atin; Solicitor to the Count..... Michele Guald; Archbishop..... Giuseppe Pavon; Prof. Torricelli..... Francesco Socinu; Bedouin Chief..... Sheikh Mahome; Lt. Rossini..... James Abbe; Comdr. Donato..... Duncan Mansfield.

P. Marion Crawford's "The White Sister," as one of his Italian romantic melodramas, is dramatic and vigorous, never tediously detailed. As such it lends itself easily to film adaptation, and Henry King, with the aid of Lillian Gish and the Italian settings, has produced an unusually beautiful picture. There are gardens of the exquisite softness of a painting of Corot, windy sweeps of olive groves, a glimpse of a single ruin on a hill as the hunt tears by, and, coloring it all, Mt. Vesuvius, looming in the distance, inactively potent.

In skeleton, the story is not an involved one. Angela Chiaromonte, a daughter of Prince Chiaromonte by a second wife, whose marriage had never been sanctioned by civil authorities, is in love with Capt. Severi. The prince falls from his horse and Angela's half-sister burns his will, so that she is now mistress of the domains. In true step-sister fashion she banishes Angela from the palace. Then the captain is sent to Africa with expeditionary forces, and later reported dead. Angela joins the White Sisters, and on the day that he returns takes her final vows. The captain tries to persuade her to ask the Pope for a dispensation, then, converted, he dies in his attempt to save the people from an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

But the picture's greatest claim to distinction is the tragic wistfulness of Lillian Gish as Angela Chiaromonte, perhaps a more mature actress and more restrained than the frail child of "Broken Blossoms." And, too, the genre scenes, the troupe of street singers, the dancing boys, the cold shadows of the dawn at the wharves, the arched stairways, all these have given authenticity to the Italian setting. And, for those who demand a spectacular "tour de force" as their climax, what could be more effective than the turbulent eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, the bursting of the water mains and the death of the captain in the rush of water as it sweeps by the church door?

A film of almost unrelieved tragedy, yet almost always interesting. Ronald Colman as the captain is a vigorous and controlled romantic actor. The cast, made up in part of European actors, is unusually well balanced. E. G.

**COPLEY THEATRE**—Henry Jewett's Repertory Company in "Candida," a play in three acts, by George Bernard Shaw. The cast:

Miss Prosperine Garnett..... May Ediss; The Rev. James Mayor..... Alan Mowbray; The Rev. Alexander Mill..... E. E. Clive; Mr. Burgess..... C. Wordley Hulce; Candida..... Violet Paget; Eugene Marchbanks..... Harold West.

Shaw's hard perennial was revived at the Copley Theatre last evening. The performance was an admirable one, and it is hard to think of a group of players that could excel Mr. Jewett's company in affecting the spirit of the dramatist.

The play is already familiar and it has been alternately praised and lambasted. Why did the rector tolerate Marchbanks in his home after the first act? The answer is obvious—it was the only way to allow the author of the play the role of cynic and satirist—besides, without the irrepressible Eugene there would have been no play.

With the exception of the poet, we have all seen Shaw's puppets in the flesh. We have all heard their ringing insincerity and we have all heard them classed in the common vernacular as "two-faced." To many, Marchbanks would seem a burlesque figure, a creature of the imagination, and yet there are those who give the widest latitude to tenors and poets.

There is no doubt that the author considers Marchbanks his trump; the looker-on is led on to this conclusion for the first two acts. There is the thought of G. B. S. whispering his Shavian philosophy into the ear of Eugene continuously. The trump has gone into another's sleeve in the concluding decision of Candida!

As we have said, the performance is unusually well interpreted. The conflicting emotions of the rector were neatly differentiated by Mr. Mowbray. Violet Paget as Candida played with a requisite reserve; in the hands of another there would have been the danger

of her "blowing up." Mr. West, as Marchbanks, made his silly irrelevancies, his poetic flights, interesting—a part that could easily be turned into a bore. Miss Ediss as Miss Garnett, Mr. Clive as the curate and Mr. Hulce as Mr. Burgess gave neatly limned characterizations. What a wonderful trio of "souses" they made! What a keen reminder of days that are no more! T. A. R.

## OLGA WARREN

By PHILIP HALE

Olga Warren, coloratura soprano, gave a recital last night in Stelner Hall. Bertha Van Den Berg was the pianist. The program was as follows: Handel, O Sleep! Why dost thou leave me? Haydn, My Mother bids me blind my hair; Werner's arrangement of Love Go Hang; Hahn, L'Heure exquise; Moreau, Callerie; Fourdrain, Le Papillon, and Chanson Norvegienne; Liszt, Die Lorelei; Flack, Die Mutter and Ich and Du; Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; Waller, On the Waters of the Marsh; Frd. Warren, The Fiddler of Dooney; de Golia, To a Sleeping Child; Hageman, Do Not Go, My Love, and At the Well.

Mme. Warren, the concert-bill informed us, a Texan by birth, studied painting in Paris before she determined to be a singer. In Berlin she sang in a series of Mozart's operas, appearing as that mysterious and revengeful person, the Queen of Night. Later she was a member of the Denhof English opera company, which went about the English provinces preaching the gospel according to Wagner. When the war broke out she returned to this country and has become known as a concert singer. Thus far the program chronicles.

Her program last night was pleasingly varied. The songs by Fleck, seldom, if ever heard here, have character, one might say distinction, melodically and harmonically, truly expressive of the texts. The songs by Fourdrain might be regarded as in the nature of an "In Memoriam," for Fourdrain died recently, young, and just before an opera by him was produced in Paris. We had thought "Love Go Hang" had gone out with Mme. Nordica. Mme. Warren gave as an extra song Ardit's good old waltz which she sang in the good old manner of the sixties. Let no one despise this waltz, which is something more than a display piece.

Mme. Warren has an attractive stage presence; she has evidently had experience. Her voice is by no means a light one, fit only for florid music. It has sufficient body and color to express emotions, to serve in interpretation of a wide range. Indeed, one would have wished a purer lyric soprano quality for Hahn's setting of Verlaine's verses. Mrs. Warren showed no mean skill as an interpreter. Songs of sentiment, gaiety, affection; songs descriptive and intimate—all were intelligently differentiated. Mme. Van Den Berg accompanied her tastefully.

## MISS METCALF GIVES PLEASING RECITAL

Miss Katharine Metcalf, mezzo-soprano, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. Her program read as follows: Haydn's Mermald's Song, Air from Gluck's "Orfeo," Rubinstein's Morgenlied, Eric Wolf's Knabe und Vellchen; Ruhe, Meine Seele by Strauss; Wein-gartner's Liebesfeier; Bruneau's Pavane, Chausson's Serenade Italienne, Widor's Mon bras pressait; Schubert's In Abendroth, and Andie Laute; Brahms's Feldeinsamkeit; Hugo Wolf's Verborgenhelt; Scott's The Unforeseen; Hebridean Sea Reivers; Song (arr. by Mr. Kennedy-Frazier); the Little Red Lark, and Thompson's Like Barley Bending. Walter Golde was the pianist.

The program was agreeably varied. Miss Metcalf has a voice of good quality which is well controlled. She sang with musical understanding.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle thinks that a poet's life and disposition should not be judged by his verses. He cites the example of James Whitcomb Riley, who, he says, was not so fond of children as he said he was in his poems; that on one occasion when children were trooping to his house, Riley exclaimed: "Good heavens, here come more of these little brats." Thus does Sir Arthur excite the indignation of Mr. Meredith Nicholson and others, who are going to investigate the foul accusation.

Riley may have used "brats" as a term of affection; as a stronger phrase of doubt concerning parentage is said



and intimate salutation. Suppose that Riley snapped out the term, barked it. Why should one go back of the poet to return?

But Sir Arthur is right in his general proposition. James Thomson exclaimed in a noble burst: "Falsely luxurious, will not man awake." Yet he was sluggish and idle. Dr. Burney, finding him in bed at 2 P. M., asked him how he came to be so long. "Ecce, non, because I had no motive to rise." Thomas Hood was a devoted husband and father; yet read his four domestic poems, beginning with "Hymeneal Retrospections."

"Your chin, it was one of Love's favorite haunts, From its dimple he could not get loose;

Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants Or a singe, like the breast of a goose."

Read the "Parental Ode." "The Serenade." In the last named the father begins his lullaby angrily by calling his son a brat.

Byron had much to say about dashing down cups of Samian wine, but his favorite drink was gin. Martial took pains to say in an epigram that his life was a waste though his verses would almost convince one to the contrary. One might write a little book in the manner of Isaac Disraeli on "The Life Versus the Writings of Authors."

#### ADMITTED WITHOUT QUESTION

As the World Wags:

I rise to nominate for the Hall of Fame Mr. W. F. Shaver, who is noted in the last issue of the Blade, the house organ of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, as having been appointed their managing director in Brussels, Belgium. I trust that the candidate will be accepted even though he may have a close shave.

Boston. BOLSHEVIK.

#### ANOTHER EXPLANATION

As the World Wags:

"Cat-holes, the holes that are directly over the capstan, which are employed in heaving the ship astern by a cable, or a hawse, called stern-st."

Does this explain the cause of the old cat's wildness? H. B. Brookline.

#### IN MEMORIAM

As the World Wags:

For more years than I care to recall, Percival Knight's song, "I've Got a Motter, Always Merry and Bright" has been the never-failing means of driving me out of a fit of "blues" or into depressions. The memory of that athletic, drooped, thin figure, dolefully announcing that he was "always merry and bright" just naturally makes the corners of one's mouth curl up. 's a good "motter." Dr. Cone himself could not improve on it. Julia Samson was in that comedy, sweet and charming as always, and with a most delicious Irish brogue. "Payches" I can hear her saying—referring to the group of comely young persons surrounding male member of the cast. Not Percival, I'm sure—he, poor jockey, was never surrounded by anything, but room and his "motter" seemed to be only consolation for the beefsteaks might not eat if he was to remain jockey-tiln. Vale, Percival—sit tight on levis. EL PINHK-Y.

#### THE SPEARMINT ENTRY

If asked from whence our candidate, A million chins will chime it, "He comes from California And its justly famous climate." HAYDOCK.

#### ADD "THE FRENCH PERIL"

(From the Chrisman, Ill., Courier)

We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orville Verholt. In our paper last week we had as a heading, "Mrs. Overholt has a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled fete. It means a celebration, and is considered a very fine word."

#### SMALL TOWN NEWS

As the World Wags:

These excerpts from the Hunkerville Eagle Blast of April 22, 1918; albeit a title stolen from a temporal earthly standpoint, have a certain perennial freshness.

We stop the press to announce that the population of the town was increased by two early this morning at the house of Joseph and Samantha Allen, who were married last July for the first time, and only once at that. Some of our good people thought that marriage by a justice of the peace was only half a marriage; but the results have exceeded anticipations.

A hen belonging to the Widow Cilley laid an egg which immediately hatched to a live chicken. Evidently the last egg of the litter was not laid, owing probably to a constriction of the duct. The condition of heat and moisture were just right for development, and a restriction resolved the 21st day, and

the result is perfectly natural. When people in the city find a chicken in one of their eggs, they think it has been laid a long time, instead of perceiving that it stayed in the hen a long time. But the ignorance of city folks about the things of real life is prodigious.

Denon Hob Nelson and Chippy Goodfellow settled the question of Prevalent Grace last Sunday afternoon. At the close of the seance Chippy exchanged part of one thumb for a third of Hob's left ear. Such an exchange of mementoes seems to us to border on the sentimental. W. C. ROSE.

Ashland.

#### ADD "HORRORS OF WAR"

As the World Wags:

While attending a film play recently, I saw in a news reel the ceremony of unveiling a bronze tablet erected to the memory of one of our national heroes who was killed in the war. It was an impressive ceremony. Over the tablet was an American flag, while grouped about stood men of eminence, desirous of doing honor to the dead soldier. When the flag was withdrawn, there was disclosed a commemorative sentence, in which occurred the possessive case of the pronoun "it" formed with an apostrophe. There, graven in bronze across the heart of America's honored dead, stands an orthographical error which, though common, is inexcusable.

This is not the sort of thing one would expect to find in a nation whose foundation was laid on the cornerstone of education. One may perhaps condone the thousands of mistakes such as this that occur in books and magazines, on the ground of careless proof-reading; but when one sees an error permanently ingrafted in bronze for thousands of eyes to read, may one not ask what the matter is?

Harvard, '27. G. G. HAWLEY.

GORDON'S OLYMPIA—"Flaming Youth," a film of the novel by Warner Fabian. The cast includes Colleen Moore, Milton Sills, Myrtle Stedman, Elliott Dexter and others.

"Flaming Youth" might have been merely another picture of the "flapper" whistling away convention and dancing to tunes of reckless gaiety. Since the first of F. Scott Fitzgerald's stories of her she has been subject for more or less interested banter. But Warner Fabian's somewhat sensational treatise, read in seclusion by discreet young ladies in preparatory schools, has been made into a highly-amusing film, now and then coated with a sentimental veneer.

There are "flappers" and there are "philosophers," there are midnight and morning frolics characterized by the restlessness of the dilettante and straight-banged girls who smoke their cigarettes with careful carelessness and drink their cocktails with animus, and there is a woman, Mona Fentriss, who dies because she "has taken her fun where she had found it."

Then, with her daughter, Patricia, begins the second generation. From her first shy advances to her systematic flirtations talk of the comparative values of "red" and "white" kisses, as played by Colleen Moore, she is vivid and irresistible, a captivating little minx.

Cary Scott, who had loved her mother, returns to the scene and succumbs to the insistent coaxing of Pat. But, forewarned by the unfortunate marriage of her sisters, she decides not to marry. Then, with seasoned ardor, she advances into a more bohemian galaxy, and when the attentions of a dribbling violinist become too obnoxious she dives from the deck of the boat, and, one might add, "a sadder and wiser girl," she agrees to marry Scott.

Ben Lyon as the ardent young athlete who would marry Pat, and Myrtle Stedman, as Mona Fentriss, as well as the substantial presence of such old favorites as Elliott Dexter and Milton Sills, add to the popularity of the piece. But Colleen Moore indeed proves herself a full-fledged actress, coquettish and yet equal to the more emotional moments.

E. G.

LOEW'S STATE—"The Light That Failed," a film version of Kipling's novel. The cast includes:

Dick Helder.....Percy Marmont  
Torpenhow.....David Torrence  
Maise Wells.....Sigrid Holmquist  
Bessie.....Jacqueline Logan

This is at least the third version of "The Light That Failed," and the second in which Percy Marmont has played; the earlier one was in the days when he had not yet played Mark Sabre. Here is Kipling's story reduced to its simplest terms, with Maise no longer a determined art student rooming with the illusive red-haired girl, and coolly disregarding Dick Helder. This Maise is singularly devoted to Dick and her early memory of him; in fact she does nothing else but think of him, whether in her rooms in London, or in Paris, or in lonely musings by the sea.

But, merely making Maise a lay

figure and adding Kipling's other ending, the pleasant one which has been given to the earlier films and to the play, does not rob this old favorite of its pathetic eloquence. There is still Dick Helder, as Percy Marmont plays him—a solitary figure, more at one with his terrible blinkle and his ease than with either Maise or Torpenhow. And, when Bessie, the street wail of uncertain leanings and more uncertain tempers, slashed Helder's picture, there were even agonized sighs in the audience.

The picture opens with a glimpse of Dick and Maise playing at shooting along a shelving sea coast; then, to Port Said, in the cafe of Mme. Blnat, where Dick, now a vagrant artist, sketches where he will. The three jolly English journalists arrive, and Torpenhow advises Dick to join them. There is a brief interlude in the Sudan, with its inevitable late fronds, and our rushing Arabs. Dick returns to England, acclaimed an artist, but with a remembered sabre wound.

The befriending of Bessie, who in the person of Jacqueline Logan, adopts the white topped boots and umbrella of the Sadie Thompson of "Rain," he posing as Dick's model for what is to be his great work, and Dick's blindness, are all well known household tales. But Percy Marmont really played Dick with appreciation, and a fresh touch. David Torrence, as Torpenhow, lacked lustre, and the Maise of Sigrid Holmquist was peculiarly inapt. She should never have been cast for the part. Yet, because of the appeal of the original story, the picture still has interest. E. G.

## GERTRUDE TINGLEY

By PHILIP HALE

Gertrude Tingley, mezzo-contralto, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Handel, Aria of Glismonda in "Ottone" and "Si, tra i ceppi" from "Berenice"; Ravel, Sante; Widor, "L'Aheille"; Chausson, Le Temps des Lilas; Bax, Berceuse and Femmes, battez vos Marys; Sinigaglia, Triste Sera and Stornello; Respighi, Nevicata; Bossi, Canto d'Aprile; Bax, Cradle Song and Rann of Exile; Griffes, Feast of Lanterns; Scott, Night Song; Shaw, Easter Carol. Mrs. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist.

Miss Tingley had arranged an unusually interesting program. By accident, or purposely, she chose a song from Handel's "Ottone," which was the most popular of his operas in London, and one from "Berenice," which met with no favor at all. The great Cuzzoni made her first appearance in London in "Ottone," having been engaged at the then enormous salary of £2000 for the season. After the second performance the music and the singers pleased so greatly that four guineas were asked for each ticket. The air chosen by Miss Tingley is in Handel's noble manner, while the air from "Berenice," in the conventionally florid style of the period, is redeemed by the beauty of the middle section in graver vein.

In the second group the beautiful "Sante" of Ravel and Chausson's "Temps des Lilas," with its wild regret and melancholy, were conspicuous, though, while Miss Tingley comprehended the mood of Ravel, the music is not suited to her voice.

The songs of Sinigaglia have character which the one by Bossi lacks. Respighi's "Nevicata" recalls for the most part, by the vocal and harmonic treatment, the "Snow" by Lie, although there is no deliberate imitation. Shaw, if the praise of English critics is to be taken into consideration, must have

written better songs than this "Easter Carol." Bax's two Irish songs have a singular charm, and they went well with those by Griffes and Scott.

All in all, a program of effective variety and unusual worth.

Miss Tingley's vocal fortune is in her tones of pure contralto quality. Of late years she has been extending the compass upwards. These upper tones, while she has them under better control than when we last heard her, are still, and perhaps inevitably, the weakest part of her voice, the least useful for the purposes of interpretation. Contraltos with enviable voices seem possessed to ignore Nature's gift; to strive after tones that at the best are in the range of pure but mediocre sopranos. More than one genuine contralto has thus come to grief, fondly believing that time and study would give what nature denied.

With this exception, the singing of Miss Tingley deserves warm praise. Her delivery of florid passages was fluent and distinct. Her control of breath allowed her to phrase in an intelligently musical and rhetorical manner. As the program was varied, so was her interpretation. The music served her in the expression of widely differing moods, sentiments and emotions, and she was thus in turn lyrical, dramatic, gay, contemplative, passionate.

Mrs. Swain accompanied admirably. Her task was not always an easy one.

So there were not persons enough in Greater Boston to warrant performances of "Oedipus" for a second week. This was to be expected. There were not enough to fill the Boston Opera House or half fill it during one week. A mistake was made in the announcement of a fortnight's performances, for not a few, postponing, would have swollen the audiences of the first week.

Plays like "Oedipus" appeal to a special audience. They should, of course, make a wide appeal, but they don't. When Mounet-Sully played Oedipus in London, 20 years ago, William Archer wrote that the general public, not having the absorbing interest it has, or ought to have, for specialists, it was not surprising to see a comparatively meagre house. "But I should at least have expected all the specialists—to wit, the dramatic critics—to be at their posts on so rare an occasion as the production in London of a tragedy of Sophocles. They may have been present—but if so their raptures must have struck them speechless, for I searched the morning papers in vain for a notice of the event. Several of them contained careful appreciations of a play named 'Fireworks'; but of the 'Oedipus Tyrannus' never a word!"

Sir John Martin Harvey could not make this complaint in Boston. The newspapers paid as generous attention to Sophocles as they would have paid to a new play by George M. Cohan or the latest edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies.

As the classically robed Theban populace rushed down the aisles crying on Oedipus for help, it was painfully evident to those in the audience seated near the aisles that the ancient Thebans were not given to morning, afternoon or evening baths.

At school we were taught to pronounce the name of the ill-fated hero "Ed,ipus." The English prefer "E-dipus." This difference in pronunciation excited scholastic comment, so the production of the tragedy last week was not wholly in vain.

Kemp-Stillings, violinist, and Frances Newsom, soprano, will give a concert in Stelner hall tonight. Miss Stillings and Harry Anik will play a violin sonata by Biber, born in 1644; Scott's "Tallahassee Suite," and a group of small pieces, one of her own composition. Miss Newsom will sing arias by Verdi and Puccini, also songs by Haydn, Schubert, Strauss, Liszt, Chabrier, Stillings, Watts, Arensky and Josten.

Miss Stillings, whose talent has been recognized here before, is described on the program as a "violiniste." Now a "violiniste" in French is of the masculine or feminine persuasion; there is no distinction of sex. In English Camilla Urso, Maud Powell, Miss Parlow and other women are known as "violinists," and a final "e," like the "e" in "pianiste," is without meaning.

Mr. Newman's Travel Talk about the Amazon river tomorrow night and Saturday afternoon should be unusually interesting.

Geraldine Farrar was announced to sing last night in the municipal auditorium in Atlanta, after Methodist and Baptist churches had barred their doors against her. Which shows that press agents aren't what they used to be. Walter Duggan, or any regular old time press agent, would not only have had the Methodists and the Baptists bar Geraldine, but he would have also got the Christians, the Episcopalians, the Lutherans, the Dutch Reformed, the Presbyterians, and the Seventh Day Adventists to lock her out. Likewise the state guard would have been called out to keep Geraldine out of the municipal auditorium and she would have sung her concert clinging to the flagpole on the dome of the State House.—Chicago Tribune.

M. S. wishes to know if "That Comical Brown" ever acted at the Old Howard.

#### TRIOLET ON "DIE MEISTERSINGER"

A Wagner fan invited me  
(Ah had I never gone!)  
"Die Meistersinger" piece to see:  
A Wagner fan invited me  
To but a shrill cacophany—  
To shrieks let forth as song. . .  
A Wagner fan invited me:  
Ah, had I never gone! —Lench.

At the Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, Mr. Bauer will play Brahms's second concerto. The orchestral pieces will be the overture to "Polyeucte," by Dukas; Paine's overture to "Oedipus Rex," Pre-



lude to Act III of "Tristan and Isolde" and the Alborada del Gracioso by Ravel, which, originally a piano piece, was brought out in this country in its orchestral form by the Boston Musical Association led by Mr. Longy.

Percy Grainger will play the piano in Jordan hall next Saturday afternoon. Music by Chopin, Bach, Searlatti, Handel, Schumann, Debussy, Balakirev.

Next Saturday John McCormack at Symphony hall; Mischa Elman at the Boston Opera House; People's Symphony Orchestra at the St. James Theatre. These concerts will be in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. In the evening the People's Choral Union.

#### I LOVE MY PUBLIC

"I love my public, my public loves me."—Amelita Galli-Curci in the Chicago Daily News. I love my public, my public love me. I am so happy as a bird in a tree; I love Shecawgo, but Insull!—thees Sam!— Ah! a bas! sacre blu! diablo! cuss dam!—Chicago News.

Molnar's play, "The Swan," has not been seen here. In New York there is discussion concerning the table etiquette displayed in it. Audiences eagerly observe characters eating on the stage, and if the comic man takes huge bits and cannot speak distinctly, the laughter of the audience strikes the roof. John Auerhas, writing to the New York Times, says that the play as produced in Vienna aimed to show that even at royal tables a "legere attitude" is frequently the order of the day.

"As to 'fish furniture,' as it were, in continental Europe, fish is piloted to the department of the interior by means of two forks. In England knife and fork are used, whereas in America, from my observation, a knife is used to remove the large bone of the fish, but the fish itself is eaten with the fork held in the right hand, and not with knife and fork, as the players do on the stage. Furthermore, the prince in the Viennese version is rather more diffident and embarrassed than the prince in the American version, so suavely and surely played by Philip Merivale."

In "The Swan" does any royal person or any guest at a royal table comb his moustache over his soup? We have seen Germans of high degree do this at table d'hote, also comb and brush their hair between courses. For three years in Germany we seldom saw a native, male or female, who was not an intrepid knife-swallower. We shall not soon forget Therese Malten at Bayreuth, conveying a brown sauce, scraped on her plate, to her mouth while she chattered knowingly about Wagnerian art.

### Kemp Stillings and Frances Newsom in Steinert Hall

By PHILIP HALE

Kemp Stillings, violinist, and Frances Newsom, soprano, gave a concert last night in Steinert hall. Biber's Sonata, G minor, was played by Miss Stillings and Harry Anik, the accompanist. The violin solo pieces were as follows: Scott, Tallahassee Sulte; Stillings, Mood; Hubay, Der Schmetterling; Zarzycki, Mazurka. Songs: Haydn, Reclatative and Aria from "The Creation"; Schubert, Du bist die Ruh'; Strauss, Staendchen; Liszt, O, quand je dors; Chabrier, Les petits canards; Puccini, O mio babbino caro from "Gianni Schicchi"; Verdi, Ah, fors e' lui from "La Traviata"; Stillings, I Am the Wind; Watts, The Little Shepherd's Song; Arensky, The Little Fish's Song; Josten, Wind Flowers; Russian Folk Song, The Three Cavaliers (arr. by Schindler).

Exhumations take place occasionally in the concert hall and corpses are brought before the sight of the people. Sometimes the corpse shows signs of life. This could hardly be said of the sonata written by the presumably honest Heinrich Ignaz Franz Biber, a Czech composer and fiddler of the 17th century. The rapid movements that pleased were in the violin how, not in the music itself. The most valuable pages of the sonata were the little slow measures which might have been the voice of the composer, complaining that his rest had been disturbed.

Miss Stillings's musical nature and serious purpose have been known here ever since she played in public as Katharine Stillings, a young girl. An audience that filled the hall applauded her last night for her fluency and spirit. Miss Newsom, greatly daring, put "With Verdure Clad" and "Ah! fors e' lui" on her program. Young, with an ingratiating stage presence, she is not

yet prepared to sing these arias in public. Her voice is a light, pure soprano of agreeable quality. It is flexible and at the same time capable of expressing gentle sentiments. No doubt she was not wholly at ease, making her first appearance. We believe that she can sing still more acceptably than she did; and that as the years go by, if she will study intelligently, she will be a gracious apparition in the concert hall.

We commend these words of Mr. Pierre Veber in La Liberte, to all Americans that go to Paris expecting—hoping?—to find it a sink of iniquity:

"If you have brought from Chicago your sleeping pig to awaken it in Paris, you are wrong."

#### ELEGANTIAE ARBITER

As the World Wags:

I have recently received a small pamphlet on the cover of which, inscribed upon a heraldic scroll with hansom cab "trottant" as crest, appears the question: "What Is Best Society?"

It was with some little uplift of the eye that I dwelt upon the thought that appeal should be made to me to define the indefinable, and in this state of mind I started to peruse the pamphlet.

On the first page appeared in largest type the comforting assurance: "It is not Sinful to be Common," and then the damning "But." The suggestion latent there that I was to learn and not to teach led to hasty glances further, and, to cut the matter short, the blazoned fraud was but a come-on to buy a bookful of Good Manners, an invitation filled with tacit insult in itself. Whereupon my uplifted Ego sank back again into the farm boots I wear around the place."

#### DISTRESSED FEMALES

According to the atmosphere created by the pamphlet, Best Society is, like Boston, a state of mind, but unlike your fair city on the flats, one where faith is lacking, hope lost or hanging by a thread, and charity unknown. Illustrating this the artist shows the picture of the distraught face and palpitating torso of a young woman who has chosen the wrong tool for the first course at dinner. One sees that all faith in her own judgment is forever fled. Her hope of conveying her fruit cocktail, miserable substitute that it is, from its container to its destination with a fork seems slim within the time limit. The young man at her side, much resembling Mayor Curley, is looking at her much as Hizzoner must look at a communication from the Loyal Coalition. He shows no charity for her whose first step has been a false one. "Her forced smile, her attempts to talk and her struggle to appear happy only added to the outward signs of shame. So an otherwise happy evening was turned into an occasion of humiliation and regret." Apparently the waiter took the cocktail away from her.

#### IN MODO SOCRATICO

The author adopts the Socratic method of imparting wisdom. "Would you eat corn on the cob this way?" he inquires, and the artist shows a young lady holding an ear of corn daintily between the thumb and the first two fingers of the left hand. Anyone with any knowledge of the operation of nature's laws knows that a well-buttered, swiftly rotating ear of corn is far too slippery to be secure in such a tenuous grasp. Both hands, more fingers at each end, and both elbows firmly on the table is the better way.

#### WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

Many social philosophers have sought to give the true definition of a gentleman? It has remained undone till now.

"What man wants to spread his napkin over his lap like a tablecloth while a gentleman opens only one fold?" There we have it. The distinction between the common though not sinful man and the gentle of the species is clearly drawn for the first time. Here lies the reason for the rule, for all those social mandates have their own, most generally sound. The means of the common man are modest and his wardrobe small. His common mind occupies itself with common things, and he thinks to protect his raiment from catastrophe with his well-spread napery. The gentleman, on the other hand, is presumably affluent. His wardrobe is extensive. His mind dwells on the weather, the stock market, bootlegging and the ladies. He doesn't care whether he spills soup or gravy on his "pants" or not.

#### THEIR WEDDING BLUNDERS

We are informed that the Book begins at the very day the young man and

woman commenced their courtship, and every step is mapped out for them right through to their wedding day. Somehow the standardization of instinctive expression seemed to be lacking in allure, but the follow-up will appeal to many. It's a soul-searcher. "Could anything be more disappointing than a blunder on one's wedding day?" he asks, and a chorus of mixed, rasping voices of those who know tells the Wagging World that nothing ever was.

"Do you commit blunders that make porters smile?" For myself, I hope so. Porters lead burdensome lives, and if one may do but a little to lighten and brighten them in their corners below stairs it seems inhuman not to do it.

#### NO SOLOMON NEEDED

There is a series of test questions to try upon one's self. When they are not obscure they do not seem difficult.

Who should follow the usher at a theatre, man or woman? There does not seem to be any sex question here. If the usher has your check, keep after him, whatever you are.

At which side of the lady should a gentleman sit at a dinner of four? "The lady" implies that there is but one lady present. A gentleman should sit at her right, a gentleman at her left and the other fellow opposite her. They might match for choice of seats.

At which side should the owner of the automobile sit? As this question immediately follows the other, it is to be assumed that it is a sort of corollary to it. If it is, the owner of the car should sit at the lady's right as the place of honor. If all these gentlemen own cars the one with the most expensive car should sit there. If, on the other hand, the question relates to sitting in the car, that depends on where the wheel is if he drives himself, and whether he is drunk or sober.

Which hand should a man use to tip his hat? If over the right eye, the right hand. The left eye, then the left hand.

In closing, it is asked "Should a man put on a woman's rubbers?" Never, if she needs them.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

As the World Wags:

Surely you must have some encomium to bestow upon the bright, hustling, wide-awake band of Pioneers who staked out the town of Goodnight, Tex. Brookline. H. JAY.

## "COSI SIA" A WEAK MEDIUM FOR DUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Eleonora Duse in "Cosi Sia," drama in three acts, by Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti. Produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. The cast:

The Mother.....Eleonora Duse  
The Son.....Memo Benassi  
The Father.....Leo Orlandini  
The Doctor.....Alfredo Robert  
The Veterinary.....Ciro Galvani  
Onorio.....Gino Fantoni  
Luca.....Luigi Colavitti  
Alvina.....Enif Robert  
Gemma.....Maria Morino  
Marina.....Irene Morino  
The Blind One.....Marlo Galli  
The Triple.....Alfredo Robert  
The Sacristan.....Leo Orlandini

Over 30 years ago, when Mme. Duse was first making her European way outside of Italy, a critic of high degree made the comment that the new actress carried her scorn of artifice to so extreme a pitch that too often her performances suffered from a monotonous tameness. It was only, he opined, in scenes of the highest emotional tension that her warmth of temperament could overcome the obstacle of the too naturalistic methods she chose to employ.

We had no patience with this critic's views, we people who in 1893 crowded into the hard narrow seats of the old Globe Theatre gallery. Perhaps in a year or two Mme. Duse's ways had changed. Fame, at all events, they did not seem in 1893, nor for many a year later, whenever, in this country or another, one had the good fortune to see her. But yesterday afternoon?

The critic may have been right. For artists sometimes, at the close of their careers, have a tendency to revert to the ways that marked their beginning. Mme. Duse, as everybody knows, has always devoted the full force of her extraordinary powers of psychological insight to determining just how such and such a woman would speak and look and behave at such and such a moment. And in the way that seemed true to her she has always spoken on the stage, and looked and behaved, be it theatrically effective or not. "Effective," in all truth, she did not need to be. With a technique at command beyond compare, she could set the exteriors of people before us; with a force of temperament exceeding all other actors, she could make us feel what they felt. Effects, as such, were quite uncalled for.

Perhaps they would be even now, in a play that really is a play. But this "Cosi Sia" seems as weak an effort

as ever reached the stage with no plot at all worth mentioning, no truth of characterization, nor any of the poetry that alone could make it tolerable. Tearful at the start, doleful all its way, it is relieved by only one or two episodes which would give a certain type of actress a fair opportunity for effects.

But Mme. Duse scorns effects. Yesterday, indeed, she seemed deliberately to push them out of her way, legitimate ones at that. In a play of this sort her determined quest for constantly quiet means of expression could only end in monotony. Whether or not she still has the vitality of temperament to rouse a spectator's feelings is a question that each individual person in the audience can best answer for himself. Some people found only technique to admire.

Mr. Benassi, who is quite willing to make effects when they are demanded,

worked his one scene up to a fine climax with excellent theatric skill, and he played the disagreeable role of a vulgar young whelp with vivid powers of suggestion and yet with a nice restraint. Admirably, too, Miss Irene Morino played her short scenes. The others all did well. The audience filled every nook and corner of the theatre.

R. R. G.

## Martin-Harvey in "The Taming of the Shrew"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Taming of the Shrew," a "pleasant concealed historie," by William Shakespeare.

A Lord.....Harvey Braban  
Christopher Sly.....Alfred Ibberson  
Hostess.....Miss Marie London  
Page.....Miss Mary Gray  
Huntsman.....Paul Barry  
Baptista.....Fred Grove  
Vincentio.....Leonard Daniels  
Lucentio.....Eugene Wellesley  
Petruchio.....Martin Harvey  
Gremio.....Walter Pearce  
Hortensio.....D. Mr. George  
Tranio.....Michael MacKenzie  
Rondello.....V. Watts Weston  
Gremio.....Gordon McLeod  
Curtis.....Miss Mary Gray  
A Pedant.....Harold Carton  
A Tailor.....David Bain  
A Haberdasher.....Mr. Muller  
A Widow.....Miss M. Lawrence  
Bianca.....Miss Ann Furell  
Katherina.....Miss N. De Silva

By his presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Opera House last night, Sir John Martin Harvey added to the impression already gained by his two other productions that here is an actor who combines dramatic prowess with imaginative genius and the interpretive insight that restores these classics of another stage undiminished to our own.

Sir John chose to restore the induction—the introductory scenes, so rarely played nowadays, that make the body of the piece, the chastening of a Kite, an entertainment by strolling actors, a further incident to the cruel joke that is being enjoyed at the expense of befuddled Christopher Sly. In harmony with grotesque fancy of the Duke, the players enact the story in a room in his palace. Thus, the company of Sir John plays it in gorgeous costumes, with superb extravagance and spirit.

Fantastic burlesque, it is; there is no pretense at reality. The wedding procession of atherine becomes a merry, capering file that trips and twirls as boisterously as Shakespeare pens his scene of the mad nuptials. Appropriately, the mounting is glowing of color.

As faithful to the original is the setting. Close to the Elizabethan idea is the arrangement wherein the action takes place in one room unchanged except when pages remove or bring in suggestive properties.

Led by Sir John, the company played in the manner of full-blooded farce, even rough clowning. There have been, and there are, innumerable performances of this popular classic by current Shakespearean companies, but it is doubtful if there is one as genuine and as vigorous as this one. J. C. M.

## AT 7TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Monteux conducted. The solo pianist was Harold Bauer. The program was as follows: Dukas, overture to Corneille's "Polyeucte"; Brahms, piano concerto, B flat major, No. 2; Paine, prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus"; Wagner, introduction to act III of "Tristan and Isolde" (English horn solo, Louis Speyer); Ravel The Waltz.

The Symphony audiences are acquainted with Dukas through the overture to "Polyeucte," the Scherzo entitled "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and the dance poem "The Pearl." They have



not heard his Symphony but reports from Paris do not lead one to believe that it is an inspired work. Dukas is now nearly 60 years old. Is it not probable that he will be known in future by his scherzo? Not because it is a musical illustration of Goethe's poem, but by reason of the music itself, which holds the attention and diverts the hearer that is not concerned with the story and might pronounce the poet's name "Goethe."

Take this overture for instance. It was composed six years before "The Sorcerer's Apprentice."

In a way it is more elaborately constructed, but who this morning, except the conductor and the players, remembers the chief themes? They are short and not salient. The overture consists for the most part of a labored and prolix treatment of these themes with endless repetitions. The richness of the orchestration reminds one of an over-decorated, drawing-room cluttered with massive furniture. Does the overture suit the iron style of Corneille's tragedy? Is the overture charged with the classic spirit, the spirit that makes Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" the musical expression of that ancient, tragic story? No one insists that a composer, taking a classical subject, should deliberately write archaic music, or attempt to be Grecian or Roman by choice of instruments or by harmonic suggestions. That way madness lies. In the first place, no one has a definite idea of music as practiced by these ancients. But a classic mood can be suggested, and it is wanting in this "Polyeucte," while one may say that Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture is Roman in its conciseness, directness, poignancy and pride; nor is there weeping sentiment in the measures thought to be of entreaty.

We are told that this year is the 50th anniversary of John K. Paine's first instruction at Harvard. Perhaps for this reason; perhaps because "Oedipus" was recently acted here, Mr. Montoux put on the program the overture that with the choral music for the tragedy first gave Paine a widespread reputation. The wonder is not that Paine in 1881 and his environment could write music of solid structure, for he had studied diligently and thoroughly; but that he could at that time write dramatically in classic form. To the young, enthusiastic over the ultra-modern school, missing shrieking dissonances and the swollen orchestra with eight horns, double wood-wind, tam-tam, Glocken spiel, and a variety of drums, this overture may seem "old hat." But remember that it was written at a time when foreigners could paraphrase the saying of Sydney Smith and ask contemptuously: "Who plays or hears an American orchestral work?"

The Wagnerian Prelude gave the audience opportunity of appreciating the fine art of Mr. Speyer. The music itself, even the English horn solo, suffers when it is heard apart from the scene of Tristan awaiting in his delirium the arrival of Isolde.

Ravel's Waltz, with or without the fantastically descriptive argument, is a parade piece, ingeniously contrived, more or less exciting, seldom sensuous. It was brilliantly played, with incomparable virtuosity.

Mr. Bauer has played at 12 subscription concerts of this orchestra in Boston. He has played Brahms's first concerto thrice; yesterday was his second performance of the second. As Mrs. Micawber vowed she would never leave Mr. Micawber, so Mr. Bauer publicly declares his devotion to Johannes Brahms. Not that he is a specialist. He plays music by Schumann, Franck, and others with singular understanding; when he plays Handel's music "pomposo," one realizes what Mr. Runciman meant when he wrote: "Mr. George Frideric Handel is by far the most superb personage one meets in the history of music." Yesterday in spite of excellent qualities in the performance there was too often in the Allegro movements a curious sluggishness in pace. It is true that Brahms was over fond of "Allegro, but not too much so," but even in an Andante there may be the constant suggestion of movement.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week's concert is as follows: "Beethoven, Overture to 'Egmont'; Schumann, Symphony, D minor, No. 4; Bowen, Concerto, C minor for viola and orchestra (Lionel Tertis, viola); Berlioz, "Romeo Alone" and "The Ball at the Capulets" from "Romeo and Juliet."

## NEWMAN TELLS OF MIGHTY AMAZON

By PHILIP HALE

The subject of Mr. Newman's illustrated Traveltalk in Symphony Hall last night was the Amazon River. The first part was devoted to Para, where rubber was for a time as was gold in the Klondike; feverish excitement, fortunes made and lost in a day; a bustling city soon reverting to its old quiet

life, to views along the mighty river and its tributaries; to descriptions of the manner of obtaining the wild rubber; to natives housed in huts on stilts where malaria would kill a white man; to Manaus, 1000 miles up the Amazon, where dreams of a mighty city came to naught, but stately buildings remain, among them an opera house that cost \$2,000,000, probably the finest in the world; to the beneficent work of the Rt. Rev. Amandus Bahlmann; to lumber camps and to lacer makers.

In the second part the animal and bird life on the Island Marajó was shown by remarkable photographs. One was reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes's farewell to Agassiz when he was departing for Brazil.

Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
Both him and all his party;  
From the sun that broils and smites,  
From the centipede that bites.

From the puma and the jaguar,  
From the horrid boa-constrictor  
That has scared us in the picture.

From every beast and vermin  
That to think of sets of squirming

May he find . . .  
New birds around him singing,  
New insects, never stinging.

Well, Mr. Newman found many insects, myriads of them, but they were stinging. There were birds innumerable, the ibis, macaw, egret, heron, and others, among them one that recalled Bret Harte's Australian Emu.

A singular bird  
With a manner absurd,  
Nearly all bill. There were fishes great, as the boto or fresh water dolphin small but terrible as the piranha. The

insects were everywhere, tormenting life. The audience was brought close to the leaf-carrying and all devouring ant. The wonder is that Mr. Newman and his men had the courage, the endurance and the good fortune to obtain these most interesting photographs of strange animals—ant eaters, the three-toed sloth with its powerful arms, bear-like but with a head like a turtle's, jaguars, monkeys high up in trees for fear of snakes, agouti, coatl, the wild buffalo, the dangerous ocelot, all living far in the jungle. Extraordinary pictures of extraordinary creatures, which were graphically described. Mr. Newman thinks there may be a revival in the Brazilian rubber industry when rubber trees are planted, for from them is surer and greater profit to be derived than from wild rubber.

The Traveltalk will be repeated. The subject of the Travel talk next week, the last, alas, of the series, will be the stupendous Iquazu Falls with Paraguay and Uruguay.

## MUSICAL CHRONICLE

### A Stimulating Book of Criticism and Comment

Musical Chronicle, 1917-1923, by Paul Rosenfeld; Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Mr. Rosenfeld's "Musical Portraits" was published by the same firm three years ago. In the present volume he has collected essays that appeared in various periodicals. He says that most of the chapters have been thoroughly "recobbled"; he should have said that he had applied a more brilliant polish, for he is anxiously concerned with the matter of style.

These articles treat of compositions, composers and performances that seemed to Mr. Rosenfeld worthy of his distinguished consideration during the years mentioned, from Bloch and his viola suite to Szymanowski and his pieces for the fiddle and the piano. He discusses d'Indy, Strawinski, Carpenter, Bruckner, Prokofiev, Bartok, Ornstein and others, and resumes his attack on Gustav Mahler and his symphonies. One of the most entertaining chapters is the opening, the "Prologue to the Annual Tragedy." By this he means the approach of the musical season and the horrors that therein lurk. Here he is amusing and "sassy." These sentences will serve to show him as a humorist with a malicious touch: "If by chance a really representative modern work is performed, it will be performed so badly that its sharpest derogators will find themselves overwhelmingly justified. . . . On the mouldering citadel of Wagner lies Bodansky like a thing of green bronze; he will conduct the 'Walkure' so inspiringly that she will sound an elder sister of 'Madama Butterfly.'" And here is another example of Mr. Rosenfeld in his frozen rage: "Millions are going to be spent for pretence, and not one cent for living tribute. The profession of conductors will do heroic work as usual in preventing symphonies of any composers save Tchaikovsky and Brahms from being heard. A neglected overture of Beethoven's, the 'Lenore' No. III, will be dragged forth 12 or 14 times from an unjust oblivion. A little-known poem of Rimsky's named 'Schederazade'

will be presented several times to an astounded public."

One of the bitterest chapters is entitled "All-American Night," descriptive of a concert in the MacDowell Gallery in New York. "Your young curious Frenchman could have seen in the department of the well-dressed, semi-professional audience friends of the composers, singers, players, amateurs, hostesses, mothers and intendeds by various kinds, a sign of the conditions that has made of American music one of the world's most awful bores."

The bitterness shown on many pages of the volume is not to be deplored. It is a health-giving tonic; far better than the honey-daubing dear to many critics and to the musical public at large. Mr. Rosenfeld can be enthusiastic, and then his enthusiasm is boundless, especially when he knows that it will irritate or perturb the musical Philistine, whose name is Legion.

The book is stimulating. One may not always agree with the author in his judgments, but what a miserable world it would be if there were cheerful agreement about all aesthetic subjects. Art would be stagnant. Mr. Rosenfeld is readable, and not only when he girds up his loins to be amusing in his Corinthian manner, for he is enamored by exotic words, eagerly sought-out phrases and similes. He has sworn to himself to be original, and not infrequently it is to his injury. One cannot think of him as writing the simple sentence: "This is a dog."



